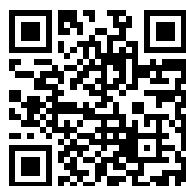


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*Arthur's illustrated  
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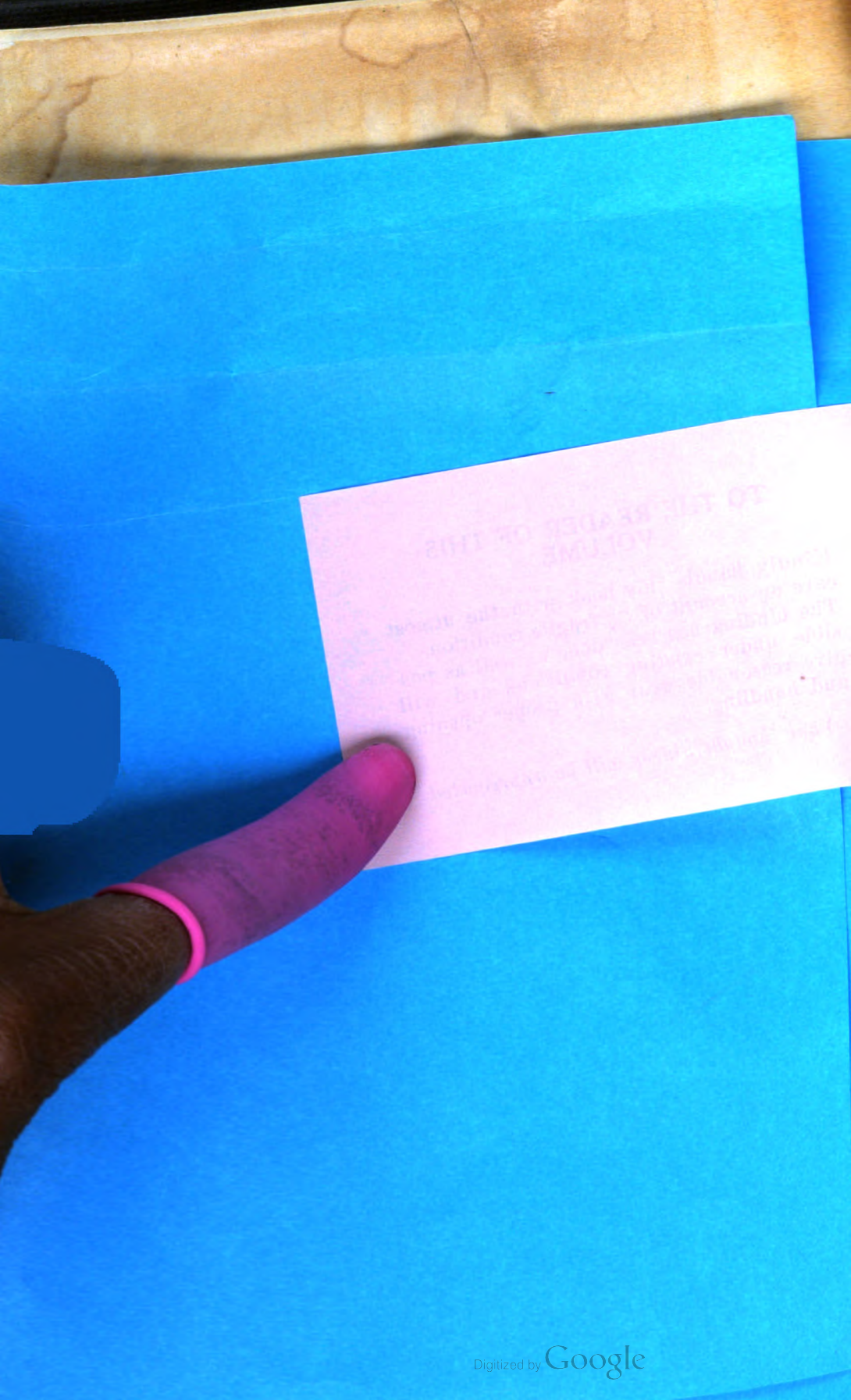
A MEMORY OF SUMMER.—Page 18.

**TO THE READER OF THIS  
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*Your thoughtfulness will be appreciated*





TO THE READER OF THIS  
VOLUME

It is a pleasure to have this book in the hands of the reader. The author has been very anxious to see it published, and will be glad to hear of its success. The book is a collection of papers read at the meetings of the American Philosophical Society, and will be of interest to all who are concerned with the history of the United States.

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EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

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# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.



CHARLES AND LOUIS AT STRASBURG.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE EMPIRE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

**I**T has become almost a trite saying, that "History repeats itself." Yet it would be difficult for us to express in words fewer or more accurate the constant recurrence of certain events in the annals of the world from the earliest ages. Nor is this strange. Men of all times differ not so much in their personality as in their surroundings; and while their deeds

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externally may be known by various names, the same spirit, in all climes and cycles, will stamp a great proportion of them with internal marks exceedingly similar. So one of the most profitable lessons that history can teach is, that certain causes invariably produce certain effects.

Reviewing rapidly the accounts given us of all nations, one of the most striking facts that we notice is, that whenever any great warrior extended his dominion very widely beyond his inherited territory,

(5)

his successors were not only unable to build upon what he had established, and advance their authority still further, but they could not even sustain the power which he had acquired. This is as true alike of David, Darius, Alexander, Cæsar, Constantine, Mohammed, Tamerlane and Napoleon, as of Charlemagne, and it is no less true of leaders whose conquests were more limited. There may be many reasons for this, and their investigation would doubtless prove interesting; but perhaps the great one is, the design of Providence to teach all nations that wars and fightings, as such, are not ordained of Him; that victories gained by cruelty and bloodshed are too dearly bought, and end in nothing, and that in His hand the natural tendency of all things is for the overcoming of all grasping, inordinate ambitions, and the universal reign of peace.

And yet, with our limited knowledge, it is not for us to say that all of the remarkable occurrences in which these great names appear should not have taken place. Perhaps, transpiring just as they did, they were the world's salvation from something far worse. Certainly, we may believe that many of these illustrious ones acted as seemed to them the best, and thereby served vastly important, noble ends, even though far different from those which they had in view.

Notably is this the case with Charlemagne. On succeeding his father, Pepin, the first of the Carolingian dynasty, to the throne of the Franks, in 768, his great desires were to extend his domain and propagate Christianity. Quelling first internal rebellions, he then advanced, in 772, against the pagan Saxons, who occupied the coast of Northern Germany, and waged war with them for thirty-two years, with scarce any interruptions, at the end of which time he subdued their famous chieftain, Witikind, little less a hero than Charlemagne himself. The immediate result of this victory was that all the Saxon tribes, headed by their king, embraced Christianity, and set themselves to acquire the arts of civilization as then known, acknowledging the supremacy of the great Charles. Meanwhile, upon the south, he had found an enemy in Didier, or Desiderius, King of Lombardy, whom he however conquered in 774. The deposed monarch retired into a cloister, and Charlemagne, assuming the Iron Crown of the Lombards, was King of Italy. Spain next became his; and before the close of the century his empire extended over nearly all of the European continent, from the Atlantic Ocean to the borders of the Eastern Empire. So that, virtually, the King of the Franks was master of the greater portion of what had been the Western Roman Empire, and on Christmas day, 800, in the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome, he was publicly crowned, and proclaimed emperor and Cæsar.

Thus had he attained every object of his ambition. He had, after an interruption of nearly three centuries, revived the Empire of the West, and had planted Christianity wherever his conquering arms had come. Thenceforth he devoted his life to dis-

persing justice, adorning cities and encouraging literature. With all his faults, which were not few, he may be justly considered as great alike in the camp and the capital. After a period of illustrious peace, succeeding his years of successful war, he died in 814.

But it was scarce possible that so vast an empire, combining so many different elements—the Franks, descended from the Northern conquerors; the Lombards, themselves springing from other Northern invaders; and the subjugated posterity of the ancient Romans, mingled with the lately reduced semi-barbarians of many tribes, Saxons, Teutons, Moors and Hungarians, all with their widely different temperaments, and affections, and superstitions, and with the characteristic middle-age passion for war, common to them all—could long exist as its founder had left it. Whether this reason and outgrowing causes alone were sufficient for its destruction, or whether, above them all, was some providential design in their ordering or not, we cannot tell. We see, however, another illustration of the fact which we have considered—that the work of a great conqueror, as conquest, seldom survives him long. It was not a great while after the death of Charlemagne before these turbulent elements, held no more in check by his strong sway, began to show their unsettling power, playing directly into the hands of his descendants, in their work of confusion and civil war.

Charlemagne was succeeded by his son, Louis the Debonnaire, who was distinguished above all things for his uprightness and purity of character, and his sincere desire for the welfare of his people, but who, at the same time, was remarkably deficient in mental vigor. The first acts of his reign were a series of attempts to improve the morals of his people, followed, in 817, by a proceeding so momentous as to be, whether he knew it or not, one of the most important events in modern history, for by it he directly opened the way for the dissolution of the empire, and the far-reaching consequences which followed it. Louis called at Aix-la-Chapelle a general assembly, and to them he declared that, while he desired, like his father, to preserve the unity of the realm, he was resolved to share the throne with his eldest son, Lothaire, now aged nineteen. Lothaire was then solemnly crowned emperor, and each of his younger brothers—Pepin, aged eleven, and Louis, eight—king, the former of the provinces of Aquitaine and Burgundy, with other portions of South-western France; the latter of a part of Southern and Eastern Germany, both to be under the dominion of Lothaire, who should actually possess the remainder of Gaul and Germany, with the kingdom of Italy, and who should succeed his father as emperor.

Troubles soon came, thick and fast, upon Louis the Debonnaire. Serious intestine revolts of petty kings and chieftains, in different parts of his dominions, harassed him for a long time. Then followed the untimely death of his beloved Empress Hermengarde. In his great sorrow, he made preparations to abdicate and turn monk. But he was dissuaded from

his purpose, and advised to marry again, and his choice, a most unfortunate one, fell upon Judith of Bavaria, a woman who was very beautiful and very pleasing, but exceedingly ambitious and unscrupulous, and who brought little else than misery to her husband and his three sons. On the birth of a fourth son, Charles, known in history as Charles the Bold, in 823, great mistrust and jealousy broke out among the three young kings, who feared, only too surely, the influence of Judith upon their father. In 829, yielding to her entreaties, he revoked the solemn act by which he had shared his possessions among his sons, and took away some of the territory he had assigned them, and gave it to Charles. Thereupon the three elder sons revolted, and speedily found followers. Meanwhile, a conspiracy had been growing up against the emperor and the empress, with her son, in which many prominent nobles and ecclesiastics joined. Seizing the auspicious moment, when Lothaire, Pepin and Louis were in open rebellion, the conspirators immured Judith in a convent, and commanded Louis to deliver himself in person, annul his gifts to Charles, renew his obligations to his three elder sons, and resign his throne and title to Lothaire. All these he did. But there was afterward a reaction in his favor. A contempt for his weakness gave way to a general feeling of pity for his misfortunes, and Lothaire's two brothers, jealous of his elevation, made overtures to their father. The assembly met again, and revoked their former acts, and restored Louis the Debonnaire to the imperial dignity. But soon Pepin arose in insurrection. Louis fought him, and once more gave part of his dominions to Charles the Bold. Again the three brothers made an alliance and raised an army against their father, who marched to meet them. They called upon him to leave Judith and Charles, and put himself under the guardianship of his elder sons. He refused, and prepared to give them battle. But so many of his followers deserted him, that he was obliged to surrender himself to his sons. They received him with the greatest respect, but nevertheless, Lothaire was proclaimed emperor. Three months later, Louis was formally deposed, and he immediately assumed the garb of a penitent.

For the next six years, the empire was a scene of constant confusion and violence, with plots and rivalries among the three brothers. At length, popular feeling revived in favor of Louis, and the fascinating Judith lost no opportunity of increasing it. For the third time, Louis was put in possession of the throne of his father, and as before, he showed himself weak and irresolute. In 838, his second son, Pepin, died. Louis called an assembly at Worms, the next year, at which he made another division of his realm, giving the eastern portion to Louis the Germanic, and dividing the remainder into two equal parts between Lothaire and Charles. This time it was Louis who took up arms. His father prepared for war, and advanced toward the Rhine, but he caught a violent fever, and died at the castle of Ingelheim, June 20th, 840. Scarcely was he dead, when Lothaire united his forces with his nephew, Pepin II, son

of his deceased brother, to oppose Charles, who was not long in discovering the plot formed against him and his mother. Having provided for her safety, he immediately made a compact with his other brother, Louis the Germanic, who was no less in danger from Lothaire's ambition. On the 21st of June, 841, just a year after the death of Louis the Debonnaire, the army of Lothaire and Pepin met that of Charles and Louis at Fontenailles. The battle began on the 25th of June, at daybreak, and was at first in favor of Lothaire, but the troops of Charles the Bold recovered the advantage which had been lost by Louis. This action is one which has seldom been surpassed in the great number of men engaged, or in the terrible slaughter. By noon, the victory of Charles and Louis was complete—little was to be seen upon the field but undistinguishable heaps of the slain.

In spite of this dreadful repulse, Lothaire made vigorous efforts to continue the struggle. Seven months after their victory at Fontenailles, Charles and Louis, with their armies, repaired to Strasburg, and in an open air meeting, called on the chieftains to support them, and in the presence of all, each made a solemn vow to sustain the other, followed in this by every man in their ranks, individually. The day was passed in brilliant military evolutions. Strong as their organization was, however, a few months convinced them that they could scarce expect to destroy the power of their opponent—when Charles and Louis received from Lothaire peaceful proposals which they did not feel disposed to reject. A year later, August, 843, all agreed, by the treaty of Verdun, that the Frankish empire should be divided into three equal portions among the three brothers, as separate and distinct nations, Louis taking the eastern, Lothaire, the middle, and Charles, the western.

Charlemagne intended to restore the Western Roman Empire, and make it one vast realm in which should flourish learning and Christianity. In this he failed. And yet, scarce to any other human being who ever lived does modern civilization owe so much. While his vigor was upholding the unity of so wide a territory, the justice of the laws which he laid down, the grandeur of the edifices which he reared, the power spreading from the schools and churches which he had founded, were sowing all over this vast area the seeds of that security of personal property, that interest in the arts of peace, that softening influence of knowledge and religion, that were to subdue ancient barbarism, and raise Europe to her subsequent greatness. And no inferior a result of his deeds of valor, though probably the very least he expected, and perhaps not brought about in the wisest manner, was the falling asunder of this weighty sovereignty, giving us modern France, Germany and Italy, consolidating their many tribes, with their multitudinous tongues, at last, into three great races, each with its own language, tastes and tendencies, and each exercising a distinctive, mighty influence upon the destinies of the whole world.

H.



## THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS.

IN the genesis of Creation, a beautiful Eden was the scene of Heaven-ordained slumber. Into this paradise, yet unlost, came Satan,

"—close at the ear of Eve,  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams."

The wondrous sleep-visions of holy history weave their spells of impression upon the imagination with a power surpassing the utmost art of romance or legend. The mystic ladder of Bethel, with its promise and prophecy of blessing—a symbol of mediation. King Pharaoh's dream of the kine, and its marvelous translation, "that the land might not perish through famine." Scriptural biography paints through inspiration many sublime scenes in the literature of dreams. Daniel, the divinely appointed interpreter of mysteries, and Isaiah, prince of prophets.

We sleep, perchance we dream; but "when and how, and by what wonderful degrees, each separates from each, and every sense and object of the mind resumes its usual form and lives again, no man—though every man is every day the casket of this type of the great mystery—can tell."

Locke was of the opinion that we do not always think when asleep; Plato, that consciousness continues uninterrupted. Leibnitz rejects Locke's theory of slumber, and Kant maintains that we always dream when asleep. A dream is so common, and yet so marvelous, that philosophers and psychologists strive in vain to fathom its mystery. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," contains many vivid incidents in the literature of dreams. The conversion of Constantine; the reverence and fear felt throughout the Roman world for the *Labarum*, or consecrated banner; the mystery of its monogram and cross. It is affirmed that the night which preceded the last battle against Maxentius, the Emperor Constantine was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the *celestial sign of God*, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ; that he executed the commands of Heaven, and his valor and obedience were rewarded by a decisive victory.

The preternatural origin of dreams was universally admitted by the nations of antiquity; and a superstition, amounting to faith, in signs, visions and omens.

The mythological literature of dreams is of unique and classic interest. Its symbolic figures are found on antique gems, engraved medals, monuments and sarcophagi. Sleep and death as twin brothers, guarded by Morpheus, god of dreams, who is variously represented—sometimes as a boy with wings; again, as a man advanced in years, who can assume any shape at pleasure; presenting dreams to those who sleep; the false, passing through a gate of ivory; the true, through one of transparent horn.

On the subject of dreams, ancient and modern research, medical science and psychology amount to little more than metaphysical speculation. We

know that, for a time, the body is under bondage to a trance-like state of existence, while the mind, like a

"Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,"

wanders through space illimitable.

Few enlightened people know to what extent superstitious minds are influenced by dreams. Credulous maidens partake of indigestible compounds in the vain hope that the visions of All Halloween may reveal conjugal destiny. For the benefit of such, we transcribe: "She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she will be married, will grate and mix a walnut, a hazelnut and a nutmeg. Mix them with butter and sugar into pills, and swallow them before going to bed. If her fortune is to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be full of golden dreams. If a traveler, then will thunder and lightning disturb her." Again, there is the lemon-peel, dream-producing charm, said to be infallible: "Carry two lemons all day in the pocket, and at night rub the four posts of the bed with them. The future spouse appears in sleep and presents the dreaming girl with two lemons. If he does not come, there is 'no hope!'"

The camera of sleep reflects from real occurrence many a quaint and curious caricature.

A professor of rhetoric once related to his class (of which several pupils had seriously annoyed him by refusing to recognize the importance of correct punctuation) a curious dream of the previous night. A huge sentence—minus punctuation—seemed to be flying through the air, while his vain attempts to arrest its progress were greeted with hilarious applause. Possibly, when it reached the proper zenith of reflection, some terrified star-gazer discovered a comet.

Whittier's "Dream of Pio Nono," gives a hint of the popular supposition in regard to the origin of dreams:

"Thereat the Pontiff woke,  
Trembling and muttering o'er his fearful dream.  
'What means he?' cried the Bourbon. 'Nothing more  
Than that your majesty hath all too well  
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,'  
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile."

Leigh Hunt becomes classically facetious on the subject of indigestion as the cause of dreams. "It shall make an epicure of any vivacity, act as many parts as a tragedian 'for one night only.' The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic. Italian pickles partake of the same spirit as Dante; and a butter-boat should contain as many ghosts as Charons."

It is only upon this hypothesis that we can account for some of the extraordinary statements contained in the Rev. Samuel Peters's "History of Connecticut." He must have been an epicure and a dreamer! His account of Billows Falls and the Connecticut Blue Laws, must have been produced in a highly intoxicated state of the imagination.

The most recent associations occur the most frequently in our dreams. Grandfather Trent murmurs of the gold that shall make Nelly a lady; while she hears heavenly harmonies, and is beckoned by angel visions. Lady Macbeth, in unrestful slumber, strives to cleanse her hand from its mortal stain; the babe smiles in its sleep, in conference with angels.

Volumes might be compiled from the dreams recorded in literature. Poetry, history and romance have been embellished by their imagery; artists have wrought on easel and in image the sublime conceptions of a dream.

"Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him;  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved that dream on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision;  
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,  
He had caught that angel vision!

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream passes o'er us.  
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision!"

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

## OTHER PEOPLE.

THE weightiest of life's burdens is—other people. We have to live among them, talk with them, listen to them, bear with them—all these other people. They lay upon our shoulders, they crowd upon our back, they thrust their fingers into our half-healed wounds, they pull off the bandage to see how the sore is getting along, they drag us to the right when we desire to go to the left, they push us forward when he want to stand still, they are always in our way, and we cannot take a step without treading on the toes of—other people!

No matter who or what they are, how simple, how refined, they are not bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; their thoughts may be better, higher than our own, but they are alien thoughts, we cannot abide them. Just in the degree that they may be more or less sensitive than we do they jar upon our sensibilities. Whether their minds stand higher or lower than our own, it is a step up or down to reach them. A straining of the arms upward or a bending of the back downward to lay hold upon them. In this is the wearisomeness of life, that we live with—other people.

The atmosphere in which they delight is dreadful to us; either an oppressive, murky cloud that weighs us down, or an exhaustive vacuum that draws us up. Our own atmosphere only is to us delightful, our own plane only the easy and agreeable level, our own ideas only consistent, our own nature to the right

degree sensitive or insensible. Yet in all these things do we differ from our neighbors, in all these things are we to them—also other people.

What can be done about that? We are to be borne with. Our presence must be endured. We cannot, if we would, immolate ourselves to please everybody else; nor is it desirable that everybody else should die to please us. No, we must all continue living, and we must continue to live all together. Well, then, look here; suppose we try to make ourselves, so far as possible, endurable. Let us remember what an onerous burden our opinions are to all those around, and endeavor to lighten that burden as much as possible. Let us remember what a blight lies in our contrary atmosphere when brought in contact with our neighbor's brilliant noontide. His noontide parches us, we gasp for breath! Let us remember that we are freezing him. Let us mitigate our midnight with an admixture of his heat and light. As when two clouds meet in mid-heaven, the one gladly parts with a portion of its electricity, which the other as gladly receives; and so all nature is equalized, and the whole earth refreshed. There are on this earth some such electric natures, ready to give to all who ask, who "turn not away" from those timid souls who "would borrow," but dare not "ask." They are never—other people.

They climb up and ride behind Jack a Norey's hobby, and declare his paces excellent; they clamber to the top of Simon Stylites's pillar, and admire the prospect; they look through your cracked telescope, or your near-sighted glasses that have lost one eye, and find your view correct. Ah, say you, if I could only live with such people forever! You can; this desire is easy of attainment. Who is that person from whom you never separate, the one that clings faster than a brother? It is yourself. Make yourself such a person. Make yourself one of those delightful natures which find something agreeable in every man's hobby, some new beauty in every man's view, and you will at least not be a stranger and alien to other people; perhaps they will no longer be stranger and alien to you. E. E. BREWSTER.

NEEDFUL HINT.—A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them: "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.

## MALTA.

OF all the famous islands of the Mediterranean, perhaps the one most worthy of extended notice is Malta, curious in structure, wonderful in fertility and renowned in history. This island, about

from remote antiquity, one of the garden spots of the world. Its earliest colonists, undaunted by its frowning sterility, brought, with infinite labor, numberless cargoes of earth from Syracuse, and so formed upon the adamant surface a soil in which flourish, in luxuriance, the rose, the grape, the olive, the fig and the



ISLAND OF MALTA.

sixty miles in circumference, was originally one immense mass of bare, limestone rocks. But so restless, so conquering is the force of man's ingenuity, that, in spite of its being apparently, by its very nature, made forever unfit for human habitation, it has been,

orange, while the grain and cotton reach here a perfection scarce surpassed elsewhere. It may thus be perceived that the victory over nature, gained by unexampled industry, has never been lost by any relaxation of vigilance. This is indeed the case, for

every foot of land is cultivated with the most assiduous care, and, from the time of the first inhabitants, the custom has been to renew the soil every ten years, and remove the incrustations of lime, which, slowly and surely forming, would destroy its productive power if suffered to remain. And this warfare against barrenness has been assisted immeasurably by the climate; for, under a soft, genial sky, and the tempering influence of mild sea-breezes, cold, and frost, and heat and drought are alike unknown, and over all hangs the atmosphere of a perpetual spring.

Malta, as might be expected from its advantageous position in a commercial point of view, was first settled from Phœnicia, the earliest and greatest maritime nation of ancient times. Accordingly we find a record of such occupation, about 1400, B. C. Subsequently colonists from Greece established themselves in the island. As time passed on, one other of Tyre's offshoots was increasing prodigiously in wealth and might. So, four hundred years before the Christian era, Melita, as it was then called, strongly fortified, was one of the chief bulwarks of Carthaginian power in the Mediterranean. So it remained until the end of the second Punic War, when it fell into the hands of the Romans, 216, B. C.

After this, for an interval, the history of Malta is merged in that of its imperial mistress, held in enforced peace by military despotism during her supremacy, and succumbing, at last, with other provinces, to the strength of ruthless invaders. First the Goths, and then the Saracens, were its masters. Of the effects of these conquests, those of the latter were the most lasting, for they put to the sword, or sold into slavery, the majority of the existing population, and re-colonized the island with Arabs. The present inhabitants are descendants of these, mingled with modern Italians and Greeks. Their dialect is a mixture of the language of the former with Arabic.

When Mussulman rule at length gave way, Malta continued subject to the crown of Sicily from 1190 to 1525, A. D., when the Emperor Charles V. gave it to the Knights of St. John. These knights had been driven by the Turks from their possessions in Cyprus, Rhodes and Crete, and their acceptance of this territory was conditional upon their promise to wage perpetual war against the infidels, and exterminate the Arabian pirates from the Mediterranean. The name of the ancient city, *Il Borgo*, was changed to *La Valetta*, after the Grand Master, John de la Valette, who made it his abode. It, and every accessible point were fortified so highly, as to render the island well-nigh impregnable. So secured, the chivalrous possessors felt prepared to bid eternal defiance to all invaders.

But the upholders of the Crescent were not anxious to allow so formidable an opposer grow in power. Accordingly, Solymán the Magnificent made ready for an overwhelming onslaught, with a fleet of no less than two hundred sail, carrying a force of forty thousand men; and in the middle of May, 1565, the

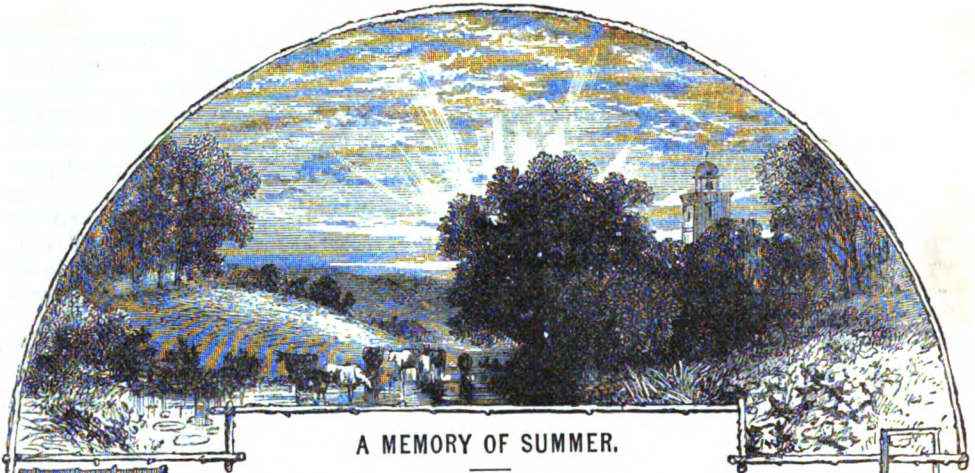
Turkish fleet appeared before *La Valetta*. So invincible they seemed, that many of the knights, brave as they were, professed themselves unable to sustain an attack. But, even when the Saracens had nearly broken through the mighty fortifications, never would the Grand Master allow his courage to be shaken. With such a degree of confidence did he inspire his men, that notwithstanding a series of severe, and on the part of the Christians, almost hopeless contests, continued until the beginning of September, the arms of the Moslems were completely shattered, and the Order remained secure in possession. This signal victory, after so long and fierce a conflict, was considered one of the most splendid achievements of the sixteenth century. Not only was it noteworthy for being gained by prodigies of valor, but it stayed the westward progress of Islamism, securing Christian nations against infidel disturbers.

From this time forward, Malta remained under the peaceful sway of the knights, the Christianized people living in prosperity under their administration, until the Fraternity, having done its work, began to decay, dying out finally in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Then followed a period of weakness, when the Turks were only prevented from reducing the inhabitants to starvation by the interposition of France. In 1798, the island was conquered by Napoleon, and in 1800, it was taken by England, to whom it was confirmed by the treaty of Paris, in 1814.

*La Valetta* now occupies the position of one of the principal British ports in the Mediterranean. It is a handsome city, having wide streets paved with lava, and displaying a splendid collection of palaces, churches and picturesque houses, built in terraces, one above the other, up to the rocky summit. It contains some very fine edifices, among them the Grand Master's Palace, now the residence of the British governor, the cathedral, the hospital and the immense admiralty. The town is defended by the mighty fortresses of St. Elmo, St. Angelo, Manuel and Tigne, with intermediate connecting works of massive proportions. Dark war-ships, and the vessels of all nations; a fair and smiling country; and spread round the deep, blue waters of the midland sea, all form a fitting frame to a most attractive picture. M—.

**GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.**—A story is told of a lady, who on going up to her bed-room at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare;" and leaving the candle burning and the door open, she went downstairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!





### A MEMORY OF SUMMER.

OW precious the memory of that fair summer morning! How its sweetness lingers with me yet, never to be lost! For on that day of all days I was greater than a crowned king—on that day I reached the summit of my earthly happiness! Homely and gray are the earlier leaves of my life's book—dark and blurred many of the later; but fair as an oasis in a desert is that day, one page between; white as the spotless snow its delicate texture; brilliant as sunrise crimsoning them its rare illuminations; gorgeous and life-giving as the rays of the noonday orb its wondrous letters of gold.

As I stood at the cottage door on that early morn, and gazed past the scarlet wilderness of lawless roses and silvery standards of fairy lilies; across the bowery privet hedges, intertwined with censer-breathed wood-bines and velvety-belled morning-glories; through the young-fruited orchard, and down the green lane, until my view was shut off by the gently rising hills around our modest dwelling, all robed in a pure, clear, airy veil, mingled with liquid gold, I thought, Surely, a day so rare as this seems a special benediction from Heaven, ready to gladden all upon whom its light may shine. I wonder what great blessing it has for me? Ah, little did I then think that it would bring to me my only, my last and my best.

But in this work-day world, though we may drink in transcendent beauty oftentimes by the way, it is not permitted to us that we stand still, our only care being to receive and enjoy. So that even on a morning like



this, it was necessary that I should go my usual round. And over the hillside path, winding along where the glowing flood from the fleece-flecked, azure sky set the rock-masses and cedar clumps aflame; down into the shaded valley, in which a fern-fringed rivulet sprang over sparkling stones, then spread out in a broad, reed-rimmed, lily-dotted pool, reflecting the glittering gleams poured down abundantly, its surface dancing in myriads of tiny diamonds; past the cool retreat in which the cattle, black, white and brindled, were enjoying, in their way, the fair season; on, where, from the deep, billowy tree-tops rose the white church tower; further, by many homes, nestling in sheltering green—until, at last, through the amethystine curtains covering the dark, solemn woods, I emerged into the deep, impressive stillness. For I was a poor mechanic, and this was my accustomed walk to the place of my daily labor.

Yes, that was all—only a poor mechanic. And as I left the glory of the sunshine, and entered into the gloom of the forest, somehow, with a sudden thrill of pain, it came to me more than ever what I was. Not that I had any feeling of false pride at the name, not that I thought myself any the less a man because my lot was that of a humble toiler; but with it came a sense of my own personal deficiencies, mingled with the overpowering thought that, at this late day, my opportunities for improvement would be few. I must, whatever came, keep a roof over my poor mother's head. And the cottage in which she and I lived was almost my own. Some day it might need a young mistress. But, ah, could I ever hope to install beautiful Bertha there? Alas, never, I thought, unless I could gain those very same advantages which seemed beyond me.

Many a sturdy, rosy lass, who knew naught of fatigue, and dreamed naught of grace, might have kept clean my narrow rooms and been content with my scanty hoard. But I remembered beautiful Bertha's slender frame and lily fingers, her tasteful dresses and dainty ways. And as I mentally surveyed the bare walls and painted floors of my lowly abode, I turned sick at heart. My mother had heard from a servant of one of Miss Bertha's friends that where she moved all was beautiful with music, and books, and flowers, and pictures. The birds whose chorus I was only half hearing were, I knew, no more unconscious of the height of their native element than was she; yet this knowledge comes to the bird caged, and so it would to her, were the pinions of her mental and æsthetic powers, perforce, folded.

Could I not save her from this? Could I not say to her that she might make of my humble home a perfect bower of beauty—that she might be free to reign in it as a queen, of a realm no less complete because it was small? But, like the weight of a millstone fell upon me a crushing sense of myself—my face was so homely, my hands so rough, my movements so awkward, my speech so blundering, my knowledge so crude! Clearly, she was not for me.

Yet, in one way, she was poorer than I. She knew

what it was to toil as well as I did. She had nothing of the world's goods beyond what she could earn by her fairy pencil and her seraph voice. And I believed overwork and anxiety were telling on her. How I longed to shield her from all this! And, with a great leap of my heart, hope revived, as I thought that the meanest place were better than glittering uncertainty; the lowliest love better than splendid loneliness.

A turn in the path brought me into an open space, and suddenly I caught the shimmer of a white dress. Every nerve quivered, every pulse throbbed, and a great, trembling weakness took possession of me. For beautiful Bertha herself was coming!

Fairer than ever she looked in her cloud-like array, scarce whiter than her pure, colorless face, her delicate blue ribbons matching her wondrous, forget-me-not eyes. The deep black of her perfect, arched eyebrows threw out in more striking contrast the transparent radiancy of her skin and the exquisite carnation of her lips, while, from under the broad brim of her hat waved her soft, midnight hair. At every parting of the branches, every rustle of the grasses, every sound of her light footsteps, I felt myself growing more nearly powerless. And supporting myself against the trunk of a tree, I waited for the on-coming of fate.

She saw me. "Good-morning, Stephen," she said, as she would have spoken to any man who had ever worked about her father's place. And yet I thought I detected in her tones far more of a friendly feeling than she would have exhibited in addressing Will Jones or Jack Wilson.

For an instant I was overwhelmed at the music of that lute-like voice, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Oh, it must have been so in the olden days when angels talked with men! Poor hearts! What for them but to fall prostrate in the dust and worship!

"Miss Bertha," I faltered. That was all. There was no need of more. Whether I meant it or not, my whole soul, in one mighty volume, had gone out in those two words. She started and trembled, like the yellow beams which poured down through the branches and danced in her hair. She knew all.

I do not know what I said then. I think I took one of those little, dove-like hands, and gazed down into those wondrous, heavenly blue eyes. But I do know that she smiled like the opening morn; so rare, so lovely was that smile, that it seemed to darken the sunshine, and with its own light illuminate the whole space around us; and I do know that a blush, rich as the crimson banners of evening, swept over her pearly neck, and cheek, and brow. And I dared to believe that she loved me. Suddenly, with that, came again a vision of this fairy presence in contrast with my uncouth manners, my coarse garb, my poor house. It was more than I could bear. And just as suddenly I turned and fled from her.

Pity all ye who have loved and suffered not. Pity all ye to whom loving brings all fullness of being, and whom it wakes not, only to inspire a bitter sense of

unworthiness, a thought of a supreme height which cannot be attained, and a course of action so weak, so childish, that, were it not sanctified by its sublime cause, it were deserving of derision.

All day long the memory of that smile and that blush filled me with a joy unearthly, quickly followed, however, by a self-loathing that I had been so presumptuous as to allow that beauteous being to know that I regarded her at all, save as a glow-worm might gaze at a star. And all night long the conflict between rapture and despair continued, becoming intensified as the long hours wore on.

The sun had hardly risen, before a neighbor's rap sounded on the door. Would my mother come? They were in great distress over the hills—and Miss Bertha—was dead.

It was a long time before I knew all. But she had really been called home, after an illness of only two hours.

Many years have passed since then. I am no longer what the world calls only a poor mechanic. My patent was a success. And now an immense manufactory, a palatial city residence, and a fair country domain, with 'long rows of tenements and accumulated thousands, are among my earthly possessions. I will not say that I am unhappy, for I have conscientiously tried to make the best possible of myself, and I have endeavored to do all the good in my power. But prized far beyond my material wealth, dearer than any stores of human learning which I have gathered, sweeter even than the gratitude of countless widows and orphans, is the precious thought of how, on that summer day so long ago, beautiful Bertha looked into my face and smiled.

Often now, on a rare morning like that one of old, when the liquid light ripples through the blue haze; when the roses glow reddest and the lilies pale whitest; when the breath of the woodbine is heaviest and the velvet bells of the morning-glory hang low; when the glow from the skies bathes in gold rock-moss and cedar-clump, dances in diamonds on the bosom of the lakelet, and falls in yellow showers through the matted branches overhead—come to me, real as though still in the living present, the sweet grace of her blue eyes, the soft touch of her tiny hand, and the netted sunbeams trembling in her dark, waving hair.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE sweetness and tenderness of youth need not depart with its beauty. We are not compelled to grow hard and cold, to take stern views of life, and refuse to believe in anything beautiful, because this is the rôle set down for middle-aged and elderly people. Those who keep their sweetness, who hold fast the tenderness of their souls and have ardent friendships, are young still, whatever the years that have passed over their heads.

No GREAT man or woman has ever been reared to great usefulness and lasting distinction who was unschooled by adversity. Noble deeds are never done in the calm sunshine of summer light.

## HEARTS OVERWORKED.

NO organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train, and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives, and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a "sinking" or "emptiness," as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high-pressure is employed. Hence, young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school-room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results."

The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste,



become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a working-man as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting fillip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. "When we sit writing, or reading or working by gas-light, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickers, we say, 'The pressure is off at the main.' Just so in a man who in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers: then in his organism, the pressure is off at the main; that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not traveling with its due force, to vitalize and illuminate the intellectual chamber."

But indeed it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety, that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt at complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work, unless its activity be diverted into some new channel." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train-haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion; and first of anger. A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels; and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson in the case of a member of his own profession. "This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over, there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short severe madness, he suddenly

felt, to use his own expression, as if his 'heart were lost.' He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. 'I am broken-hearted,' he would say, 'physically broken-hearted.' And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken-heart tempered marvelously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder."

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows "grieve the heart" is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and "it went clean to my heart, that did," is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the "wicked speed" with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, "But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue." Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease: the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart" but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science, that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, "Look to your pulse," for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations show us that if we would keep our hearts whole, we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control that "alone lead life to sovereign power." Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way, and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition, striving after impossibilities,



which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And surely if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him, rather than make himself miserable, and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents.

It is well to "scorn delights and live laborious days;" but the energy of which we of this generation are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when for the sake of getting on we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," Mr. R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: "It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the 'life at high-pressure,' which is the characteristic of the more active but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so." Knowing well that the "pains and penalties of idleness" are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words, to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.

### THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A YOUNG Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

### TWO HALF-PINTS OF ALE A DAY.

A MANCHESTER calico printer was on his wedding-day persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other, except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made the small sum which he allowed her for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint; and he perhaps had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except that at odd times she succeeded, by one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions.

They had been married a year; and on the morning of the anniversary of their wedding-day the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we have had no holiday since we were wed; and, only that I have not a penny in the world, we would take a jaunt to the village to see your mother!"

"Would you like to go, John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear to hear him speak so kindly as in old times. "If you would like to go, John, I will stand treat."

"Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "hast got a fortune, wench?"

"No," said she; "but I have got the pint of ale."

"Got what?" said he.

"The pint of ale," was the reply.

John did not understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale, in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five threepences, put 4*l.* 1*l.* 3*d.* into his hand, exclaiming, "You shall have the holiday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten and charmed. He would not touch it, but said, "Have you not had your share? Then I will have no more."

They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, ware-house, country-seat, a carriage; and, for aught we know, John was mayor of his native borough at last.

LET us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

IT is too bad. The best of people will sometimes say the very thing that they didn't want to, and oftenest at the time when they are anxious to make a favorable impression. I felt sorry for father the other day.

There was a vigorous rapping at the south door, and when I opened it, a face that set me a-dreaming was before me. A hale old man with ruddy countenance, and a glad, eager light in his gray eyes, greeted me with extended hand, and a closing grip that meant, oh so much. I was puzzled, and said, "You are one of the Wilmer's; I see that in your face, but I don't know whether you are Jesse, or David, or Jotham or Horace—anyhow I am very, very glad to see you," and, as shaking hands didn't mean enough, I patted his broad, solid old shoulder, after the manner of a mother patting her proud little son who didn't like to wear a shawl over his head, or carry the dinner basket.

"Well," said the dear old fellow, "I ar'n't nuther Jess, nor Dave, nor Jot nor Hod—hee, hee! I'm that tother one, don' you mind, sis. I'm Sy' vester."

"Why, so you are Sylvester, too, now I'm sure of it. Come right along in, Sylvester, and see the deacon. My how nice it is to have one of father's old friends drop in this way!" And I led him off into the room where father sat dozing over the last *Chronicle*. How they did shake hands—the two old men who had played together in childhood, who had felled trees of the forest sixty-five years ago, and who had both known all the privation of pioneer life. They sat down close beside one another; not because either was deaf or dim of eye-sight, but they wanted to draw closely together; it seemed to bring them nearer, in spirit, perhaps. And I crept up, too, it seemed to make me fuller of sympathy, to carry me back with them, and make me a sharer and a partaker of the old times gone by. How they talked! Sometimes father laid his hand on Sylvester's knee when he emphasized or desired to more fully impress a thought in his mind, and Sylvester would lay his old hard hand, as full of expression as any face could be, on father's as if to clench, or rivet an idea, or render more earnest the utterance and the meaning.

From the far away, but not dim past, they came back, step by step, to the now. They talked of "my boys," and "my girls"—called them "the children," and "the young uns," and the "family," and "we," and "at our house," and their conversation flowed like a stream with never a ripple or a whirl to break the smooth flow and swiftness. I slipped out and prepared dinner, and stood the little table against the wall to make it appear cosy and unceremonious, and the two old men ate together after the manner of other days. I noticed that sometimes they sat cross-legged, and again they leaned their elbows on the table, and ate with their knives, and leaned back and partook leisurely and with the utmost freedom of the piece of pie or cake in their hands. I had cut some cold mush in slices—"pudding," they called

it, after the manner of their Yankee ancestors—and fried it in butter until the thin slices were nicely browned; and the beans left of yesterday's dinner were renovated with cream and butter, until they both declared they tasted like "my mother's beans." The pumpkin pie pleased them, too, and I don't know what put the notion into my head, but before they sat down to dinner I put some cedar branches and tassels of pine in a big pitcher between the table and the window, and added a few sprays of wild rose berries, and no two little girls with their bright, keen æsthetic natures would have been any more delighted or enthused than were these dear old men. It reminded them of the hills and the mountains of their earliest home in the East, and then they talked of the pines, and cedars, and hemlocks, and wild roses and ferns, until their faces glowed as though lighted from within.

Finally the deacon said, "Where's your Hank live now? and is he getting along any better than he used to?"

"He lives down in Silver Run Valley, on the old Holt farm," said Sylvester, and he pushed his gray hair back off his forehead as though smitten with a sudden pain—quite as though he struck himself on the head. I saw that he was hurt—that an old wound was rudely torn open and bleeding afresh; that poor blundering, well-meaning old Deacon Potts, in his desire to be "like folks," chatty, and nice, and agreeable, and a good entertainer, had hurt his old friend, Sylvester Wilmer.

Hank, the little curly-haired, roguish lamb of the flock, had developed into the black sheep of the family; had brought the only sorrow upon his dear parents that they had ever known. In the neighborhood his name was a by-word—the synonym for all the disreputable deeds that evil-disposed men are guilty of. The white hair had suddenly grown whiter on his mother's head; and the lines indicative of the "weariness of living," had plowed themselves deeper in his father's face, because of his misdeeds. How often in the nights after they had retired, this Adam and Eve had consoled together, and wept and sought to carry comfort, one to the other, half-despairingly, was known only to Him who watches and sleepeth not.

Sylvester's visit was robbed of its charm and interest. He grew moody. He frequently rubbed his palms down the legs of his pantaloons, brushed his hair back off his forehead in a tired, aimless way, and two or three times I caught him looking blankly out of the upper panes of the window into the chill blue of the late November sky. Poor man! on what a little thing do hinge our joys, and our sorrows, and our disappointments. When he started home he chucked his hat in a hard, reckless way down on his head, until the tops of his ears bent over like saplings caught by the fall of a giant tree. He didn't seem to feel, or care that he had ears, or had not. That little question, thoughtlessly framed, had stabbed poor old Sylvester.

"Hitch up sometimes, 'Nijar, and you and Pissie

drive down and pay us a visit. Just me and my old woman left now. Children all gone, and only the two old larks left in the nest. If I'd 'a' known or thought about it in time, I'd sent you a basket o' late peaches in October. Had some as big round as a chany tea cup, and the color of a lussy little shaver's rosy cheeks. Powerful nice ones; guess my old woman put up some in sugar, and some she pickled, and I know she canned a bushel or two. Well, come down one o' these days, deacon. Time was when you'd take your hickory or black haw cane to kill snakes with, and walk, instead o' riding down; but we're all growing old, and we old fellows are droppin' off like ripe pears, one at a time. Well, well."

And he was gone, and I sat dazed and hurt as I murmured, "Oh, these little words! these little words!"

When I was in the store the other day waiting for the deacon to come along, on his way from the mill, a woman came in bringing the merchant his winter butter. It was packed in new crocks to within an inch of the top, a fine thin piece of white lawn or muslin wet in clean water and spread over, and pressed down smoothly, and then pure salt was put on that until the crock was even full, then covered nicely with a plate or wooden cover. The woman and I got to talking, and I learned a great many new items of interest from her. She said to keep butter good it should not be removed from one vessel to another; that it was quite sure to injure it. Now last fall a year, ours was engaged of the best butter maker about Pottsville, forty pounds in two and three-pound rolls, brought home and kept in a firkin under brine, but before Christmas I began to wish, all that good woman's butter was gone. It had an old, infirm flavor; it was not very choice.

I said: "We are fastidious, whimsical; everybody praises that woman's butter; they compare it to cream and to marrow, and all the city folks are after her delicious rolls."

But the woman told me it was the moving of it from one place to another, from one vessel to another, and finally the transfer to the brine in the deacon's cellar; so many changes affected its sweetness and purity, and a final taint settled upon it.

The other day, when we bought a jar of October butter for present use, I spoke of the man taking the jar home with him, and he said in a surprised tone: "It will not be so good if you move it, you know; my woman told me to tell you to keep the jar until it was all used out."

This, from a man who makes gilt-edged butter, was an item of intelligence worth remembering, for to-day the last in the bottom of that fifteen-pound jar was just as good and sweet as was the first.

Yesterday I ran in to a neighbor's to see if she had any carpet-rags ready cut and sewed that she could possibly spare us in a pinch like the present, and I found her stirring apple-butter, and three of her neighbors preparing more fruit for thickening. I was in a hurry, for the weaver had fell short of the colors of green and black filling; but my walk had

been up-hill, and I was entitled to sit and rest, so I improved the time talking. One woman put her apple-butter in gallon crocks and jars; another put hers in a half-barrel keg, and used out of the side of it; and the other kept hers in three and four-gallon jars. They asked our way, or the way we did long ago when the deacon's house was jubilant with the music of children's voices, and the little ones liked something to spread on "top of the cow-butter."

We learned by experience that a keg of apple-butter would sour if we used out of it in moderate weather, the same as a gallon jar of jam would. When we made a large quantity of it then, we reheated it in the spring, and put it into vessels not containing over one gallon. If it was too strong, or too sour, we added sugar and cinnamon to the small quantity designed for immediate use, generally preparing one crockful at a time as we needed it. What rivers of apple-butter the American people are making!

An incident happened lately that afforded a jolly laugh to us. Lily and I were walking one night in October, arm in arm, down the road to the village. It was quite dark, but clear and starry, and the south wind blew breezy enough to fluff up the hair of our uncovered heads. The village lights twinkled cheerily, and here and there flamed and flared the blazes under the kettles containing apple-butter in all stages, from the sweet cider, warm and brimming, down to the thick ruby mass beginning to glisten and show signs of fulfillment.

I said: "See the kettles out in Bodkin's yard, and Professor Leslie's, and Williams's, and Showalter's, and the Widow Lane's, and Johnny Hermon's, and over at Mike Cole's, and at about every third house in town."

"Yes, and one can smell hot cider in the very winds from the south," said Lily, "and once in awhile you get an intimation of 'boiling over' or 'sticking fast.' What a panic sweeps over the land, and how like a malignant epidemic it goes from house to house, attacking both old and young, and married and single. We hear it, and feel it, and taste it, and smell it."

Just here two gentlemen came up behind us horse-back, and in the gathering darkness we stepped aside to let them pass, and as I turned my head away from the breeze I heard one of them speak just one word, and that word was, "apple-butter." Their conversation had been on this prevailing topic.

A suggestion presented itself to me. I said: "Lily, what a charming theme for a poem, allowing the end of every verse to be the word 'apple-butter.'"

And then she assisted me in thinking of rhymes, such as flutter, sputter, cut her, utter, mutter, stutter, gutter, putter, clutter, shutter; and we planned a poem that would reach every home, and raise a laugh from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Just then a new thought came to her, and in her impulsive way she stopped and pounded my back in her exuberance of delight, laughing at the novel conceit which had presented itself.

"Oh, write a parody on *Excelsior*!" she said; "it would be so funny, and is so easily done, don't you see! How charming that would be!"

But the parody abides with us yet. Though we enjoy them, and our pen capers gleefully while at such tricks—such heartless despoiling, and defacing, and defaming—we always hesitate, and think twice before we venture out on such marauding business. A poem relentlessly parodied, is a sweet song lost to the world.

We should have said before this time that our sister Ida, the little one, was married, and had gone out from the deacon's household to preside in a nice new home of her own. She was married one dreamy, soft day in October, and in one week after went to housekeeping. But she lives in the village in full sight of our home—perhaps fifty rods away—and she comes up daily to see how we are, and what she can do for our comfort. We are pleased to see her happy, and we all like the new boy-son and brother. Do any of you girls who learned to love my little sister in the years ago, wonder what she wore, and how she looked and behaved?

Well, for the reason that Pipey always cries at weddings, in spite of herself, this one was solemnized at the home of the oldest pastor of our church—a sweet-faced, feeble old man, who was not able to stand during the ceremony. He came to this place fifty years ago, a young graduate of one of the Eastern colleges. It was appropriate that Father Hughes should perform the ceremony. Lily said it was very impressive. The bride wore brown cashmere, trimmed in the prevailing style with silk—a dress that will be serviceable for a long time—natural flowers, with her hair prettily arranged, and smooth on the forehead and temples. To me she looked very sweet.

I was fastening a rose in the filmy lace at her throat when "he" came in, and the expression that illuminated his face satisfied me. I was not afraid to give away into his cherishing care the little baby that came from the bosom of her dying mother to mine, warm and eager, and, oh, so glad of "something to love."

Fearing a scene, and hardly daring to trust my fingers to perform this tender task, especially when I caught the gaze of her beautiful eyes, I stepped lightly here and there, and bustled about as though I was a frivolous, tiring maid by profession. Not a serious, sentimental thought did I entertain for a moment, and when the little party returned in the evening I kept out of hearing a moment, lest the deacon's fatherly congratulations should break away the barriers I had builded. In spite of my watchfulness, when she stood alone my arms reached out and gave her the briefest little embrace and the softest little caress—and that was all. We had been reading an article on self-control, and this was our first experience.

The dress in which she "appeared" was black gros grain silk, princess style, with sacque to match;

a hat selected in the city by a lady of fine taste, white kid gloves, natural flowers, etc.

There are a good many things we would like to say to girls in moderate circumstances who are meditating marriage; but this medium is too public, and the advice and suggestions would savor of egotism. In an article of ours a few months ago, "*From My Basket*," we gave our ideas of wedding-dresses, flimsy things, good only "for the occasion;" trailing silks, indicative of a lack of good sense; of beautiful hair, scorched, and crimped, and frizzed, and spoiled; and yet we did not write half as earnestly as we feel.

The average American woman needs a good deal of old-fashioned talk, we think; her ideas of what "they" say, and do, and wear, of what "they" think, and of "their" rule, is too much her guide, and drags her down to a servitude and a thralldom that is appalling. We fear for the future of the coming woman with fashion, as she is now, the ruling queen.

PIPEY POTTS.

## THE TUNEFUL VOICE.

AL GERMAN, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church a day or two after he had landed in this country; and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air and leave the hated sounds behind him.

"But this, too, I feared to do," said he, "lest offense might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished, amid the din, the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this would be a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult. Stronger and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end, singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

## AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

**H**E was her only child. For ten years—the years of her lonely widowhood—she had denied and overtaken herself in order that he might have a pleasant home and a liberal education. All her life was bound up in her boy; all her care was for him; and all her future, as she looked forward to the years of his manhood, full of sweet and happy anticipations. He would be her stay and comfort; the burden-bearer for her, as she had been so long

interests and purposes, he had begun drifting away from her. The light-hearted, loving boy who had never seemed so contented and happy as when with his mother, was now quieter and less warmly responsive. He had begun looking forward into manhood, and the ambition to rise above the common level, and make his way in life, had been stimulated by his college connections, and was beginning to take a strong hold upon his mind. Only five months more, and then he would turn his back upon the university, and his face to the world. Never had the narrow-



the care-taker and burden-bearer for him. She felt her strength failing, as the years went by—the years that were giving to him the strength and confidence of early manhood; and her prayer was, that she might be able to bear up until he was ready to stand by her side and let her lean upon him. What a warm and tender glow rested upon her future! What pleasant pictures her fancy drew, in all the fond requitals of love that awaited her!

Alas, poor mother! Richard was at home in the two months of his last vacation; and Mrs. Northcote had made the discovery, that in all his dominant

ness of his home-surroundings so impressed him. The dead level of things in his native town and neighborhood, and the low ambition of its denizens, content to move in the narrow spheres of trade, agriculture, or artizanship, and with no higher end, as it seemed to him, than money-getting, excited his boyish contempt. What was there for one of high ambition in a community like this? Thought went reaching into broader fields, and, in his view, to nobler things in life. He would have a career; would make his mark in the world.

It was near the close of a mild September day, the



last day that Richard was to spend at home before returning to college. Of all his vacations, this had given him the least amount of pleasure. He had not drawn closer to the loving heart of his mother; had not felt its warmth pervading his whole being as of old; had not thought of her comfort and happiness as in times past. Not that he was really growing cold or indifferent, or that he had any consciousness of decreasing love, nor was there any failure of his purpose to cherish her in his manhood with all filial care and tenderness. But he was so much interested in his own future, that in talking about it to his mother he left her out of his calculations almost entirely—at least so it seemed to her. He was going to New York, he said, to enter the office of an eminent lawyer, whose son was a college friend. This friend had written to his father about him, and the answer received was so favorable, that he had little doubt in regard to an ultimate satisfactory arrangement. All this without so much as writing to his mother about it; as though her judgment in regard to his future was of little or no account whatever. She would only have to continue the help she had so far given him for a year or two longer, he said, and then he would not only be able to take care of himself, but care for her also.

Continue to keep him for a year or two longer! And already the mother's strength was on the eve of breaking down. She had not told him of the mortgage which she had been compelled to give upon the little homestead, nor of the pinching self-denial which she had to endure, in order that the interest might be met and the college bills paid. A year or two longer! The bare thought of struggling on for a single year longer, made her heart sink like lead in her bosom.

It was, as we have said, near the close of a mild day in September; the last that Richard was to spend at home before returning to college; and they were together in the pleasant parlor that looked out upon meadow, and river, and a picturesque range of hills beyond, giving a landscape of rare beauty. The sadness of his mother's face, and the strange look in her eyes, the meaning of which he but poorly understood, were troubling Richard. To all his plans for the future, she had made but little response, and almost as little objection. But not a word of approval had passed her lips. As the shadows began to gather, a silence fell between them; and as this grew more oppressive, the boy arose and went to the window, where he stood looking out for several minutes. But his eyes were not upon the fair landscape. Its picture on the retina was unperceived by the eyes of his soul, which were looking far away from the present and upon a different scene altogether.

"Mother," he said, turning abruptly from the window, and speaking in a tone of complaint, not unmingled with displeasure, "I don't know what's come over you!"

He caught back the farther words that were forming on his tongue; for he had said enough, as the suddenly whitening face of his mother told him.

She did not look up nor move; but sat with fixed eyes that seemed looking through the window and far away beyond the fading landscape—a little while so, and then the eyelids fell slowly, until they lay as still on her cheeks as a penciled fringe—a little while so, and then the wasted form sunk back in the chair, shrinking, it seemed in the eyes of the startled young man, to half its old dimensions.

"O mother, dear!" he cried, bending over her, and placing his arm about her neck. But there was no responsive movement on her part. It did not seem as though she had even heard his voice.

"Dear mother! What ails you?" He reached a chair, and sitting down, drew her head against his breast, and held it with a close and tender pressure. "What is it, mother, dear? Won't you tell me? Are you sick? Have I said anything to hurt you, my dear, good, true and loving mother?"

Still she did not reply, but Richard felt a slight motion, as if her head were pressed closer to his bosom. It was a long time before he could get any response in words, though his lips overflowed with strong appeals and loving assurances. At last, Mrs. Northcote made an effort to recover the strength and control which she had lost so suddenly; but in the very effort, she became painfully aware of the fact that the old life had gone out of her. As her heart had failed, so had her strength failed.

When Mrs. Northcote met her son on the next morning, there were but few traces of the weakness and depression which had borne her down on the day before, and above which she had not, for a time, been able to rise. But there was a change in her which Richard not only saw, but felt; a change, the meaning of which he was not able to penetrate. It had been wrought in her during the long night-watches in which she had prayed and striven with herself, and laid upon the altar of sacrifice some of the most precious things of her life—as many an almost heart-broken mother had done before her—and offered them up in silence and in tears; scattering the ashes upon her head in sign of submission. Still, she must continue to give her life for this beloved one, though all the dear hopes which had blossomed in her heart for years had been stricken by a sudden frost and were lying dead at her feet.

From henceforth there must be a more complete self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation,—a larger giving, with but little hope of receiving anything more than a stinted measure in return. Out of what a sweet, delicious dream had she awakened! And with what a heart-shiver did she turn her face to the cold, hard, inevitable fact of the real life that was before her!

Could Richard Northcote ever forget the look that was in his mother's eyes at their parting on that day? It haunted him all the way on his journey back to college, and for a long time afterward.

How suddenly had the lives of mother and son fallen apart; that of the son taking so sharp an angle of divergence, that ere the mother's tear-dimmed eyes, that were straining after him, grew

clear again, there seemed to have stretched itself between them an almost immeasurable distance.

Under a new and oppressive feeling of weakness, and a dreary sense of desertion which she found it impossible to overcome, Mrs. Northcote took up the burdens of life and made an effort to move forward again; but with every step, she felt her limbs growing weaker, and the burden weighing more heavily. There had been, on her part, no miscalculation of strength. She had felt the waste going on, year after year, and later, month after month; and her great concern had been for the endurance which should bear her forward to the time when Richard would be ready to stand by her side in the freshness of his young manhood: no longer a tax upon her strength, but a stay on which she might lean. All that dear delusion had died—poor mother! And she was not strong enough to rise out of it, and to find in duty a new life potential enough to hold her up in the farther way that opened so drearily before her.

Face to face again with the hard facts of her life; with the yearly diminishing product of her small farm of twenty acres; with the steady growth of interest on the mortgage her son's college-charges had compelled her to lay upon the homestead; and face to face with the problem of how to get the sum which must be paid at the completion of the college course—it is not at all surprising that Mrs. Northcote, looking beyond the day which was to have been the red-letter day of her life to the hopelessly burdened years beyond, lost heart more and more, and bodily strength as rapidly as she lost strength of will. In the letters which came from Richard—his letters had once been the food of her heart—she found but little that helped and comforted her. They were full of his future career—of plans, and purposes, and achievements—of “I,” and “I,” and “I,” but for the “you,” and the “you, dear mother!” in connection with his plans and his purposes, she searched through these letters far too often in vain. And, for Richard, the words from home had lost much of their old, sweet flavor. There was a reserve and a constraint about them which had never appeared before; and under cover of guarded expressions and feebly-expressed interest in his future, as he had mapped it out, he recognized the lack of sympathy and approval that were in his mother's heart. The effect of this was to annoy him, rather than to set him thinking as to the real cause of his mother's state of mind, which to him was unaccountable.

If she had only written to him frankly, and told him the whole truth, as she ought to have done, it might have saved them both: her from the untimely bed over which the winter laid softly a coverlet of spotless snow, and spring and summer a green mantle bordered and spotted with flowers; and him from a career that ended in failure, disappointment, disgrace and vain regret.

When Richard came home from college for the last time, it was to find his mother so changed as to give him a painful shock. The feet, hastening to meet him as of old, were not heard on the stairs nor in the hall

as he entered. The grave face of the servant, and the stillness of the house, struck a chill to his heart.

“My mother?” he said, and held his breath for the reply.

“She has not been very well,” answered the servant.

“Not seriously ill?” The color went out of his face.

“I hope not. But the doctor says that she must keep in her room, and be very quiet and careful of herself. She's been losing strength in a strange kind of way lately. I'm glad you've come home, Mr. Richard.”

The young man waited to hear no more. With light, swift steps he sprang up the stairs, pausing for a moment or two at the door of his mother's room to regain his lost composure, and then entering with almost silent footsteps. Mrs. Northcote was not taken by surprise. She had been waiting for him, and knew when he entered below. She had heard the murmur of his voice in the hall, and the soft, swift strokes of his feet on the stairs; and when the door was pushed quietly open she knew that it was by his hand.

O mother! Sitting so still; with face so wan and wasted; with eyes so large, and bright, and eager, and doubting! O son! Standing with arrested feet on the threshold of this chamber of mystery, which should have been the chamber of revelation! Why did not some pitying angel uncover the heart that one of you twain was hiding from the other! If, in that moment, Richard could have looked beneath the veil which his mother was drawing so closely that he had no clear intimation of what she was hiding; or, if she had advised him of the true condition of her affairs, how different it might have been!

But all was settled in the mind of Mrs. Northcote; and now she was laying down her life for her son—laying it down that he might have that successful career in the world to which he was looking forward with so much hope and so many brilliant anticipations. At her death, the homestead would come into his possession. Its sale would give him, after the mortgage and debts were paid, a sum sufficient to meet his expenses until he had established himself in the great city to which he was going. She felt that her hold upon life was becoming feebler every day, and that no very long time could elapse before the silver chord would be loosened. And what was life now that the idol of her heart was turning his face away from her?

How sweet to the mother were the loving care, the tender concern, and the untiring devotion of her son, as he saw her fading and failing day by day. It would be a sweet transition into Heaven to die with her head lying upon his breast. And so she died, just as spring was putting on her beautiful garments in the resurrection of the year. Died? Say, rather, And so she was raised up in the new spring-time of her life immortal.

Thirty years afterward, a man stood looking down upon her mortal resting-place. The iron railing

with which the small burial-lot had been inclosed was rusted and defaced, the head-stone fallen, and the grave covered with weeds and briars. A single glance would have told any one that, in the battle of life, this man had not come out on the victor's side. That he had fought hard was plain, for the scars of the conflict were thick upon him. Ah, if we could only say of him, that in every battle he had been on the right side; had passed from every field white-plumed and with stainless honor! But it was not so. In choosing and entering upon his career, he had thought only of himself; and self had at last betrayed him to his ruin, as it is betraying and ruining thousands every year. In the very prime of his manhood, and after he had won a distinguished position, he fell, disgraced. His self-seeking had been too eager, and the tempter too strong for him.

A long time he stood looking down upon the neglected grave; then, moving away, with a sigh, he walked slowly from the cemetery. A little beyond the gate a clump of trees stood on a bit of rising ground. Below this the village—now a large and flourishing town—on which he had turned his back thirty years ago, lay like a beautiful panorama, but so changed that he could scarcely make out any of the former land-marks. Tall spires pierced the air; and costly residences, heralding the thrift of their owners, were seen in all directions. But where was the old homestead, the poor price of which he had cried away in his pocket when he turned his back upon the home of his boyhood? Had the town grown out to and over it? Or did that handsome villa on the near outskirts occupy the place where it once stood; and that broad carriage-way, entered by a massive gate, lead to the very spot? He made it out at last. Yes, yes; it was even so! All the past came rushing back upon him. He saw the pleasant home of his boyhood; his mother's face—sweet, and gentle, and loving—her voice was in his ears; he felt her arms about him as of old. Then came a swift transition, and before him lay a white face, the eyelids shut down, and the forehead cold as marble. The chill and the shadow of death were upon his soul.

Rousing himself with a struggle, and a "God help me!" the man went striding down the hill, turning his head as he went, so that he might not see the beautiful home which rose so proudly where his should have been that day. But the road which he had taken wound back upon itself, and brought him to the spot he would have avoided—to the massive gateway of stone and iron, through which he could see the stately mansion, standing amid green lawns which were as smooth as carpets, and figured and bordered with flower-patterns of richest design and color. A kind of dumb fascination held him to the place. As he stood there, a carriage was drawn up to the door of the mansion, and a lady and gentleman entered it. He shrunk back, trying to get out of sight as the vehicle came dashing down the smooth carriage-way and out through the gate. For an instant he saw the faces of the man and the woman

who sat within. To him they were the faces of strangers. One was strong, manly and true; the other fair and gentle, and beautifully set against a border of whitening hair, the first soft tokens that heralded the coming autumn of a happy life.

"Who are they?"

The answer was in a tone of surprise.

"Why that's Judge Claghorn and his wife!"

"Philip Claghorn?"

"Yes, sir. He's been judge here for over ten years."

There was a dazed look about the man as he stood gazing after the carriage until it rolled out of sight. Philip Claghorn! They had been boys together, and schoolmates and college friends. Had graduated in the same class, and taken their start in life together.

Richard Northcote had tried to inflame his young friend's imagination with the heat of the ambition which was firing his own; but Philip had truer ideas of life, and a certain loyalty to his home and native town, which held him back from a plunge into the great world, and a struggle after place, position and honor, for the mere sake of a "career," about which Richard was so fond of talking. He was also going to study law; but, under the advice of his father, he chose for his preceptor a village attorney who had a good practice in the county courts. His friend might try the city lawyer and the city practice, and the fiercer struggle in life, if he chose—with all the larger risks of disastrous failure—but as for him, he was content to try the home-chances, and to abide in less ambitious but safer ways.

Philip Claghorn! "Judge Claghorn!" The man was dazed and stunned. The carriage rolled out of sight. The man whom he had questioned, after looking at him curiously, passed through the gate. He was alone again; and, as we have said, dazed and stunned.

Here was the outcome after thirty years! Here were the harvests gathered from the seed which these two men had sown in the spring-time of life! "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" It has never so been in the generations that are past; it will never so be in the generations to come! As a man soweth, so shall he reap. The law is as unchangeable as God Himself.

Judge Claghorn never knew that the man, prematurely old and broken, who shrunk away from the gate as his carriage passed through, and for whom a few pitying throbs ran along his pulses, was the dishonored friend of his early years. The next train that left the town bore Richard Northcote away, and back again into the world, the love of which had betrayed him; weak, helpless, beaten down—with honor stained and spirits broken—to be lost and forgotten amid the wrecks of humanity. IRENE L.—

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BEWARE of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.



## THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF A LONELY OLD MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ISABELLA BRAUN.

TRANSLATED BY H. P. CAMP.

## CHAPTER I.

MANY YEARS AGO.

PROFESSOR HERMAN EHRENREICH had gained, through his celebrated researches in natural history, not only fame, but also quite a large amount of property. He had sacrificed, however, to this laurel-wreathed idol his whole life, his time, his every thought. When the sun shone so warm that even the cold stone began to glow under his feet, or the stormy wind swept the street-goer violently along, or the winter erected a barrier of ice and snow, then was it "Ehrenreich weather," as the people of his acquaintance proverbially called it; for then he was secure against any intrusive visitor, and could remain alone with his books and his pipe. In the evening he lighted his study-lamp, and if he rested for a moment thought of his own gilded name which glittered on the backs of the books before him, and there passed over his stony face an expression of satisfaction and happiness. The professor had not always been so solitary. Once had the blood pulsed warm and spring-like through his veins. Many years before, he married a pretty, gentle maiden, and had two bright, beautiful children, a boy and a girl. When he arranged a nursery for them, it was placed quite remote from his study, that he might not be annoyed by the noise of the children at their play. The professor often forgot the dinner hour, while in his study where not even the ticking of a clock was heard; and it seemed almost as if he lived and grew fat upon books. His wife loved him and tenderly cared for him, and although he did not notice it she wove around him the charm of a well-ordered and happy home. Everything was at hand that he needed, and everything remote that would annoy. At dinner-time she did not herself venture to interrupt his meditations, but chose two little messengers, Eberhard and Linda, who were alternately to bring their papa to the table. Quickly the children tripped along the covered corridor, placed themselves on the mat before the door, reached the latch and open it flew. A little curly head was pushed through the opening, and a little voice cried out, "Papa! come quickly to dinner, we are hungry!"

The learned man turned somewhat angrily toward the disturber of his peace, but the messenger had already disappeared, and did not notice his frown.

During the meal, the children were not allowed to take part in the conversation, as the thoughts of the professor must have rest, but after they had finished he would willingly have remained and chatted with his wife and children, were it not that Eberhard hurried away to his rocking-horse and Linda to her dolls. Neither of them had the least fear of their papa, for he bought them such beautiful things and

gave the "Christ-child" such generous commissions at Christmas-time.

How could it be otherwise, when their mother told them that all these nice presents came from him, but that he had so much to do in his study that he could not play with them.

One day Eberhard, who had been busy at his little table a long time, ran to his father with a slip of paper, and cried, with joyous pride, "Papa! only see what I have made! Do you recognize it? Here we all are!"

Quite astonished, the professor took the paper, and said, somewhat harshly, "Nonsense! A drawing! Can't you do anything better and more useful than that? I see now, that you are entirely too large and old to spend all your time in play. It is time you were learning something. When I was your age, I had a collection of beetles and a herbarium. I must go to-morrow morning and engage a teacher for you!"

Thereupon the professor crushed the paper in his hand. Eberhard reached for it, and said, with a trembling voice, "But, papa—"

The professor did not allow the child to finish speaking, but repeated after him, "'Papa!' What a childish name! Father is the German word! You have long since left the cradle where one cries papa and mamma."

With these harsh words, the professor went away and left the frightened children with their mother. Eberhard and Linda, sobbing, threw themselves into her arms, and she took them tenderly on her lap and kissed away their tears.

After awhile Eberhard said, "Must we always say 'father,' now?"

Their mother bowed her head affirmatively.

Then Linda whispered, "But when we speak to you about him, or with one another, can't we call him papa?"

"Again the mother gave the same reply, and wiped her tearful eyes on Linda's apron. Then she explained to her children how noble their father was, and also how learned and wise. Such a man could not possibly notice such little scrawls as Eberhard had showed him.

The boy became quite red in the face, glanced at his wrinkled drawing, and said, "Then I'll never be a learned man, mamma! I know what I am going to be when I grow up—an artist!"

From this day, the children were shy of their father. They studied diligently, and after tea always showed him their writing and their slates, but they seemed to progress very slowly.

The exhibition of Eberhard's little drawings ceased, his father's delay in the family circle became shorter and shorter, until at last the children seldom saw him.

Linda complained of it one day to her mother, for she loved her father dearly, and would gladly have sat in one corner of his study, as still as a mouse, had he only allowed it.

Her mother tried to comfort her with these words, "You never see the blessed Saviour, and don't you

remember how stern He is represented in the pictures at church? Nevertheless, He so loved the world that He not only caused the beautiful flowers and fruits to grow, and gives us everything we have, but also on Christmas-day He sends the 'Christ-child' to good little children. Your earthly father also does everything for you, and loves you very much, even though you seldom see him, and he appears to you very stern."

So the children grew up. The professor was happy in his way, but knew nothing at all of his family, until suddenly he became very miserable. Linda was attacked with scarlet fever, and the mother, who took the entire charge of her sick child, caught the disease, and both died, one after the other.

The poor man was completely stunned. So engrossed had he been in his studies, that he had not thought much of his wife's illness; and, even when he did, comforted himself with the idea that there had been great progress in medicine, and that his wife and daughter had naturally very strong constitutions. The result was very different from what he had anticipated.

From the grave the poor man went into his study and shut himself up, hour after hour and day after day. He did not heed the cries of his son, whose heart yearned for comfort; but he felt that he needed consolation himself, and found it alone in his books. At first he had his meals brought to his room, but afterward both the sorrowing ones sat down silently together, each busy with his own thoughts. The father knew that Eberhard had passed his examination and entered the university, but he had not the faintest idea that he studied only universal history and the history of art, or that he had devoted himself entirely, and with great success, to the profession of an artist.

When this youth of twenty-three years made known to his father that he wished to become an artist, he began to open his eyes. For awhile he was speechless with astonishment; then he became quite angry, and pointed toward the door.

Long the father stood in his room—a man self-deceived and frustrated in all his hopes and plans—until at last he came to a firm resolution. For the first time he went into his son's room. It had been transformed into a studio. Sketches and finished pictures hung on the walls, and amongst them there was one which was covered with a thick veil. There was really a medley of studies—trees, half-fallen huts near proud ruins, dark thunder clouds and rays of sunshine breaking through spring clouds; lovely child-faces and serious, manly heads. The youth, whose talent struggled in every direction, had even attempted the picture of an animal.

To the professor, all this seemed like a disordered play-room in comparison with his own study adjoining, and he said, with a harsh voice: "And this you will make your life-long calling. Where is there any benefit to mankind? With all your color-dabbling, you will never equal nature, and will remain a bungler all your life. Of what use is all this waste

of time? Is the world not open to every one? Can one not go out and let the sun shine upon him, or run a wager with the storm and rain? Such beggars and children in torn clothes as those, one sees only too many of through the window! And this is the chosen life-task of my son—one who sees his father penetrate into the hidden mysteries of nature, which daily furthers new discoveries, and so wonderfully lays hold of the wheels of time. Away with this worthless trifling! Either burn it now in the fire, and let it quickly disappear in smoke, or you leave your father's house, a prodigal and an outcast!"

As the son heard his dearly loved art so harshly reviled, defiance came in his heart, and he said: "Father, that cannot be! I am called by God's grace to be an artist. Take back your harsh words, and give me instead a father's blessing."

But the professor turned away, and Eberhard saw him no more.

The same day he received a note, saying: "You have made your choice, so go your own way. We separate forever. Take your mother's property which accompanies this note; it may, perhaps, keep you from want in your breadless calling."

All attempts of Eberhard to bid his father adieu were in vain, so he departed from his home and went to Italy, the land of artists, and to far-off Rome. There he perfected himself in his calling, and took a high position in the society of artists. In the course of a year he was married, and, like his parents, had two children, whom he called Herman and Mari-anna, after his own father and mother.

Although Eberhard never heard from home, yet he knew, by the new books which were constantly appearing, that his father still lived. Year after year he wrote, informing him of his marriage, of the birth of his children; and as they grew up he inclosed some of their letters to him.

The professor received them with an unmoved mien, and shut them up in a large portfolio containing some gilded papers of Eberhard's and Linda's childhood.

So this learned old man was entirely alone, as we see him sitting before his writing-table. He had given up his position as professor, and lived only for scientific researches. In order to be entirely undisturbed, he bought a little house, not in a narrow street, but in a sunny place, for in his old age he needed the outside warmth; and as the front of the house faced the south, he chose that for his study. The domestic affairs now troubled him, so he sent away the cook, and engaged to have his meals sent in from a neighboring restaurant.

Soon after, it happened that the janitor of the university died and left a wife and a little girl eight years of age. The professor arranged apartments for her in his house, and engaged her as housekeeper, having it distinctly understood that the house should be kept perfectly quiet. No visitors were allowed, nor any loud talking near his room.

In this way lived this learned hermit as the second part of our story begins.

## CHAPTER II.

## CHRISTMAS MANY YEARS AFTER.

PROFESSOR EHRENREICH was comfortably seated in his warm room, while without the snow was driven about by the wind, so that every one walked with bent head, and even the boys were compelled to hurry home from school as quickly as possible. The wind drifted the snow about in sheltered nooks, as if it coveted the pavement its white covering, and took a wicked delight in the slipping of foot-passengers. At last the snow, which was heretofore more like hail, changed into white flakes, and during the night the ground was covered so thickly that even the wagon-wheels made a smothered sound, and a footfall was unheard. The professor rejoiced in this quiet, until he was disturbed by the boys snowballing and the screams of the girls who were hit by them.

The winter had now fully set in. Every tree wore its white fur cap, every branch a crystal ornament; every spring, post and door-knocker looked as if carved by the hand of a sculptor. Icicles hung from the roofs, and even the men's beards were covered with crystal drops. It was cold Christmas weather, and the winter sun came out as if to paint the ice and snow with his rainbow colors. No wonder that the little children were reminded of the flight of the Christmas angel, and prepared pen and paper in order to write their little wish-notes. Before their very eyes little booths had been erected, upon which there was everything to see and to buy which would delight a child's heart—from little mangers with the infant Jesus, His parents, the shepherds and the animals, to the richest and poorest toy, the sweetest cake, and even a Christmas-tree decorated with striped papers.

The professor did not notice any of these things, not even that the tables were very near his own house, so absorbed was he in his studies; but as he went to dinner, he was obliged to pass them, and in so doing nearly upset a fire pan and a soup-pot. "Nonsense," grumbled he to himself.

In returning, he tried to avoid the market; but here, right before his door, stood another table, with miserable little plum men, painted wooden trumpets, dolls' cradles, a menagerie of unheard-of animals, and a heap of apples, all surrounding a tiny little fir tree. It really seemed as if the poor man could have no peace, for he was continually annoyed by the noise and the sight, no matter how much pains he took to escape.

He went angrily into the house, and pulled down the curtain, hoping thereby to shut out all the confusion; but it was the day before Christmas; and as the children had no school, all thought circled around the Christmas gifts, as if the preparations had not already been going on for weeks. Some people, urged by parental tenderness, wished even at the last moment to add something more; and others having less means, who had saved and scraped together for this time, went to purchase where they could get the

most for the least money, for everything looks beautifully in the glitter of Christmas-time.

The place became more and more crowded, the noise increased, and the different voices were mingled together in a sound resembling the murmur of a brook. Above all was distinctly heard the notes of a toy trumpet, then a drum, a mouth harmonica, and the squeak of the animals with their simple mechanism. The professor had seated himself before his writing-table with the intention of not being troubled with this childish noise, but it was not so easy a task as he had imagined. He noticed such an unusual noise, that he sprang up angrily, and pushed up the curtain in order to see what was really the matter. He could distinguish nothing in all this crowd except the things for sale on the table next to his house. One man, with a fur cap and dressing-gown, the collar of which was turned up, sat near by and praised some miserable little toys which he had to sell. Round about him crowded the boys and girls, but not a single purchaser. All stood wondering and gazing covetously at everything they saw.

As if lost in thought, the professor looked over the crowd. He frowned at the hopeless race of mankind, and he said to himself: "These are the people for whom we think and work day by day, and night by night." Then he perceived many youths of better standing, and at last one with his books under his arm. Indignantly he went back again to his writing-desk, dipped his pen deep in the black flood, and placed his hand so firmly upon the table that a great blot fell upon the learned treatise before him. At this he started up, walked once across the room, and then went again to the window. The boy had gone away—it is to be hoped to his books. But, no! there he comes again holding a child by each hand; and as he leads them around he chats with them, and shows them all the pretty toys on the tables. The little girl chose a plum man, and the boy a box, out of which, when opened, there jumped a horned devil; but they were obliged to give them up, and he led away with empty hands.

The professor murmured at the patience of the sellers, who answered every question as to the price; and he murmured still more at the impudence of the boys.

Meanwhile, some one had willingly paid the stated price, and the table near the house was perceptibly cleared. The learned old man was about to leave his post as he saw the boy come running back. He seized the plum man and the box, also a chimney-sweep, from which the little girl had turned her face; then he looked around, quite importantly, and took a small Christmas-tree and two dozen colored tapers. After this he hastened away with his purchases.

How does it happen that there is now a softer expression on the professor's face! Perhaps he has looked for a moment into the child's heart, and has recognized there the sisterly love shown in the boy's purchase. Did he think of a time long past, when Eberhard had made a similar purchase for Linda? He went back to his writing-table, but he rested his

head on his hands and heaved a deep sigh. Again he slowly neared the window, pushed the curtain up, and looked over the crowd. At length he perceived an acquaintance, a man of learning like himself. What can he want here? He walked to the principal booth, and busied himself with the selection of a stall of horses. It was not done very quickly. In one there were only black horses, in another there were all kinds, and in a third there was a harness-room with the finest bridles. This was just right. Then came a doll's house with a kitchen, and a box with cups and saucers. The purchase was now complete; all his coat-pockets were stuffed full. The man beckoned to a poor, strolling boy, who willingly carried the stall and the doll's house, while the happy father put the kitchen under his arm and went away with the errand-boy.

Herr Ehrenreich remained awhile at the window, completely astonished. It was all so new to him. Hitherto, in his room, which was situated a little back, he had not seen any of these things, nor even dreamed it. He left the window; did not go back again to his old place, but sat on the sofa and meditated upon human nature in its different aspects. It left him no rest or repose; he must look still further.

Back came the boy, with such a triumphant air, as if he had won a great prize with which he could buy everything. He went immediately to a booth where many colored woollen cloths and caps were hanging. Proudly he pointed to one of violet cloth, with the safe feeling of his riches, and laid down the price of money he had received for carrying the bundle safely.

So far had the professor advanced in his study of the human heart, that he concluded the learned rich man had given the poor boy some spending money for Christmas, and what could the boy have in view but a nice Christmas present for his mother.

"Not all children lose their mother when so young," groaned lonely Professor Ehrenreich.

Now he remained at the window. He saw ladies and gentlemen, old men with their canes, servants laden with baskets and bundles, and covetous child faces, with their little fingers stretched eagerly out, ready to grasp something. Then he thought of a time long ago, when his wife walked by this same place. Soon he recognized Frau Marx as one of the purchasers, and remembered that she had a daughter eight years of age. She went from the tables to the booths with her basket on her arm, and then returned to the house. Then the little girl stepped out of the door, and turned into the crowd, where she soon disappeared from view. After a long time, she again appeared, carrying a large Christmas-tree. It was some time before the child returned without the Christmas-tree. As she came near the house, she saw the window up, and was visibly frightened at the sight of the professor, from whom she escaped into the door. He then withdrew, and watched. Presently, she came out again, peeped up at the window, and then chose two large ginger-cakes and two long, green wax-tapers, for which she paid with the money given her for carrying the Christmas-

tree, and then ran like a thief into the house. This set the professor thinking, and he shook his head apprehensively.

Strange that this learned naturalist should ponder over the action of a little child, and be unable to explain it.

Meantime it had become quite dark, and the little torches carried by the lamp-lighter skipped about in the air, and here and there a lantern shone out brightly.

The booths were all lighted up, except that of the man under the window, who, having sold out, was now making his Christmas purchase.

Professor Ehrenreich had seen enough, and he went back to his writing-table, though he could not write, as it had become entirely dark. He did not ring for a light, as usual, and his housekeeper had not the courage, without this signal, to venture into his presence. So he sat in the darkness, and thought of the olden time, of his childhood which he had so entirely forgotten, of his parents of whom he was the only child. Then he thought still further of Eberhard and Linda, of his loved, deceased wife, and his heart became tender as never before. He pressed both hands to his old wrinkled face, and they were wet with tears. Again, as of old, the latch rattled, and a child's head looked in, which was brightly lighted up by a green Christmas-taper, stuck in the middle of a ginger-cake, carefully held in the child's hand. The professor turned his face toward the door, but not with an angry expression as formerly.

The child who now entered, and walked toward him, coming in the midst of these strange thoughts, seemed like a being from the other world, even his own Linda. Mary came near to him, placed the cake on his writing-table, and said: "That is from the Christ-child, because you sit all alone here in the dark," and was about to hasten away, when the professor seized her hand, and held it fast. He wished to thank her, but his voice failed him; a current of tenderness coursed through his veins as he held these delicate little hands in his own, and a strange feeling came over him of pain and happiness. The little girl looked at him perfectly astonished, and then tried to draw away her hands, but he suddenly put his arms around her, lifted her up, and pressed her a moment to his breast. Then he gently put her upon the floor, and softly whispered: "Go! go! my child, I thank thee!"

Mary ran to her mother, and told her how strangely, but not at all cross, the professor had been, and that he had not asked for a light. They listened and waited his ring, but heard nothing.

The professor looked steadily at the light in the Christmas-cake, and it became brighter and happier in his soul. Soon the taper burned lower and lower, and was at last extinguished.

The Christmas-lights outside shone brightly, and made ever moving shadows upon the wall, the floor and the ceiling, as if an angel hovered over, and the glory alone was wanting.

Now he hears a sound, low and far away. The lonely old man rises, and goes to the window. He opens it and listens. The sound came from the house opposite. Every window was lighted up, and an immense Christmas-tree shone with light. The song was hushed, but one could distinguish the shouts of astonishment and delight. The father held a child on his arm. It stretched its fingers toward a branch, and he lifted it up so that it might break off some of the sweet things. First it pushed a little piece into papa's mouth, and then reached toward mamma. She came and took the child on her arm, and then beckoned to her husband. He then lifted the boy upon his shoulder, so that he might reach the topmost branch. The little girl then wanted to be lifted up, too, and when this was done, she threw her arms around her papa's neck, and kissed him. Then the children disappeared from the sight of the professor, probably they had gone to examine their presents, but there was something else to see. The man opened a case, took out a chain, and hung it around his wife's neck, and then led her to the mirror. The children climbed up on a chair in order to admire their mother in the glass.

The professor turned away as if an arrow had pierced his heart, and then looked over again. The lights of the Christmas-tree shone into another apartment, where the servants were receiving their gifts. But this was not the only house which was brilliantly lighted, every one shone, from the least to the greatest, and the professor thought to himself, "How dark my house must seem in the midst of this sea of lights." He was about going out to see how it looked, when he sank exhausted into his chair and closed his eyes. The little child's hand which he had held for a moment between his fingers, had led him back into the far-off past. All these things which he had just seen, had he himself possessed, but yet not enjoyed. No, never, never, had his neck been so tenderly pressed by a child's arms, but Eberhard and Linda were not at fault. It was he alone! and even now the family jewels were locked up in a secret drawer. Why had he not hung them around his wife's neck also, and caused his children to admire her? Had her modesty and simplicity not shone more lovely than the most brilliant diamonds? "Vanity! nothing but vanity!" whispered his wise understanding, but his old heart, which had suddenly become young, said, "It would have made her so happy. Oh, why was I such a learned fool? Why did I not give her and myself this happiness?" He covered his face with both hands as if ashamed of his neglect; his breast heaved, and at last he groaned and sobbed aloud.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LONG did the professor remain in darkness absorbed in thought; meanwhile the lights in all the windows were extinguished, and the happy children were wrapped in slumber. The old man rose,

groped his way toward the tinder-box, and lighted a candle. It threw its feeble rays on the writing-table, but this was not enough. He wanted now to celebrate his Christmas. He brought both the candelabras from the parlor, and lighted all the candles. The room was now as bright as day, and the great mirror reflected the brilliancy. The whole house shone as if again in contrast with its neighbors, which were now quite dark. The old man sat down to his writing-desk, took out a portfolio from the lowest drawer, then selected the smallest key from his watch-chain, and unlocked it. The bright Christmas-light shone upon some faded papers, and seemed to rest there awhile as if to bless. He looked at the first one—it was his marriage certificate. He read it word for word, and then looked at both the gold rings on his hand. Then he turned to the second and third papers—Eberhard and Linda's baptismal certificates. Then followed child-notes with their gradual progress, first large letters crowded between two lines, then only one line—and at last this disappeared, and skillful flourishes followed. The hand which held this last leaf began to be unsteady. Before him lay two cards, bordered with black. The professor folded his hands and bent his head in remembrance of the dead. Then there sounded on the night air a solemn bell, and on all sides from all the church-towers joined the smallest and largest bells in this solemn Christmas-song, just as earlier in the evening the shouts of joy from old and young, rich and poor, had united in this sublime harmony. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men," sounded the bells, and as of old the shepherds were guided to the manger by this angel-song, so now the people streamed out of their houses into the brilliantly lighted churches, in order to pay their grateful homage to the Child who through love for us, Himself became man, and thereby sanctified all earthly love. "Peace to men," sounded in the heart of the lonely old man, and he again turned over the leaves in his portfolio. There lay, in a more manly and beautiful handwriting, a letter from Eberhard from Rome, which showed how, at his father's command, he had indeed been banished from home, but that he still had a son's love for him; how he worked and struggled, in order to become worthy of his honored name. Then he closed with these words: "If I dare come into your presence, though not bodily, oh, loved and respected father, grant me the consolation of conversing with you in this written speech." And then followed letter after letter, giving information of his artistic success, his marriage, that he had chosen a wife of the same type as his mother, and of the birth of his two children, whom he had named after their grandparents. Next to this came a little leaf with uncertain letters, which said: "Herman congratulates his grandpa on this New Year. I have myself written this, and mamma held my hand." Soon this was followed by the letter of a school-boy just beginning to write, and it said: "Dear grandpa! I can now write without any help, as I am



already seven years, two months and six days old. I have just the same name as you, and I know already that Herman was Germany's deliverer, and that I myself am not a Roman, but a German boy, so I use the German alphabet, which papa has taught me." Next came a letter from the little girl, which contained these words: "I am called Marianna, as our grandma was, and papa says I look just like little Linda—you know who she was. I have begged papa to paint me at the bottom of this sheet so that you may know me. We know you, for your picture hangs in our room." In place of the name underneath, a dear little child's face peeped out at the professor, which was really quite like Linda's. The old man wiped his eyes and gazed at it intently. Oh, that he had noticed it sooner, and not so hastily glanced at it, and shut it up in his portfolio. Now came the last letter, written with a decided hand, and it said: "I write now with the Latin letters, so that I can soon become a student, and read your books, for they please me the best of all papa's books, because they have red bindings, and your name is on the backs in gold letters. When I am old enough, I shall write just such books, and then, papa says, you will love me. But why don't you come to see us? Oh, please come, come, come, come very soon!"

"Come, come!" whispered the old man. Then the bells began to strike, for it was the midnight hour. "Come, come!" sounded they, all together, in the listening ear of the lonely old man. "Come, come," beat every pulse of his heart. He could not resist longer—with trembling hand he seized a pen and wrote: "My Eberhard! come, come, come with your dear ones! A father's heart, a father's arms and a father's house are open for you. Come, come to a lonely old man."

The bells had ceased, the letter was sealed and directed, and the face of the professor wore an expression of Christmas joy and hope. He extinguished all the candles but one, and went to his own room. Soon darkness reigned in his chamber, and he was dreaming of a beautiful Christmas-tree which reached from earth to Heaven.

The next morning the voice of the professor, as he called Frau Marx, had a quick, happy tone, and as she came in he greeted her with these words: "Merry Christmas, Frau Marx! Your little girl—what is her name?—Mary, quite right!—came in here last evening like a real Christmas angel, and lighted a candle for me. Since then the future has seemed very differently to me. I am too lonely here, so I have invited some guests, which will necessitate a complete household. Do you understand me, good lady? Please get things in order in the house, the kitchen and cellar, and engage a cook as soon as possible."

Then he stopped to give the astonished woman time to collect her thoughts, unlocked his drawer, took out a gold piece, and said: "We will talk about all these things at another time. Take this to little Mary."

As the child came in holding her mother's hand,

she was much shyer than his little Christmas messenger of the day before.

The professor stroked her blonde hair with his white hand, and said kindly: "To-day there is no Christmas-market, and I cannot buy anything for you, for which I am very sorry; but you must have a Christmas gift, and your mother will get it with this shining gold piece. So, my little child, be happy! Can you not sing me a Christmas song?"

The little girl then began the following hymn, with a voice clear as a bell:

"In a manger laid so lowly  
Came the Prince of Peace to earth,  
While a choir of angels holy  
Sang to celebrate His birth.  
'Glory in the highest,'  
Sang the glad angelic strain;  
'Glory in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

The professor had folded his hands, as if in church, during the song, and as she finished he unclasped them, and reached his right toward Mary with a friendly nod. The rosy child's lips pressed a kiss of gratitude upon it, the little fingers closed over the gold piece, and she sprang away with all the joy which Christmas brings.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A YEAR LATER.

ANOTHER year has passed, and with the previous spring there had come new life and joy into the professor's house. The old man was no longer solitary, but a beloved father and grandfather. Again had come cold Christmas weather, and all Christendom had become children. There were also in the professor's house secrets and mysteries in abundance. Not only was the library closed at an unaccustomed hour, and the key of the study withdrawn, but also the room where mamma was preparing Christmas things was closed.

Now something entirely new happened; the old man went to the Christmas-market to purchase presents. In the afternoon he asked his daughter to assist him in arranging the great Christmas-tree, "which reached from earth to Heaven." They first arranged all the grandfather's presents; on the right there was an immense stall of horses, with a hay-loft, a harness and coachman's room; on the left was a large doll's house, two stories in height, and beautifully furnished. They hung upon the tree beautiful and useful things, such as warm clothes, fur cape, picture-books, sheets of paper with illustrated stories, colored boxes, sleds and skates.

As everything was now in order, the old man was asked to go into the children's room, that the time might not seem so long to any of them. After he had gone, Eberhard looked out between the half-opened door to see if the way were clear, and then brought something into the room which was entirely covered up. Then the knocking, hammering and whispering commenced anew.

At last all was ready, even to the side table for little Mary and Frau Marx. The clock struck; in came the old man, holding a little child by each hand, dazzled by the glittering, floating, trembling sea of lights. All looked toward him as if he were the only child in the house; for as both the children knew of the secret, they joyfully sacrificed their own desires, and drew their grandfather toward the place where the mirror once hung. There glittered a wreath of tapers, and in the middle a life-size portrait of his beautiful young wife, with a glorified expression; under this hung another, a lovely girl's face, with laughing mouth and beaming eyes.

As the old man saw them, his breath stopped; he stretched out his arms as if they had returned to him, and cried: "Marianna! Linda!" At the same moment he felt himself surrounded by eight arms, and Herman said: "But here we all are together."

With these joyful words the spell was broken; the children's shouts began, Mary and her mother were called in, and the professor led the little child to her richly-provided table. In the centre was a ginger-cake, with a green lighted taper, and he laughingly said: "Last Christmas you gave me a candle which has burned brighter and clearer until now. To-day it burns for you."

While all were full of joy, the old man took a case from his writing-table, opened it, and took out a gold chain with a sparkling diamond cross attached to it. He went to his daughter-in-law and said: "Bend your head a little, Flora. You have not only grown above my head, but around my heart."

She blushing complied with his request. He hung the family jewels around her neck, and she threw both arms around his. Then he led her to the mirror, and the children exclaimed: "How beautiful our mamma is!" then sprang upon a chair to admire her in the glass.

This was the happiest, most blessed Christmas Eve that the old man ever spent.

Soon the children went to bed, and the three happy, united ones sat around the fire and talked awhile, as the professor wished again to hear the Christmas bells. As the first joyful peal rang out on the still air, he arose and said, deeply moved: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Soon the house was wrapped in quiet slumber, save that the old man, before he retired to bed, went once more to look at the portraits which his son's much-reviled art had called to life. From his inmost soul he softly whispered: "No more a lonely old man! God, I thank Thee!" Then he sought his room, and an expression of holy joy rested on his face.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and is upon our lips and ready to drop out before we are aware; but falsehood is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one untruth needs a great many more to make it good.

## A NEW HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES IN WINTER.

**M**OST invalids with a tendency to pulmonary disease, naturally think of low situations in a warm climate—tropical or sub-tropical—for a winter home; some sunny sea-girt island, the land of the Nile above the first cataract, Nice, Mentone, some station on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. But this new resort, which not only promises soothing, but strength and vitality; not only alleviation, but cure, is very different in its conditions from these. It is on the mountains, not less than five thousand two hundred feet above the sea, situated in the midst of snows and ice—the Alpine district of Davos, lying about parallel with the Upper Engadine on one side, and the Rheinthal on the other. Its broad valley is comparatively sheltered from the winds, except in summer and during the blustering days of March. In winter the valley-wind, which blows regularly every summer morning, is stilled, and the air and sky are often perfectly serene.

The pure mountain air, clear, vitalizing, strengthening as new wine, and the sunshine, are the health-giving agents of this place. The patients should go in August, to gain sufficient strength to exercise constantly, and to test the suitability of the climate to his state of health. If he thinks it best to leave, a five hours' drive will bring him to the railway station at Landquart, but if he concludes to stay, he must decide to adopt the simple reliance on the life-giving air, which surrounds him like a calm aerial sea, sitting in the open sunshine, walking at first a little on the level, then up-hill, until at last four or five hours are spent in long, delicious rambles. Fever, cough, blood-spitting, gradually pass away; the torture, laboring lungs are healed; cool, quiet nights of refreshing sleep succeed the tedious tossing for restless hours, and you begin to feel as it were the Spirit of God breathing the breath of life into your whole being. The transparent, dry cold of the air invigorates your whole system, sifts through and through every fibre, till you are, as it were, made anew, and understand the physical rapture of simple life which is unknown to weakness and exhaustion.

The Swiss port is so arranged that letters, books and parcels arrive from London in forty-eight hours; and many persons, chiefly German, but also Russians, Danes, Belgians, and even English and Americans, now frequent this station. There are good physicians, many excellent hotels under medical inspection, every comfort of life in the way of food, for which the keen mountain air soon gives you a hearty appetite, pure vintage, and good rooms. But it is certainly a quiet life, and it would be well to provide yourself with companionship and resources of your own, such as books, drawing, some quiet and easy occupation for the winter months. It will be found that neither snow or cold will incapacitate you for exercise, for cold is rarely taken in this dry, bracing atmosphere; you may walk for hours in almost all states of weather, and sledding, skating or the Canadian amusement of "to boggining" become charming

when every nerve is tingling with the feeling of life. The sunshine is precious as well as the air, and the first gleams of it should be gained by early rising, and you will find after a day spent in outdoor pursuits from dawn, the early sleep will become delightful in its perfect rest.

All the surroundings of the place are picturesque—the quaint, toy-like *châlets* the tall, sharp church-spire, the Rath-haus of the village, the great solid farm-houses in the country. The larches and fir-woods exhale a delightful, strong, aromatic odor. The people are quiet, simple peasant folk, entertaining you often by their strange unlikeness to our restless, busy people. The whole valley is like a fairy realm of enchantment in the season of snow and ice, exquisite ferns of frost, glittering in the pure light, are seen in the meadows, icicles hang from eaves and mill-wheels, like rubies, topazes or emeralds in the sunshine; through the transparent ice of the lake you can see the fishes swimming underneath, except where the frost has woven over the icy surface a picture of flowers, and vines, and tropical gardens of palms. Then the snow, with its soft, billowy folds and curves, makes the whole landscape a dream of beauty, especially when the full moon arises in a dark blue sky, so radiant in its light above, that between the silver moonlight and the whiteness of the snow it is so bright you could read a letter or a book even in fine type with perfect ease.

Of course, in this clear, fine air, all the sky phenomena are glorious—all colors have a purity and radiance one can scarcely realize elsewhere. The sunsets pour their waves of triumphant crimson and gold against the snowy Alpine peaks, until they seem to glow and burn with a heavenly fire. Then they slowly fade away into a clear, spiritual, colorless sky, and suddenly the after-glow flushes in the heavens toward the east with daffodil, primrose and sapphire, until the west is again suffused with an ethereal glory like liquid gems. Over all the moon and Venus will hang like drops of silver.

After the first of April, it would be best to depart, for then comes the wretched time of slush, and thaw, and chills. It is wisest to go at first to some intermediate station—like Geneva and Como—instead of the moist plains below, for one misses the dryness, and vigor, and purity of the perfect mountain atmosphere, so that he will feel uncomfortably enervated and languid, unless the process of descent is broken for him. "The subtle, all pervasive stimulus" of the the air is gone; but after the invalid becomes accustomed to the change, he will begin to realize that he has gained so much fresh vitality and strength, that he is now scarcely an invalid, and may look forward not only to lingering life, but to enjoyment, and energy, and pleasure in occupation and finished work.

The mental anxieties and trivial cares, the phantom-like worries of the mind, which even a strong will cannot shake off when the whole body is debilitated, will disappear, and the whole world, beheld from the pure, high region of mountain thought will seem to be

created anew. Hope, that all-vitalizing faculty, which lifts up with ease the heaviest burden, is very closely linked to bodily strength and ease.

E. F. M.

## A GOOD SERMON TO A SMALL AUDIENCE.

A STORY is told of Lyman Beecher that is worth recording, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in midwinter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the road, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, look about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services—praying, singing, preaching and the benediction—with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name.

"I do not remember you," said the doctor.

"I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once, in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," added the old man; "pray, when was it?"

"Do you not remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

THE thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "established their feet."

## LENOX DARE:

## THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

ROBERT BERESFORD laid down his brush; he had put the finishing touches to his picture.

If you have ever written a poem, painted a landscape, shaped a statue, wrought out in some form of grace and beauty the ideal vision within you, you will have some notion of the young man's feeling at this moment. For he, too, had fairly earned the artist's satisfaction in his finished work; he had put the best that was in him on that small square of canvas; he had given to it hours out of the heart of several days—thoughtful, patient, pains-taking hours, without which no real work is ever accomplished.

It had been a work of love with him, too, where the heart had inspired the brain. Robert Beresford might paint better pictures in the future—he hoped to, certainly—but he knew that bit of drawing and color would always hold something intimate and precious to him which the others must lack, though they brought him the fame and honors he coveted with a young man's ardor.

He turned away his eyes, wearied with their long strain, to rest them a moment, before he took a last critical survey of his work. Then suddenly, almost as in a vision, the beauty of the morning burst upon him.

Robert Beresford drew a deep breath, and rose from his camp-stool, pushing that hastily aside. What a dim, lovely, poetic place that old wood was! he thought to himself, as he gazed around him. He drank in the deep stillness, the quivering sunbeams, the world of summer greenery, the beautiful wildness all about him, and overhead the sky in its trance of joyous, cloudless morning blue. Of a sudden, some old lines of Spenser's sang up sweet as a lark in his memory. He had not thought of them for years. It seemed to him now that the ancient English had grown richer and mellower for all this time that it had lain forgotten in his memory, like old wine in dark, cobwebbed cellars. He almost felt himself on enchanted ground. The green, dusky depths of the old wood seemed to stretch before him in endless vistas of mystery and beauty. The voices of winds among the leaves were like voices in dreams. The shadowy places were still damp with the dews; the fragrant morning air was still cool with them. The beauty and gladness all around were the beauty and gladness of midsummer.

The place where the young painter stood was in the heart of a deep, wooded glen or ravine, which lay half a mile wide between the hills. These fell

on one side, to the bottom, in a series of natural terraces, which made the descent as picturesque as it was easy; on the other side the precipice rose steep and bold for a hundred feet to the summit, where a road wound past just on the edge of the green gulf. Up the sides of this precipice waved dark pines, and mighty oaks, and far-branching cedars; but there were large spaces where the rocks stood out in great, bare, frowning ledges.

Robert Beresford had been making a study of a bit of this glen. It lay there on the small easel at his feet, biding its time, while he stood drinking in with the strong, glad soul of young manhood the glory and beauty around him. It was a picture of an old, moss-covered trunk lying across a little mountain-brook. A narrow footpath wound away from the bright sunlight into the soft purple shadows of the woods. The blue, shallow water of the brook, the wet stones in the foreground, were rendered with delicate observation and fidelity. The sky, too, had the tender depth of a late summer afternoon sky. There was no careless treatment of form or color anywhere. Yet this would not prove to a critic that the stuff of a great artist was in the painter. The work, perhaps, was only that of a clever amateur.

The singing of a little mountain-stream over the stones not far away, reminded young Beresford that he was thirsty. He drew a small drinking-flask from his pocket, and started with long strides for the brook, leaving easel and picture, palette and camp-stool, behind him.

If you had happened to see him as he moved away into the shadows, something about him would have struck you as it did everybody who saw him for the first time. This could not have been simply because he was a tall, lithe-limbed young fellow of barely twenty-five, nor because of his finely-shaped head, nor because of his face, which would have been handsome with those well-moulded features, even had it lacked its rare and noble expression; nor could it have been because his clustering hair and thick beard of tawny-brown gave to Robert Beresford a certain striking, picturesque air.

All these, no doubt, had their share in contributing to the impression which he was certain to make upon strangers; but the heart of the secret was not in these surface things. There was, in the young fellow's bearing, an air of pride, and strength, and courage—a something which made one think of Apollo and the morning. Robert Beresford seemed at this time a splendid type of strong, vigorous, fearless young manhood. It did one good to look at him.

As for his dress, that was the simplest imaginable—a traveling suit of dark gray, surmounted by a broad-rimmed straw hat—not a gleam of an ornament about him.

Somebody had been watching young Beresford before he had risen from his camp-stool. A little girl, coming along the road at the top of the hill with a basket of low-vine blackberries she had been gathering in the woods that morning, had leaned over the low fence and looked down into the heart of

the glen. She saw the painter sitting there with his easel before him, and his palette in one hand. The sight was evidently a novel one to her. She watched the artist and his work with the still intentness of a wild animal, her eyes riveted, her lips a little apart, her very breath hardly coming through them. She was a sunburnt, rather scrawny, rather rumpled-looking girl, whom one at a glance would have taken for twelve years old, though she was in reality past fifteen. She wore a hat of coarse brown straw, with a faded purple ribbon across the crown; her dress, of light, striped gingham, had not been improved by scrambling among the bushes and vines; the thorns had scratched and the berries had stained it, as they had also the thin brown fingers. The only remarkable thing about the girl was her eyes. They were large and brown, and full of wonderful, shifting lights, as though a restless, eager but undeveloped soul looked out of them. They had their own times, too, of still, steady radiance, when, if you had seen them, you would have thought of stars shining bright over wide, burning deserts or frozen northern seas.

The girl, leaning over the fence which bordered the glen, her basket of berries carelessly poised in one hand, watched Robert Beresford as he rose up, took the drinking-flask from his pocket, and started for the spring. She guessed his errand in a moment. Then a devouring curiosity took possession of her to see the picture which he had left on the easel. If she could only get down there and have one good look at it before he came back! She glanced along the precipice. The steep height, the perilous footing, would have daunted most gazers; but the girl was lithe of limb, and sure of foot, and swift of eye. At another time she might, perhaps, have hesitated; but now an uncontrollable curiosity forced her on. Without stopping for a second thought, she tightened her grasp on the handle of her berry-basket, swung her small, lithe form over the low fence, and set out on her perilous descent.

She kept her footing marvelously, sliding and scrambling from point to point, now steadying herself by some decaying stump that stood in her way, slipping among broken shelves of rock, catching hold of branches of trees, or twigs of bushes, or great boulders, and so swinging herself down the precipice with wonderful swiftness. Indeed, she was actually more than half way down, when she came upon a huge, decaying trunk of an old tree. Some storm long ago had hurled the mighty thing to the ground, and there it lay, a red, alippery, rotting mass, right in the girl's path. At another time she would have avoided it, but her blind haste made her reckless, and every moment was precious. She set her feet on the shining, spongy mass. With the second step they slipped; there was nothing to cling to; the trunk lay at a very steep incline. The girl went down with a little gasping cry. She rolled over; there was nothing to break her fall but a few slender bushes, at which she clutched desperately; but they did not hold. Perhaps she could have stayed herself, had

she not, through all the fright and struggle, clung with a blind instinct to her basket of berries. As it was, she rolled down, down to the foot of the glen, and fell with her whole weight upon the slender easel, upsetting and breaking that, while the berries, overturning, streamed after it.

The girl lay still a few moments, half-stunned by a fall of thirty feet. It seemed a miracle that none of her bones were broken; but though she was a good deal scratched and bruised, she was not seriously hurt. As soon as the first shock and fright were over, she lifted her head and gazed about her in a dazed sort of way. She saw the broken easel, the scattered tubes of paint, the stream of overturned berries, and then, in a little hollow on her right, she saw something else which sent her heart into her throat, and made her forget all about her fall. It was a small square of canvas hanging to a low bush, covered with large, sharp thorns. Some stones, suddenly dislodged, had crushed the canvas down on a branch bristling all over with these great, thorny spikes. In a moment, with a blind impulse of rescue which made her forget all about her own plight, the girl sprang to her feet, darted into the hollow, and caught at the canvas. It was a work of some seconds to disengage it from the thorns. Then she turned it over, and found—what she had expected—the picture that had stood on the broken easel, its colors not yet dry. But thorns had pierced the canvas in several places, and one had made a long, jagged rent in the centre—the work on which the artist had spent so much loving toil of heart, and hand, and brain. The beautiful picture was ruined!

The girl gave one low cry of dismay, then stood still, as though she had been turned to stone, grasping the picture with both hands, staring at it with white face, and bated breath, and scared eyes.

In a few moments the rapid strides of the owner could be heard as he returned, humming some merry old college roundelay. He stopped short and stood still when he saw the girl. In his first bewilderment he half-fancied some wild creature of the woods, some oread that haunted the mountains, had arisen before him; then he caught sight of his shattered easel on the ground, and dashed forward.

In her dismay, the girl had not heard his footsteps, but before he had spoken, before she was otherwise aware of his presence, she felt his great shadow darken over her. One glance at the picture in her hand told the whole story.

Robert Beresford's besetting sin all his life had been the fierce temper he had inherited from his ancestors. In the shock and grief which followed that first glance at his ruined picture, the strong man's lips grew white, and a little, half-stifled moan broke from them. Then a mighty rage flamed through him toward the girl whose mischief or malice, as he believed, had wrought all this loss and grief for him.

In that instant of blind wrath he lifted his hand to fell her to the ground. Probably some feeling of her sex restrained the blow, even in that flash of cul-



minating wrath, for the hand only dropped and rested like a weight of iron on her shoulder.

"How dared you do that?" he demanded, in a low, threatening voice between his closed teeth.

The girl looked up. The tall, strong man, the stern face, the wrath that fell on her from those flaming eyes, struck her dumb with terror. She feared he was going to kill her. She could not move or utter a syllable; she only stood still, staring at him with those great, wild, riveted eyes.

Her silence, her stare, seemed to Robert Beresford only an aggravated outrage, a cool, obstinate defiance. At any other time he would not, with his usually clear insight, have made this mistake; but the girl who had worked such irreparable harm seemed, in his eyes, a little brown, weird incarnation of evil. He really believed that she had deliberately spoiled his picture, else there could be no excuse for what followed.

"Answer me!" he cried, shaking the girl half-fiercely in his strong grasp. "If you were a boy I would give you the horse-whipping you richly deserve!"

The slight figure shook from head to foot in that iron clutch, but no words came from the dry throat, only a kind of convulsive sob, and the obstinate silence only confirmed young Beresford's impression.

Again that fierce impulse to strike the girl came over him. It was all he could do to master it. "Get out of my sight!" he said, in a voice that had in it a low, threatening sound like distant thunder, and he pushed her from him. She staggered, and just escaped falling. The picture dropped from her hands. Each turned, with a common impulse, and looked at it. It was a cruel sight. It hurt the young painter to the soul. There, on the ground, lay the mutilated, spoiled thing to which he had given so many hopes and dreams; every touch of which had been made with some happy, tender thought. The picture was like a part of himself, defaced and ruined. I suppose no one but an artist and a lover can enter into the bitterness of his feelings at that moment.

Robert Beresford bent down suddenly, caught up the canvas, tore it fiercely into fragments, and tossed them on the air. The girl watched him all the time with eyes full of a frightened, fascinated sort of stare. Then he turned, without saying another word, and strode rapidly off. He left his easel and his paints lying on the grass; he never wanted to see them again; the lovely glen had grown hateful to him.

He had not, however, advanced far among the shadowy wood-paths, when the girl on whom he had just turned his back, sprang, panting, breathless, before him; her face was very white, and had not wholly lost its scared look, but she lifted one hand with a half-beseeching, half-imperious gesture. "You must hear what I say," she cried, with a kind of fierce passion. "You *shall* hear it. I didn't *mean* to spoil your picture. I only wanted to look at it. But I stumbled and fell, when I came down the mountain." Her voice was steady and distinct, as she said these words. Neither that nor her strange, dark eyes once

faltered as she gazed up at young Beresford; nobody could doubt that she was telling the truth. But the courage that had brought her to this point, suddenly failed her. All the fright and grief of the scene with the painter, had carried the shy girl out of herself, but that impulse could not last, and now, with a low cry, half of wonder and half of fear at what she had done, she turned and fled, light and swift, as she had come.

Robert Beresford kept on awhile through the still winding foot-paths which led out of the glen. The brown wavering shadows, the golden lights that quivered among them had no more any charm for him; yet, as he walked, the young man was slowly coming to himself. The girl's words had reached his soul, through all the storm of anger and grief which raged there; he could not doubt that she had told the truth. In a flash the whole thing grew clear to him. It had never entered into his thought to inquire how the brown, weird creature got into the heart of that lonely glen. She might have sprung out of the ground like the armed men of the old Greek legend, for all he knew. But he saw now, that however fatal her accident had been to his picture, she was innocent of any intentional harm. To think of anything human coming down that mountain-precipice! The wonder was, not that she had spoiled his picture, but that she had saved her neck. He had been unjust—harsh—cruel to her—a girl!

Robert Beresford winced at that. He went on with rapid, impetuous strides, along the narrow, climbing foot-paths, over the rough stones and the slippery pine-needles. A sharp self-reproach, a sharper remorse took possession of him. In a little while it had quite mastered all his grief at the loss of his picture.

He, Robert Beresford, had failed to be a gentleman! That thought stung as it could only sting a nature, fine and noble at bottom. For this young painter had high ideals and fine insight. Whatever was splendid in courage, whatsoever was beautiful in purity, whatsoever was lovely in the tenderness and gentleness of power and strength, had been early revealed to his soul. All high thoughts and noble aims of great and good men, all large and shining ideals had stirred his young, ardent soul; a true or noble sentiment thrilled him with joy, like the sound of a trumpet; and he was quite too clear-headed and true-hearted, not to see that no shining ideals, no lofty sentiments were worth anything if they did not pass into true and beautiful action.

Robert Beresford meant to be a gentleman in all the finest meanings of that grand old word, and now an awful sense of loss and failure overcame him!

The spoiling of his picture began to seem a very small thing to him, beside the terrible consciousness that confronted his soul. He had failed himself. That wild-beast of a temper, which he had throttled in many a life-and-death struggle had leaped up once more, and proved that it still was his master. He had dared to lay his hand on a helpless girl; he had actually come near striking her to the earth.

At that thought, a cold sweat seemed to start all over him. He threw himself down on the grass with an intolerable sense of humiliation and self-loathing. How the loss of his picture dwindled beside the fact of his own lost self-respect and manliness! And he had dared to dream of offering himself to the sweetest and loveliest of women—he who had just insulted all womanhood, in the shape of that girl! It made no difference that she rose before him now, weird, unkempt, homely. She was a girl, and he was a man, and by virtue of his manhood, he owed her gentle treatment and kindly courtesy. How could he ever look in the face the woman he loved best in the world, knowing that he had behaved to one of her sex like a brute!

Thoughts like these crowded on Robert Beresford's soul, as he sat there while the summer-winds rustled softly among the leaves of the old birch-tree over his head. "If he could only free himself from the torturing sense of humiliation which clung to him! Was there nothing he could do?" young Beresford asked himself. The next moment he sprang to his feet. His eyes of darkest luminous gray were full of a new light, a sudden purpose drew the fine curve of his lips into a straight line.

"Thank God, there was this grace for a man!" thought Robert Beresford. "When he had done a wrong thing, he could honestly acknowledge it, and by this act, his nobler self would repudiate his lower." The next moment, in a passion of haste and eagerness, he was retracing the mountain-path to find the girl, who, half an hour ago, had fled from him in mortal terror.

His search was not a long one. She had gone only a short distance from the scene of the accident where, quite worn out with all she had just gone through, she had flung herself down at the roots of a kindly old pine-tree, where the shadows closed all around her. She had not shed a tear, as most girls, under the circumstances, would have done. Her face was pale, and there was a slight twitching about her mouth, and a cold chill went through her at times. All that had happened, had evidently shaken the slight brown creature, though she sat quite still, her head bent over hands that, stained with berries and torn with briars, lay in her lap.

She sprang to her feet with a low cry, when she heard the young painter's footsteps beside her. There was a look of hunted terror in her great eyes when they first glanced up in his face. The sight cut him to the soul. To think that any human thing—a girl especially—should have cause to look at him with such eyes!

The young man, stately as a cedar, with some look of Apollo, some air of the northern Viking in his face and bearing, took off his hat, and spoke gently and humbly to the brown, scrawny girl before him. "I was very rude to you just now; I am very sorry—very much ashamed of myself. I have come back to apologize for my behavior. Perhaps it will seem less offensive to you, if I tell you that the picture was very dear to me, and its loss came upon me so sud-

denly, that I hardly knew what I said or did. Can you forgive me?"

While he was speaking, the girl stared at him steadily with great, strained, puzzled eyes, whose expression changed slowly from fear to bewilderment. Robert Beresford stood still, waiting for her answer.

It came at last, a little, low, fluttering "Yea." It seemed spoken less to him than to something else: some doubt or question in her own soul.

"But I cannot be content to have you say it in that way," continued the young man. "My conduct now seems quite monstrous to me. If you will only put you hand in mine, and say, 'I forgive you from my heart!' I shall feel better."

As he said this, young Beresford smiled down on the girl, and put out his hand. In man or woman a smile like his was rare.

The girl placed her thin, berry-stained fingers in his soft white palm. The strange, puzzled look was in her eyes still, yet, this time she repeated his words steadily and clearly. "I forgive you from my heart!"

Something in the quality of her voice, struck the young man. He had not once dreamed this rustic child could enter into the soul of his words—not dreamed she could penetrate, in the faintest degree, to the feelings and motives which had prompted his apology. But she was the representative of the womanhood he had outraged. It was to that, and to his own ideals that he had been speaking. Her voice, however, startled him. It did not seem to belong to her. He looked at her now, curiously. But there was nothing in her appearance to strike him, except those dark, dilated eyes with something—he could not tell what—in their depths. Did the shifting lights and shadows he saw there mean anything but vague confusion and amazement?

Robert Beresford was not certain; so he only said, "Thank you. You have taken an immense weight off me." And he put his hand in his pocket with an impulse of offering the child—he could not have imagined she was more than twelve years old—some money, but again those strange eyes restrained him, and probably caused his next question: "Will you please tell me your name?"

"Lenox Dare."

The name struck him. It had a quaint, pleasant sound, he thought, and he looked curiously at the girl to find whether, in some subtle way, it suited her.

"Will you tell me where you live?" he asked.

"In the house by the toll-gate, at the corner of Hemlock Lane."

"Ah, yes, I remember—passed it only yesterday," and it occurred to him just then that he was going next day to the town, ten miles off, and that he would hunt up some present likely to please the fancy of a girl of this age. He would carry his gift to the toll-house and give it to Lenox, with some kindly words. He really felt that he owed the child something more than an apology for the harsh way in which he had treated her.

At that moment, however, there came a loud halloo

up the brake, and young Beresford started, listened a moment, and answered it with a shout.

"Ha, old fellow, I've run you to earth at last!" called a loud, triumphant voice. "I've been on your track, through this primeval wilderness, for the last two hours!" and the next moment, the figure of a young huntsman, with a gun on his shoulder, emerged from the thicket a little distance off. He was staring eagerly around him.

"I must go to my friend," said Robert Beresford, and he lifted his hat, and bade the girl good morning.

The huntsman would be taken by surprise at his friend's companion, and the artist was in no mood for curious questions or light jests that morning.

Lenox Dare sat alone where the young man had left her, at the feet of the mighty pine. For some minutes she hardly moved, except when her thin fingers worked nervously in and out of each other. I have said she had not shed a tear through all the cruel excitement through which she had passed; but now the slow drops gathered in her great eyes, and poured over her cheeks, and dropped on her restless fingers. Then suddenly they burst in a storm. The slight frame shook as leaves shake in summer tempests. How that girl did cry! The noon waxed, the heats grew fervid, but she sat there in the shadows of the old pine, utterly oblivious of how the day was going by her. Sometimes she would spring suddenly to her feet and pace back and forth in an aimless, passionate way. At these times she would have made you think of some caged animal panting for its native deserts. Then she would throw herself down at the foot of the tree, and break again into that long, wild sobbing.

Lenox Dare wept away something of her childhood in those hours. Years afterward she said to her friend, when for the first time she related the story of this day: "That man spoke to the slumbering soul within me. Not knowing it himself, he called to the silent ideal that arose and answered him. Had it not been for him, I should have gone on, for years it may be, groping and helpless as before."

I believe she was mistaken when she said this. I think the time had come for the fine forces of her nature to assert themselves. They would have groped their way to the light had Robert Beresford never crossed her path. But the change and wrench would not have been so sudden, so convulsive. For the little girl who went to gather blackberries in the woods that morning was never the same after that day. A new wind of life had blown upon her soul.

Robert Beresford had spoken to her as he would to a lady, as he might to a princess. Nobody had ever spoken to Lenox Dare in that way before. It was singular that the child's native instinct penetrated at once to the heart of his speech. She understood the meaning and spirit of his apology, though she could not have put her consciousness into words.

The long summer afternoon waned and grew into

twilight, and after the sun had gone down behind the hills in a great pomp of burning clouds, the golden sickle of a new moon shone in the sky. Then Lenox Dare, worn out with the day's passion, discovered that the night had come, took up her empty berry-basket and started for home. The shadows had grown very black in the glen before she emerged from it into the highway. She was still more than a mile from the toll-gate. But she stood quite still, looking up, with her great, wistful eyes, at that slender rim of moon, around which trailed some long, gray streamers of clouds. Then a change came over the girl's face; a new life, a mighty purpose, flashed in it, a great dazzling light rose and shone steadily in her eyes. She looked down at herself with a sort of pitying contempt. Then her head poised itself with some new grace on the slender shoulders, and her voice rung out brave, and clear, and sweet as a flute that rings in the heart of summer forests: "I *will* be worthy to be treated like that! I *will* be the lady that man meant when he spoke to me!"

What a resolute little face it was! What a glory shone out of the eyes! What a purpose riveted the childish lips!

Lenox Dare could never afterward see a young moon with gray, trailing clouds about it, without that night, when she stood on the lonely highway at the mouth of the glen, and made the resolve which shaped all her future, coming back to her.

And now, my reader, if you can think of that slight, young figure standing there in its ignorance and helplessness in the lonely highway; if you can think of the cold and frowning side which the world—so fair and soft to its favorites—keeps for her and her kind; if you can think of the struggle, the groping, the pain, before she can make herself into the *lady* God meant her, which was in His thoughts when He gave her her birthright, and if your heart is not stirred with a great pity, then my story is not for you. Into the winding paths where her future shall open, seek not to follow Lenox Dare. Lay aside the book that brings no message to you.

By that same young moonlight Robert Beresford was walking among shrubbery-shaded paths which wound through the lawns and past the arbors of the quiet mountain hotel where he had spent the last weeks. The bloom of rare flower-beds filled the summer night with sweetness. In the dim moonlight in the soft stillness, Robert Beresford was not walking alone. A slender, graceful girl hung on his arm. In her brown hair there was a glow like sunbeams, in her blue eyes a shining gladness like that of stars, in her cheek a color like the bloom in the heart of pink roses.

Young Beresford was talking. Almost against his will, he found himself telling the woman by his side the story of that morning, of the cruel fate that had befallen the picture he had made of the mossy old trunk by the blue, shallow brook where they had sat together a week ago. "Did she remember it?" he wondered.

"Of course she did." And as she spoke, the starry eyes shone on him. "What a wild, delightful adventure it all was—what a cruel fate that his painting should be spoiled by that wild young hoiden!"

The look, the words, drew young Beresford on to speak further. He related how, in his first surprise and grief, a devil of rage had risen up and overmastered him; he went over the whole scene in the glen—how he had destroyed the picture and rushed away in wrath and despair; how the girl had followed him, and he had learned the truth; and how, when he came to himself, and saw his own injustice and cruelty, he had gone back and made what atonement he could.

No generous-souled woman could have listened to the story unmoved. The bright eyes which shone on him in the dim moonlight when he paused glimmered through tears.

That sight drew the young man on to speak again. He told what a work of love the picture had been; how, above it, inspiring him all these days, had glimmered the vision of a beautiful face; how he had intended to place the finished sketch in the hands of the woman for whose sake it had been made. He had dared to think that the fitting moments for telling her of the revelation which flashed upon his soul as they sat together on the mossy trunk above the shallow, singing brook. But how could he, so lately harsh and cruel to a weak, helpless girl, presume to offer himself to the loveliest among women! Would she not, knowing the truth, refuse and despise him?

It was a strange wooing! The girl on Robert Beresford's arm had had lovers before; but not one who would have talked like this. How weak and vapid all their pretty flatteries seemed now! How small and mean the men themselves dwindled in the shadow of this grand hero, this lofty, ideal man who walked by her side!

Robert Beresford's story had lifted Stacey Meredith to a higher mood. She stood still. The starry eyes, full of admiring tenderness, gazed steadily in the young man's face. The maiden's answer was calm and solemn, as became her lover's question.

"No, Robert Beresford, she would not refuse or despise you. She would be the proudest, happiest woman alive!"

So, in the shrubbery-shaded, flower-scented paths, Robert Beresford and Stacey Meredith were betrothed.

The new joy that flooded their souls that night could spare something for others. Stacey could afford to forgive even the "young hoiden" who had spoiled her lover's picture. It was agreed between the two that they would drive into town the next day, and that the lady should herself select the gift they would carry to the toll-gate for the little girl whose life-path had, at this juncture, so strangely crossed their own.

But when they reached the hotel that night, Stacey found a telegram awaiting her. Her father had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

The next morning she left for the city. Robert Beresford accompanied her only part of the way.

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That time of anxiety and grief was no fitting one to declare their engagement; and young Beresford was obliged to resign his betrothed to her friends, and fulfill his long-deferred promise of joining some cousins at the sea-shore.

So Lenox Dare never got her present.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. ABIJAH CRANE was a pessimist. Not that she would have had the faintest idea of the meaning of the word, and she would have resented the appellation, imagining it implied some form of paganism. But for all that, her views of the world in general, and of her own life in particular, were of the most sombre kind. She was a small, rather sharp-featured woman, with a face that might have been pretty in its fresh youth, but was sallow and faded now, and had, at most times, a depressed, dissatisfied expression. She drank strong tea, and was inclined to hysterics. She had been for more than ten years the second wife of Abijah Crane; himself, for the last five, the keeper of the toll-gate. Mrs. Crane felt very much humiliated by her position, and regarded her second marriage as the mistake of her life, as well as the source of all her ill-fortunes. She was fond of alluding to her first marriage with a deeply-drawn sigh and a melancholy shake of the head, as the golden period of her life. That blissful epoch, however, had been limited to a single year, and those who ought to know insisted that Colonel Marvell would never have entered into his last marriage had not paralysis and old age reduced him to his second childhood.

The ancient bridegroom, near his fourscore years, with the title he had won in his youth by gallant conduct during the war of 1812, observed to the last his air of chivalric courtesy toward his wife. His manners were, in many respects, in striking contrast with those of her second spouse.

Abijah Crane was not precisely a boor: he did not lack at bottom a kind heart, but he was clumsy, and slow, and thriftless. Whatever he attempted in business was sure to result in failure. In a bargain, shrewder brains always got the better of him. He had inherited, at his father's death, a flourishing farm; but the young owner was easily drawn into rash speculations, and mortgages soon devoured his land.

The history of that farm was an epitome of the man's whole business career, and it ended at last with Abijah Crane's sitting in his old age on the little sunny porch by the toll-gate with a clay pipe in his mouth, ready to hold an endless discussion on politics or the crops with the driver of any team who passed that way.

With a man of this sort, the tragedy usually lies in the fate of the woman whose fortunes are bound up with his own. Mrs. Crane could never forget that she had been Mrs. Colonel Marvell, and the contrast between her former state and her present one, as the wife of the toll-gate keeper, was very galling. It did

not improve matters to reflect that her fallen fortunes were largely the result of her own weak credulity. She had, before her marriage with Abijah Crane, allowed him to invest the whole of the small fortune which Colonel Marvell had left her, in some silver mines a few miles from Cherry Hollows, and which, for a year or two, had turned a good many wiser brains than honest Abijah Crane's.

It was the old story. The mines did not yield as the owners had fondly anticipated, and in a little while did not pay for working them.

Colonel Marvell, at his death, had left but one relative—a little grand-niece, not quite five years old. The old man had been very fond of his small, orphan kinswoman, the last of his race. She had dwelt under his roof for more than two years, and her childish prattle always reminded him of the little girl he had lost in his prime; and it was very touching to see how the old man, as his memory failed, confounded the living child with the other, dead almost two-score years ago.

The little girl had been brought by her father, after his young wife's sudden death, to his uncle at Cherry Hollows. The child had been delicate, and the father hoped the air of the old mountain-town where his uncle dwelt would give the puny frame a fresh start. He left her there when he went on business to Nassau for the winter. He stayed too late in the spring. The yellow fever carried him off after a couple of days' illness.

Edward Dare left what, under the right sort of management, would have been a comfortable fortune for his little orphan daughter, away off among the quiet northern hills in the heart of New York State; but there was nobody to attend to the dead man's affairs but poor, old, broken-down Colonel Marvell, who liked to trot her on his knee, and watch the little, dark, wistful face as he told her stories about the war of 1812, and filled her dawning childhood with all sorts of weird legends and pretty tales of the Revolution.

Meanwhile, the little girl's fortune was left to take care of itself. Colonel Marvell could never be made to understand the facts of the case. He died in the belief that his small niece was a considerable heiress, when the truth was that her whole fortune had dwindled away, or fallen into the hands of rascally agents.

Pretty much the same thing might be said of the old man's property. To everybody's amazement he had married his housekeeper the year after his niece came to reside with him. Before his death he made a will, and, under the impression that his small kinswoman was amply provided for, he left everything to his widow. But the old family estate was heavily laden with mortgages, the result of profitless investments in the owner's declining years; so the honor of his name, and what accrued from the sale of the ancient homestead, was about all that fell to Mrs. Colonel Marvell.

We have seen how this remnant of a fortune came into Abijah Crane's hands. The man was a widower,

with several grown-up sons on Western farms. He had been an admirer of Mrs. Marvell's in her youth, and when he called on her in her widowhood, and dilated glowingly on the newly-discovered silver mines, the man devoutly believed every syllable that he uttered. What was of a great deal more consequence, he made Mrs. Marvell believe it, too; but it would be doing the simple, bovine nature great injustice to insinuate that any mercenary motives were at the bottom of Abijah Crane's seeking the widow's hand. In her moments of greatest exasperation, she never hurled that accusation at him. It had been Mrs. Crane's misfortune that the old boyish admiration she had inspired had survived so many years, and ended at last by bringing her to the turnpike at the corner of Hemlock Lane.

It had brought Lenox Dare, Colonel Marvell's little grand-niece, there, too. The old man had solemnly consigned the child to his wife's care on his death-bed; and Mrs. Marvell, when she promised to be a mother to her, meant to keep her word. She had been attached to the child, and had, beside, an uneasy consciousness that she owed her some reparation. Had it not been for his marriage, Lenox would have inherited her uncle's property; and he would certainly have made a will in her favor had he not died in the belief that her father had amply provided for her.

Before her second marriage, Mrs. Marvell had stipulated that Lenox should share her house, and Abijah Crane had promptly assented to this arrangement. It was not in his kindly nature to give the little orphan under his roof a stern word or glance. In his slow, silent way, he was fond of her; and when under ill-fortune, Mrs. Crane's temper soured and her tongue grew sharp, her husband did his best, not always with tact or discretion, to shield Lenox from their effects.

She had been from her babyhood a quaint, odd child; and her whole life, with its surroundings and isolation, had thrown her greatly on herself, and intensified all her peculiarities. The only playfellow she ever had was her great-uncle. She had learned to read—she could not remember how—and books had formed the solace and companionship of her life. She had access to a large store of these, for, through all reverses, her father's and uncle's library had been carefully preserved by Mrs. Crane as a visible sign of the better day on which she loved to expatiate.

Lenox had a marvelous memory; and at fifteen she had read more of the best literature of all ages than one girl in a million. The finest translations of ancient classics, the old English dramatists and authors, were familiar to her as household words. The library held, too, the works of the most famous writers down to her own time. So she fed her lonely young soul on noble and beautiful thoughts and images. These rows of books in the low-roofed, back chamber of the house by the turnpike, and the world out-doors, formed the sole interests of Lenox Dare's life. She was fond of the woods as any of the wild creatures that haunted them. Indeed, she literally



lived out-doors a great part of the time, wandering among the picturesque old roads, the wild glens and wooded hills of Cherry Hollows. No weather ever daunted her, and she only remained in-doors when Mrs. Crane laid her commands on her; then she would betake herself to the old back chamber and seize some volume, and become utterly oblivious to everything outside of its pages.

This out-door life, in the bracing air of the hills, was precisely suited to the frail orphan. Every year she grew stronger and plumper, though at fifteen she was still a slight, undersized creature. Her ignorance of the world, of many of those things which possess vital interest to girls of her age, was almost inconceivable. In the life that Lenox Dare led, there was a good deal unnatural and unwholesome at her years. What would her proud, young father, her refined, beautiful mother have thought of such culture and surroundings for their child? Yet I doubt whether, had any one cared to ask her if she were unhappy, Lenox Dare could, the day before she met young Beresford, have answered in the affirmative. It is true, she had been, all her life, conscious of some vague restlessness and dissatisfaction, which she could not explain, and for which she found no remedy but the books inside the low-roofed chamber, or the "green book" always spread open for her reading out-doors.

Her deepest trouble thus far had been Mrs. Crane's *peeta* and temper. The soured, disappointed woman too often wreaked her ill-humors on the helpless girl at her mercy. Lenox, with her odd, old, dreaming manner, was a constant perplexity to the toll-keeper's weak, narrow-brained wife. In her paroxysms of ill-temper, she would sharply upbraid the girl with her indolence and stupidity, and fiercely set her at some task impossible for her youth and inexperience to accomplish. Happily these moods were of brief duration, and usually ended in a shower of hysterical tears and complaints over her hard lot, and then Mrs. Crane's skies would clear for days.

Some instinct held Lenox silent during the storm of upbraidings and reproaches. One might almost have fancied at such moments that the girl lacked ordinary sensibilities, as Mrs. Crane sometimes averred. But the young soul was often stabbed by the cruel words. It was also a part of Mrs. Crane's system never to praise Lenox, even when she tried to do her best, and this had a depressing effect on the girl, and made her half-believe all the woman said of her in her worst moods.

Still Mrs. Abijah Crane was not without a conscience and a heart, and these never allowed her long to forget the promise she had made to Lenox's dying uncle. She made herself believe that she bore with Colonel Marvell's grand-niece as she would not had she been her own daughter. She could not see that the heedlessness and unpractical ways, which often tried her so sorely, were partly the result of the isolated childhood that had thrown Lenox so completely on her own resources. Mrs. Crane's mind wavered, too, between a doubt whether the child had

ordinary capacity, or was vastly superior to girls of her own age. This uncertainty was at the bottom of a good deal of her contradictory behavior; and her estimate of Lenox, as well as of other things, was liable to be immensely swayed by those who happened to be nearest her at the moment.

Lenox Dare, going home in the dim moonlight, with her empty basket, scarcely thought of Mrs. Crane until she came in sight of the house. It was a small, steep-roofed, two-story building, of a dingy yellow color, and a narrow piazza on one side. The house stood very near the road, but there was a little grass-plot in front, with some lilac and syringa shrubs, and a wild-briar rose-bush made a bright, red-flowering bloom about the front windows. After all, there were worse places to live in than the old toll-gate house, as Abijah Crane sometimes ventured to assure his wife, and that assertion invariably brought down a storm of reproaches about his ears. But the sight of her home recalled to Lenox the errand that had taken her into the woods that morning. She glanced at her empty basket with a look of dismay. She had not once thought of it since she overturned it in the glen. She remembered that Mrs. Crane had set her heart on having some neighbors to tea that afternoon; and that the blackberries, she had been sent to gather early in the morning, were to form an indispensable part of the supper.

Lenox saw at once that Mrs. Crane would be greatly exasperated at her failure to return. The loss of the berries, too, would be a greater offense than her absence. No doubt there would be a scene on her arrival. She never willingly encountered one; yet her life had taught the child a certain philosophy, which made her take Mrs. Crane's explosions of temper as she would any other disagreeable, but inevitable thing. While she never intentionally offended or disobeyed her, Lenox had long ago gauged the forces of the weak, narrow nature too thoroughly to stand in much fear of the woman. She had a certain attachment for Mrs. Crane, which existed side by side with the consciousness that she had moods when it was vain to look for either reason or justice from her.

Lenox found the toll-gate keeper's wife seated in some unusual state, in a large rocking-chair, in one corner of the little sitting-room. It had a pleasant, refined air, with its old-fashioned furniture which had belonged to Colonel Marvell. She wore a dyed black silk and a cap with faded pink ribbons; while her best clothes and the black feather-fan she was solemnly waving to and fro, affected her with an agreeable sense of her own consequence. But when Lenox appeared, the dilatation of Mrs. Crane's small gray eyes was ominous: while she greeted the girl with a stare, intended to transfix her.

Lenox stood still, waiting for Mrs. Crane to begin. She felt too worn to open her own lips before she was addressed; still, that long, portentous stare could not have been pleasant to any young, sensitive nerves.

At last Mrs. Crane spoke in a sepulchral sort of

tone. "What have you to say for yourself, Lenox Dare?"

"I am very sorry that I have disappointed you, Aunt Abigail," answered the quiet, weary voice. "I had gathered the berries, and was coming home with them, but I had a fall—it was in the glen—and I upset every one!"

"What were you doing in the glen?"

The voice kept its sepulchral key, the black fan waved solemnly to and fro.

"Something drew my attention, as I was walking along the road, and after looking over the fence a few moments, I went down the hill, and, on the way I had that dreadful fall, and spilled the berries. It was very rash to go there. I thought there would be plenty of time, Aunt Abigail; at least," correcting herself, "I did not intend to disappoint you."

It was quite impossible for Lenox to relate the events of the day to Mrs. Crane; yet had she done so, she would at once have aroused that lady's interest and mollified her wrath. But Lenox could no more have confided her interview with the artist to this woman than she could have laid bare to her her most sacred thoughts, her palpitating soul. Yet with all her habits of silence and introversion the girl's nature was limpidly truthful; so the meagre, literal facts, which formed her explanation, naturally tended to aggravate her offense in Mrs. Crane's eyes.

Some more of that sepulchral-toned cross-questioning followed, amid solemn waving of the black feathers. It only served to confirm Mrs. Crane's impression of Lenox's culpability. She had lost the berries through her heedlessness, and spent the rest of the day mooning in the woods. And Mrs. Crane had invited company to tea! "Could a Christian woman be called to bear with such outrageous behavior any longer?"

Had Lenox been less wearied and absorbed in her own feelings, she would have perceived that her vague explanations would only be a fresh outrage to Mrs. Crane. But hemmed in as she was by the impossibility of telling the whole story, and her habitual, imborn truthfulness, the girl felt a great sense of relief when she was at last ordered, with a tragic wave of the black fan, from that incensed presence.

It was not, however, a good sign for Lenox that Mrs. Crane had not broken out in angry reproaches, or exploded in a frenzy of hysterics. She sat there a long time in the big chair, rocking herself to and fro, occasionally shaking her head, while the fate of the young girl, over her head sleeping the sound sleep of tired youth, was trembling in the balance. Mrs. Crane was making up her mind what she would do; and she had the obstinacy, the cruelty, the desperation of a weak nature in carrying out her plans. Once her husband looked in upon her with a suggestion that it was about time to retire.

The toll-gate keeper was a man of heavy build, loose-jointed and round-shouldered. His large face, under its gray hair, had a kindly expression, but any shrewd reader of human nature, seeing Abijah Crane, would not wonder at the ill-luck which had

dogged him all his life. He was a foredoomed victim of sharpers, the natural-born prey of cool-headed rogues.

Mrs. Crane replied to her spouse's question by a mysterious and tragic wave of the black fan, which effectually silenced him.

The kerosene-lamp had begun to smoke, and he adjusted that, and retired once more, with a rather muddled expression, to the kitchen, his pipe and his newspaper. There was no accounting for a woman's "freaks," Abijah Crane thought, and he had been too often worsted in an encounter of tongues, not to have learned that silence was his only impregnable defense.

As that afternoon wore on, and Lenox did not appear, and the prospect of berries grew less, Mrs. Crane, in her disappointment and vexation, confided her trouble to her guests. She found eager and sympathetic listeners. The subject, once started, grew interesting. The absent girl had probably never held an hour's conversation with the half-dozen guests in Mrs. Crane's parlor, but each seemed to have some special grudge against her, though each would have been puzzled to tell in what it originated. Once on the scent, however, the chase grew exciting, and poor Lenox Dare was the quarry, hunted down without mercy. How they did pick her to pieces! It was altogether too suggestive of unclean creatures, gathered with greedy eyes around the dying prey. Lenox's odd ways, her absent looks, her shy manner, were all held up to unfriendly criticism, and shamefully exaggerated; while one declared these originated in pride, and another in sullenness and a third maintained she never had the slightest doubt that the girl lacked ordinary wits!

One listening to all this, could not have helped wishing that old Colonel Marvell's ghost would start out from the old-fashioned furniture in some corner, and denounce these slanderers of his little grand-niece!

Yet these women, who had come to an innocent tea-drinking in Mrs. Crane's parlor, would have been aghast had they for a moment realized the prejudice and narrow-mindedness which was at the bottom of all this clack of tongues. Most of them were, at heart, well-meaning souls. They read their Bibles, and said their prayers every night, and went to church on Sundays. Their gossip this afternoon would not be worth recording here, had it not been for the fruit it afterward bore. That is the great evil with gossip. The little fire kindleth a great matter.

Mrs. Crane, like all women of her type, was easily influenced and very susceptible to flattery. It was pleasant to perceive herself an object of general sympathy, to find herself regarded as a kind of martyr for her patience and long-suffering with a wrong-headed and more or less evil-natured girl. She began to regard herself in this light, and in order to sustain this agreeable rôle, she went on and on from one story to another, raking up all Lenox's past, and retelling instances of what seemed her ingratitude and general perversity, while at each fresh recital,

her audience shook their heads and lifted their eyes and hands in horror. By this time Lenox's conduct began to seem something quite indescribable in Mrs. Crane's eyes. Had anybody present volunteered a word in the absent girl's defense, the tide that set so strongly against her might have turned. But nobody present had brain or heart enough to come to her rescue, and Mrs. Crane wondered more and more at her own apathy and meekness in bearing with Lenox Dare.

"If you were in my case now, and had such a girl left on your hands, what would you do with her?" she asked, in a tone expressive of long and meek endurance, as she turned to the oldest of her guests, a thin, wrinkled, mahogany-skinned woman, with a fine front of wiry, yellowish hair, which came down low on her forehead, and a round, flat snuff-box, which she was in the habit of tapping every few moments. This woman's tongue had been the sharpest, and her animadversions the loudest against Lenox.

Thus appealed to by Mrs. Crane, the ancient gossip deliberately took a fresh pinch of snuff, to make her reply more impressive, and then, while the others waited curiously, answered in a high, cracked voice: "If that girl was on my hands, *Miss Crane*, she'd be likely to find out afore she was a week older where I should put her!"

"But what would you do, Mrs. Cartright?" persisted Mrs. Crane. "I have put up with that girl, until I begin to feel—" she did not finish this sentence, she shook her head with solemn ambiguity.

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Cartright's little black eyes sparkled with a kind of triumphant malice under the wiry, yellow front; and, as she answered, her cracked voice rose higher with every word, until at the end it was almost a shriek. "I should put that girl, straight as her two feet would carry her, into the woolen mills, over at Factory Forks!"

There was a low-voiced murmur of approval around the speaker.

Mrs. Crane was a good deal staggered. The idea of Colonel Marvell's niece going to work among the operatives—largely German and Irish—in the woolen mills, was something that, even in her wrath, she could not at first entertain. But when tea-time came, and the blackberries did not appear, she had begun to turn the matter over in her mind.

Her interview with Lenox that evening only served to exasperate her further. When, at last, she rose from her chair, and laid down the black fan, her mouth had a rigid look, and in her eyes there was a hard gleam, which boded no good to the sleeping girl overhead. Mrs. Crane had made up her mind! Little as she suspected it, it all came of the artist and his picture. They had made that day the blackest in the calendar of Lenox Dare!

(To be continued.)

## HUMOROUS OBJECTIONS TO SACRED ORATORIOS.

I REPRESENT to myself a number of persons of various characters, involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of confinement, but not yet brought to their trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong and pointed, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation, it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy. But they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods of amusing themselves, that they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music; and, amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one. They choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial, the character of their judge, the methods of his procedure, and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the groundwork of a musical entertainment; and, as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer, in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The king, however, out of his great clemency and compassion toward those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness. Undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message. He assures them that he is unwilling they should suffer; he requires, yea, he entreats them to submit. He points out a way in which their confession and submission shall certainly be accepted; and in this way, which he condescends to prescribe, he offers them a free and full pardon. But, instead of taking a single step toward a compliance with his goodness, they set his message likewise to music; and this, together with a description of their present state, and the fearful doom awaiting them if they continue obstinate, is sung for their diversion, accompanied by the sound of "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of instruments" (Dan. iii, 5). Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should commiserate their insensibility.—*Memoirs of Joseph Sturge.*

**SIX SIMPLE RULES OF HEALTH.**—The quantity of most things is always more hurtful than the quality. Take your meals at regular hours always; the human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health by a well-regulated system of diet. Avoid everything—however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you. Abstain from dram-drinking and too much tea and coffee. Where water does not disagree, value the privilege, and continue it. Take plenty of bodily exercise out of doors, and have a "hobby."

ONE of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

## FADING FOOT-PRINTS;

OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

SHE put up her lip, baby-wise, to cry, Aunt Lydia did. They all pitied her. She was alone in this world, only for cousins, and nieces, and nephews, and such kindred—none that came very near to her.

And would you believe it? Every time that Lydia Cummings had one of her "poorly spells," her mind went right back to the twilight-time, in which she stood in her blooming twenties at the meadow gate with her lover, John Long—a great while ago, that was. When she had said for no man's love could she leave her lonely old mother, John had impetuously and indignantly sketched Lydia Cummings an ugly old maid, friendless, poor, not overly loved, and sheltered by the strong and true affection of no husband's watchful care. Then, with life all before her, strong, and vigorous, and hopeful, the man's words seemed selfish and cruel, and she turned her head away and smiled, and looked up into the tops of the hawthorns, and heeded them no more than she did the sleepy twitter of the young birds nested among the tangled boughs so securely.

But the picture John Long drew was now almost a truth. She was often sick; she had no real home of her own; she felt that no one loved her; that frequently she was a burden; and many a time she pressed her poor old hands tightly against her face as if to shut out the reality.

But this day, Aunt Lydia, as we called the dear soul, was covered up on the lounge, in a warm corner, suffering from rheumatism, in second-cousin Sally's house. Now second-cousin Sally did not feel that second-cousin Lydia was any trouble at all; she liked to have her about; her ways of managing the turbulent little folks was wonderful—she had the very knack of knowing what to say and do, and she could assuage a storm the easiest of any woman Sally had ever seen. If Tom made a fist, and let Jerry get the benefit of it, and Jerry bristled up, and vowed he'd stand up for his rights, after the manner of obildren of larger growth, then came Lydia, with a smiling face, and never a sign of a wrinkle between her eyes, or at the corners of her mouth, and she said something cheery and pretty, and in less than a minute, Tom would be trying to trade his string for Jerry's arrow, and likely calling him Jeremias, in full, the same as the preacher did the day he baptized them both, down at the school-house by the cross roads. And Jerry would invite Tommy to warm his hands in his breeches-pockets, 'cause they were the "nestiest."

Sally could appreciate the ministrations of a woman like second-cousin Lydia, so Lydia did really not have cause and reason to put up her lip baby-wise, at any time, at all, at all. But you all know that we women do cry sometimes—we feel so badly, that it cries itself; we imagine that we are lonely, that we have trouble, that such trials no other woman

ever did have, and then some one, mother, or husband, or husband's mother, or one of the grown boys or petulant daughters, is sure to say something that cuts to the very heart, and while it bleeds, we cry out in a very tolerable degree of anguish. Perhaps at any other time we might have made more allowance—the words would have had no sting at all—we wouldn't have cared what he or she said, we knew they were hasty and "flashed like powder," and we knew, and had said so thousands of times, that no kinder heart ever beat, none more loving, none truer.

Aunt Lydia lay and looked at the figures on the wall-paper back of the lounge. Taken this way, six of the flowers formed a circle; taken that way, six of them made a half-circle; from that crack to that line, the flowers formed diamonds—taken this way, a rectangle; and so, a pentagon; so, a hexagon; and this way, they fell into blocks, like a nine-patch quilt. This reminded her of the first quilt she ever made, and alone with no one to guess what thoughts came to that mussy, little, tucked-up, lounge-pillow, with her tired head perched up on it, she did wish she could look at that wonderful quilt. It had been laid away in the north end of her "cedar chest" for a long time. She had not looked at it since the day second-cousin Sally was at Wilson's, and their baby tumbled over in a spasm of a worm-fit, and she, Sally, plumped it into warm water and then poulticed it with pounded horseradish leaves, and it opened its eyes and smiled, and said, "goo-goo!" before she came home.

Sally was never at her wits' end, like the fussy sort of the average female. She knew a remedy, or a substitute for one, as quickly as did the next woman. Sally had her own notions, but where was the person who hadn't? She, second-cousin, would rise at the dead-hour of midnight, to relieve any one in pain of body, or distress of mind. Didn't she run over to Miller's that night their east chimney took fire, and the blaze just spouted out like a jet, while the cinders flew far and near; and didn't she run clear there in her stocking feet without her garters even, and buttoning her dress in front as she run, and right afore all them men, with her coal black hair streaming like a mermaid's? And she went on thinking—Aunt Lydia did—of the time the powerful preaching sent a dagger clear through the stony heart of Anna Maria Myers, and she couldn't sleep for thinking of the danger of her immortal soul, and she got up and walked the floor with her hands clinched, till the nails nearly brought the blood, and her man couldn't pacify her, and he had to come over in the blackness of the stormy, moonless March night, and got second-cousin to go over, and converse and pray with her. And before Sally had come to the most earnest part, Anna Maria cried out that she was redeemed and had found peace. And the very dew of despair had gathered on Anna Maria's forehead, and would have remained there, only for cousin's efforts in her behalf!

Yes, cousin was a noble woman. And then when

Sally, singing a hymn, as she passed the door with the clothes-basket tilted on her hip, full and heaped, like a milking pail with snowy foam, peeped in, then Lydia, with a half-smile, said: "The first time you go up-stairs, cousin, won't you please look in the north end of my cedar chest, under the snuff-colored merino shawl and the embroidered pillow biers, and bring down my nicest patchwork quilt? While I can't do anything, I can look at it for company. May be it would be kind o' soothing, and help to pass away the time;" and Lydia pulled her middle fingers in an embarrassed way, until she made the knuckles crack.

And second-cousin said she would go right away and fetch it, that her work was none of the hurrin' kind, that she thought while the hope was scaldin' and gettin' ready for to make the Wednesday evenin' emptyin's, she'd just sprinkle the duds and put 'em down, so as to iron the next day, while she tended to the bakin'; that she might as well make one fire do double service—same as to kill two birds with one stun. That was the way economizing mother allus did, and her grandmother before her. That it was a wife's duty to save all, while her husband earned.

She brought the patchwork quilt. It had been pieced, oh, so long! but never quilted. It had happened that when Lydia had lining, she had not the wherewith to buy the batting; and when she had the batting, she had not the lining; and somehow, one went before she could get the other. Then even if she'd had both, why there wa'n't room in second-cousin's chamber to put up a quilting-frame, and leave it stand, while one quilted feathers, and checks, and stars, and plumes and herring-bone border. Why the little heads would go a-bobbing round, under it, from Monday morning till Saturday night! Their regular line of travel would extend corner-wise, right acrost that chamber continually. That was the way with young ones, generally, when a quilt was in the frames.

The first time second-cousin went up into the chamber she brought down the quilt. Lydia took off the towel that wrapped it as carefully as she would have uncovered the face of a dead baby.

"Dear, oh, dear," she murmured, "who'd 'a' thought! It 'most puts the spring into my ankles to even look at ye, ye old tell-tale!"

There was a block of pink chambrey, a piece of the sunbonnet she wore the summer that she taught district school at the Drift. The Drift was where the logs, and brush, and stuff had lodged in the bend of the creek, and the low little school-house stood under the beeches on the rise above, and the swish and the swash of the curving, whirling waters sounded distinctly, even at the desk in the far corner. Lydia slid her rheumatically old fingers over and over the pink chambrey, and she smiled so broadly, that one could have seen the tooth away back—the one that ached every time a storm was brewing, either in the summer or the winter. She remembered what a compliment the old pudgy doctor had paid her face under that same sunbonnet; he had called her a

"sweet wild rose, the one that bloomed on the bank above the Drift." All girls like flattery, especially when it is worded in such a poetical manner, and old men, village doctors who are used to seeing new faces every day, know how to say pretty things, if they are good men.

This purple was of the dress she had on the day she was examined for the school certificate; and how her heart did beat when she had to step out and read a couple of verses from the old English Reader; she read from the Grotto of Antiparos, and her breath was never so short and so much needed. And this bit of blue, oh, my! how she did hate blue calico! It was not proper, but 'Liza Bennett told Lydia once what Ralph Feilding said the time of Rob Parson's sleighing party—that he'd rather had her, second-cousin Lydia, for his partner than any girl in Bloom, only that her best dress would be home-made plaid flannel or that everlasting blue calico, that the old man bought at the lake by the quantity. And that was the reason Ralph took Hester Burnell to the party. She had good clothes: Her mother was the only daughter of old Sam Bradley, the great stock dealer, and he was proud of her; her cheeks were like ripe peaches, and she could spell every word without missing, from "baker" on through the "chism table," and the hard words clear to the 'breviations at the back of the spelling book. He dressed Het like a princess born.

And Lydia lay there and winked as fast, and meanwhile her thoughts just sailed, and galloped, and flew. They took in the burdens of the years ago, like a river would drink in the wayside brooks that came purling down through field, and wood, and meadow. Anger, and sorrow, and joy, and a sense of bereavement, all crowded together at once. Anger for this memory, and sorrow for that, and joy for the other; like birds alighting on an old branch, chirping an instant and then away on the wing, hither and thither, never to come back any more.

This square of black mourning calico was of the dress she wore when Johnny died; that when poor old daddy died in the dead, dead of the cheerless midwinter, when the north wind blew steadily a cutting blast, and the funeral procession just dragged itself like a sluggish snake through the heaps of snow that piled and drifted as high as the stumps in the clearing, and sifted through the air like splintery particles of fine glass. Oh, that dreadful day! And the mother fainted, and they spread a coverlet in the sled and laid her on it; and there was no house a-near; and the grave-yard was on a lonely hillside among girdled trees, whose snowy branches looked stark as bleaching bones. And the ill-clad little ones huddled round Neighbor Brown's sled, and cried for fear mamma would never come back to life. And the winter months—how they lingered! How the mother spun, and wove, and kept the family together. How Tom, the eldest, was lonely, and went away nights because he didn't like to hear mamma sing hymns, and the buzz of the spinning-wheel was so doleful, and daddy's hat on the peg



seemed to reproach him, and look at him just as natural as with eyes! And her memory reached out a tendril, and took in the sorriest thing that came to her child-life. When the overseers of the poor—two stern-faced, well-to-do farmers—came out in a pungent raw day to see what the circumstances of the widow were. They sat in the two good chairs before the chunk-fire, and they rubbed their hands and shivered, and leered up the stick-chimney, and looked down at the bare, blue legs of the feeble-minded little boy on the box in the corner. And then they hinted about binding out the children. And the frantic cry of the mother, who sat listening with her hand on the rim of the little wheel; and the hard, cold, calculating faces of the town officers; and the scared faces of the little ones huddling in a heap, and feeling of one another; all this came up to her as she lay on the lounge—came like the shifting scenes of a picture, like the views in a panorama.

What sad pictures some of us have stored away in our memories! How kind to our poor selves if we could only forget or efface them!

And this little corner patch of dainty gingham was of the dress her mother wore when she married old Silas Ketchum, and the grown children were ugly and abusive, and imposed upon the new mother, and old Silas took sides with them, and after a stormy year or two they separated. And the other days could not come again, the wounds would not heal, and time could not obliterate; and the widow and her own family took up the broken threads and managed somehow—made the best of untoward circumstances. And this was of the dress she had on when she and John Long stood at the gate that memorable time. Ah, well, well! This check was of the gown her grandmother spun, and dyed, and wove, all with her own hands. She touched the satiny linen—copperas and white—to her lips, it was so soft to the touch—so old, and though there was not an atom of sentiment, none of the novel reader's notions about Aunt Lydia, she almost kissed the tell-tale patch in that old quilt. Grandmother was so truly a grandmother, so sweet and tender, and her touch was healing, and her words were balm, and so her memory was sacred.

That bit of pale blue was of her hood, made long ago, when hoods meant comfort, and warmth, and good sense. They bundled the ears away in the soft folds, till they were like ducks in their nest; only the pinky tip of the nose, and the round, hard, red cheeks of the wearer were visible. And she said, dreamily, as she caressed the pretty blue atom, "How sensible they did dress then, and how the plump ankles used to show below the petticoats, clad in yarn stockings, whose gray or blue tint was the pride of the woman of one or two accomplishments, dyeing reckoned as the noblest and the best."

And then second-cousin Sally came in to sit a little while, knitting her man's double mitten as she walked, three threads—blue, and red, and white—caught round her fingers, after the fashion familiar to speedy knitters. And while she counted off the

thumbstitches, second-cousin Lydia happened to catch sight of a striped, brown and buff patch in one corner, and that instant her tongue was loosed cheerily, and she reeled off a story about it as swiftly as she reeled the brown thread off the spool long, long ago. And Sally listened and nodded, "Eh heh, eh heh," and said, "Law me!" and "Well now!" and "Did I ever?" A story something about it being a piece of her apron; and while the apron was yet new, and smelling of the store, she cut it up to make a slip for somebody's baby—a tiny mite for which the mother had made no preparation. The tale didn't seem to have much point to it, so Sally thought; but before it ended it was like the stories in books. The little creature died, and the mother died, and her body was stolen by grave-robbers, and while they were bearing it away it seemed to speak in a sepulchral tone, and the robbers were frightened and ran, and left it lying beside a stump, and early the next morning the neighbors buried it over again. And he, the husband of the ill-starred wife and mother, took up with a woman not divorced, and they lived miserably and in fear, and finally his life ended in suicide.

All this did the little quilt patch tell, and the narration ended with, "Poor Jasper Nicholls! folks said he would come to some bad end. He insulted a Catholic priest one time, and the priest laid a ban for evil upon him, and he could not escape from it."

This fine check was of Lottie Edwards's infant gown; "he" got it for her; and this, with a gay, rosy heap of swamp flowers in clusters like handfula, was a dress grandmother had sent her from over the mountains; this came from old Philadelphia, when Cousin Lewis used to team it with four awful nice creatures; he hauled dry goods and groceries for the storekeepers before canals and railroads were known.

This green stripe was a present on her birthday; she had it made up with bows on the sleeves, low in the neck, and gathered full on to a wide belt; was so plump that it filled up smoothly as a pillow.

And so the second-cousins looked at the old-time patchwork, and sometimes they laughed and sometimes they were sad; and again the tide would run on into a story that was really quite like reading from a woman's magazine.

But this was long years ago; and, after all, that quilt had a tale, for second-cousin Sally coaxed second-cousin Lydia to make a quilting in her new house in the upper chamber, and invite everybody to it. And she did; and then what? Well, they set long tables, and the women ate first, and then the men and boys came in from the corn-husking and ate at the second table. They had a sight of merriment, too. And after the supper they flirted the new quilt, and waved it, after an old-time custom, and gave it an upward toss, and away it flew like a winged bird, and spread itself all over the bald, shiny pate of Deacon Merrill, a widower, with two boys just entering their teens. How the youngsters did roar out their laughter! Then, according to custom, the men tossed the quilt over to the side of the room where the women were huddled, and that perverse and

shameless quilt just flew as direct as a bird of prey, and folded itself in a soft, puffy, smothering way all over the sleek head of second-cousin Lydia Cummings! She flirted it off quicken once could say "Jack Robinson," and looking over at Andrew Hunt she said: "Did I ever! Now, Andy, for shame on ye!"

Her blushes made her downright handsome; and I suppose the deacon thought so, too, for he stroked his twig of gray hair forward over the broad, bald space, and looked first this way and then that way, as though he didn't feel disposed to quarrel with the dispensations of a wise providence.

Andy said, an hour afterward, when he went to hand the deacon a cup of nog, he grabbed away off to one side for the handle of the tin cup, and it was because his head was turned awry looking into the shadowy chimney-corner where Lydia was engaged untying a linen bag to get out some hops to send Lucy Ellen Kimball for her earache.

Margaret Monahan said she'd bet a curl that Deacon Merrill was "teched with a warmin'" about his old dried-up heart like he'd not felt since Sarah Ann's death."

We don't know what the gossips said about the affair of the quilt, but we do know that there was a sign in it, and that the sign came to pass; it was a true sign, for one evening in the May, second-cousin Sally had fixed up real smart both herself and her square room. And in the loft, looking out of the window for a deacon astride a sorrel horse, sat second-cousin Aunt Lydia; and she did not look long, for sure enough here came the deacon and the circuit preacher. Both wore stiff cravats, and rode as if they were starched from crown to sole. They never smiled at all. Why should they? Marriage is no child's play.

Second-cousin Sally told us that the last time she saw Lydia's quilt it was somewhat faded, but still in a good state of preservation, and covered two little 'rannies of grandsons, the children of one of the boys who was in his teens when Lydia rose like a full moon in her majesty to shine, a new mother, in that lonely household. The quilt for years was on the big trundle-bed of the rollicking, growing lads of the deacon's. They made tents out of it on their uplifted feet many a time, and jerked it about until the stitches cracked; but Lydia didn't care, so long as they were happy, and had a sunny childhood filling up with memories so much pleasanter than her own. She rather enjoyed having the lads "take the tailor" out of the venerable quilt, for both she and the superstitious deacon often averred that, if it had not been for that very same article of bed-gear, their lives had flowed on apart, both lonely, each needing the other, and not knowing it at all. That patchwork was the link that welded together two separate lives; it was the omen of good, the best, and prettiest, and most useful quilt that any girl ever made. It was a blessed quilt, and they both said thousands of times that it was.

ROSELLA RICE.

## HOW ETHEL MADE A PRETTY ROOM.

JOHN RAY and Ethel Marston were just married. John had bought an old, tumble-down farm-house, with some furniture in it, and brought Ethel to it.

She looked in at the parlor door. The room was long and narrow, the walls yellow with smoke, and the wood-work nearly black with age. A few old split-bottom chairs, an ordinary table and an old wooden settee completed the furnishings. Ethel's heart gave a little cry of pain when she thought of the beautiful home she had left, and for a moment she wished herself back, but only for a moment, then she went resolutely to work. The walls were first made a pale blue, with a wash made of lime, indigo and skim-milk instead of water, to keep it from rubbing off. The wood-work was given a coat of brown paint and varnish, which made it look almost as well as walnut. The loose boards of the floor were then nailed carefully down, and for a yard all around from the wall the cracks were smoothly filled with putty. Cheap wall-paper of a blocked pattern, to imitate tiles, was then pasted on this part of the floor, and when dry, was given a coat of shellac and two of varnish, which made it durable. A few yards of a dark, very small figured ingrain and a few yards of stair-carpet was bought. The ingrain was cut the length of the unpapered boards and sewed together. Then the stair-carpet was cut in two, lengthways, and sewed around the ingrain, so as to make a border. This was then nailed down in the centre of the floor.

Long curtains of cheap dotted Swiss muslin, edged with imitation cluny lace, which she bought for three cents a yard, were hung at the three windows, and a finish of the muslin, box-pleated and lined with blue cambric, was put above them.

Then the chairs were taken in hand. They were first painted black and varnished, and with a tube of white paint and a pencil-brush, she striped the little indentations with white. She then sent to the city for a few yards of cretonne, with a crimson ground. It was very wide and heavy, and only cost thirty cents a yard. She made cushions of this for the chairs, tacked them firmly on, and finished the edge with a scant ruffle of the same. The old wooden settee she cushioned seat, back and arms, and made a deep flounce of the material to hide the clumsy legs. A large pillow, covered with the cretonne and finished at each corner with a tassel, completed the lounge, and gave it a luxuriant and a comfortable look. For one corner, she made a little hour-glass work-stand, and covered it with the cretonne. Upon it she placed a work-basket, made of an old peach-basket, which she had painted black, covered with scrap-pictures, and lined on the inside with red merino. A box pleating of the same was put around the edge, and the handle was bound with red ribbon, and finished with ribbon bows. Above the stand, on the wall, John nailed three small three-cornered shelves. On the edge of the shelves,

with small brass-headed tacks, she fastened a narrow box-pleating of the white-dotted muslin lined with blue. On the first and second shelves she placed her few favorite books, and on the top shelf she placed an empty ginger-jar, that she had painted black, ornamented with scrap-pictures, and filled with pressed ferns, autumn leaves and crystallized grasses. She then drew up to the stand the little cushioned rocker, and that corner thereafter became her own special domain.

The great, old wooden mantel she painted brown, varnished, and put around the edge of the shelf a narrow box-pleating of the cretonne. On each corner of the mantel she placed her pink China vases. In the centre she put the little terra-cotta match and pipe set that she had given John for a present the year before, and on each side of this a brilliantly-colored Japanese fan. Above the mantel she hung her only large picture—one of Beatrice. In the space between the two front windows she put the old table, which she turned into a very nice library-table, by painting the sides and legs black, and pasting on, not too thickly, scrap-pictures of Japanese figures. The top she covered by tacking on neatly, with brass-headed tacks, an old piece of a blanket, that she had colored a dark maroon. On this, she placed a little imitation bronze ink-stand and pen-rack, her portfolio, paper-weight, last number of a magazine and a pretty lamp with a porcelain shade. Above the table, she hung a portfolio for John's newspapers, which she made by taking two sheets of pasteboard and covering nicely with French blue paper bound with gilt. Two of the long edges were bound together with a strip of muslin, and covered with paper, same as the border. Holes were then made in the four upper corners, and dark-blue cord inserted—the front cord a little the longest, so as to allow it to swing open.

At the other window she placed a little table that John had made, which, in some respects, resembled a saw-horse with a top on, but which decorators of furniture would call "Eastlake." The crosspiece and legs were smoothly planed, and she painted them black, and occasionally striped them with white. She made a cloth for the top out of a square of gray flannel, and put a border of ivy leaves, made of green flannel, around the edge. The pattern was made from a natural ivy leaf, and the stems and leaves were chain-stitched down with green embroidery silk. On this table she placed the checker-board, dominoes and other games. At this window she hung a hanging-basket, made of a large sea-shell. She planted in it a fern and several sprays of ivy, as they would thrive well in-doors. In the next corner she had John nail two more three-cornered shelves. On the edge of these she nailed little box-pleatings of the Swiss to match the others. On the first shelf she put her China cup and saucer, and on the next she put an imperial photograph of herself. In the next corner she suspended from the ceiling, with red cords, a little basket, made of white wood-splints and red zephyr. She filled it with autumn

leaves, dried grasses, pressed ferns, wheat ears and twigs of the horse-chestnut, on which the open shells of the chestnuts were still hanging. Below this, John put another three-cornered shelf, and after she had ornamented the edge by splitting pine cones in two, and nailing them on, she placed upon it a plaster cast of Flora. On each side of the door-casing that led to the next room, she fastened, with strong wire, two pots of English ivy, and twined their long sprays in an arch over the door. For the outside of the pots she made covers of wood-splints and red zephyr. Above the sofa she hung her two remaining pictures, which were small chromos. On the other two vacant spaces of the wall she hung two little brackets that John cut from an old cigar-box. On them, she placed two steel engravings that she cut from the front pages of two old magazines, mounted them on pasteboard, and bound the edges with a narrow strip of gilt paper. An old candle-box that she found in the house, she turned into a pretty ottoman, by inserting castors, and padding sides and top, and covering with cretonne. This she placed on one side of the fire-place. As a finish to the room, she threw in front of the fire-board a rug of sheep-skin that she had dyed a bright yellow, for no room is perfect without a touch of yellow.

She was rewarded for all her hard work thereafter by not only having a cozy resting-place, but by hearing all her friends exclaim, upon entering the door, "What a beautiful room!"

Perhaps at some future day Ethel will tell how she furnished the rest of the house with great coniving and little money. LOUISE CAPSADELL.

### LOVE SONG.

GRACIE, darling, could you know  
All the tender love I bear you,  
How as choicest gem below,  
On my heart of hearts I wear you!

Gracie, darling, time must prove  
If my heart be true and tender;  
Rare is pure, unselfish love,  
Such to you I fondly render.

Gracie, darling, may sweet trust,  
Like a chain our hearts uniting,  
Know nor missing link nor rust,  
Know nor loss nor bitter blighting.

Gracie, darling, life is brief,  
But we part in spirit never!  
Love shall triumph over grief,  
Wedded hearts are one forever!

CLARENCE BROWER.

CURRAN'S ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practicing all night."

# The Home Circle.

## WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

WE women at Millwood are raising money to pay for the chandeliers in our church, for new-fencing the yard, and for pulpit decoration. When we had the inside of the church finished, our funds fell short, and we deferred some of the not very necessary items.

The girls and myself have been engaged in this work; and as it is a topic, and a trouble, and a worry to the five women all over the land, and we are all more or less interested, we will tell you of our work; perhaps you may gather a suggestion that would help you.

People build churches everywhere, and when the work comes to finishing up, the women like to help, and they do a great deal of good in a sociable, friendly, pleasant way that unites and cements, and is a wonderful promoter of good-will. We have had socials, festivals, teas, "square meals," lunch, mush and milk, ice creams, lawn *fetes*, exhibitions, lectures, concerts, entertainments, oyster suppers, Centennial parties with curiosity shop in a back room, old-fashioned Fourth of July gatherings with a great dinner spread out abundantly and with strains of martial music, neck-tie parties and dairy-maids' receptions. We thought we had exhausted the entire list, and could think of nothing new and taking. But last night we got our heads together here at Chatty's girls' boarding-house, and we have planned something else. Tableaux are so troublesome, and take so much work; but they pay well, and the girls will assist in getting up this kind of an exhibition during the coming fall vacation.

We write this in November. Next week is Thanksgiving; and this is our plan: to have a nice hot dinner in the basement of the Academy, which building joins lots with the church, and to this the congregation, willing and unwilling, will be invited to repair immediately after service. We will call it a New England dinner. The rich farmer's wife, burdened with cares, will give a fat turkey, and the poor mechanic's wife will contribute her share to the dinner by roasting it; the doctor's wife, a sickly little lady, not able to do much, will buy the tea and the coffee, and the widow who lives in the alley and takes in washing will grind the coffee for her share. The women out in the country will bring of their abundance, and the women in the village will contribute labor. The old lady who always works with her sleeves rolled up will make the pumpkin-pies; and the merchant's wife, who has improved vastly the old way of her grandmother, will make the mince-pies and the chicken-salad.

I shouldn't wonder if that would be something new—the way we saw old Mrs. Gambrel bring ten pumpkin-pies to a festival once, all in a good state of preservation, all in a heap, with never a dent in one, nor a bit of the crisp edge broken off. We were so pleased, that we have adopted her plan, and can carry a lot of pumpkin-pies to a festival very easily. When the Gambrels built their new house, the old lady took five or six wide pine shingles, laid them one above the other, with cleats at the ends between them like a little row of shelves. The cleats were perhaps two inches wide, and nailed fast to the

shingles with small, slender nails, the little shelves wide enough apart to admit the thickness of a pie between. On each of these shelves there was room for two pies; she folded a strip of newspaper double and laid under them. The pies must not be laid on until they are cool, and the tins on which they are baked must be floured—not greased—else the crust will be soft, and crumble and break. When filled, the row of shelves are lifted carefully and placed on the large sheet-iron bread-pan, newspapers folded carefully over all, tied in place with lapping-thread, and the whole ten or a dozen nice pies can be carried almost as easily as a bundle secured in a shawl-strap.

The women will wear plain dresses in the New England kitchen; will wear white caps and long, straight belt-aprons, and neckerchiefs pinned down precisely between the shoulders, and crossed and pinned neatly in front. At dinner we will have brown bread and good crullers, turkey with cranberry sauce, potatoes, baked beans, plum-pudding, and all these things which by rights belong to the regular old-time Thanksgiving dinner. We will charge a quarter, and the bell will ring to call out all those who are not at church.

Our last effort was a literary entertainment in the evening, followed by an oyster supper. Both were enjoyable. The women conferred together on a Friday, and the entertainment was on the following Wednesday evening—a Sabbath and a busy washing-day intervening—and yet it paid well, and was pronounced excellent. None performed but ladies. We had two essays, one sprightly, one mournful; the former called "Sunshiny People," the latter relating to the time of the civil war, "The Stars Looked Down." That charming poem by Trowbridge, called "The Wonderful Sack," was well read, and well received by the audience. Then a paper called "The Venture" was read by one of my girls; and followed by a very excellent recitation by Mrs. Wallace—known to all students and admired by them—"Horatius at the Bridge." The sweet lady never did better, and she excels in recitation. And then came a lecture, called "These Little Ones," by one of the mothers; it was very earnest, and the kind woman never spoke any better than she did in those twenty-five minutes well packed. A few timely remarks by the president, another piece of instrumental music, and the hour and a half was filled, and we crossed the yard and sat down to supper. We had two long tables, one for those who preferred oysters and the other for those people who did not like them. Both were filled instantly, and a minister sat at the head of each one. Everything passed off smoothly, and the dishes were washed and baskets gathered up and we were all homeward-bound by half-past ten.

It is advisable to buy as little as possible on these occasions; better trust to the generosity of the ladies, and let them give; or, levy a light tax on the women to pay for necessities, then the proceeds will not need to be broken upon, but can be laid, whole, in the lap of the treasurer.

Sometime during the winter months we will have a supper in mask. Some of the women begin to pull back, and say: "I'll be one of the waiters;" or, "I hope it will come off while I am in the city visiting." But we all say: "No, my lady, you will be one of the leading performers; there will be no cowards."

In a case like this, where money is the object, no

masks will be purchased, but instead we will all envelope our heads in wide pillow-cases, with only a slit across it for the eyes to look out. Then the ladies, or the gentlemen, either, will be numbered, and the corresponding numbers will be drawn, and the two thus brought together will go to the supper-table, and after the guests are all seated, and about the time they are ready to be served, the masks will be taken off, and then the fun follows; and, after the laugh that must come, they will be waited upon.

This will be very funny, and provocative of good feeling, and we'll warrant no one will go home saying, "That was a sell," and wish he had his quarter again in his pocket. That is the charm of all these little money-making gatherings that we women get up for the furtherance of any of our plans. We are paid if all are pleased and satisfied, even though we do not realize very much. Even in country places, where there are a good many young people, or young-old folks, or both classes, these social assemblages can be made pleasant and profitable to all.

We have found a great deal of amusement in a little bit of a book, paper-bound, costing ten or fifteen cents, called "Sibylline Leaves." Some one can be the sibyl, and tell fortunes, and the fun is very funny indeed; and sometimes the answer to the number drawn provokes the jolliest kind of laughter. The sibyl should be a quick, ready, witty, apt person, so if the number selected is not so very appropriate, she can tell at a glance what would be better, and take that instead. The charm of this amusement is, that no one ever gets angry, and that the whole company find it entertaining.

We women here in Millwood are so fortunate as to agree in everything that we undertake while planning and managing in church work. We make ourselves a committee of ways and means; and one thing we keep impressed upon our minds all the time, that is, not to disagree, not to criticise unkindly, and to make allowance for errors and mistakes.

Now, one time, I remember, Kitty Blake, the wife of the little blacksmith, had set her face on having a candy-pull; she knew it would pay, that we would bring in all the young people, and they would have a good time. Some of us thought the "good time" Kitty anticipated would be a "rude time," and our fears were realized. In spite of watchful care, the taffy was everywhere—on the carpet, and curtains, and floor, and chairs, and door-knobs, and, worst of all, on our good clothes. Addie Lutz is a red-headed girl, a milliner's apprentice, and her switch, the coil of red hair that she considers her chiefest beauty, was as stuck together as ever was a horse's tail with burdock burrs. Sam Weston did that; he is so mischievous and so rude, that he just walked up to Addie and spread his warm taffy out over her nicely-made coil, as gently as one would lay a strengthening plaster over a sprained back or shoulder. She reached up, and it stuck to her hand, and caught in the lace at her wrist, and slid down over her pretty ruche, and strung out the length of her arm, clinging desperately to everything with which it came in contact. Several plates were broken, butter wasted, flour scattered, gloves lost, carpet dirtied, and the next morning the lady of the house was almost distracted when she endeavored to put things in order and make her house clean again.

Now in some places real trouble and ill-will would have resulted; and it would in this case, only that we had pledged ourselves to peace and to good-will, not to growl, not to find fault, and to make a wide margin for one another's mistakes.

But one time our patience was most sorely tried,

and we are quite sure that our cups ran over. We could not quiet our wrath entirely.

The women were working every way to pay for a church-bell. We did want one so badly! We imagined how grandly its tones would go out from that belfry up on the cupola, among the tall oaks and rows of growing maples. We think now it was not wise and proper. But we had stationed a stalwart student in the pulpit to sell tickets to the supper in the Academy, and our brightest girl sat up on the rostrum in the organist's seat selling candy and peanuts, calling out her wares most musically. Presently the minister came into the church and he saw the sacred desk polluted by the brazen ticket-seller, the organist's seat blatant with jubilant noises, and laughter, and the quibbles of trade, and the clink of pennies; and that moment the very demon of anger took possession of the pure clergy in his white neck-tie, and he fairly shrieked with rage. He drove them out of his temple in a trice. He forgot everything, and saw nothing but the desecration of the sanctuary. We women were across the street in a low summer-kitchen fanning the fire to make the water boil for cooking oysters. The night was dark as pitch. We went out with white, scared faces, and ran over the girl with her wares heaped in confusion beside her. She was almost crying. There was a loud breathing at the corner of the yard—quite like Sindbad's jackall breathed in the catacombs—that was the ticket-vender muttering under his breath, holding his crushed hat under one arm with the tickets in it, and a box of currency and change under the other. People stood round, dumb with amazement. No sexton and no minister about.

A boy was dispatched to the trustees of the Baptist church, across the street, for permission to allow us to send our "money-changer" and our clever saleswoman in there. They were willing, and the little crowd went over and took possession, and we women, with very blank faces, returned to our blowing and our fanning in the low summer-kitchen again.

We remember when we crossed the street, sliding our hand along on the railing of the yard in the dark, we slid upon an old elder—one of our own—and when we entered the kitchen we said to his wife: "Sister Margaret, you'd better go out and comfort your husband; we found him hanging on the palings like an old pair of trousers, flung out."

"No, I'll not go," was her quick reply; "he don't feel any worse than I do. I am so 'shamed of our preacher, and the proceedings of his'n, that I wish I wasn't an elder's wife at all."

Oh, we did feel miserable! We had all thought so much of our pastor and our sexton; and after all our arrangements had been made and understood, we could hardly be reconciled to such rude treatment.

So we women sat on the floor, and on sticks of wood and blocks about the stove, and plied the fire with kindlings, and we crooned and sympathized, and our anger boiled over vengefully. And then in our better moments we tried to blame ourselves only, and to commend his care of the house of the Lord; we knew he was a good man, and we said if he must err at all it had better be on that side of the question. We forgave him—very gradually, though—and we made fifty dollars that night clear of all outlay. We often think that the event of that evening made us better friends and more liberal-minded women, and more ready to make allowance for mistakes.

After supper that night we had a post-office, we remember, and an express-office, and we had a good deal of sport; but all these women who had felt hurt



and insulted had flushed faces, and eyes as bright as though they had "tarried long at the wine."

We like the women of Millwood. They are sisterly and kind, and they all work together amicably. Why, in six months after, we made our pastor such a nice donation-party; didn't give the inevitable slippers and the cheap jewelry, either, but money, and groceries, and cloth, and muslin, and carpet, and shoes, and substantial articles, that proved our sincere good feeling. But not one of his members ever mentioned that painful affair, and he never referred to it himself.

In getting up the contents of an express-office or the letters for a post-office, great care must be exercised lest some one's feelings are wounded. Some people are very sensitive, and this weakness must be remembered. Anything like revenge must be guarded against; no expression must be given to old grudges; everything that could please must be considered.

We hope we have dropped a hint or a suggestion that will help women similarly situated to ourselves. It was to this end that we took up this subject. Our girls told us that women all over the land would like an article on this theme; that some in every neighborhood are more or less interested. We wish we could help you to pay for your chandeliers, or your organ, or the bell, or the new fence. If we could, we would plume our wings and sail over and alight among you for one evening, bearing the best entertainment our humble means afforded. Good-night.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### OVERWORK.

THE young housekeeper launches on the sea of housekeeping under propitious skies; but clouds now and then obscure the horizon; and there are breakers to be shunned, not least among which is the danger of drifting into that very unwise habit of doing avoidable overwork. Let her beware, lest her own enthusiasm, her ambition, or the example of those old enough to be wiser, lure her into the practice.

We find the overworkers almost everywhere. Mrs. Lennox may be termed a spasmodic overworker. Though not in robust health, by proper management she gets along quite comfortably with her work; but occasionally she has an attack of over-ambition, and completely exhausts her strength. For instance, one day after doing a large washing, as there was plenty of hot water on hand, she thought to improve it by cleaning house; so she scalded the ceiling, up-stairs and down; took down bedsteads, scalded them and boiled the cords; cleaned the floors, and then put things to rights generally. Next day she was scarcely able to sit up, then became completely prostrated, and it was some time ere she was again able to be about.

Cousin Elizabeth is a specimen of the habitual overworker, though few, I think, carry matters to such extremes. She is called a weakly woman, and she is; but I think that at least a part of her weakness is owing to a misuse of strength—overstraining every nerve and muscle to accomplish *just so much*. Often will she wash, mop, bake, churn, and sometimes iron, all in one day, then be unable to work for two or three days afterwards—indeed, to be sick abed, and send for some neighbor to wait on her, is no uncommon thing. Were she content to do a reasonable amount of work in a day, she might spare herself much suffering, perhaps slowly increase her strength as she advances in years.

Mrs. Clauson is another specimen. She will per-

sist in sitting up, after the rest of the family are in bed, sewing carpet-rags, or doing work that were better done at some other time, or not at all. In short, the women who practice needless overwork are innumerable.

It is not wise to crowd the work of two days into one. There is no excuse for avoidable overwork; it is absolutely wicked; and were we to look the matter squarely and honestly in the face, we would see that much of the overwork which we have been accustomed to think necessary is in reality needless. And indeed we would be astonished could we see how many hours are wasted in the performance of work that we have never looked upon as overwork.

In forming habits of independent housekeeping, let us strive to banish overwork from the household; let us study to become systematic housekeepers. System and concentration of work lessens household labor. Overwork kills; and none the less surely that it is "by inches."

GLADDY'S WAYNE.

### FROM MY CORNER.

#### No. 34.

No leaves upon the bare, brown trees,  
No wealth of grass and flowers,  
No stir of sophyr lingers more  
Amid the summer bowers.  
No birds among the branches sport  
With brilliant song and feather,  
But dreary are the earth and sky  
In drear December weather.

DRAW your chair up to the fire, and put back the window-curtains, that the winter sunlight may come into the room. It will not make you too warm now. Then get Whittier's poems, and read "Snow Bound," or lose yourself in the pages of "Evangeline" or "Lucile," while the cold wind whistles outside, and shakes the last lingering brown leaves to the ground. I wish you could read to me for an hour or two. It would be a treat highly appreciated. I rarely have any one to read poetry to me in these days, and sometimes grow hungry for it. Floy and Edna used often to give me that pleasure, before they took upon them a woman's work and more steady employments. Floy is one of the busiest girls that I know this winter, and Edna helps her mother with the housekeeping, and I hardly ever see her.

As I grow stronger, so many new duties come upon me that I have little eyesight left for reading. I love writing so well, that much of my spare time is taken up with it; and, having been idle so long, I feel as if I must work now whenever I can. Last week, however, I treated myself to some of "Owen Meredith's" miscellaneous poems, which I had never read before; and one in particular impressed itself upon me. It is called "A Vision of Virgins," and describes them going to meet the bridegroom, as narrated in my favorite Scripture parable. There were the happy faces of those who, ready, with their lamps trimmed and burning, went in with Him to the feast, "and the door was shut." Then the other five—oh, what a picture was drawn of them! so vivid I could almost imagine I saw it. The dark night, the wall of disappointment, the looks of anxiety, terror, anguish, and finally despair, depicted on the different faces, as one by one they saw their lamps flicker and die out. Then the pleading call for admission at the closed door, the hush of waiting that followed, and the dreadful verdict contained in that answer,

"I know ye not." I shall never forget the whole poem. It was impressive as any sermon on the subject could be, and might do more good than many a sermon.

I have been away from home for a few days, during a bright, warm change of weather, making a visit to some dear friends, who do everything they can to make me enjoy myself when with them. One had many pretty pieces of fancy work to show me—designs which I had never seen. Some of them she instructed me how to make. She also sang and played for me, sweet, rich music, and I learned two or three new songs to sing for mother in the evening hours. One read me passages from her favorite books, and talked of them in her quiet, gentle way, and brought me sweet leaves and blossoms from her treasured pot-plants. And the dear house-mother petted me and watched over my comfort, showing such evident enjoyment in my increasing strength and ability to move about with ease. I love to be with them all whenever I can.

I have made some new friends during this year who have added some very pleasant hours to my life. Two of them are near neighbors, who run in frequently to see me, and to whose houses I can often walk. Another, who lives out in the edge of the country, takes me home sometimes in her buggy, and gives me a pleasant day. We drive through upland woods, which, in the summer-time, look so much like the woods in which I used to walk long ago. And one whose home is far away in an Eastern State, and who is known to me only by letter, I number among them. A sweet, bright girl I feel she must be—the writer of that good and sensible article on "The Worth of Beauty Personal," which appeared in the "Home Circle" last June. She, too, has known what it is to be an invalid, shut out from the active pursuits and pleasures which filled the hours of her companions; and now life is growing beautiful to her again in the return to health, and she will be an earnest worker in the "world's broad field of battle." I hope we shall all become better acquainted with her through the pages of the HOME MAGAZINE, as she has already published a second article, called "Tears," over the signature "Kiz."

I am glad also to see that Mr. Arthur promises we shall meet "Earnest" in the "Home Circle." From the glimpses we have already had of her writings, I think she will be welcomed by all. We need her pure, sweet thoughts to raise us above our petty cares at times, or make us forget them for awhile; and her gentle admonitions and words of cheer to help us to bear them. I, who know her well through the medium of pen and ink, know what pure life-lessons she can teach.

Virginia F. Townsend's last story, "The Word of a Woman," made me wish for another from her pen. So the promise for the coming months which our publishers' circular gives is one of the good things for all.

And now the year is slowly dying—a year terrible for its pestilential scourge, which has swept so many fair cities, and caused so much misery and sorrow, yet developed such noble traits of generosity, heroism and self-sacrifice. But here, sheltered from such ills, and blest with peace and quiet, it has been a happy year to some hearts that I love (in spite of trials victoriously lived through), and its ending brings them brightest hopes for the future. Yet to me, aside from improvement in health, it has been a year of disappointment, and I mourn not its departure. Beginning so brightly, its ending in such failure of

all I hoped to make it, brings deep regret, however unavailing that regret may be.

"I had so many dreams when first the light  
Broke in the waiting east; and now 'tis night.  
Still they are dreams unwrought.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I had strong purpose toward a noble end—  
A woman's faith, all-failing hope to mend—  
A loving trust in good;  
But only woman's strength; my aim, indeed,  
Proved weighty burden for that broken reed—  
That strength misunderstood.

"So now, through falling mists that cling and chill,  
And deepening purple shadows, long and still,  
Groping my way, I come;  
Within sweet meadows, where the bloom is dim,  
I hear the laborers chant an evening hymn;  
But, Lord, my lips are dumb!

"For I have failed; my day is lost and spent;  
Thy sorrowing look, reproachful, gives assent;  
I know my shame at length.  
Thy pardon, Lord! 'My child, thy faith was meek,  
Thy aim was good—thou in thyself wast weak.  
Daughter, I had the strength.'"

LICHEN.

### CHANCE COMMENTS.

"I FEEL like making remarks," Sister Pipsey Potts! I have been reading your reply to the young wife who was suffering under an attack of mother-in-law; and also some other articles in much the same strain, treating of various specimens of the fretful sisterhood. And while your view and theirs is charitable and kind, and in the main true, is there not also something to be said on the other side?

Should not that "mother-in-law" be reminded that her son's wife has rights, and tastes, and feelings as real and as worthy of consideration as hers? Should she not remember that in all probability the daughter-in-law has left her own mother with many a heart-wrench, and perhaps a home of ease; at all events one where she did not have the cares and responsibilities as well as the labor of the household, and has taken up, for Joseph's sake, the cares and labors of housework (and, be they never so cheerfully assumed and sustained, they are neither few nor small.) She has furthermore borne, for his sake, the peculiar burdens and anguish of motherhood, which the other has herself experienced, too, and so should tenderly feel for. Then do not the little ones belong more to their own parent than to the elder lady; has not their mother the best right to train them? No true woman will resent the grandmother's tenderness, nor reject sensible advice; neither will she see her children taught to doubt her judgment and oppose her direction even in little things.

Having given up, probably, the main care and burden of the household to younger hands, why should not the mother do so gracefully and graciously, ruling her own part of the domain in accordance with her own tastes and preferences, and giving the daughter the same privilege with the remainder? Why should the younger ones mould themselves after the old usage always? The world *does* move, and we must move with it. Meantime, let the younger ones accord all respect and tenderness to the mother, respect her personal preferences and tastes, and gratify her wishes as far as they can. Let her wear her old-style caps if she wishes. As dear, kindly "Pipsey" says, it will not matter at the coffin-side! But she

may so win all hearts to her by motherly tenderness, and unselfish kindness, and charitable judgment, that the queer caps may come to seem more beautiful in even the daughter-in-law's eyes than a queenly crown.

Above all things, deliver me from this carping at each other among their own cronies, criticising, complaining, fault-finding, evil-speaking, evil-surmising. Away O mothers and mothers-in-law! be loving, and charitable, and patient with the young beginners! Advise them wisely, bear with their mistakes kindly; give them credit for good intentions at least, and you will find most of them ready and willing to learn, and anxious to do right, and gladly according all filial respect and regard.

And, Mrs. Chatty Brooks, while I am ready to have all charity for the nervous people, and the sickly people, and the overworked, and the "misunderstood" people—I do think that none of these classes will be any the worse for having a little consideration for other people's nerves, and headaches, and feelings generally!

Dear, nervous, headachy, feeble sister, whosoever you may be, *don't* give up to every twinge of pain or flutter of nerves! Don't go with one hand on your side, and the other on your back, the corners of your mouth drawn down, your voice modulated to a whining drawl, eyes half-shut, and the air of an unwilling martyr! You will feel none the better for it, and you distress and burden the hearts of those who love you, and make yourself absurd or repulsive in the eyes of indifferent spectators. People have twice the sympathy for the brave invalid who patiently and pleasantly endures the evils she cannot help, uses all the alleviations possible, and tries rather to comfort and encourage the anxious hearts about her than to add to their burden of trouble by useless repining and peevish complaint. And such invalids recover oftener and live longer; the courageous spirit brings its own reward and its own strength. The friends of the sick ones have sorrow and anxiety enough to bear without any needless increase of it. Far rather would any loving heart be itself the one to suffer than to see its beloved ones in pain; far worse is the suspense, and fear, and anxiety than actual physical pain. I am not speaking, either, of people who are passing through some exceptional furnace of suffering, where all ordinary rules of conduct are set aside, but of those who belong to the classes I have named.

Don't say, "Oh, fine talk! You know nothing about it!" I do know. Am I not an American woman, with all her heritage of "nerves," etc.? And I would rather be such a courageous, kindly, strong-souled woman as some I have known, who made their homes happy and their very names precious, in spite of much suffering, than be queen of England.

Christian principle, Divine help, will enable any woman to find happiness in spite of unfavorable surroundings. Let her only try it. God is a very present help in time of trouble.

I must say here, how much pleasure and profit I find from reading the sketches of Pipey Potts, Chatty Brooks, Lichen, Earnest and others. I should "dearly love" to know them personally, as the school-girls say. The whole magazine is full of good things, however, from T. S. Arthur's pure and useful stories to the last word of the "Home Circle." Much do I enjoy Rosella Rice's sketches. May she give us many more. Her tastes and mine are very similar. And almost equally I enjoy the household hints, and many a good piece of information have I

found. This book would have been invaluable to me in my early housekeeping days, seems almost indispensable now.

Let all the mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, all the nervous, and over-done, and worried people—take "Arthur's," and it will do them good!

E. MILLER CONKLIN.

## A PLACE OF YOUR OWN.

THAT is just what every home-mother wants, and what a great many in a wide house seem really to lack. They would often sit down to write a letter to an absent sister, an old school-fellow, a nephew at college, or may be pen a short article for our "Home Circle," but there are the paper and envelopes to be looked up and got together, and probably the pen and ink are up-stairs, and so the time slips by, and that far-off friend "wonders that Esther does not write," and we lose the hint we might have to help us along in our life journey. For we all do get many helpful hints from our dear old magazine, and should give "honor to whom honor is due."

Now it would obviate all this difficulty if you, mother, would "set up" one particular corner of your kitchen, even, if that is the handiest, and make it just as cozy and convenient as your means will possibly allow. Indulge yourself in this regard to the extent of your ability. Nothing you possess is too good for your own use. Lay that down as a first principle. If your nook is only a few feet square, set in your little stand, with a bright cover if you can, a chair that is as easy as possible, and supply yourself with a liberal quantity of stationery. Dignify it by the name of your study, and here do your reading and writing as you can catch moments for it. These moments will come to be very pleasant and profitable, and the very sight of your snug nook as you go about your work, will be a source of cheer and a stimulant, and will help you to save time to give to these congenial pursuits. Have your own place, and you will be able to make the winter one of much greater improvement and enjoyment, and it will enable you also to add to the happiness of all about you.

J. E. M'C.

## A CREWEL SONG.

STITCH, stitch, stitch,  
And 'neath my fingers grow  
The buttercups and daisies  
All in artistic row.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
And blueettes rise so bold,  
We call'd them ragged sailors  
In artless days of old.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
I feel an artist's thrill,  
As blossoms 'mid the clover  
Spring at my needle's will.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
This violet's soft hue  
Shines out among the grasses  
As unto nature true.  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
My garden's almost grown,  
Oh, will I dare to show it  
Where art sits on the throne?  
Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
My heart is beating fast,  
'Twill be a cruel thing to find  
I'm worsted at the last.—*Art Exchange.*

## Life and Character.

### LETTER FROM MRS. STARKEY.

WE live at Starkey's X Roads. Old man Starkey, that was my man's father—one of his parents—settled here when the wolves went a roaming the same as the cats do now. Folks say times were hard then. Samuel—that's my husband—was born in yon shanty that you can see from this porch, and I've heard his mother—she that was old Mis. Jerusha Starkey—say that Samuel was rocked in a sugar trough the same as Daniel Webster was. Sometimes when, on a Sabbath morning, I am brushing my man's hair, I pause, and I lay my hand on his forehead, and think, "This same noble head was rocked, by-o-baby fashion, in a humble trough that was hewn out for to hold sugar-water!" And sometimes I fill up, and the moisture comes into my eyes, and they are so dim that I couldn't extinguish my man's head from the gourd that hangs on the peg.

At the X Roads we have a blacksmith shop, and a little dry goods store, and a post-office, and two or three houses. There is some talk of having the name changed to Starkeyville; but Samuel says while he lives he would prefer it to remain the same, but after he is dead if people want to perpetuate they may.

There are only we two in the family—my husband and myself; but, as I told Samuel last week, when Ben Curtis, the storekeeper, asked us for boarding, it only takes a little more victuals added to the meal, and one has to go through the form anyhow. It is the same for every woman who keeps house. And so we took Ben to board with us, and if I don't get my old complaint we will get along nicely, for Ben is no trouble at all. He is an old bachelor—a thin, pale man—used to be stout and square-built, until he had an attack of lung disease—the harmonia, I think they called it—and ever since then he can't stand the cold winds nor the uneven temperature of our vigorous climate. So he sells goods, and works round, and buys butter, and eggs, and produce; and, as I tell Sam, this will make a good, handy home for Ben if he behaves himself, and it will pay for our little needs in the way of groceries. He is set in his way, though, Ben is, and I shouldn't wonder if I'd have to bear with considerable. But Sam says his lungs are all tattered, and of course he wouldn't feel so very amiable-like. A great deal depends on the state of one's health; one can't be chirrupy, and nice, and bright if he is nursing a pain, either of soul or body.

We own that ten-acre lot you see beyond the barn, and that ten down in the bottom, and this where the house is, with the garden and truck-patch, and on down to where those crab-apple trees congregate like. We keep one horse and one cow, and as nice a pair of pigs as ever "dreamed in nest of down," as the poet says.

Sam bought out his brother Leviathan's share, and Leave moved out to the Indiana, and is doing as well as could be expected. His wife was Mary Jane Peasley, the only and spoiled daughter of old man Peasley. The old man used to be a beau of mine long, long ago. He must have been six feet two inches, and he was well put together, muscular and well-knit as an Indian. I don't know sure as he wanted me; but sometimes when I am sitting mending my man's breeches, the thought comes to me that these same breeches, lying peacefully on my lap,

might, in the natural order of things, just as easy as not have belonged to Nathan Peasley, and said Nathan have been my wedded husband and provider. We can't help the thoughts that come to our minds, forbidden guests. I did think once that Nathan was going for to ask me for to have him. We were walking home from a paring-bee at Widow Ward's. The widow lived on the road where the run crosses the left-hand corner of Wilmot's Woods. The water had kind o' washed out in under the gravelly bank, and the sand was the shifty kind, very deceiving—a good deal like the sand that Sam got over by Joe Jones's when our cistern was repaired; and the widow was a dumpy, red-faced creature, would have measured about five feet four, I should surmise; and she was weighty, very, must have tipped up at least one hundred and eighty. Oh, the apples she used to dry! That was the way she bought her furs, and her gloves with the gauntlet wrists, and that veil with the heavy flowers, and that big volume that gives the history of all denominations—the Campbellites, and the Dunkards, and the Baptist, and the Methodist, and all the different kinds of church members—powerful nice book. I wouldn't wonder if that book weighed four pounds!

Well, as I was saying, I might have patched Nathan's breeches instead of Samuel's—I feel it in my heart. Coming home that night from the paring-bee, I was looking up and showing Nathan the coffin-star, and the big bear, and the dipper, and a man more ignorant of botany I never saw. He couldn't tell the bear from the dipper, or the coffin from the milky way; and I was explaining along, and my little hand was a-reasting in his, and his boots were squeaking, "Week-wock, week-wock!" and Hambourg's dog was a-barking over at Lemwell's mastiff, and all at once I stepped off the end of the little bridge over the culvert, and fell down in among the stones and sand, striking violently on the back of my head. I couldn't breathe; the breath of life was clear gone. I was as dead as a stick; but I can very clearly define the fact that, when Nathan snaked me out from among the rubbish, he smoothed my hair and took off my hood, and I indistinctly believe that he kissed me. I heard his musical voice mutter: "O Becky, Becky! Are you dying, Becky?" And the next Christmas he made me a present of a pair of skates tipped with bright steel.

Now, putting this and that together, I have reason to think that Nathan Peasley regarded me. But my Samuel comes nearer to my affection than any one ever did in this world.

He always is so good to me,  
A better husband ne'er could be.

We differ sometimes, but we do not disagree in an ill-natured way. I have seen men who were handsomer, and quicker on foot, and who could make a speech readier than he can, but none with a kinder heart.

One of his nephews out West wrote to him for his picture, and he is so modest about "showing off," that it took a good deal of persuading to get him to sit for it. His mouth always parts, stands ajar, when he is intently thinking, or listening, or forgetful; and it did that day, and the artist whooped out sharply, "Shut your mouth, Mr. Starkey!" Samuel thought he was a belligerent sort of a fighting man, and it

riled him, and he answered back, "Shut yer own." And the first thing I knew, those two men had collared each other real wrathfully. I stepped up and took my man's arm, and drew on it gracefully but it did no good; so I crowded in between them like, saying, "Come boys, boys; be men. Shame on ye! Let 'im go, love!" But they collared away, wheezing out the angry, "Yah, yaha!" in a way that was disgraceful to the whole male sect. I tried to lean my head on Samuel's bosom, so as to look up into his face melting-like, and tender, and reproachful; but they paid no heed, and a worse smashed bonnet than mine you never saw. It was as flat as a pancake. The flowers looked as though they had been worn on the outside of Noah's Ark, and the plumes were stripped, and broken, and ragged enough. It was a ruined bonnet, and I never wore it afterward, only when I went with my husband to mill and to market, and such.

In one thing Sam and I disagree. Now, I like to have the attic, and cellar, and porches, and out-houses tidy; not lumbered up with useless trash. I don't believe in saving old stuff, and giving it friendly shelter just for the reason that some day some of it could be used. My man never throws away an old pair of boots or shoes; he puts them in the closet under the stairs, or in the loft of the wood-shed, or some place where they are hoarded up for years. And he never misses a sale, either. He will say, "Really, I must go to that sale to-day, there is a man I want to see, and I'll be pretty sure to find him there."

And I say, "Sammy, love, don't be fooled into buying anything; you know your weakness, dear;" and I pull up his coat collar, and fit his vest snugly about his throat, and see that his soft clean handkerchief is in his side-pocket, and his warm wooly mittens, and after all, would you believe it, that man will come home clattering along sometimes loaded down like old Santa Claus. I have to laugh; I won't scold, for I so dislike a scolding, bossing, domineering wife, that I shun every symptom of becoming one myself.

Sam's weakness! it is too funny! There is an old cottonwood tree, perhaps thirty years old, standing in our back yard. I should think it was thirty years old, for it was planted by Jabez White, a half-brother of mother-in-law Starkey's—a short, thick, sandy man he was—never shaved in his life; weighed about one hundred and thirty-five, or forty, or may be forty-five, or forty-eight, or along there. He always wore a plaid wamus, and tucked his pantaloons inside of his boots, and had a squeak in his voice. He was a mortal noted for his forethought. He was always fixing the fence, or moving stones out of the highway, or stopping up creep holes with chunks, or setting out trees, or fussing round with his bee-scaps or loosing the sod around fruit-trees so they wouldn't be hide-bound, and become mossy and slack in bearing. Well, he was the man who planted the cottonwood in our yard. He said, "If I don't live to see it grow and set under its shadder, somebody else will. If its hilarious breezes don't fan my forehead, they will cool somebody elses." That was the kind of a man Jabez White was. Little did he think the living what-not that tree would become, after he had passed away from Starkey's X Roads, and the lambent flowers bloomed and been frost-bitten year after year on his grave in Berryhill church yard.

When Samuel comes home from a sale he nearly always has an old rake with broken teeth, a hoe loose on the handle, a scythe snathe minus one of

the nebs, or a few links of a trace-chain or log-chain to hang on that tree. It is driven full of nails, and staples, and spikes, and each one has a mission.

One time we read in the papers about a new kind of paste, made out of old boots and shoes, and then Samuel said, "Now, Becky, didn't I tell you that it wa'n't the thing to bury such old stuff at the roots of your pear-trees, and plum-trees and grape-vines! I knew the time would come, that some long-headed man would invent a use for them. Don't you see the wisdom of my saving all our cast-off boots and shoes."

Another time we read in the papers about old rubber shoes being of use, and forthwith my husband began hoarding all the old over-shoes he could get his hands on.

I visited a week, one summer, with my cousin, Polly Parsons, and I remarked that it did me good to go round through her house, and wood-shed, and chambers, and a more restful nook than her attic I never saw, for there wa'n't as much lumber as you could take on a wheelbarrow, in her whole domains. She said her man had a weakness for such trumpery as he could pick up, after the fashion of Cripps in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred," but in the spring when she cleaned house, she always split up and burned all waste and useless lumber, except old barrels, and them she rolled off to the barn. She did it quietly, and gradually, and her partner never missed the things.

Her husband was a red-headed man. He would stand about five feet six, I should think, and such a man for boiled dinners I never saw. We had them every day while I was there. He would tell her in the morning the kind of vegetables he wanted cooked in with his beef, or pork, or veal, which ever it chanced to be. He was a good provider: none better. I have known this punctilious man to hail her from the field to ask if he'd allowed meat enough for the week, when the butcher called, and to tell her to make a gravy with a seasoning of red pepper and onions in it.

She, Polly, was a nice little body—never went without her sleeves rolled up, at her work, and her calico apron on. A very spare-built woman she was, no color of blood in her face, but she had no settled complaint that I know. Her folks, the Pundersons, were all thin of flesh; old man Punderson had one short leg and a cruel scar on his left cheek. Polly was his daughter by his first wife—she that was Mary Ann Leedy, one of the best praying women in her church; was nearly always called on to pray either before or after meeting; but then it was a gift in the Vaughn family, for her grandmother Vaughn, she that was a sister of Judge Hays, couldn't be beat with the eloquent tongue and the ready answer.

Judge Hays was on the circus court, and rid thousands of miles in the sixteen years that he served. He was in the legislature, too, and his very components were proud of him. His eye was like an eagle's and his beak, too, for that matter.

Ho! Sam and Ben a'ready for dinner!

MRS. SAM STARKEY.

WELL blest is he who has a dear one dead;  
A friend he has whose face will never change—  
A dear communion that will not grow strange:  
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years,  
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:  
She's thine unto the end.

## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

THE yellow color of piano keys is caused by keeping the instrument closed too much of the time, and it is said that leaving them open will restore the white color.

PURE new milk may be taken by old or young in almost any condition without fear of injurious results. It is nature's own food, and rarely, if ever, disagrees. It is sometimes thought necessary to add a little lime-water.

BEES often make long journeys in search of food. A bee-owner in the West, thinking that they perhaps visited the clover-field of a friend, forty miles away, sprinkled their backs with flour one morning as they left their hives, having previously requested the friend to watch for them. A telegram came from the latter during the day, saying: "Plenty of your white jacket bees here."

PAPER teeth is a new invention in Germany, and a number of specimens were displayed at the late paper exhibition in Berlin. They are warranted fully as durable as any other teeth.

IT is a familiar fact to inhabitants in Alpine districts that avalanches rarely fall while the sky remains covered, whereas they fall rapidly and in great number, especially in the morning, when the heavens are clear. On this account the monks of the Great St. Bernard do not leave the convent in the latter case. M. Dufour attributes this more frequent fall

of avalanches to the lowering of temperature when the sky is clear, especially before sunrise. The small filaments of ice which retain the snow on the sides of the mountain then contract and break, and the snow begins to slide, carrying down other portions below. It is known that very slight disturbances, the flight of a bird, a few words in a deep voice, etc., suffice to bring down avalanches.

THE name of "Gilead" was applied to the country east of the Jordan, from the head of the Dead Sea to the foot of Lake Genesareth. It was here, along the Jordan and about Jericho, that the balsam or balm, once so highly prized, was procured from an aromatic tree, supposed still to be found in this region, and known as *Spina Christi*, or tree from which the Saviour's crown of thorns was woven. This most precious gum was obtained by making an incision in the bark of the tree; it also oozed from the leaves, and sometimes hung in drops like honey from the branches. The tree, which originally was found in Palestine, was transplanted to Egypt by Cleopatra, to whom the groves near Jericho were presented by Marc Antony. The shrub was afterwards taken to Arabia and grown in the neighborhood of Mecca, whence the balsam is now exported to Europe and America, not as balm from Gilead, but balsam of Mecca. The gardens round Heliopolis and the "Fountain of the Sun," in Egypt, no longer produce this rare plant, and it has long since ceased to be an article of export from the ancient Gilead.

## Mothers' Department.

### MORTIFICATIONS.

DO mothers always realize how sensitive children are? I fear not—in many cases I know they do not. But, oh, indeed, the little ones are like ourselves in their feelings—if possible, more intense.

You may think it a very slight thing to compel your boy to carry his lunch in a calico bag, or a tin kettle, while his comrades have neat boxes or pretty baskets. You may think it of no consequence that your girl wears a gingham apron and a sunbonnet, when her schoolmates revel in dainty white ruffles and gay-ribboned hats. You may look upon their inevitable ebullitions of rebellion as temper and ingratitude; but think a minute. Would you like to travel with a red-and-yellow carpet-satchel, or a horse-hair trunk? Would you like to go out to dinner in a straight skirt and poke-bonnet? Indeed you wouldn't. Well, you had better do something like this than your children; for, at the very worst, among grown-up, respectable people, you would never hear the remarks you excite. But the poor little ones would. Of all merciless tormentors, I verily believe school-children, among themselves, completely beat the mosquitoes.

"Oh, well," I have heard at least one mother say, "they're no better than I was. What was good enough for me is good enough for them."

I would say to all such, Is this all you have learned from earthly annoyances? Then don't flatter yourself that you will never have any keener ones—per-

haps in the children themselves—for your discipline is not finished. Nor will it be, until your heart has grown tender, and you feel within you a yearning sympathy for all who suffer as you have done, and an earnest longing to shield them from similar pain.

Little pin-pricks of mortification like those mentioned are bad enough. But what shall I say of mortifications deliberately put upon children? These are what eat like a canker into a young soul, making it morbid and ready at any time to fall a prey to evil influences.

I have seen a quick, active little girl, full of life and spirits, bounding joyfully into a room, elated at the prospect of seeing her dear auntie, who, with some friends, have come to spend an afternoon with her mamma. Auntie was ready with the welcoming kiss, but mamma's voice broke the silence.

"Auntie, I'm afraid you don't want to kiss Sallie. She's been a naughty girl to-day."

Instantly the child stopped, and stiffened herself like a stone. All the light died out of her countenance, and there she stood, with a hard, cold, old look, frightful to see upon a baby face. Then her cheeks flushed, an angry gleam shot into her eyes, her lips closed tightly with a sudden determined expression, and she gave her head a toss. Only a minute. With a sharp, piercing cry she turned and darted out of the room, followed by her mother, who was "going to take the nonsense out of her."

Now for a little translation. We will suppose that this mother had been honored by a visit of one whom



she revered as infinitely her superior, and whose good-will she was exceedingly anxious to gain. This powerful friend was accompanied by a number of great people. All was going well; the mother was conscious that she was making a favorable impression, when suddenly, just at the critical moment, the strongest and most influential relative she had published her shortcomings aloud, in the full hearing of everybody. I warrant that woman would pray for a mountain to fall on her head.

Tongue and pen alike would fail to tell of the countless instances of which we all know. But I shall cite one more.

"You're such a bad girl that everybody's talking about you!" exclaimed a woman to her five-year-old child, of whose very existence probably not half a dozen families knew.

The words may have been forgotten by the mother; but the little one—ah, everybody was talking about her; that meant she was publicly disgraced—an outlaw, in fact.

Mark the effect. If, when she was standing by the roadside, she saw a carriage or a pedestrian approaching, she would flee in terror for fear she would be seen. When a visitor came into the house, she would run and hide herself. If any one inquired for her, she broke out into a cold perspiration. She lost appetite, spirits, sleep, and fell ill. After her recovery, the cause of her illness was ever before her,

and its influence upon her nervous system was terrible.

Time passed away, but the shadow did not. As she grew older—at school, at church, everywhere—she still felt that the finger of scorn was pointed at her, and instead of gaining strength with her years, she grew more shrinking and trembling; she felt a very pariah. Not until she was past twenty, not until after a complete change of her surroundings, did she feel that she dared call one human being friend. A healthy woman, completely freed from any disturbing influence, she says that not even now can she think of those long years of loneliness and outlawry without a shudder.

Oh, do not try to convince me that the "noble army of martyrs" includes not children! Who have trod more fiery paths and won more glorious scars than they?

Mothers, be kind, be gentle to your little ones. They hear your bitter words, and writhe under your cruel deeds; but were they snatched away from you, strangers, to whose hearts such utterances would bring no balm, would listen to your expressions of tenderness, and closed eyes and still hearts would know naught of your useless endeavors. Oh, do not wait for the terrible lesson death may teach you. There is yet time to fill the innocent hearts around you with constant, satisfying joy. M. B. H.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RECIPES.

**WASHING FLANNELS.**—A lady correspondent says: "I will give a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash flannel in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels were a wonder to me; they always came home from the wash so soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling in a box, which had one end taken out, to keep them out of the mud, by the bank of a stream, washing in the running water and drying on the bank or gravel, without boiling; and I never had washing done better, and flannels never half so well. I have tried it since, and find the secret of nice soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or luke-warm water, and plenty of stretching before hanging out. Many recipes say, 'Don't rub soap on flannels;' but you can rub soap on to the advantage of the flannels, if you will rinse it out afterward and use no hot water about them, not forgetting to stretch the threads in both directions before drying. Flannels so cared for will never become stiff, shrunken or yellow."

**TO REMOVE SILVER STAINS FROM WOVEN FABRICS.**—The following process is said to be especially successful in removing spots from materials which have been several times washed: First prepare a saturated solution of chloride of copper; dip the spotted piece in the solution, and allow it to remain some minutes, or according to the character of the stains. Then rub the stains with a crystal of hyposulphite of soda. When neutral chloride of copper is used, the color of the stuff does not change.

**TO WASH RED TABLE LINEN.**—Use tepid water, with a little powdered borax, which serves to set the color; wash the linen separately and quickly, using

very little soap; rinse in tepid water, containing a little boiled starch; hang to dry in the shade, and iron when almost dry.

**SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE.**—About one pound of copperas (sulphate of iron), at a cost of a few cents, put into a water-closet, will entirely deodorize it; five pounds dissolved in a bucket of hot water, thrown down a cesspool, will have the same effect. There is no unpleasant odor from it, as there is from chloride of lime or carbolic acid. The above is worth knowing. If repeated once a month, or oftener, if necessary, there will be no trouble from "sewer gas" or other effluvia.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Line the sides of a baking-dish with a good crust. Have your chickens cooked as for a fricassee, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter; before they are quite done, lay them in a baking-dish, and pour on part of the gravy which you have thickened with a little flour. Cover it then with puff-paste; in the centre of this cover cut a small hole the size of a silver dollar, and spread a piece of dough twice its size over it. When baked, remove this piece and examine the interior; if it is getting dry, pour in more of the remaining gravy; cover it again, and serve. It should be baked in a quick oven. Pigeon and veal pies are made after the above recipe.

**BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.**—Economical and excellent. Boil a quart of sweet milk, thicken with four tablespoonfuls sifted corn-meal. Add three tablespoons molasses or brown sugar, a tablespoon of butter, one egg, a saltspoon of salt, nutmeg or cinnamon to taste. Bake one hour, if your oven is quick; if a slow heat, one hour and a half. Eat warm from the oven, or cool if preferred, with syrup or other sauce. Don't think to improve it by adding more eggs. It should be baked until curdled, like an over-baked custard.

## Pleasant Readings.

HE was arrested for not supporting his wife. "What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the judge. "Me and the poet, Byron, are alike," replied the prisoner. "What do you mean by that?" said his honor. "I mean," rejoined the prisoner, "that neither me nor Byron ever could bear to see a woman eat." "It's six months in the Albany penitentiary," added his honor.

A BURLINGTON physician calls his dog Cinchona, because his bark is the only valuable thing about him.

THEY had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love!" he exclaimed, "only two pound fifteen for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding-suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he replied. "It's a business-suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

AT a recent marriage in a suburban town, the bridegroom, when asked the important question if he would take the lady for better or for worse, replied in a hesitating manner: "Well, I think I will." Upon being told that he must be more positive in his declaration, he answered: "Well, I don't care if I do."

A LITTLE Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by the average queen of the household who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

"SUPPOSE," said he, in accents soft,  
"A fellow, just like me,  
Should axle little girl to wed—  
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes—  
Her smiles with blushes mingle—  
"Why seek the bridle halter when  
You may live on, Sur, single?"

And then he spoke: "Oh, be my bride,  
I ask you once again;  
You are the empress of my soul,  
And there shall ever rein.

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds  
To win your gentle heart,  
And saddle be the shaft that rends  
Our happy lives apart!"

Upon her cheek the maiden felt  
The mantling blushes glow—  
She took him for her faithful hub,  
To share his wheel or whoa.

## Literary and Personal.

WHEN young Behm, the editor of the *Geographical Year Book*, was married, the late Dr. Petermann planned, as his wedding present and caused a skillful silversmith to make, a globe to serve as a butter-dish, the upper half should lift as a cover. On this globe a map of all the earth was carefully engraved, the diameter of the dish being about four inches. This was significant, as a present, from one geographer to another. But to enhance the delicacy of the idea, the route which the young couple would take was carefully set down and the names of the places engraved where they were to tarry.

HARRIET HOSMER, the artist, has invented a new generator of power, the engine depending entirely for its force on the application of a hitherto unknown principle of the permanent magnet. Should her expectations in this matter be realized, it will undoubtedly revolutionize the present methods of obtaining power for machinery. She also claims to have discovered a process of artificially transforming soft limestone into marble, and if the correspondent who gives the information can be trusted, this invention has already been put into practical use. Miss Hosmer is described as below the medium size, but active and graceful. She has a broad forehead, clear gray eyes, very cheerful, winning features and short hair. When interested and a little excited, she might pass for thirty years of age, though usually she might seem nearer forty.

ANOTHER novelist, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, has given to the world a small volume, published by Houghton & Osgood, Boston, which she calls "Just How; A Key to the Cook-Books," and her object being "to make a little grammar of cuisine." Keen mother-wit and more than thirty years in housekeeping being her qualification for instructing society on one of the least understood and most important of mundane subjects. We believe that, by closely following her instructions, which are very simple, good cookery can scarcely fail to be the result.

THE tender attachment of Lord Beaconsfield for his wife, and her life-long devotion to her husband, were something beautiful. "They was like a pair of turtle-doves, they was," says the head gardener, as he shows you through the shrubberies, cultivated by her constant care to suit her husband's taste. "They was like that to the last day of their lives. They would spend whole days out here together in the summer-time, and it was her delight to take him to see things which she had done to please him unbeknown. If she thought he'd like to have a clearer view of the meadows, she'd have openings cut in the woods. She used to tell me to do it on the quiet, and when it was all done she'd lead him to the spot. Do you see that monnymet yonder on the hill? Well, it's put up in memory of my lord's father, him that wrote the book; and my lady did it all of her own accord. She had the plans made and set the masons to work without

saying a word to him about it; and then she takes him out one fine afternoon, and says he, 'What is that?' 'Let's go and see,' says she, with a smile; and when they got near it, he stood and looked at her for a full minute without speakin' a word. I've heard as how he cried, but not havin' been near enough to see it, I can't say."

"As you listen to this," writes a correspondent of an American paper, "you cannot but call to mind many another story on the same subject equally to the point. Only one need be told. Entering her brougham with him one night to drive down to the House

for a great debate, Mrs. Disraeli had her finger nearly crushed by the slamming of the door. Mr. Disraeli did not notice the accident, in his intense preoccupation of mind, and she made the really heroic resolution that he should not hear of it till he had left the House. He ran over the points of his speech to her, and she listened, only diverting her attention for a moment to make sure that the mutilated finger was well out of sight in the folds of her mantle. She knew that if he had seen it all his powerful aid in the debate would have been lost to his party for that night."

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**A Woman's Word, and How She Kept It.** By Virginia F. Townsend. As this has so recently run through the columns of the *HOME MAGAZINE* as a serial, most of our readers are probably already familiar with it, and so do not need to be told of its decided merits. But we will observe that it is a story of more than usual power. In the most artistic and most touching manner, it tells how a fair young girl was willing to sacrifice the brightest and best prospect of her life for the sake of the man she loved. Such interest, almost tragic, is excited in her agonizing suspense and long years of waiting, that her final, happy reward seems almost inadequate.

**England through a Back Window.** By J. M. Bailey, the Danbury News Man. As might be expected, looking at England through a back window, is like looking at any other place through a back window—a good way to get a mixture of the true and the ridiculous, at once. The descriptions of the inimitable Danbury News Man, sound accurate and forcible, giving many bits of information not generally found in traveler's tales—yet they are eclipsed by the genuine, unexpected fun rippling throughout, even if he does, in order to be humorous, tell us a few little things that we wish he hadn't. Any one desirous of passing an evening in laughing, may have his wish by reading this book.

**Mother Goose in White.** Illustrated by J. F. Goodridge. Decidedly the prettiest book of nursery-rhymes that we have seen for many a day. Just the thing to please the little ones at Christmas. It contains some of the best known verses of the immortal melodies, each illustrated by spirited, ridiculous pictures, in white silhouettes, on a black ground. Every one is so good that it were unjust to specify—they must all be seen to be appreciated.

**Wordsworth a Study.** By Geo. H. Calvert. A simple, charming account of the life of this poet of nature, an acute and sympathetic analysis of his genius and his poems. We are brought nearer to the everyday thoughts and feelings of this great soul, tender and true, to whom language, loveliness and humanity owe so much, and we feel the wiser and better for it.

**Rock of Ages.** By Augustus Montague Toplady, with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. The beautiful hymn, familiar to us all, appears in a most attractive dress. The binding, the type and the illustrations, not only to the verses of the poem, but

to the appropriate Scripture texts quoted, are perfect. Turning over the leaves we behold a fair succession of things lovely—passion flowers, lilies, ferns, trailing vines; light streaming into the interior of a dim cathedral; a strong fortress upon an inaccessible crag; hovering, white-winged angels; the cross planted upon a rock, at the foot of which beats the wild wave, while overhead is the rainbow. Altogether, this is a most exquisite gift-book.

**Lake Breezes; or, the Cruise of the Sylvia.** By Oliver Optic. Though rather highly-colored, with a few improbable circumstances, and an occasional bungling in the plot, the book is quite entertaining from first to last.

**Select Poems.** By Harvey Rice. While these verses are characterized by no great originality of thought or fancy, they display considerable faith and kindness of feeling, with skill in expression.

**Little Pitchers.** By Sophie May, author of the never-to-be-forgotten "Prudy," "Parlin" and "Dotty Dimple Stories." It belongs to the "Flaxy Frizzle Series," which promises to be in nowise inferior to the charming accounts of Dotty and Prudy, which have delighted thousands of wee ones. The Little Pitchers are a pair of twins—Napoleon Bonaparte, the brunette, and Josephine Bonaparte, the blonde—or, according to the *Earthquake*, Friend Littlefield, simply Napoleon and Josephine; to Dr. Field, "the man with the big eyebushes," Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb; to their own folks, Pollio and Posy. A gay pair they are. They object to being "mumbled" up when they go out, they besiege their "Nunky" in his studio, they learn that the world walks, and that God talks "in your heart, right under your pocket." They are only deterred from sending their balloons to Heaven as a present to their little sister Alice, by reflecting that it is on the other side of the moon, *twenty miles away!* Of their separate exploits, probably Pollio's most remarkable one is being overtaken by the "Finny-cuties," and Posy's trying to cure her papa of smoking by going to the store and asking for "the worst tobacco you've got!" We forbear, lest we should tell so much as to spoil everything for our little readers. We do hope that dear old Kris Kingle will be so kind as to slip this cunning little book into a great many stockings before long—they'll stretch plenty wide enough; never fear.

Santa Claus came over from Germany to our country—and so did the Kindergarten system. At this time we know there is a wide-spread interest in

it among mothers—an interest which it well deserves. So we hail anything that will add to their knowledge on the subject, or, better still, bring any of its good points into the homes throughout the land. A very welcome book, then, is "Mother Play and Nursery Songs," by Frederick Froebel, translated by Misses Fanny L. Dwight and Josephine Jarvis, with an American preface by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, well-known as the lady who introduced the kindergarten into the United States. Comprised within the volume are fifty little songs, with the notes, each one representing the mother as playing with her children, and teaching them many little games and object-lessons. Nearly all are illustrated by marginal pictures, embodying the idea of the song, while at the top of the page is shown the position of the hands. For instance, there is a lay about grandpa and grandma, papa, mamma and baby, accompanying which is a representation of different families of human beings and the lower animals, to be sung by the children, holding up one finger after another to indicate each; a charcoal-burner, the camp in the woods, the hands held together in a point for the tent-like hut. So with a bird's nest, a bridge, a church-steeple. In the back is an elaborate explanation of each subject, and in connection with every one deep, musing, wise reflections, characteristic of the author. The pictures, though sometimes a little grotesque, are striking, even beautiful; the verses, though occasionally a little crude, express valuable thoughts; the music is very sweet; so that we truly believe that, by means of this book, many mothers will find new and effective means of amusement and instruction for their children, either as a good ally to their own resources, or an available reserve after these have become exhausted.

**Ike Partington and His Friends.** By B. P. Shillaber. Brimming over with genuine fun and merriment, we cannot but thank the author for giving us, through this volume, the opportunity to contemplate the exceedingly droll yet exceedingly natural doings of this lively "Human Boy," and we believe that other human boys of our acquaintance will heartily join us. We might be the least bit afraid that the perusal of the book could suggest some naughty tricks to many of our little men, were it not that the gay performances of Ike and his friends are in no sense characterized by willful, malicious mischief, are no worse than may be known to any healthy boy without prompting, and that the moral tone is good. Mrs. Partington appears just the same blundering, kind-hearted old lady we have always known her.

**Young Folks' Opera; or, Child Life in Song.** By Elizabeth P. Goodrich. Here is a work which we hope will be hailed with pleasure by mothers, elder sisters and teachers. In the home and the infant-school, it will, we are sure, prove a useful friend, containing, as it does, pieces just suited for recreation and for children's parties and concerts. It is made up of about thirty little songs, each one of special interest, many of them being sung in connection with motion and imitation. Such are "The Iron Horse," "The Clock," "The Needle," and "The Fife and Drum." Plays are represented in "Counting Out for Tag" and "Soap Bubbles," while for winter evenings there is a spirited "March," and for bed-time, "Good-Night, Mrs. Moon." In short, it is a treasury of laughter, amusement, music and object-lessons. The mechanical execution is beautiful, the verses and airs, with accompaniments, being printed on fine, tinted paper, and every song illus-

trated with pretty, conventional decorations and exquisite wood engravings.

**Burying the Hatchet.** By Elijah Kellogg. Being one of the Forest Glen Series. Some minds seem to require exciting stories; hence the popularity among our growing youth of tales of the frontier. It is very well to say to young readers of such literature that they should desire something better—but upon the ears of many such advice falls unheeded—tales of adventure they must have, or nothing at all. The best plan to pursue, in such a case, is, first, to give a boy the *best* of what he *will* read, and then gradually lead him upward, by continuously substituting fiction of a higher character, this in turn preparing the way for another step. If an Indian story is the only thing that will do, we recommend such a one as this, which, while bringing in incidentally savage methods of warfare, gives far greater space to the trials of the early settlers, their dress, their habits, their crude industries, their backwoods prayer-meetings, their earnest desire for peace and improved civilization, with many facts in history, movements of armies, local geography, and a variety of general information.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**For Percival. A Novel.** As novels go, this anonymous one is good, but not extraordinary. It has about the usual array of idle young men, desired by more women than can rightfully have them, and of a superabundance of nothing-special lovers hovering about one lady, with, of course, the rich old man, a disinherited son, an unjust will, and the inevitable minor adjuncts of a bold young woman, a scheming widow, and an impecunious young fellow who runs away with an heiress. The scene, as may be inferred, is laid among the English, untitled, do-nothing class. All this machinery, however, is hung together by a slight thread of interest, the language and descriptions are good, and some of the incidents are striking and pathetic. We cannot repress a feeling of tenderness for the delicate girl who did wrong and died early, and we are glad to see one of the aristocratic idlers go to work, though we cannot fail to forget his better qualities in contemplating his little depth of heart.

**It is the Fashion.** Translated from the German of Adelheid Von Auer. In a series of quiet letters from a very sensible, very lovely lady, to a friend in the country, we have a succession of striking pictures, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes painful, of the domestic life of an interesting, yet badly-trained family, whose sole ambition is to keep up a fashionable appearance at any cost. The style is natural and entertaining, the characters are distinct and life-like, the moral, a strong protest against unreasonable conventionalities, is clearly shown in no disagreeable, repelling manner, and as a whole, the book is well worthy a careful perusal.

**Angelo, the Circus Boy.** By Frank Sewall. Original, striking, touching and pathetic, we may well pronounce this simple story widely different from the majority of juvenile books. It shows how temptation may come to us under any circumstances and in places, seemingly safe; how bitterly we will be compelled to repent of wrong-doing, and yet, how good is wrought out of evil, and that real beauty and nobility of human character may be found everywhere. Above all, may be seen the indelible permanence of early impressions for truth and loveli-

ness resisting all contamination of evil. As a work of interest and merit, we commend this little narrative to our readers.

FROM HOLBROOK & CO., NEW YORK.

**Hygiene of the Brain.** By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. In a clear, simple style, the author gives some valuable hints on the care of the nervous system, supplementing his work with letters from many of the leading writers and thinkers of the day. To have a healthy brain, one must be careful to secure proper food, sleep and exercise, give special attention to bathing, ventilation and rest, and overcome any tendency to mental anxiety.

FROM THE PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
BOSTON.

**Songs, Legends and Ballads.** By John Boyle O'Reilly. To say that this book contributes highly to our pleasure, is to say little. Throughout nearly all the songs and ballads, there is a considerable display of fancy, and the old legends appear in a most attractive dress. But it is in his Australian poems, especially, that Mr. O'Reilly displays both a fine descriptive and a creative genius; his bold originality claiming for him full recognition as the Bret Harte of the southern hemisphere. Of these last poems, "The King of Vase," and "The

Dukite Snake," at least, are worthy to endure as long as the language.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

**How to Read.** By Amelie V. Petit. A very useful little hand-book, giving a great amount of interesting information regarding the best writers, ancient and modern, judicious criticisms upon their works, and classified lists of valuable books for small libraries. While all may gather helpful hints from its pages, it seems especially adapted to those who, having little education as a foundation, desire to attain to a liberal culture.

FROM GARRIGUES BROS., PHILA.

**Willie Duncan.** By Miss Kringle. A very pretty, well-sustained, religious story, suitable for a Sunday-school library. We admire exceedingly frank, industrious, Willie; sturdy, honest Big Mike; stately, generous Mr. Macdonald, and scholarly Mr. Raymond, while all the minor *dramatis personæ* are also estimable. But we cannot help thinking that many of the incidents forming the plot sound manufactured and improbable, even sensational. Still, the lesson taught is not weakened thereby—a lesson of child-like trustful dependence upon our Heavenly Father.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

**W**INTER fashions have now assumed a definite form. An abundance of bright color is the most striking characteristic. Nearly all the bonnets are trimmed with some red, in the shape of loops and bows of satin ribbon, bands and borders of velvet and plush, and gay-bordered silk scarfs, in the different shades of magenta, cardinal, maroon and cherry. Gold appears in abundance in braids, and butterflies, and pins, and powdered plumes, while garnet is shown in pends and lizards. Breasts and bands of the natural plumage of the most brilliant birds, as peacocks and flamingoes, with their rich, shimmering hues, are mingled with the gorgeous trimmings above described.

Some of the hats, however, especially those of very young ladies, are remarkable for their extreme simplicity of arrangement, despite the profusion of color. Little bonnets of felt, in light or dark shades, are often trimmed with merely two or three bows and ribbons to tie under the chin. Felt walking-hats, differing from those of previous seasons in being more round in outline, have wound about the crown a broad scarf, with a woven border of Scotch plaid.

The English walking-jacket is often seen in soft cloths of invisible blue and green, or brown and gold checks. Long seal-skin saques are still worn. Of the long, heavy, mantles, one of the latest and most beautiful is called the Hungarian, having wide, half-sleeves, cut square below.

In dress goods, the same desire for brilliancy is seen as in bonnets. In place of the dark, subdued shades worn within the last few years, we have garnet, plum, olive and myrtle green. Satin is once more a fashionable material for trimming, and in pipings

and facings it is often used upon elaborate costumes. For the making up of the materials of this season, the same favorite styles of basques, and overskirts, and polonaises seem generally to hold sway. We have, however, a new, picturesque pattern for the last garment, called the Trianon. The upper part fits closely until within a considerable distance below the waist-line, and the skirt part is lined with a contrasting material, and is caught back over the tournure, the effect produced by the revers, displaying the dress skirt, and meeting over the bouffant back, being very pretty. This is a good design by which to remodel an old polonaise.

Short skirts, entirely clearing the ground, are worn in the street. Suits of lady's cloth are made very plainly, often with an untrimmed underskirt, a long overskirt, and the ever-popular coat and vest, with scarce any garniture, save machine-stitching and buttons, or silk or velvet on the collar, cuffs and pockets.

Speaking of dressmaking, we may here remark on a modification or two of old habits. Dress-sleeves are not corded now, but are stitched directly into the armholes. The cross-seam from the dart to the side-form no longer appears, the waist being fitted by a third dart running up and down, directly under the arm.

Brettonne lace is the style now for trimmings, and ruchings and jabots of itself and loops of ribbon. This is simply white net, with the pattern darned in. The latest neckties are broad scarfs of white crape or muslin, embroidered with pale silk, or finished at the ends with pleatings of the lace. The mania for gay colors does not extend to gloves—nothing is more loud than those in pronounced hues—so the new ones are in neutral tints which will harmonize with the bright bonnets and dresses.

## Notes and Comments.

### American Girls in England.

**A**LONDON correspondent of one of our papers says: "You would be surprised to see the number of Americans who have engaged rooms for the winter at the Langham and other London hotels. The thing is most unusual, because generally Americans who winter abroad go to Nice or Florence, or "do" Egypt. But now nothing can make them budge from London, and girls who, on a former trip, hated the sight of London, and could not get out of the smoky old place fast enough, and on to Paris, now assure me that they think London the loveliest place in the world, just quite too nice for anything, and far superior to the continent in every respect, especially society."

Said correspondent declares that this new fancy for London, grows out of the fact that a "passion for marrying American girls has developed into a regular craze with the English nobility," and that our fair damsels and their mammas are going to make the best of the "craze" while it lasts, and secure noble alliances, if possible. "Formerly," remarks this writer, "a man of high birth never dreamed of linking himself to a woman of rank less exalted than his own, and that rule still holds good in regard to English girls. But as regards those beautiful Americans, the best, and richest, and prettiest of them having no birth, rank is a matter quite out of the question. The American girls were never born, they grewed."

While we congratulate the native nobleman of our own country in their escape from the wiles of many of these fair damsels and their ambitious mammas, we cannot help feeling a touch of pity for the aristocratic victims of matrimonial speculation who may happen to be caught by their blandishments. Happy marriages rarely if ever come from these ill-assorted alliances.

How some of our American girls deport themselves abroad, and what kind of an impression they make, may be inferred from this bit of satire from a book of English rhymes:

"L' Americaine! You may say that her manners  
Are free, that she brags, talks loud and bounces,  
Yet all the sweet scents of her own bright Savannas  
Come out of her ribbons, her ringlets and flounces.

"Say that her nice nasal tone's an offense, or  
The way that she flirts is a tempting of fate—  
Well, then, go and dine, Immaculate Censor,  
Dine at the Langham at eight!

"There you will find them all, dear 'country cousins,'  
Outshining native-bred spouses and sisters,  
Flirting and eating, and chatting by dozens,  
Their adjectives plain, their appetites—twisters.

"Outrees their dresses, outrageous, delightful,  
Making our women folk wither with hate,  
If you'd think all Bond Street dowdy and frightful,  
Dine at the Langham at eight."

The picture is neither a pleasant nor a creditable one. But these women only represent a class; and are not to be taken as the type of our true American lady, who, while she may be less conventional in her manners than women of the higher classes in England and on the continent is as truly refined and as free from the boldness and vulgarity which are here satirized.

### Drawing.

**A**MONG the many accomplishments generally accredited desirable, drawing stands pre-eminent. As a useful acquirement, available at many times, it receives its full share of regard; as an elegant pursuit, capable of yielding untold pleasure, it is sufficiently esteemed.

And yet, whether as an instrument or an ornament, an accurate knowledge of drawing is not so widely spread as we might wish. There may be many causes, but the chief one, no doubt, is misapprehension of what it really means to draw well, and how one may succeed in doing so.

"Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw," says Platt R. Spencer, author of the "Spencerian System of Penmanship." And we believe this to be true. Let every young person fully believe that no special talent is necessary, but that patience and perseverance are, to a degree, merit, and with confidence in himself will come a certain skill, which, properly cultivated, may prove to be a valuable gift.

Surely, it requires no great amount of artistic ability to draw a straight or a curved line, and practice will soon show a satisfactory result. To copy from a picture or from nature, requires only a succession of lines, their relative length and position and the shading requiring study for which one's own observation is the best teacher, but which need not be extraordinary in amount. Let our boys give as much thought to their drawing as they do to their base-ball, and our girls as they do to their frizzes, and it will not be long before our youth will be able to express their thoughts by the pencil almost as well as by the pen.

We refer now, of course, to ordinary drawing—the interpretation of nature holding the same relation to high art as the usual interpretation of music holds to the classic performances of a Rubenstein. But, even with more ambitious efforts, the way is not so difficult as is generally supposed. The technical rules are not numerous nor abstruse. Success depends entirely upon the draughtsman himself, and far more upon his energy than upon his genius.

It is an old saying that no one knows what he can do until he tries. Were drawing a part of every child's education, as writing is, after a few attempts many a one would find that this was his forte, while, under the usual state of things, he might never find his buried talent. Or, if he discovered no such aptitude, he would scarce fail to perceive in himself a growing appreciation for whatever is lovely. The eyes of all would be opened to the real shapes and proportions of even the commonest things, while the sensibilities would be quickened to the exquisite forms and rich colors of nature, and, as an inevitable consequence, the hearts of the multitude would be subdued, chastened, refined and elevated. So a high tone of culture and purity would prevail, for art would receive a mighty impetus and a universal love, while even in humble places the true and the beautiful would be known and cherished.

**A FARMER'S PAPER.**—We ask attention to the card of *The Practical Farmer* in this number of our magazine, and recommend it as one of the oldest and most valuable agricultural and family papers of the country.



## Sad and Disgraceful.

THE New York City "Commissioners of Charities and Corrections" report, that *fifty thousand* persons are annually discharged from the institutions under their care and left at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River. A large proportion of these are convalescents from the hospitals, exhausted by disease and suffering, and requiring a stimulating nourishment of some kind. "Upon the three first squares there are," it is stated, "between thirty and forty liquor saloons, which at almost every step offer an attraction totally beyond the power of these poor creatures to resist. Many are returned immediately; not, it is true, to the hospital wards, but to the restraint of some neighboring asylum; and this rotation continues until the deterioration is so complete that the man, lost to all self-respect, sinks almost to the brute level, and becomes a confirmed pauper, fastening himself like a leech upon the city's charities."

Could anything be sadder than this, or more disgraceful to a so-called Christian community? Think of it! A city, in a Christian country, selling to five or six thousand of its citizens, most of them of the worst class, the right to make paupers and criminals, and to scatter broadcast among the people sickness, sorrow, misery and death!

How faithfully their evil work is done, may be seen in the fact that, year by year, fifty thousand of their poor victims are sent to the public hospitals and institutions of reform and correction, to say nothing of the many thousands who, for desperate crimes, are lodged in prison! And, as if in league with their enemies, and to give these wretched victims no possible chance of final escape, the "Commissioners of Charities and Corrections" take their discharged convalescents to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, and abandon them to the tender mercies of the saloon-keepers who crowd that neighborhood.

If New York were alone guilty in this thing, the whole land might well lift its hands in horror and execration. But where shall we find, except in one or two States of our Union, a single city that does not share in her guilt and shame?

A pure and learned Hindoo, Baboo Chunder Sen, on studying Christianity as it is found set forth in the Gospels of our Lord, was filled with admiration for the precepts of our holy religion, and with a profound and loving admiration for the character of Christ. He went to England to study the people, their institutions, their lives and their characters, and to compare these with the high, noble and unselfish claims of the Christian religion. Alas for his disappointment! He was forced to the conclusion that "England was not yet a Christian nation."

If Chunder Sen, or any other honest and intelligent heathen were to come to America and study our people, our government and our social and civil life, would the verdict be any different in our case? We think not.

## Insects and Flowers.

IT has long been known that wherever flowers are, insects abound, and are attracted to them by their bright color, and delicate perfume, and secreted nectar. Early was it observed that busy bees and brilliant butterflies flitted about, regaling themselves with abundant sweets during the delicious season of floral beauty. But it has been left for observers of these later days to discover that not only are flowers necessary to insects for their sustenance, but that

insects are necessary to flowers for their fertilization.

Many reasons are there for this belief. We may readily understand that a little winged visitor, entering a gayly-tinted resting-place, would soon have his little body completely freighted with yellow pollen, which, in his subsequent journeyings, he would scatter in many places, so that a far greater number of blossoms would be fertilized, and more richly, too, than if left to themselves, unaided, except for chance agitations of the winds. This would be true of ordinary flowers, but in certain orders, as those which are monocious and dioecious, as well as the vast family of orchids, insect agency seems, from the argument of structure, absolutely necessary.

It has often been noted that, with the growth of cities, flowers which were once indigenous to a district disappear from the suburbs. It is now believed that it is not so much that the plants themselves are unable longer to live, but that the smoke and dust kill off the insects, so interfering with cross-fertilization, the consequence of which is that the plants deteriorate and finally die out.

Certain natives of the tropics, when removed to temperate regions, seem to flourish well in the changed climate, and bear flowers. But these very often do not produce fruit because certain insects are absent. The yucca, for instance, blossoms beautifully in our country, but it is never fertile, because it is dependent upon one little moth which cannot live in the North.

The shapes and characteristics of certain flowers, as regards their flying friends, is also an interesting study. For instance, the long, tubular blooms of the honeysuckle invite only those insects having long mouth-organs, and as these fly mostly in the darkness, we may note that the odor is heaviest at night. Orchids, most dependent of all, have the most fantastic of forms many of them resembling insects themselves. It has been noted that blossoms remarkable for brilliancy of coloring are deficient in scent, and *vice versa*; probably one reason for this is, that the bright corolla is alone sufficient to draw insects, as is also the perfume, so that not always are both attractions necessary in one flower.

These few considerations open up a train of inquiry which may be profitably followed by those having leisure and inclination. And as we note the snowy moth, the mottled butterfly and the gold-banded bee, with the winged wanderer in plainer guise, fluttering from corolla to blossom, from bell to petal, we may well believe that never, in the wide domain of nature, will fields for research be exhausted.

THE CLEAN NEWSPAPER.—We would call the attention of our readers, especially parents who have children old enough to begin to read the news of the day, to the advertisement of the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. It commends itself to their consideration as a family paper that excludes everything that has a tendency to lead the young into the temptations of the saloon, the company of the dissolute and immoral. There are so few papers of this class nowadays, that those publishers who have the resolution to withstand the current of popular taste, and issue a *clean newspaper*, should be sustained by all moral and pure-minded men.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, published in this city by M. Y. Hough, 706 Arch Street, is a handsome magazine, and thoroughly pure and good. The publisher offers an attractive premium. Send for a specimen number.

## Publishers' Department.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

Our readers can hardly have failed to notice the improved appearance and superior attractions of the HOME MAGAZINE during the past year. In beauty of typography and illustration, and in real interest and value, it will bear favorable comparison with the most popular periodicals in the country.

For the coming year, we give our subscribers a still more attractive and beautiful magazine. A reference to our Prospectus will show what a varied feast of good things we have prepared for their enjoyment; and they have learned to know that we not only keep our promises to the letter, but give even more than we promise; and they know how steadily improvement has gone on from year to year, and how each new volume has been better than the last.

As we said in our December number, our aim has been to establish a periodical that should meet the wants of those to whom life is something more than a mere pastime; of those who have the common needs, and aspirations, and weaknesses, and trials of humanity; to whom we might come, not only with pleasant thoughts and pure, sweet fancies, but with help, instruction and comfort.

Steadily, from the commencement, have we held to this purpose in the HOME MAGAZINE, studying to improve it year by year, and to bring it nearer to the common life and interests of the people. It does not reflect fashionable society; is not an organ of the *elite*; and has no sympathy with literary dilettanteism. While ignoring the frivolous, the aimless and the vicious, and everything that can depress public morals, or make light of virtue, it gives its readers, month after month, a literary entertainment that is rich, and varied, and full of delight and refreshment.

For interest, excellence and typographical beauty, and for all that goes to make up a magazine for the people, we claim a position among the less costly periodicals corresponding to that which is claimed by *Scribner* among the dearer and more ambitious literary monthlies; and our readers may be sure that we shall do the best that is in us to maintain that advanced position.

**A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.**—The *Youth's Companion* of Boston employs the same writers as the best English and American magazines, and no other publication for the family furnishes so much entertainment and instruction of a superior order for so low a price. Among its contributors are Dinah Muloch Craik, Miss Yonge, J. T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, Henry W. Longfellow, A. S. T. Whitney, John G. Whittier and nearly fifty of the best story-writers.

BE sure and read the advertisement of Dr. Chase's Recipes in this magazine.

### WHAT IS SAID BY PATIENTS WHO HAVE USED THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

In addition to the many testimonials offered in our Brochure and Circulars, we offer a few extracts from the large number of letters which we are constantly receiving from patients who have used the "Compound Oxygen Treatment." If in any case a desire should be felt to communicate with the writer, we will, on application, furnish the proper address. All the letters from which these extracts have been made are of very recent date:—

A lady officer of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Norfolk, Virginia, writes: "My improvement is wonderful, though slow. I have gained in flesh, and they say that I appear twenty years younger. With most grateful thanks, and the wish that I could spread the reputation of your wonderful agent, I am, etc."

A gentleman in Orange, N. J., says: "It is now two months since I received your Compound Oxygen for my wife. As I stated, on ordering it, I considered her lungs too far gone to effect a radical cure, but believed it would make her more comfortable, and to some extent prolong her life. I am agreeably disappointed. She has improved so much that I have now strong hopes that she will be completely cured. Her appetite never was better. She is gaining in flesh, and has increased in strength. Her cough is much less, and there is left only a little soreness in one lung."

From Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, J—C—, writes: "I have nearly finished the Home Treatment, and can truly say, that I never had anything yet in the shape of a remedy that gave me so much satisfaction."

Miss E— O. P—, Cardington, Ohio, says: "Although still far from being well, yet I have great reason to be thankful for the benefit received from your Treatment. My constitutional vigor is greater; my nerves more quiet and steady; my brain, although by no means wholly relieved as to suffering, yet very much ameliorated, and the mental powers increased as to clearness, and steadiness, and force."

Rev. O. A. R—, Richburg, New York, says: "I am so much better than I was, that I am a 'living epistle.' I cannot say too much in praise of your wonderful discovery."

Miss A. A. B—, Alameda, California, says: "My improvement has been so marked, that quite a number are thinking of sending for it. \* \* \* I am a walking advertisement for you."

In a letter, September 24th, 1878, she says: "I am well and happy, thanks to you, through the Divine Providence."

A lady in Michigan writes: "I have only pleasant news for you. My health has been slowly but surely improving, and under very discouraging circumstances. I began the treatment a little over a month ago—I then weighed eighty-five pounds. I now weigh eighty-nine and a half. I feel in better spirits, and have an astonishing appetite."

Our Treatise [200 pp.] on Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results, to which are appended a large number of testimonials to most remarkable res, will be sent FREE BY MAIL to all who write to us for it. Address, DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia.







ARTHUR'S





CONSIDER THE LILIES.



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 2.

## RUTH.

THE long, cloudless day is drawing to a close, and the broad, green prairie takes on a richer hue as it is illuminated by the slanting rays of the setting sun. A party of emigrants have just encamped for the night. Teamsters are leading their tired horses to the stream near by; busy men and boys are bustling about, some laughing and joking, as if life were all enjoyment, others frowning and surly; a number of children are running and playing noisily, glad to escape even for a short time from the wagons, and relieve their long pent activity by the maddest of frolics; a few weary-looking women are gathered near the fires, preparing the evening meal. A tall man, intelligent and kindly-looking, despite his rough clothes and unshaven face, approaches one of the white-covered wagons with a pitcher of water from a pure, cold spring near the camp. A bright-faced, healthy-appearing girl of fifteen, with short brown hair and keen black eyes, sprang lightly to the ground and ran to meet him.

"How nice and clear the water looks! I hope it is as cold as ice. Poor mother has been moaning for a drink ever since we stopped."

The man hastened his steps, and soon the sick woman was refreshed by a long draught.

"Not too much, dear," said the man, tenderly, as he took the cup from the feverish hand. Then pouring some of the water into a tin basin, he took a towel from a small box, and gently bathed the wife's face and hands, leaving a cool, wet cloth on the aching head. Then bidding the girl, who now returned, change it often, he went away to make some preparation for supper.

A small head was thrust inside the wagon, and a sweet voice said: "How is mother, Ruthie?"

The sick woman opened her eyes with a faint smile.

"Come in, Kitty," said the older girl.

The child was soon bending over the mother, kissing her fondly, while she chatted in a merry though subdued voice. Kitty's face was in strong contrast with her sister's, with eyes blue and deep like the summer sky, and pale, delicate features, framed by the soft, pretty hair falling low upon the fair neck in light, golden curls, now rumpled and tossed by the wind. Three other children completed the family. Tom, a sturdy lad of twelve; a rosy-faced, mischiev-

ous little urchin called Don; and a year-old baby, who now woke with a feeble wail.

Ruth took the little one in her arms and endeavored to quiet it.

Presently the father reappeared with tea and crackers for the invalid; and after watching the poor woman vainly try to eat, he took the babe, and bade the girls go find Mrs. Janes, who would give them supper.

The sun had not long passed the meridian the next day, when the party found their journey ended. A few of the men had come from their Eastern homes the year before to spy out the land, and had opened small farms, and built on them the smallest of houses, while the greater number, including our friends the Westons, were here for the first time. Mrs. Weston, always a feeble, delicate woman, was unable to endure the fatigue of the long journey, and was entirely prostrated the last week.

Mr. Weston saw at once that it would not do for his wife to be taken into one of the little cabins, whose one room must be kitchen as well as dining and sleeping-room, and determined to live in his wagons until he could get a house built. The kind-hearted men offered to assist, although each was anxious to obtain a more comfortable shelter for his own family. A sod-house was accordingly commenced the next morning on the homestead entered by Mr. Weston, and willing hands hastened its completion. Breaking-teams were set to work, the long strips of overturned sod, fourteen inches wide, were cut into pieces about four feet long, and piled one on another to form the four walls. The roof was made of rough boards laid as closely together as possible, and covered with the material composing the sides. A sod-house is not very pleasing to the eye, with its dark, earth-colored walls; but our friends thought little of that. The one object that then possessed their minds was to provide a comfortable shelter for the poor sufferer.

The one door opened into a large room that was to serve as kitchen and living-room. A rough board partition made two rather small bed-rooms in one side, and the few articles of furniture brought from the old home were supplemented by tables and benches made by Mr. Weston's own hands.

Mrs. Weston was carried from the wagon to the new house, only to be carried out again in a few days to fill the first grave in the beautiful valley, leaving

husband and children with hearts almost breaking with anguish. For though always feeble in body, she had been a most tender and affectionate wife and mother, and her death seemed to take all the sweetness and brightness from the lives of those who loved her. Kind, motherly Mrs. Janes took the babe, and her excellent nursing soon brought health to the tiny frame.

Ruth undertook the housekeeping with but little thought of responsibility at first. She had long been accustomed to assist her mother, and could perform a great variety of household tasks with the utmost nicety.

She very frequently thought of the talks with her mother in those days while the house was in building; and one sentence repeated itself over and over—"Don't let them miss me more than you can help." She tried conscientiously to perform each task as she had been accustomed to do it under her mother's directions; but everything was so different from the old home; worst of all, no gentle voice to offer timely suggestions; so it was not strange that, after a time, the young girl became discouraged, and cried herself to sleep many a night because of the disappointments of the day.

Mr. Weston spent the early part of the summer in breaking, as the first plowing of the land is called, then busied himself in making his home more comfortable. And when the long winter approached, he did not neglect his children, but assisted them in their lessons, joined in their amusements, and did all a man could do to make them feel less keenly the loss of their mother.

When spring came, he was obliged to enter upon so active an out-door life that Ruth, Kitty and Don were left almost entirely to their own resources. Tom was usually with his father, and especially delighted in driving and caring for the horses.

One day, about a year after their mother's death, the two girls went to make their usual visit to their baby brother. They found Mrs. Janes quite ill, and poor Mr. Janes doing his best to manage the housework and the three or four little children. Mrs. Janes explained that she was "took sudden' like in the night," adding that she "didn't know what was going to become of all those little tykes, for Jonas didn't know the first thing about taking care of them, though he was the kindest man in the world."

Ruth tied on one of Mrs. Janes's great aprons, and busied herself in washing the piles of dirty dishes, and making tidy the disorderly room, while the children gathered round Kitty, who, with little Jamie in her arms, told them the absorbing story of Jack and the bean-stalk, followed by the harrowing tale of the three kittens who lost their mittens.

When the girls returned home, they carried Jamie with them. And as soon as they were out of hearing, Ruth announced her intention of "keeping him always."

Kitty uttered a glad little cry: "Oh, if father will only let us!"

Mr. Weston looked very grave when Ruth broached

the subject that evening. But the children all pleaded for the baby, and his own heart yearned for the child with eyes so like its mother's, who, with one fat arm tightly clasped about his neck, in a sweet little voice said, "Papa" and "Kitty" so plainly, and made such droll efforts to utter Tommy, Ruth and Don.

I think his heart was the strongest pleader there, for, although he well knew that Ruth had already too much care, he consented with far greater readiness than the girls expected.

The very next day Mr. Weston went to talk with Mrs. Janes, who, though she had become very strongly attached to the child, acquiesced much more readily than she would have done in health.

For a few days all went well. The pretty baby-ways were a source of constant delight, and the mischievous little tricks seemed so cunning that Ruth only laughed while she repaired the mischief, and loved the child more fondly than before, if that were possible. Then a school was opened in the little colony, and Kitty and Don were daily attendants. The care of Jamie fell almost entirely upon Ruth, as the father and Tom were very busy in the fields. One by one were her household tasks neglected, for Jamie made many demands upon her time, and she had yet to learn to systematize her work. She never neglected the baby, however, and the little fellow was so petted and indulged, that he would have become the most tyrannical little despot in existence had it not been for his natural sweetness of disposition.

Mr. Weston did what he could to lessen Ruth's cares, but after toiling the long day in the sun he was too tired to do much more than prepare for repose.

Spiders spun their webs here and there unmolested. The floor was seldom more than "broom clean," sometimes, it must be confessed, scarcely that. The food was often hastily prepared, and after a time Ruth grew careless in her personal appearance. Of course these changes come slowly, and occasionally she would make a spasmodic effort to get back into the old channel, only to relapse into a more slipshod rôle.

Another year passed, and Mr. Weston began to talk about a new house: said he thought to be able to build in one year more. The children were delighted, but Ruth was the best pleased of all. She had come to consider her poor housekeeping the fault of the "old sod," as Tom invariably styled his home, and imagined that in a tasteful, roomy dwelling all difficulties would be removed.

How it came about I know not, but this little colony, so intent upon plowing, and sowing, and reaping, seemingly so infatuated with the idea of making money, of owning large farms and vast herds of cattle that it had never before thought of taking a holiday, decided to celebrate the nation's birthday by a picnic under the trees, only to be found skirting the river that flowed through the valley where they had settled.

Matrons made great pyramids of cake, and rows of pies; their ovens turned out huge loaves of bread,

as if *eating* was to be the sole entertainment of the day. Grave consultations were held over wardrobes, maidens turned over ribbons and tried on white dresses with visible pride, or ironed best calicoes amid sighs and even tears.

The Westons went with the rest. Kitty radiant in a white dress that had been Ruth's, and a blue ribbon in her hair. Ruth made no attempt to be fine. She had almost ceased to think of her looks, and appeared plain enough in her dark, ill-fitting print, relieved only by a white ruffle at the throat. The day was not particularly pleasant to Ruth. She had held no little intercourse with the young people of her own age, that they seemed to have nothing in common, and after dinner was over, she wandered away with Jamie to find shells in the sand. They had become tired at last, and sat down under a clump of willows to rest. Jamie, with his head in his sister's lap, and his hands and little pockets full of tiny shells, quickly fell asleep. Ruth sat idly gazing into the water and thinking, with a tinge of bitterness, how different her life was from that of other girls, when she heard voices behind her.

"How awkward and homely Ruth Weston has grown to be," said a voice that Ruth did not recognize.

Good Mrs. Janes replied with some warmth, for Ruth was a favorite with her: "Oh, I do not think so. If she was only fixed up like the other girls she would be pretty enough. There isn't a girl here that has nicer hair than Ruth, but it don't show well because she does it up in such a tight knot. She is one of the best girls in the country! 'Tisn't many who would stay at home as she does, or take such care of Jamie," and the good woman fanned herself energetically.

"Well, that may be," said the first speaker, "but I guess she ain't much at housekeeping. Folks do say their house looks awful." Then lowering her voice, but still speaking loud enough for Ruth to hear, she went on: "I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mr. Weston got a new housekeeper one of these days. He is talking about building a new house, and I've seen him ride by to Joe Munson's pretty often lately. Mrs. Munson's sister, Widow Blake, wants a husband pretty bad, and she would take Mr. Weston and jump at the chance, if he has got a houseful of children. I don't know but it would be a good thing, for she's a great worker, if she is an endless talker?"

The woman paused for breath, and Mrs. Janes replied: "Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe a word of it! Mrs. Blake may set her cap for him if she likes, but little good it will do her, I can tell you—"

Ruth heard no more. The women passed on unconscious of a listener, and as soon as they were out of sight, she gathered the sleeping child in her arms, and with fleet steps and wildly beating heart, started homeward. It was over a mile that she had to walk, but she thought not of that, nor what a burden sturdy little Jamie was, even to her strong young arms. Arrived at home, she laid the still sleeping child on

his bed, and surveyed the room, with newly opened eyes. Then she kindled a fire and brought water from the well. While it was heating, she took the broom and carefully swept down every spider-web, then washed the curtainless windows, and lastly scrubbed the floor. All the time she repented to herself over and over, "It must not be, it *shall* not be!" Then she went to a chest that stood in one corner, and brought out the white muslin curtains, that had been long folded away because they added so greatly to the washing—Ruth's greatest bugbear—and hung them before the now shining windows.

By this time she could see the wagons just driving out of the little grove where the picnic was held, and she began to prepare supper. She was calmer now, but still she worked with energy, resolutely putting aside the fatigue she felt, and by the time her father and the children reached home (they had stayed behind the rest to search for Ruth and Jamie, for no one had observed their flight), a dainty tea awaited them. To Kitty's eager questions she only replied that Jamie was tired and sleepy, and she thought best to bring him home. The father noticed the improvements, and gave a quick glance at Ruth's flushed face, before he said: "How nice you have made everything look. You must be very tired." After tea he bade Kitty "see that she washed all the dishes while Ruthie rested," and Ruth felt her heart grow a little lighter, and determined that home should become so pleasant a place that her father should not think of marrying. It was the first time that the thought had formed itself into words, and she was obliged to run away by herself that none might see the tears that would fall.

One evening, shortly after this, her father left his work rather early, and dressed himself with unusual care. Ruth saw Tom bring a horse already saddled to the gate, and could scarcely conceal her agitation. At last she timidly said: "Are you going away, father?"

"Only up to Munson's. The Farmers' Club meets there this evening," was the careless reply. Then he suddenly added: "Wouldn't you like to go, too? Get your bonnet, and I will have Tom harness the horses."

Ruth gave a half-amused glance at her dress, and answered: "Thank you, father, I do not care to go this time, and besides it would make you very late."

"Well, good-bye, then," and he was off.

Ruth was in distress. True, he was only going to the club, but Mrs. Blake would be there, and Ruth almost hated the widow's bright eyes and sprightly conversation, as she thought of the effect they might have upon her father.

—  
"He got a letter from his sister last week; she is coming out to stay with us a spell." It was Mrs. Janes who said this. She was sitting in the cozy little rocker that had been Ruth's mother's, holding a diminutive bundle of pink calico and yellow flannel, while Jamie hung about her, gazing with

mute wonder at the round bald head and queer little features at one end of said bundle.

Mrs. Janes turned the baby around and began trotting it vigorously as she went on: "Did I ever tell you about Margaret? No? Well it's kinder strange that I didn't, seein' as she is the only sister he ever had."

Mrs. Janes referred to her husband whenever she used the masculine pronoun in this way. "You see she's an old maid, must be nearly thirty. She has always taken care of her mother, who was sick for more than ten years. The old lady died last winter, and Margaret's left alone. His brother John lives about forty miles from the old place, and she has been with them all the spring. They are rich folks, and, between you and me, John's wife is the proudest piece you ever saw. You'll like Margaret though, everybody does."

Mrs. Janes stopped trotting the baby to smile at Jamie and then kiss him heartily, for she had a heart to love all children, and the boy was almost as dear as one of her own.

Out-doors the flowers were blooming in their early summer beauty; the cattle were lowing in the distant pasture; while near by a bird was twittering as it hopped from branch to branch of a young maple-tree that Tom had planted near the gate, three years before. But to Ruth, the pleasantest sight was the new house, a few rods distant, and the sweetest sound was the busy hammers on its roof. For the "one year more" had come and the new house is to be completed "before harvest."

Ruth has grown tall since we first saw her, but the dark eyes are as keen and bright, and the face and figure still rounded with health and vigor. She has improved much every way, the last year. Everything about her is neat and tidy, while the little shelf of books near her chair show that she is as bent upon improving her mind as upon making her father's home pleasant.

"When do you expect your sister-in-law?" asked she.

"She'll get here about Friday, I think. But dear me, I must be going, or I sha'n't have supper before dark, and every one of them blessed children will be up to their ears in bread and molasses. Come over soon, Ruthie; good-bye, Jamie." And the bustling little woman was gone.

Ruth did go to see Margaret Janes, and she did "like her." The liking was mutual, and they very soon became fast friends. Miss Janes was of great service to Ruth and Kitty when the new house was to be furnished, and many of the tasteful adornments were of her suggesting. Let us peep into the pretty new cottage after the family are thoroughly settled.

It is an early morning in November. Ruth is putting the bright sitting-room in order. Pictures and brackets, not expensive, but tasteful, adorn the walls; books and papers are scattered about, and though the floor is covered with a gay rag-carpet and the furniture is very simple, much of it of the young

people's own manufacturing, the room wears a thoroughly home-look.

Kitty is at her old employment, dish-washing, and an open book lies on the window near her. She is studying a lesson in physiology.

"What is that, Kitty," says Jamie, coming up as she is reading aloud a few lines, and pointing to an illustration on the open page.

"A diagram, illustrating the circulation of the blood," said Kitty, and went on with her reading.

"What is a diagram, Kitty, and what does circulation mean?"

Kitty did not answer, and the child repeated the question.

"Oh, don't trouble me, Jamie, I am in a hurry," and Kitty went back to her dishes, repeating her lesson over and over.

Jamie drew himself up and said, proudly: "When I grow big and you grow little, I'll 'splain it to you"

A half hour later, as Kitty started to school, she passed Jamie in the yard, prancing gayly about, astride a stick.

"What are you doing, little brother?" called she.

Jamie stopped his antics and replied: "I'm trying to improve the circulation of my blood."

Kitty laughed as she kissed him good-bye, and giving him a loving little squeeze, whispered softly: "I'm sorry I was cross this morning, Jamie."

"I knew you would be, so I forgave you right away," said Jamie, returning her kiss.

Kitty was very fond of study, and was constantly poring over her books. She was growing tall rapidly now, and her pale face and listless air showed plainly that she was overtaxing her feeble body. Ruth noticed, with a pang, that Kitty was growing more and more like their mother, and the increasing transparency of complexion and sharpening of features increased her solicitude. As the winter advanced, and a cough began to develop itself, she became really alarmed, and consulted first her dear friend, Margaret Janes, and then her father. The result was that Kitty was forbidden longer to attend school, and as the months went by, she was generally found lying on the lounge near her window of plants. Only the lightest of tasks fell to her now, and Ruth protested against even the appearance of work, although Margaret insisted that perfect idleness was almost as bad as overwork.

The beautiful valley contains a number of farm-houses now, and most of the tiny cabins have disappeared. And if you will climb any one of the steep bluffs that shut the valley in, you will see houses and fields, and even trees, where a few years ago was an unbroken prairie.

Kitty is fast regaining her health. Nearly every day she receives calls from young friends, for she is a general favorite, and there is one young man who comes oftener than the rest. But Wilber Ford seems to find as much pleasure in talking quietly with Ruth as in the merriest chat with Kitty. I am afraid, too, that Ruth has learned to know a certain

step, for there is one and only one that sends the rich blood to her cheek; and the long black lashes do not droop quickly enough to hide the sudden light in the dark eyes. But no one suspects this, unless it is Mr. Weston, who has long since ceased to visit Mrs. Blake, and Ruth has almost forgotten that anxious summer.

Once, Wilber Ford says to her, as he is leaving, "Next time I come, I hope you will be alone. I have something to say to you." His look told her what it was, but she only said "good-night," and escaped to her own room to think it over. After the first happy moment, came a thought of those so dependent upon her for their home comforts, and her heart almost stopped its beating. She threw herself on the bed in an agony too great for tears. When at last she rose, it was with a firm resolve to put away from her this love, so pleasant, and to fill, as she had long ago determined to do, her mother's place, as nearly as it was in a daughter's power. Falling upon her knees she earnestly implored strength from the source that years before she had learned to believe unfailing, and for her.

A few days passed—long ones to Ruth, who went about with aching heart but peaceful face, for she hid her secret well, and no one of her friends saw any change. Not even Margaret's loving solicitude detected a trace of the storm that had not entirely ceased to rage, though each day but strengthened her determination never to leave her father.

One lovely evening Tom had carried Kitty to some merry-making at a neighbor's near by. Don and Jamie were manufacturing a kite of magnificent proportions in the kitchen, and only Ruth and her father occupied the sitting-room. Ruth was reading some letters that evening received, and as she put the last one back into its envelope, she looked up to find her father intently regarding her.

"Ruthie," said he, "Wilber Ford came to see me to-day."

Ruth made no answer, and he continued: "Do you know what he wanted? I think I shall let him have his will," he added, as Ruth buried her face in her hands.

She looked up quickly. "I will never leave you, father," said she, simply.

Mr. Weston looked at her a moment, then drawing her closely to his side, he replied: "You have been a good daughter, Ruth; none could be more devoted. But I will not let you sacrifice yourself utterly." Then he added with an effort: "Would you be very much grieved if I should find some one to take your place? One who would be indeed a mother to the children?"

"O father!" gasped poor Ruth.

It had come at last. How could she see another in that dear mother's place?

Mr. Weston understood her unspoken thought, and replied: "I have not forgotten your mother, my dear, and cannot cease to love her memory. But Margaret can give me the companionship I need. She has become dear to me as well as to you, and—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Ruth, raising her head. Then slipping her hand into her father's, she said: "I could not have endured it had you chosen any one else; but now I am very glad."

"Will you tell Kitty, Ruth? I will speak to Tom myself."

Ruth promised; and as a knock was heard at the door, Mr. Weston reached his hat and said, smilingly: "I believe I will go and see Margaret; Wilber does not want to talk to me to-night."

What conversation passed between Ruth and her lover is no concern of ours. The boys ran in often for suggestions, or to report progress in their kite-making; but the talk flowed quietly on in spite of interruptions; so all must have been harmonious.

The next day Kitty was kept to her sofa by a severe headache, the result of her mild dissipation the evening before. But toward night she felt better, and insisted on arranging the tea-table. When nearly through, Jamie came rushing in, shouting: "See my fish, sister! Isn't it a beauty?"

When it was praised to his heart's content, he carried it away, and Kitty went on with her task.

Presently Ruth and the little boy came in.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" Then catching sight of the waiting table, he said: "Goody! supper's most ready, and there comes father."

"Well, run and tell Tom that Kitty sends compliments, and particularly requests him to be expeditious," said his sister, as she went back to the sofa.

Away ran the boy, calling, "Tommy! Oh, Tommy!" "Halloo!" answered Tom's voice; and running up, almost breathless, Jamie cried: "Kitty sends compliments, and particularly requests you to be expeditious. Say, Tommy, supper's ready, and I caught a fish!"

Meanwhile Ruth had drawn a chair to her sister's side and said: "Kitty, I have something to tell you."

Kitty glanced up. "How mysterious you look, Ruthie. What is it?"

Ruth scarcely knew how to begin; she was uncertain how Kitty would receive her tidings; so she answered slowly: "Kitty, darling, would you mind it very much if father should—marry Margaret?"

Kitty opened her eyes very wide. "What made you dream of such a thing?" Without waiting for a reply, she went on: "Yes, I think I should mind it very much. I do not like to think of even Margaret Jones taking our dear mother's place." And Kitty put her head down upon the pillow and burst into tears.

"Don't, Kitty!" said her sister. "Father has not ceased to love mother, I am sure. And Margaret is so sweet and lovable it will be a pleasure to have her here always. I am very glad. Besides," she went on, "if you do not like it so well, you shall come with me, dear."

Kitty sat up very straight. "Are you going away, Ruthie? I thought you said you were pleased."

Ruth blushed rosy; she had not intended to

betray her own secret yet; but there was now no help for it.

"Not far, dear; only—O Kitty! don't you understand?"

A sudden light broke in upon Kitty. "You mean you are going to marry Wilber Ford?"

Ruth nodded.

Kitty flew at her sister and hugged her till both were nearly breathless.

"You sly puss!" she said. "No wonder you are glad."

That evening, when Kitty and her father were left alone for a few minutes, she came to his side and said bravely: "Ruth told me to-day, father, and—I am glad for your sake."

Mr. Weston drew the slight form closer with a tender embrace, and she went on: "I did feel badly just at first, but I think now it will be pleasant for us all."

A little silence fell between them; then Mr. Weston said: "How is the poor little head, daughter?"

"Oh, nearly well, thank you, father. Two such surprises in one day would cure any one, I think."

M. C. M.

## DINNER IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN this meal we find the plenty and magnificence of the period mixed with its characteristic rudeness and discomfort. The huge oaken table still filled the central length of the castle hall; and at the hour of ten in the forenoon it groaned beneath shapeless masses of fresh and salted beef, followed by a succession of courses of fowl and fish, and curiously compounded dishes. The lord of the feast assumed his place on the *dais* (or raised part of the floor), at the head of the board; the friends and retainers, or holders in fee, were ranged above or below the salt, according to their respective ranks; and, as the luxury of a fork was still unknown in England, the morsels were conveyed to the mouth with the fingers, while wine, beer and ale, in goblets of wood or pewter, were handed round by numerous attendants. We may fill up this scanty outline by imagining the hawks of the master and guests standing on perches above their heads, and their hounds lying about on the pavement below. As the dinner generally lasted three hours, occasional pauses must have occurred: to fill up these the minstrels harped and piped, the jesters joked, the tumblers capered and the jugglers juggled; or, if a better taste prevailed, some lay of the wars of Palestine, or poetical romance of knight-errantry, resounded over the mingled din, and feasted the mind with something of an intellectual gratification. When we ascend from these every-day exhibitions in the mode of living among the aristocracy to the banquets of the palace, and especially those which were commemorative of important events, we shall find that they were of a similar description, with a greater degree of splendor and bustle. Coarse abundance, whimsical variety and stately parade, still endeavored to compensate for real discomfort.

## WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WHEN the crimson leaves of autumn  
Fade and fall,  
And the frost of death is creeping  
Over all,  
Like a dream of summer hours  
Seem these white and odorous flowers,  
Blooming in the time of snow;  
Blooming after all the roses  
Come and go.

Summer has her crown of lilies  
Fair to see;  
Spring her daisies, and her violet  
Broidery.

And the autumn, for an hour,  
Wears this little simple flower  
Like a star upon her breast;  
One that seems to be the sweetest  
And the best.

Now no more the leaves of autumn  
Fade and fall;  
Now the winter's snow is drifting  
Over all.

And dead chrysanthemums unfold  
Memories in their hearts of gold;  
For something lost a year ago  
Came not back with bud and blossom,  
Or the snow.

Well I know that up in Heaven,  
All the day,  
All the meadows now are blooming  
Like the May.

Yet I cannot help my crying,  
For the little children lying  
'Neath a coverlet of snow,  
Where the violets and the daffys  
Used to grow. MARY A. FORD.

## TWEEDEE'S MOTTO.

A ZEPHYR-WORKED motto, all scorched, and only two words on it. Queer-looking concern to be hanging up for ornament, isn't it? Well, you see me and that motto had to go through fire before we got acquainted. Once acquainted, it's "till death do us part," and nothing less.

I was married five years ago this April coming, and that was one of my wedding presents. My husband's sister Louisa—a little girl I never saw—Tweedee they called her, sent it to me through the post-office. She was nine when she worked it, and on her tenth birthday she was buried. You may depend, I set great store by it after that. Had it hung in the dining-room where I could see it every day.

Everybody said I'd done well—and you better believe I thought so—when I married Dixon Tryon. He was as good a bricklayer as ever handled a brick, owned a five-roomed cottage with a bit of yard front



and back, and had enough by him to furnish beside. I was sure I was the happiest woman alive when he led me over the door-sill, and said, with his best bow: "Queen Elsa, behold your kingdom, and command your most loyal subject."

Dix said a good many pretty things while he was courting me, but never anything made my heart thump harder than that did. There was a hard-working father and mother and eight girls of us at home. I never had anything my very own, not even my clothes, for we each lent them round, managing that way to keep three or four decent enough to go out and earn more.

Walking into my own home that April day, criss-crossed with rain and sunshine, there was roses on the parlor carpet so real I fancied I smelt them, and beds on the wall so natural I wanted a bunch for my hair. Then there was three hair-seat chairs, a marble-top table, Dix's photograph, and last, not least, a pair of blue-and-gold vases on the mantel-piece. In the dining-room was the rag-carpet mother and the girls made for me, a table, three chairs and a settee with a chintz cushion. As for the kitchen, there was such a friendly little stove in it, and what seemed to me so many pots and pans, I thought I couldn't help but cook good enough for the president.

It was only a make-believe sort of garden-patch in front, and something a trifle more like the real thing back. We stocked one with flowers and vines, the other with beans, corn and onions; then could hardly wait till they came up. The front yard was mine to do what I pleased with. I think my heart went out warmest to the morning-glories. The way they clung about the door and window seemed somehow a sort of clinging about me. When their blue eyes opened in the early light, and I leaned over them, it 'peared as if there was a story there I'd never get tired of reading. When they come up their second season, something like as if a part of them was in my arms, clinging to me, and the story I'd never get tired of reading had crept into the eyes of a baby, into my own little daughter's eyes.

Trouble came before the baby did. Dix loved company, and couldn't bear to spend evenings at home when there was just him and me. So we went to plays, surprise-parties, and the like, I dressing as I'd never dressed in my life, and wanting all the while to be dressing finer. That made me fuss and fret; and by and by, when I couldn't go, and Dix went alone, I fussed and fretted more.

His mother wrote and give us good advice, and we promised to profit by it; but after we'd been married two months, we just turned round and acted contrary-wise. Yea, Dix took to going out by himself, and didn't come home as he'd come when I was with him. I'd been brought up among temperance folks, and when I found out my husband was only going back to an old habit he'd laid aside and covered over to get me, I was furious. That didn't mend matters a bit. Nor did the baby's coming—as I hoped it would. Nor did her going, either. Earth's day was a short one for her. Like morning-glories, opening

in sunshine and folded up before the shadows fall, her little life slipped out of my arms before sorrow touched it, leaving me in a dark and empty world.

I began rushing around then for something to take away the heartache. I think that was where I lost all hold on Dix. Anyhow, he left off work altogether, and went to the bad fast as ever he could.

"Else," says mother, "you have it harder than ever in your life before."

So I had. I took boarders and lost money, I took washing and lost strength; then I crawled back to my old business, box-making, and tried to make both ends meet. Weeks and months run round, bringing nothing but misery. Worst of all, our house was finally seized for debt, and we went to room-keeping. When I hung Tweedee's motto on the dingy wall, I seemed to read it for the first time. "Watch and pray." What did it mean? Was it only for pious folks like my little sister-in-law, or was it something I was to do?

Mother used sometimes to slip off to church of an evening, but never said anything about it. As for the rest, we declared we were good enough.

"I work hard, and if I go anywhere I want fun," our Jane would say. "I don't like to be preached at. I'm as good as my neighbors. I never harm nobody."

After my husband stumbled up-stairs that night, and began growling about supper, I says, pointing to the motto: "Dix, what does it mean?"

"I d'no," says he.

"Well," says I, "I'm going to church to-night to find out. I guess there's a meeting across the street. I see it's lighted up."

Somehow or other I didn't get off, but every day and every day after that the motto seemed calling like a voice, "Watch and pray, watch and pray." The clock took it up and ticked it. Rain outside drip-dripped it on the roof—"Watch and pray, watch and pray." 'Twas as plain talk as ever I heard, yet I didn't understand one bit.

One night I was dreaming I was fearful warm, and trying to get ever so many covers off, when, all of a sudden, a yell took me right out of bed and stood me on my feet. It was in the room, and it was "Fire!" I was in a great heat, sure enough, and all around I heard a queer crackling and whispering that warned me there was no time to lose. The folks down-stairs had started it somehow, and neither of us saved anything except our lives and a scratch of clothes.

That night's work sobered Dix. He'd been going on awful for two weeks, but next morning, by the smoking ruins of that house, he promised never to drink any more.

"So help you God?" says I.

"So help me God," he answered.

We stepped inside the black door to take a look at what had been our room, and—would you believe it?—there on the smoky wall hung a shred of Tweedee's motto. What with the glass in front, the silver paper at the back, and the wire that held it, it was left as you see—the little "and" and the top of the

big letters gone; but there it was, holding on to the same old warning: "Watch—Pray."

"What does it mean?" says I, grabbing my husband's arm.

"Tweedee, blessed child, knew," says he; "and, thank God, we are spared to find out."

Find out we did, neighbor. Don't you see how it was? As plain as plain could be, we'd lived as if there was no God. We'd built our house on the sand, and when the rain descended, and the wind blew, and the floods came, it fell. I tell you what it is, unless there's at least one child of God praying under a roof, there's no chance for a family at all. Or, if there is, sometimes it does happen that irreligious people's "good things," like Dix's, go with them to the end of their earthly days; but there is no hope or mercy after that.

Watching ought to have been the walls, prayer the cornerstone, and praise the capstone, of our little home. But there was never anything of that sort in the first years of my married life. We just went on living as if there was no Lord above, and no here-

after, until we got to a place where we were almost destroyed. It served us right, too.

We are living humbly, as you see—only two rooms and an out-shed. But here's my dear, new baby, there hangs Tweedee's motto, and here comes Dix. I used to shake when I heard his step. He was awful when he got in. But now he's so kind and good, every footfall seems to say: "Peace be unto this house."

I expect mother and Jane to-night. Mother came right out and joined church directly after me and my husband did, and three of the girls followed. We'll soon, I hope, be a united family, and all through God's leading a little child to work that motto.

"Dix, would you exchange this bit of card-board with its burned letters for that oil-painting we saw yesterday?"

"Would I exchange this baby for one of the queen's grandchildren?"

"Indeed and indeed no!"

"Then, indeed and indeed no!"

MADGE CARROL.



## SPRING AND SUMMER.

### SPRING.

SPRING smiled in daisied meadows,  
And laughed in murmuring streams,  
And sang 'mid budding branches,  
Aflame with sunny gleam;  
As in the sheltered garden,  
Among the opening flowers,  
Glad with her fairy legends  
To spend the happy hours,  
A little child, so tender,  
Seemed in her joy to say,  
My heart and all around me  
Are fair and sweet to-day.

### SUMMER.

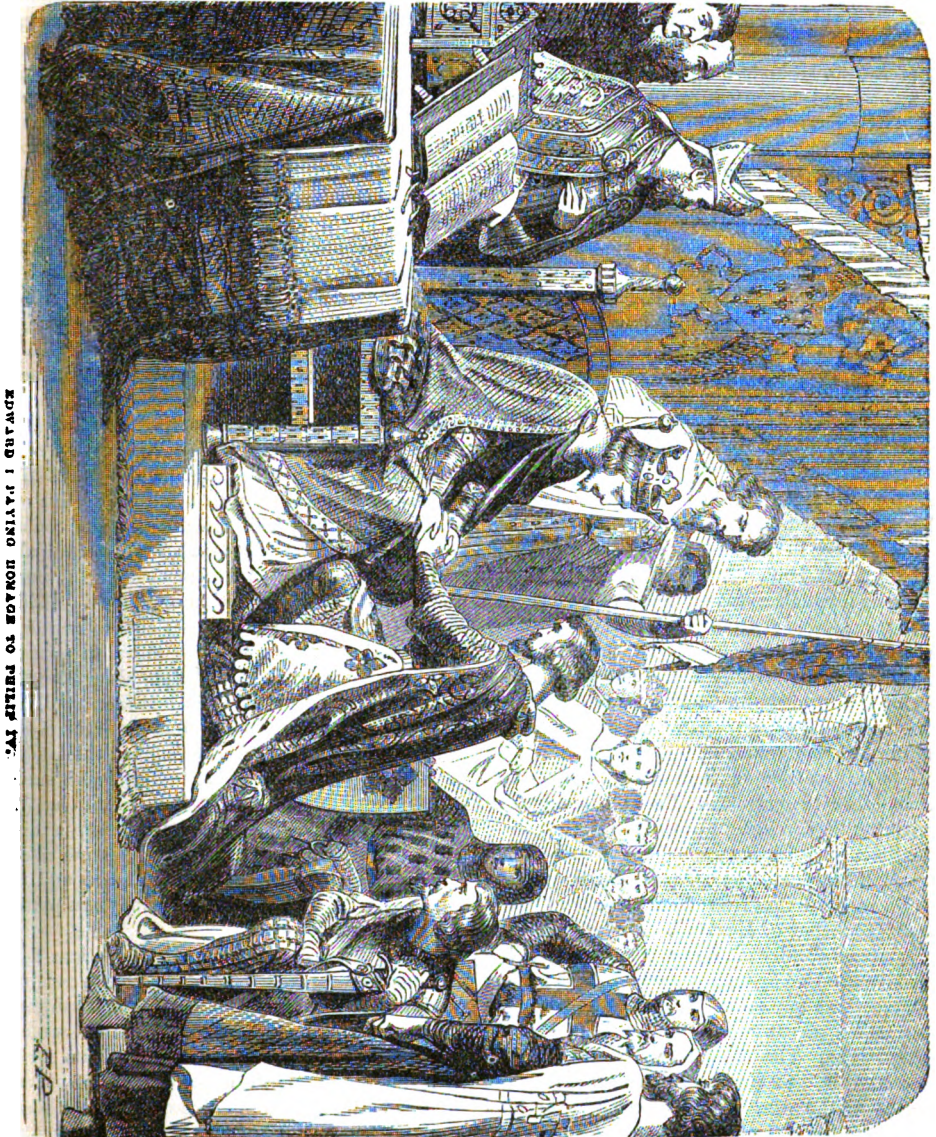
The summer blushed in roses,  
And breathed in perfumed air,  
And with her leafy banners  
Shut out the high day's glare,  
As in the gorgeous garden,  
Abloom in royal state,  
Enrapt, in voiceless wonder,  
O'er strange, new thoughts of late,  
A maiden, true and lovely,  
Seemed in her bliss to say,  
For me and earth full summer  
In glory glows to-day. FANNIE.

EPISODES IN HISTORY.

THE REIGN OF EDWARD I.

**W**E considered, in a recent article, the dissolution of a mighty empire, and the conclusion derived from such study was, the final uselessness of wars. But we ventured the belief, also, that in the hands of Providence, good results have

One of the most noteworthy times of strife recorded in history is the reign of Edward I, of England. By the circumstances of his descent, as will be explained, he was the natural enemy of France; by his ambition, he was impelled to covet the sovereignty of Scotland and Wales—so his birth and temperament alike seemed to make fighting between his land and contiguous ones a thing inevitable.



EDWARD I. PAYING HOMAGE TO PHILIP IV.

followed them, the conflicts themselves leading to a happy deliverance from worse ills, even though wrought out in spite of deeds of evil, and undreamed of by the very agents. We may learn these same lessons by contemplating human energy in a more limited sphere, simply confining our attention to any period characterized by a remarkable prevalence of martial action.

Edward, surnamed Longshanks, was the son of Henry III, who was the son of John, who was the son of Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Besides, he was descended from William of Normandy. Aquitaine is a province in the south-western part of France, having a varied history, and figuring as the scene of many internal struggles, ever and anon being independent for a time. By Henry's marriage



with Eleanor, it passed into his possession. Normandy is in the northern part of France. Having given a king to England, his descendants still maintained a claim to it, as they had especially done since they had become possessed of more extensive rights in the country. From the time of John, son of Eleanor, until the accession of the present monarch, in 1272, there had been continued hostilities between the two nations. But Edward desired, as much as possible, to keep out of active war with his southern neighbor, thinking the conquest of the whole island of Britain an undertaking far more profitable.

He first turned his attention to the reduction of Wales, meeting, however, so brave a resistance that not until 1284, did he succeed in establishing his authority over it. Llewelyn ap Griffith, King of Wales, one of the bravest princes of whom we have any record, opposed him so strongly that it is highly probable that had he not been weakened by stratagem, he never would have been subdued by his English rival. The spirit of study independence spread throughout his people. We find the Welsh bards using all possible passionate energy to inspire noble and peasant alike to deeds of valor. Gray's celebrated poem, beginning:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,  
Confusion on thy banners wait!"

represents one of their minstrels reproaching the invader, before plunging himself into the depths of the river Conway in despair at the woes which had overwhelmed his land. But in spite of the heart-rending scenes which always follow in the footsteps of war, Edward was not deterred from his purpose, and when Llewelyn was killed by Mortimer, in 1282, fate seemed to play directly into his hands. After continuing the struggle for awhile, he addressed the Welsh people, and asked them, seeing that they now had no king, if they would accept to rule over them a prince who was born in their country, and could speak no other language than theirs. Rashly they answered that they would. For their sovereign, then, he gave them his *newly-born son*. There was no help for it, and hiding their chagrin as best they could, the Welsh realized that henceforth their land would be but a dependency of England. Edward II, therefore, was styled Prince of Wales, a title which has ever since been borne by the heir to the British throne.

In Scotland, an opposition just as determined, but more successful, met the hostile endeavors of Edward the Longshanks. The gallant exploits of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, which still excite the admiration of the world, were directed to keeping out the merciless invader. Though for eighteen years Edward was engaged in fighting the Scots, and succeeded in reducing them to submission, he died, in 1307, without having acquired any regal sway over them.

In the meantime, his claims in France, even though against his will, were threatening to make difficulties for him with that country. Philip IV, surnamed the Handsome, had ascended the throne in

1285, and he did not overlook the fact that Edward had rights in Aquitaine and Normandy, and he resolved to simplify matters by requiring of the English king submission, or, in the event of failing to obtain it, to declare war. Philip summoned Edward to Paris to pay him homage. The mighty sovereign of the whole isle of Britain, rendered so by his own greatness, could well afford to relinquish two petty principalities in a foreign land—besides he had his hands full with his affairs at home, and it was not to his interest to become involved elsewhere, so he repaired thither with a good grace, and on his knees before the potentate of France, repeated the solemn form of fealty. A treaty of peace was confirmed which also provided for a yearly subsidy to be paid to the King of England in consideration of his relinquishment of all his rights to French territory.

But commercial quarrels between their subjects drew the two monarchs into hostilities, and from 1292 to 1296, Edward, in addition to his actions in Scotland, was harassed by troubles in the south-west of France. After a season of disturbances with Philip, during which he recovered Aquitaine, war was declared in 1306; but Edward died, in 1307, before it had really commenced. Edward II proceeded at once to do homage in his turn, concluded peace, and married Isabel, the daughter of Philip.

Thus it will be seen that for thirty-five years, during the whole public life of one man, confusion, distress, terror and bloodshed were spread abroad among thousands of innocent people throughout England, Scotland, Wales and France. And the result of this long period of sin and sorrow, we see, so far as benefit to the cause of all is concerned, simply nothing. He gained dominion over Wales, not by the hearts and lives he had destroyed, but by acts of treachery; all his attempts to subdue Scotland, and the misery into which he plunged the land, were in vain; and the little he did in France, his successor undid immediately. And at the present day, Wales is, in interests, manners and language, a distinct nation; Scotland, distinct also, has become allied to England, not by war, but by inheritance and treaty alone; and Aquitaine and Normandy are parts of a young republic.

But civilization must spread, patriotism flourish and freedom prevail. They would follow just as surely in the wake of commercial, mechanical and scientific activity—but so they will, wherever in a barbarous time a barbarous people puts forth its energies in the form most compatible with the existing spirit of things. Growth has ever been the consequence of mighty endeavor. The palace of the great Llewelyn was nothing but an immense, rude hut of logs; the love of country has been kept alive, in Scottish heart, through many generations by the inspiring thought of the honored names of Wallace and Bruce; and the liberty-loving citizens of free provinces owe their sturdiness to their descent from strong defenders of the soil. We fully believe that for every wrong, there has been, or will yet be

abundant compensation. So we must not, on the one hand, think of the past as all a mistake, the present, perfection; nor, on the other, of the past as glorious, the present, degenerate. But we should consider earth and humanity as still in the hands of their Creator, who has ordained that beauty and development shall be their portion; that so long as anything remains to be done, there is abundant room for masterly effort; and that in consequence of onward progress and heroic endeavor, wars shall cease forevermore, and man, sinking not as a result into insane passivity, shall rise nobly to his true mission as a blessed angel of healing. H.

### A SKETCH OF PLACES ABROAD.

IN visiting England, there are three places that so beautifully illustrate her old life, with its changes of war and battle, and its revelries and kindlier deeds of charity and pity, that I always group them together in my mind, and by their aid make a picture of our England as it was in old days, when our forefathers still lived there.

First of all is Kenilworth Castle, with its associations with the Virgin Queen, the courtly Raleigh, the brave Leicester, and his heroic and poetic young nephew, Philip Sidney; last of all, with Shakespeare and his kingdoms of fancy and enchantment. With all the gay revels and masques of that gay age, Kenilworth is linked, and we fancy it blazing with lights, and its courtyards echoing with festive sounds; but the present reality contrasts strongly with such imaginations.

Our route to Kenilworth lies by way of Leamington, a lovely town on the river Leam, which is resorted to on account of its mineral springs, and whose dean, broad streets, gardens and pleasant dwellings render it an attractive place of residence. The journey to this town leads us through a most delightful part of England, "wonderful for its undulating beauty, its softness and its pleasing variety of woods, fields, hills and meadows, arrayed in the light, glad green of summer."

An open carriage at Leamington was procured, in which the party drove along a smooth road, well shaded with noble trees, until, after crossing a small stream, a sudden turn of the road brought us before Kenilworth Castle. After leaving the carriage, and entering, one by one, through a small wicket-gate in the wall, they found themselves opposite Leicester's Gateway, a square tower with turrets, now the home of the keeper of the place and his family.

The grand old place has fallen into the ruin of slow decay, and the green ivy has covered closely window and archway. The buildings are of great extent, very irregular, and built at different periods. Around them flows a lovely stream.

Cæsar's Tower, built by a Norman architect in the reign of Henry I, is the oldest and yet the best preserved portion of all, wonderful for its massive solidity and the intricacy of its construction. Underneath this tower are the dark prisons, where no

morning sunlight or splendor of noontide or sunset ever enters.

In the west end are the remains of the great banquetting-hall, built by John of Gaunt. Its spiral staircases, its wide fireplaces, its stately walls and grand spaces, seem especially fitted to the scenes of royal entertainment which were enacted here when the whole place was rich with banners and heraldic devices, and crowds came and went continually.

But only the footsteps of travelers from Elizabeth's far-off Virginia sounded here now; no banners wave from its towers, no trophies hang on its walls, no lights blaze through its windows—only the open arches and broken doorways were seen, dark against the soft blue sky of summer, and the golden sunshine glistened on the glossy green of the heavy masses of ivy.

Then in Yorkshire a visit was paid to the old Castle of Scarborough, so prominent in the wars of the land. It is wholly different from Kenilworth in appearance and character, for it is a war-like fortress, situated high on a rocky hill, "round whose base chafes or thunders the great sea forever." Overhead float the quiet clouds, and birds whirl and wheel airily around the broken topmost tower, which rises dominant over steadfast land and restless ocean. Looking down, we see the little harbor, crowded with masts and rigging, and on the far-stretching waves move the light boats. Along the golden sands you see gayly-dressed groups coming and going, and about you spreads, like another sea, the fresh, keen air of Yorkshire.

Third in my picture, and contrasting vividly with Kenilworth and Scarborough, comes the old St. Peter's Hospital of Bristol. It is built on Temple Street, full of interest from the quaint, gabled houses which overhang it, and which look as if they concealed many a story of human life. From all parts of this street can be seen the splendid tower of the richly-decorated Temple Church, rising up toward the sky like a symbol of the higher life of the faithful soul. Lower down stands the hospital, where the sick and maimed were brought and nursed, and patiently ministered unto in the dark current which underflows the history of action with endurance of pain. From the memories of Kenilworth's revelry and pomp, from the days of peril and war on which Scarborough had looked, it seemed well to come to this old mansion of the destitute and afflicted, and see it so strongly and enduringly built, and so carefully and richly decorated by those who lovingly remembered that "the poor ye have always with you."

E. F. MOSBY.

A CHILD in its little bed at night wakes in the darkness and calls out: "Mamma, are you there?" The mother answers: "Yes, darling—go to sleep." The child is reassured, and rests in confidence. Its doubt is not unnatural. But better than this is the trust which prompts a child to say on waking: "I cannot see mamma, but I know she would not leave me; I am sure she is close at hand."

## REMINISCENCES OF A POET AND OF A STATES-MAN.

"I hate that people should come to see me,  
I know that it dispels the illusion."

MADAME DE LA ROCHEJAQUELIN.

**S**T. PAUL says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." We may add to this, "be not forgetful of any of those in our midst, but note well their ways and peculiarities, as possibly there may be among those near us some great man, or some remarkable woman in an incipient state, for at all times we are surrounded by 'village Hampdens,' 'mute, inglorious Miltons' and 'guiltless Cromwells,' those whom, if circumstances had so ordained, would doubtless have distinguished themselves in life." These reflections have arisen from my having a few days since, here in Richmond, visited the stately mansion, where, as the adopted son of John Allen, Esq., were passed the first years of childhood and early youth of Edgar Allan Poe. As I stood in the noble hall, adorned with fine pictures, and from the piazza viewed the beautiful landscape on the south side, from which we were separated by the windings of James River, and encircling the dwelling, the brave old oaks, the gnarled trees, the smooth lawns, where amid the deep green grass were still blooming the same flowers planted more than fifty years ago, and on which doubtless the poet's eyes had often rested, it occurred to me that such environments would naturally have brought forth and nurtured much poetic feeling. Wordsworth's genius, it is easy for us to perceive, drew inspiration from the romantic scenery by which his college was surrounded, and Walter Scott, both in prose and verse, was influenced by the hills and the highlands, so dear to his heart in the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the eagle and the flood."

But Edgar A. Poe did not resemble either of these in his pure perception of simple things, being more of the Byronic school, and, like Byron, in all of his writings having no hero but himself, for nearly all that Poe wrote in the last years of his life, including some of his best poetry, were biographies of himself; the remarkable poem of the "Raven" being a reflection and echo of his own history; his unamiable, envious disposition and cold cynicism having left their impress throughout his works. Of late years, so much has been published of deep sentiment, which probably was never felt by Edgar A. Poe, and of early loves, which probably never exists, that such articles have become tiresome, and they may be compared to "more dying sayings of Baxter," the author of "Saints Rest," the publication having been so popular with the public, that the author was encouraged to continue them, and to put out as many "dying sayings" as would have been sufficient for a moderate and seasonable lifetime. My first knowledge of Poe was when I was a small child, and he a youth of about nineteen, I suppose. His talent for poetry having

developed itself, he was employed by his boy companions to write poetry for them to present to the young girls whom they wished to propitiate, one of the young men getting him to write a piece to present to my oldest sister, who at that time was just fifteen. The poem was laudatory of herself, Anna Brown, Isabel Ritchie and Frances Colquhoun, three other youthful belles then reigning in Richmond. It was thus:

"If Fanny's roving full blue eyes  
Each amorous thought inspire;  
Not less dark Mary's do I prize,  
Jet black, and all on fire."

It contained five or six verses, equally as trite. He also wrote, and presented to my sister a poem in six cantos, called "The Siege of Dunbar," which was of a higher order, but unfortunately it was lost, and my recollection of it is too imperfect to attempt a quotation of any length.

There are many in this beautiful city, contemporaries of Edgar A. Poe, who, at the dame school of good old Mrs. Fisher, occupied the same desk, contesting the prize in the spelling class; this good woman too often being required, like Shenstone's school-mistress, to

"Redress affronts, for vile affronts were passed."

For it is a tradition of the old inhabitants here, that in addition to the incipient poet wearing, for the whole day as a punishment, a carrot tied around his neck, for having despoiled her garden of this wholesome esculent, she was often called to sit as umpire in contested games of marbles, in which Edgar appeared to claim unfair dividends in white alleys or alley tars. Who, that saw Edgar A. Poe at that time in a short jacket, apple and ginger cake in hand, could have divined his future brilliancy; or somewhat later, when his poetry was decidedly in a *vealy* state, or at a period more advanced, when, as one of the editors of "The Southern Literary Messenger," who could have prefigured him as the author of "The Bells," still less as author of the "Raven?"

I have never desired to be on familiar terms with those distinguished in the walks of science or literature, and as a proof of my sincerity, I state that for thirty-nine years I have corresponded with a distinguished literary man and an author, without our ever having met, and I prefer it should be so, fearing that were I to see him, my ideal of him would be destroyed; that I should be like Miss Edgeworth's Angelina, who was so cruelly disenchanted on meeting her "amiable Aramenta," with whom she had carried on so romantic a correspondence.

I am reminded in mentioning Maria Edgeworth, of her visit to Walter Scott, who met her at the gates of Abbotsford, doubtless with such a cordial welcome as only such a man could feel at greeting such a woman at his threshold.

Miss Edgeworth said, whilst holding his hand, "Sir Walter, you are exactly such a looking man as I expected to meet." How few could have made this response! But who so well could have depicted to herself the manners and expression of one so honest,



so good, so pure-minded, gifted with wit so quaint, and an intellect so bright? None but Maria Edgeworth could so well have imagined how Walter Scott would have looked.

When a small child, I used often to see Thomas Jefferson passing through Lynchburg to his plantation, called then as now, "The Forest." His pride was to have manufactories of all kinds, not only at Monticello, in Albemarle, but at his Forest Plantation also. His carriage, made at the former place, was a most curious and wonderful affair, and like the chest of drawers in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," it

"Contrived a double debt to pay;  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

This carriage was capable of being uncoupled and made into two buggies or gigs, as they were then called. Jefferson's accomplished daughter, Martha, was the widow of Thomas Mann Randolph, and to her large family of sons and daughters he was the most devoted grandparent. He never traveled with fewer than two of his granddaughters, and to see him with his snow-white head, surrounded by blooming youth, and taking such solace and delight in the society of these lovely girls, was a sight beautiful to behold. One of his great-granddaughters, Sarah Randolph, of Albemarle, has, in the last few years, written a charming book on the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," containing many of his letters, which throw a gilded halo around the great philosopher and statesman. With an incident related me by my oldest sister, going to prove my theory that ideality is removed by meeting great men, I will close the present sketch.

Mr. Jefferson, as was his wont, had arrived at his Forest Plantation to spend the summer, accompanied by his daughter and grandchildren. William Radford, a high-toned Virginia gentleman, noted for his hospitality, and

"Who kept a brave old mansion  
At a bountiful old rate,"

gave an elegant dinner-party to the author of the Declaration of Independence, inviting, together with other guests from Lynchburg, my sister, who, with her parents, went, accompanied by Judge D—, his wife and daughters. Mrs. D— being a lady of the old school, had instructed the young ladies to arise as soon as Mr. Jefferson entered the drawing-room, and make him a deep, old-fashioned courtesy. A venerable man entering the room, the young ladies arose instantly, making a deep obeisance, not to Thomas Jefferson, but to Colonel A—, one of the neighboring gentlemen of Bedford County; and so embarrassed were they, that when the author of the Declaration of Independence really appeared, they failed to give him any salutation at all.

I dare say that Mr. Jefferson was much better pleased, as he was a very natural person, and doubtless preferred simple *want* of manner to the artificial one, so laboriously taught then in dancing schools.

How much was my sister's awe lessened by seeing Mr. Jefferson eat, drink, laugh and talk like other

people, partake heartily of apple-pie and milk—a simple dessert placed before him at dinner, as he eschewed ice creams and such innovations. And, when on returning to the drawing-room, he became animated in conversation to see him, after the manner of Quilp in "Old Curiosity Shop," seat himself and affectionately nurse his left leg, her ideal of Jefferson was entirely destroyed. She could not be reconciled to seeing him otherwise than he had been represented in pictures or statuary, a roll of parchment in his hand, surrounded by Dr. Franklin and a host of other great men, including General Washington, John Adams, and others who made the group imposing.

"Men would say

Where, which is he, which is Bolingbroke,  
And so my state, seldom, but sumptuous  
Showed like a feast, and won by rareness  
Such celebrity."

MRS. CLIFFORD CABELL.

## FAIR PLAY.

THE old *Penny Magazine* gives the following story:

A nobleman resident at a castle in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed: "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

## TOO LATE.

THE white cottage on the hill-side, with its lattice-work of climbing roses and honeysuckles, and its neat flower-bordered paths has a chill and lonely look to-day. The shutters are closed, the accustomed signs of busy home-life are wanting, and the sounds of childish mirth that are wont to fall so pleasantly upon the ears of the passers-by are hushed and still, yet the parlor door stands a little ajar, and all day long there has been the sound of footsteps coming and going, for in that darkened room there lies the form of one, unconscious and still, who does not, by smile, or word, or outstretched hand, greet her visitors, some of whom come and go silently, while others pause for a few moments to discuss in subdued tones the sad event which has rendered a home desolate.

"It is a sad Providence that has removed her from our midst," said one.

"She had many warm friends who loved her dearly for her good qualities, her tender sympathies and helpful little acts of kindness," said another.

"She will be sadly missed by her family," said a third.

And so one and another paid their little tribute of love; for when we are dead the veil of charity is thrown over our faults, and only our virtues are remembered. Would to God that the world would be so merciful while yet we live.

As the shades of evening settle down upon the earth the outer door is closed, and the inner one opens and closes, and a presence is bending over the pale sleeper, warm fingers close over the cold hands, burning tears fall upon the upturned brow, and passionate kisses are showered upon the lips and face. Ah! if aught on earth could melt and warm up the frozen life-current, and send it coursing and leaping along the stagnant veins, the tears, and kisses, and the anguished cry: "My darling, how can I give you up? how can I live without you?" coming from the lips of the man whose wife she had been for a score of years without once knowing that she held a place in his heart above his worldly interests and love of gain, would do it.

Kneeling beside the still form, the conviction forces itself upon the mind of the husband that the flower that bloomed for him alone, had drooped and faded for want of light and nourishment. He remembers her unselfish and untiring devotion to the interests of the family, how she toiled and labored, giving everything without seeming to ask or expect anything in return; and how successful she had been in her efforts to make his home a sweet and restful place. He remembered, too, how often he had noticed a yearning, wistful, pleading look in her eyes; and he knew, now, it was a mute appeal for sympathy and for a love that speaks by word and act; and the cry forced itself from his lips: "Oh, that I could have you back for one short year, that I might prove to you the depth and intensity of my love, but it is too late!"

Now the wayward sons are bending over their mother, and thinking, with tearful eyes, of the many times they have found her at a late hour awaiting their coming, of her warnings, and her gentle, loving endeavors to draw their footsteps from the path of danger; and how patiently and tenderly she had taught them the right, and set before them the wrong and their way of escape from it.

This time it is the daughters' tears that bedew the sad, white, patient face. The daughters' tears that flow all the more freely as they remember how often their own self-indulgence and love of ease prevented them from lightening mother's burdens! How often impatience under restraint, or want of submission to her just requirements has added to her cares and sorrows! How faithfully does memory portray every act of thoughtlessness, neglect, or of insubordination. Oh, that it were not *too late* to ask her forgiveness, and to begin anew the performance of the duties they owe to her by virtue of her motherhood!

A splendid coffin, a hearse to convey the remains to the grave, and a costly monument are the alabaster boxes that are opened for her burial, for the husband says: "We will bury her without regard to expense, for it is the last we can do for her, except to cherish in our hearts her memory."

A mahogany coffin, satin-lined and richly trimmed for one who had spent her lifetime in a home scantily and uncomfortably furnished. A splendid hearse to ride in to the grave, when the tired mother had walked a mile every Sabbath morning to church because her spiritual needs required the service; and because the horses must rest after the week's work. A ride in the hearse for the inanimate form that had so often climbed into the heavy farm-wagon to ride a distance of eight or ten miles and back again for fear a sudden dash of rain or splash of mud might soil the carriage and require an outlay of strength to make it presentable again; and a monument might be necessary to tell that she who found so little rest on earth, had found it at last in the grave; and if in cherishing her memory there comes up before the mental vision, with acute distinctness, sad instances of kindness and duty neglected, let it serve as a reminder to future faithfulness toward those who are left.

TOO LATE! What a sad combination of words! How much of sorrow, of remorse and of lost opportunities do those two words convey! Too late to right a wrong, to bestow a favor, to set a godly example, to exert a good influence, to speak the words that might have turned the scale for good in one's life, or drew away the feet of another from the path of danger or disgrace! Too late for repentance, or to hear the sweet words of forgiveness from the lips of those we have wronged.

The incense of a thousand alabaster boxes, broken at the burial of those we love, will avail nothing when once they have gone out from us. What a world of sorrow, suffering and remorse might be spared by a due consideration of what we owe to those who mingle with us in the scenes of every-day

life. In the relation of husband, wife, parent, child, brother and sister, and in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, there are certain duties binding upon us, the neglect of which will lay the foundation of a repentance that will be not only bitter, but too late.

CELIA SANDFORD.

## HOW WAR IS MADE.

AS Francis I was one wintery night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the State, "It would not be amiss," said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, "if this good understanding between us and Switzerland was a little strengthened."

"There is no end, sire," replied the minister, "in giving money to those people; they would swallow up the treasury of France."

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the king, "there are more ways, Monsieur le Premier, of bribing States besides that of giving money. 'I'll pay Switzerland the honor of standing godfather for my next child.'"

"Your majesty," said the minister, "in so doing would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back. Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be a godfather."

"She may be godmother," replied Francis, hastily; "so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning."

"I am astonished," said Francis I, that day fortnight, speaking to the minister as he entered the closet, "that we have had no answer from Switzerland."

"Sire, I wait upon you this moment," said Monsieur le Premier, "to lay before you my dispatches upon that business."

"They take it kindly?" said the king.

"They do, sire," replied the minister, "and have the highest sense of the honor your majesty has done them; but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this case of naming the child."

"In all reason," quoth the king, "she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Louis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us?"

"Your majesty is deceived," replied the minister; "I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also."

"And what name has the republic fixed on for the dauphin?"

"Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," replied the minister.

"By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss," cried Francis I, pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

"Your majesty," replied the minister, calmly, "cannot bring yourself off."

"We'll pay them money," said the king.

"Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury," answered the minister.

"I'll pawn the best jewels in my crown," quoth Francis I.

"Your honor stands pawned already in this matter," answered the premier.

"Then, Monsieur le Premier," said the king, "by heaven, we'll go to war with them."

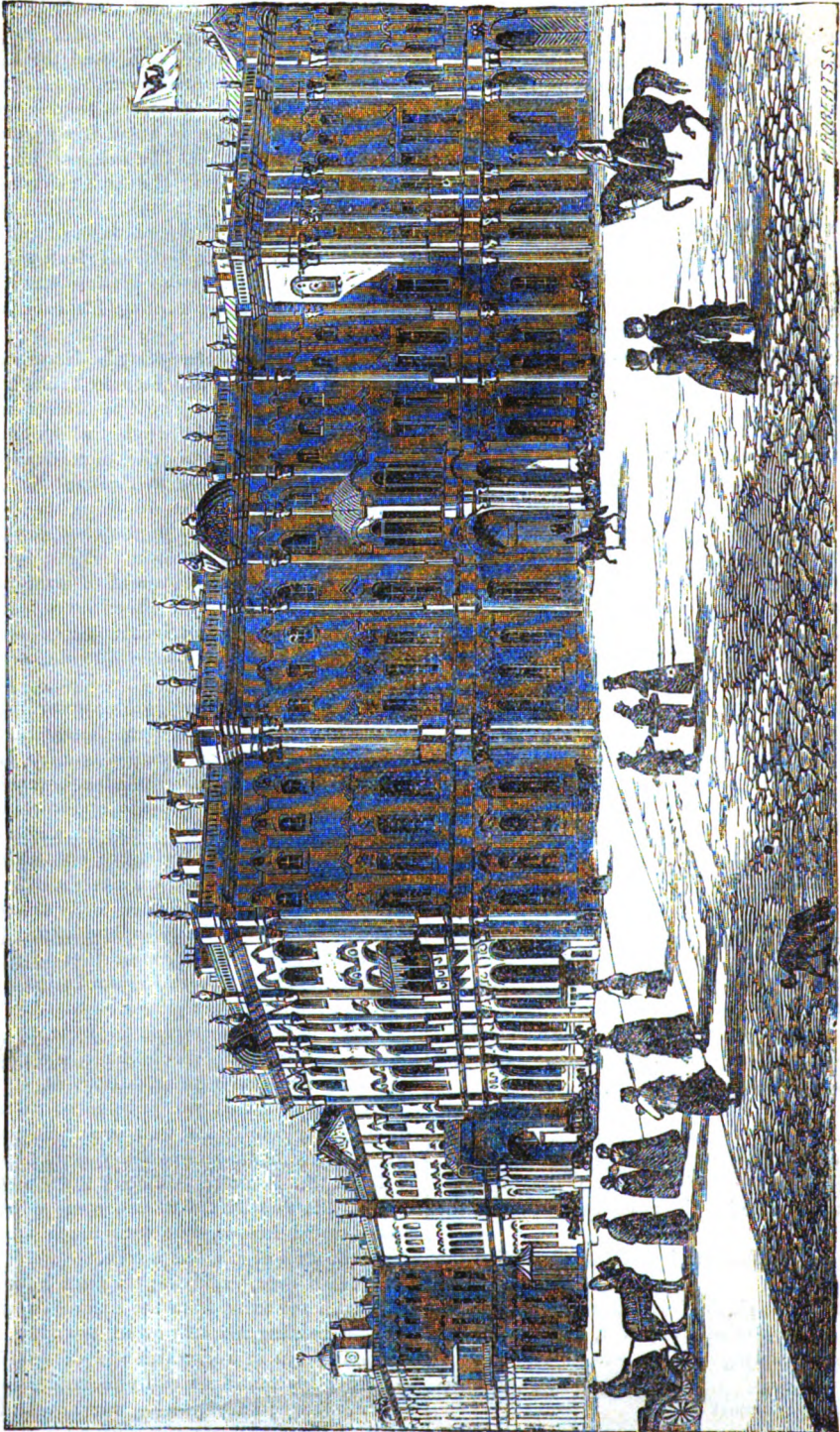
But the following circumstances from the memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon is a sad illustration of the truth of the foregoing:—"The castle of Trianon was just built when the king (Louis XIV) perceived a defect in one of the windows. Louvois, who was naturally insolent, and who had been so spoiled that he could hardly bear to be found fault with by his master, maintained that the window was well proportioned. The king, turning his back on him, turned away."

The next day, the king seeing Le Notre, the architect, asked him if he had been to Trianon; he answered in the negative. The king ordered him to go thither, and told him of the defect which he had discovered in the window. The next day the king asked him if he had been to Trianon; he again answered he had not. The following day the same question was again asked by the king, and the same answer given by the architect. The king now saw clearly that Le Notre was afraid of being under the necessity of declaring that either he or his minister was in the wrong, and with some anger he commanded Le Notre and Louvois to meet him the next day at Trianon.

No evasion was now possible; accordingly they met. The window was immediately mentioned; Louvois persisted in his former opinion, Le Notre remained silent. At last the king ordered him to measure the window; he obeyed, and while he was so employed, Louvois, enraged that such a criterion was resorted to, discovered his chagrin, and insisted with acrimony that the window was exactly like the rest.

When Le Notre had finished, Louvois asked him what was the result. Le Notre hesitated. The king with much passion commanded him to speak out. He then declared that the king was in the right, and that the window was not proportioned like the rest. Immediately the king turned to Louvois, told him there was no enduring his obstinacy, and reproached him with much vehemence. Louvois, stung with this reprimand, which was pronounced in the presence of many courtiers as well as workmen and footmen, returned home furious with rage. At his house he found St. Fouange, Villneuf, the Chevalier de Nogent, the two Tilladets, and some other of his most devoted friends, who were much alarmed at seeing the state of mind he was in.

"It is all over," said he; "I must have lost all credit with the king, from the manner in which he has been treating me only about a window. I have no resource but in war, which will divert his attention from his buildings and will render my assistance necessary; and, by —, war he shall have." He kept his word; war was declared a few months afterward, and he contrived, in spite of the king and the other powers, to render it general.—*Paxton Hood.*



WINTER PALACE, RESIDENCE OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY. ST. PETERSBURG.



## A BALL IN THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

**R**IGOROUS as is the climate of Russia, long and severe as are the winters of that northern land, the in-door life of the inhabitants may be described as being spent in an atmosphere truly tropical. The windows of their houses are provided with double sashes, between which are beds of sand, and around the seams of which are thick strips of felt, excluding effectually the outer air; the rooms are richly furnished with heavy carpets, curtains and bear-skins; immense stoves and furnaces keep up a perpetual summer heat; and gorgeous flowers, graceful vines and splendid exotic plants flourish everywhere, diffusing a spirit of luxuriant loveliness.

Just as the austerities of the weather offer no obstacle to the enjoyment of home pleasures, do they interfere not with the festivities of the season. Notwithstanding the piercing iciness of the out-door atmosphere, ladies in thin dresses, with bare necks and arms, may be seen moving in the dance.

On the occasion of a ball in the Winter Palace, the vast space before it is alive with horses and carriages, silvered over with the frost, driven by coachmen whose heavy fur robes appear as though powdered with diamond spangles. The usual crowd of spectators, eager to catch a glimpse of hot-house beauty, is considerably diminished by the biting temperature, but even a large one would seem but a handful in the great area which could comfortably hold an army. But the charms of the fair ones are scarce displayed, for in their magnificent wraps of ermine and sable, so completely sheltered are they from observation and cold, that hardly can the outlines of their forms be discerned.

The grand hall of polished marble and stucco, long enough, and wide enough, and high enough, to form the site and inclosure of a small village, is illuminated with millions of wax-candles. Light pours from the ceiling, glows along the cornice, and showers from every available space, until the whole great room seems flooded with the glare of noonday. And beneath it appears spread a dazzling panorama, as of a colossal bouquet of flowers of a thousand hues, a revolving array of myriads of banners composed of gigantic butterflies' wings, a shimmering sea of sparkling emeralds, gleaming rubies, blazing diamonds and glittering gold. And this mass of gorgeous magnificence, set aflame, as it were, by the wondrous excess of light, heaves and palpitates in numberless waves and currents, as though thrilled to life and motion by one mighty pulse.

As we would scarcely expect, we soon discover that this lavish predominance of color and glitter is most due to the men. There are uniforms and state dresses of the costliest quality, and of every conceivable hue, adorned with stars upon stars, and jewels upon jewels, of honor and rank, and weighted with gilded garnitures, even to a barbaric degree. The women generally, out of respect to the empress, who prefers simplicity to show, appear in plain white,

relieved by a few flowers and ornaments. But the white robes are silks and laces of priceless value; the chaste ornaments are pearls worth a prince's ransom.

The universal pulse now throbs wildly, and anon regularly, but still with a strong measure of excitement. For the imperial family is coming! The emperor and empress, followed by the grand dukes and the high officers of state, enter, pass through the assembly, occasionally addressing a word or two to one of their friends, and disappear through the opposite doors. And now all prepare for the opening of the ball.

The polonaise is the national Russian dance, being, however, more like a march. The guests fall back on each side, leaving a long avenue through the centre of the hall. The orchestra begins to play some spirited strains, and the czar leads off down this space, giving his hand to some lady whom he wishes to honor. After him come the gentlemen of rank, each with a fair partner, and so on, two after two, the living stream being continually supplied from the living wall on each side, until the whole concourse is in motion, and until all have made the circuit of the room. Color, and light, and flash, and sparkle, and glow succeed each other in swift and bewildering order, to the inspiring sound of wild, martial music. Here may be seen some Circassian or Tartar chieftain, in Oriental costume, in company with a princess who might be taken for one of our Western belles. Then follow polkas, and waltzes, and quadrilles, as known to the frequenters of gay gatherings everywhere throughout the fashionable world.

In another vast hall, larger than many a cathedral, the supper is spread, with the fair array of white-covered tables and shining silver, all veiled in a semi-darkness, amid which appear liveried servants, moving silently hither and thither. Upon a raised, velvet-draped platform is a half-circular table and some gilded arm-chairs, behind one of which is an immense sheaf of red and white camellias, signifying that this is the place of honor. Suddenly the emperor appears. Instantly lights gleam out like magic from a forest of wax-candles, creating a scene of fairy splendor. The empress, with several persons of rank, seats herself at the semi-circular table, where she is attended by twelve tall negroes in Oriental costume. After her, the guests arrange themselves at pleasure. The emperor wanders about, giving the honor of his company for a few minutes to this one, exchanging some remarks with that, seating himself by another, and drinking wine with still another. And so progresses the business of refreshment.

After supper, dancing is resumed. But nothing new appears to interest, and after awhile the ice-coated carriages bear away their precious freight. And soon the colors fade, the lights die out, the wide halls are deserted, and, after the manner of all things earthly, the ball in the Winter Palace comes to an end. And perhaps in this city of extremes, of squalor and sumptuousness, not very far away shivers many a poor family whom the price of one pearl from this pageant would render independent. M.

## THE OPIUM MADNESS.

THE Philadelphia Press, referring to the fact that the habit of opium-eating is becoming alarmingly prevalent in this country, says:

It is high time that both press and pulpit should raise their warning cry against this insidious and destructive vice. Let it but once get a fair grip on its victim, and it rarely lets him go until death grants final release. During its despotic sway, it holds in most abject subjection mind, soul and body. Like a subtle serpent it winds—gently and slowly, but surely—its sinuous coils about its prey, and then commences the fatal and irresistible pressure, ending in the decay of all the faculties, mental and physical, and in the utter overthrow of all that makes life valuable or desirable. The habit becomes really a madness, one which exacts inexorably its daily stimulus, or, failing which, takes a terrible revenge.

All who have read that most wonderful and fascinating book, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," will remember the obstinate and protracted struggle of its brilliant, talented author, De Quincey, against the deep-seated habit which so long held him in miserable bondage. He recites, with painful minuteness, his daily combat with the insatiable monster; how he would gradually diminish his doses, of almost incredible size, and then, when the final victory was deemed assured, how he would suddenly leap back again to his old overwhelming draughts. The impression is left with the reader that De Quincey finally conquered the habit which had for so many long years held him in thrall. It is a mistaken idea. That gifted genius died an opium drunkard at last; so did the poet Coleridge, and so have done large numbers of bright and brilliant intellects—men and women whose lives gave rich promise of influence and usefulness, and yet who, under the fatal spell of the most destructive enchanter, have made most wretched endings.

The fact is, the habitual opium drunkard is snatched from destruction only by a miracle, as it were. Physicians who have made the disease—for it is a disease, and one that takes Protean shapes—a specialty, unite in the conviction that the mania is incurable, except in special hospitals, similar to inebriate asylums, with peculiar treatment and adaptations. Up to a certain point, the habit can be gradually subdued; all its vital and most innermost links slowly untwisted and made to relax their hold, but just then the utmost watchfulness is required. There will come reactions when all the faculties, deprived of their usual stimulus, become fearfully demoralized. Every nerve quivers, every muscle trembles, the depression is profound, terrible, excruciating. The mind and will are utterly broken down, and each suffering fibre of the system seems to cry out in agony and piteously to demand to be toned and braced up by the old and all-powerful stimulant against an utter and general prostration.

At such moments of complete abasement and

demoralization, if the cup of salvation were offered in one hand and the vial of opium in the other, the unhappy victim, such is his all-pervading agony, and so debilitated is his will power, would madly snatch in preference the terrible drug, and so seek temporary surcease of misery. Blame him not; he is but mortal, and he has been mortally hurt. Then it is he becomes tricky and crafty, ingenious to deceive and sharp-witted to devise. He is in effect a monomaniac, whose every step and motion must be watched.

Even when pronounced cured and the patient has again gone back to his usual avocation and the endearments of home, there is constant danger of some sudden relapse. The advent of disease, business trouble or domestic grief; the loss of a dear one; any uncommon disaster; a profound depression of spirits—anything, in fact, which weakens the body or overwhelms the soul may straightway hurl him back into the awful abyss from which he has emerged with so much pain and such persevering effort.

When one thinks how easy this tenacious vice can be learned; how pleasant and seductive are its approaches; how by stilling pain, quieting the nerves, stimulating the fancy, and toning up all the languishing powers, it so delightfully grows into a fixed habit, the number and high character of its captives can scarcely elicit wonder. Its victims are select and high-toned. Like alcoholic drunkenness its prey is chosen from the gifted, the intellectual and the most admired for wit and fancy. For a delightful period the insidious, captivating poison courses through the veins like an elixir, toning the nerves, flushing the cheek, giving lustre to the eye, and stimulating all the mental faculties and sensibilities, but, at last, "it biteth like an adder." From a welcome guest, it has become an exacting and despotic master, and, at last the helpless and deluded victim wakes up to the dreadful reality that he is but the veriest slave, bound hand and foot, with all his firm walls of protection cast down, and an abject prey to the remorseless spoiler.

The only safeguard from this appalling opium habit is a perpetual vigilance as to what passes your lips—the only salvation, *obsta principiis*. Beware—no matter under what specious, alluring, or seductive guise it be offered—lest you should take an enemy into your mouth that will not only "steal away your brains," but which will take captive your whole body and immortal spirit; that will first still your pains only to aggravate them; will calm your nerves only to torture them; will tone up your faculties only to finally overwhelm them in irreparable ruin. This mocking, flattering enemy to man's happiness now lurks in many of the fashionable medicines and elixirs of the day. It thus enters the household like a thief in the night. It thus finds access to gifted and delicate victims who, did they but know the pitiless enemy they were welcoming, would stand back appalled at the abyss yawning so darkly before them.

It has of late become the practice of many thought-



less or conscienceless physicians to prescribe for fretful children or suffering patients, opiates in various forms and under different disguises. It is a fearful responsibility they thus take upon themselves. How can they escape the charge of murderers of both soul and body who thus bestow upon innocent infants or trusting patients a most fatal gift; who bring temporary relief at such frightful expense; who "keep the word of promise to the ear yet break it to the hope?" The fabled shirt of torture was a no more disastrous or tormenting infliction to Nessus than is that of a fascinating and palliative drug whose sole end must be irremediable ruin.

### HAUNTED.

ARE not western woodlands haunted  
By that dark stern race of men,  
Whose brown tents once specked the valley,  
Hill-side, river-side and glen?  
Think you they do not revisit  
All those olden haunts again?  
Yes, the chieftain's plumes are waving  
Dimly in the faint moonlight;  
And a thousand Indian warriors  
Rise up proudly in their might—  
Indian wife and Indian mother,  
With their eyes as black as night.

Is it all a panorama?  
Little wigwams brown arise,  
And fantastic smoke wreaths quiver  
Blue, softly to the skies,  
And from each low door are gleaming  
Pairs of shining ebony eyes.  
Yes, I think the woods are haunted;  
Mortals might not see the sight,  
If they traveled through the woodlands  
In the quietude of night;  
Might not see the proud eyes flashing  
Through the moonbeams cold and white;  
Might not see the light bark moving  
With the rivers sullen roar,  
Nor perceive the dusk hands plying  
In their iron strength the oar;  
Nor the fierce and painted warrior  
Dimly shadowed on the shore.

Think you not the oak could tell us  
Many stories such as these?  
I have often thought the bosoms  
Of the old and silent trees  
Were brimful of strange traditions—  
Poems, legends, mysteries;  
And I think dark eyes were frowning,  
When our careless feet we press'd  
On the low y bed of mosses,  
Where the Indian sleepers rest,  
While with selfish voice we murmured,  
"Drive the red men farther west!"

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

### LENOX DARE:

#### THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

#### CHAPTER III.

MRS. CRANE did not carry out her new decision at once. She would "take time to breathe," she told herself, and had Lenox Dare suspected the truth, and behaved at this critical time with ordinary shrewdness she might have averted the fate that was hanging over her. Had she stayed a good deal more in-doors; had she taken some extra pains with the household tasks—not severe for an ordinary girl of her age, it must be admitted—which Mrs. Crane set her; above all, had she, with a little tact, diverted that lady's thoughts into different channels, by bringing up the old times, and relating her childish memories of Colonel Marvell, the chances are that Mrs. Crane would have been mollified, and that the purpose which she had formed, not without a struggle, and in an hour of extreme exasperation, would have fallen to the ground.

But Lenox, who had no idea of what was impending, was at this time her own worst enemy. Never in her life had she been so heedless and absent. She went through her tasks self-absorbed and unconscious, like one in a dream. Mrs. Crane, in her present mood, put the worst interpretation on all this, and fancied Lenox's manner proceeded from indifference or sullen defiance, and she was aggravated in proportion to her mistake.

But Lenox Dare's behavior at this time might have puzzled a shrewder judge of human nature than Mrs. Abijah Crane. She had passed through a great crisis. New ideas, new feelings, a sense of new powers and needs had awakened in her soul. She was like some creature, groping in the dark, who catches no ray of the light, no sign of the morning. She herself only half-understood the new clamoring voices in her soul, but they gave her no peace. She had an unuttered, but abiding sense that things could not go on with her as before; that there was something for her to do, but what it was—where it could be found—this lonely, friendless girl of fifteen could not divine. Thick walls of fate seemed to close her in on every side.

"What can I do? There *must* be a way," she kept saying to herself, and it seemed to her the answer must come in God's great, wide, warm outdoors; and this was why she rushed away from the house, as soon as the dishes were wiped and the sweeping and dusting were over. She went off into cool, shadowy places of the woods, and paced up and down the green stillness for hours; she threw herself on the ground, and buried her face in her lap, while her thoughts groped within her; and sometimes she wrung her hands, and again the words forced themselves in a pathetic cry from her heart to her lips.

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"Ah, what shall I do?" and there came no answer through the warm, wide, shadowy silence; and the days went on, and the slender rim of the moon grew large and round in the summer sky, and Mrs. Crane grew more silent and more aggrieved, and the fate of Lenox Dare closed more and more darkly around her!

One day, a large old-fashioned china bowl, which Mrs. Crane valued, slipped from Lenox's fingers on her way to the closet and crashed into fragments at her feet. She had surmounted a pile of smaller crockery with this bowl. It was dreadfully careless, Lenox saw that clearly enough, when the sound of the smashing porcelain brought her to herself. She looked up scared and deprecatory to Mrs. Crane. The woman sprang to her feet with an impulse to lay fierce hands on Lenox, but she sat down the next moment, and only said in her tragic tone: "You've done it now, you careless, lazy girl! You ain't fit to be trusted with a dish more than a wild colt! Go and pick up them pieces!"

Lenox obeyed, glad to escape so easily. It would have been only a fresh aggravation to tell Mrs. Crane that her thoughts had been elsewhere.

That broken bowl, however, was the finishing stroke. That very afternoon Mrs. Crane went down to Mrs. Cartright's, who lived less than half a mile away on the meadow road, and hired Bill, the old woman's grandson, to carry her over to the woolen-factory five miles away. While the horse was harnessing Mrs. Cartright's tongue was not idle. She applauded Mrs. Crane's resolutions, and listened with great sympathy to the story of the broken bowl.

Mrs. Crane had a somewhat lengthy interview with the foreman of the factory. She came home that evening with an air half-mysterious, half-triumphant. When supper was over, she asked Lenox to go with her into the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane seated herself in the large rocking-chair, and took up the black fan. Then, in a few words, she told Lenox that she had that afternoon secured a place for her as a weaver in the woolen-mills at Factory Forks. She must be ready to go in three days.

The girl listened in a kind of blank amazement. She did not at once take in the full meaning of the words; but had Mrs. Crane told Lenox Dare that her head was to be taken off—that the block, and the axe, and the masked headsman would be waiting for her at the appointed hour, I do not believe that the girl could have been more shocked as the truth slowly dawned upon her. She was so far stunned at first that she did not show any very great feeling. Mrs. Crane, not in the least understanding Lenox, and curious as to how the girl would take this sudden, tremendous change in her life, watched her narrowly. The woman herself was laboring under no little suppressed excitement, and the black feathers trembled a good deal as she waved them to and fro.

"I am going to work in the factory! You have been to see the foreman this afternoon and told him I would come! Is that what you said, Aunt Abigail?"

asked Lenox, slowly, and in a sort of dazed tone, like one who is trying to feel the meaning of the words she speaks, and half fails to grasp it.

"Yes, that is what I said, Lenox," answered Mrs. Crane, in a high, rapid, decided key. "I've had this on my mind for a good while; I've felt it was high time you was learnin' to do something for yourself. You won't be of any use in the world goin' on in this fashion, moonin' among your books, and gallopin' off in the woods all day. It's no way for a reasonable being, and a girl of fifteen to spend her life. You've got at last to turn to and put shoulder to the wheel, and help earn your own living."

"But you never said anything to me before about the factory. Why did you not tell me, Aunt Abigail?" asked Lenox from her corner, still in a dazed voice, like one who has had some bewildering shock, and who still half doubts the evidence of her own senses.

"What was the use of talking about it, Lenox?" retorted Mrs. Crane, keeping up her high, glib tone. "I made up my mind to do the thing, and waste no words over it. It was high time, too. To think of a girl of your age lasin' 'round out-doors as you've done of late. Did you s'pose you could al'ays go on in that fashion? If you had been my own daughter, I should have put you at work long ago."

This was Mrs. Crane's clinching argument, against it her conscience and her purpose braced themselves. She honestly meant to keep her promise to Colonel Marvell. He had charged her to deal by his grand-nieces as she would by her own child.

A cry like that of some terrified, strangling creature broke out suddenly from the corner where Lenox Dare sat in the gathering darkness. "O Aunt Abigail, do not do that! Have pity upon me! Do not send me to the factory to work!"

The bolt had fallen. The quick was reached now. But that cry out of the young, agonized spirit, only hardened Mrs. Crane. Nothing is so cruel as blind ignorance and weakness. Mrs. Crane had nerved herself for a scene.

"Come," she said, in a hard, angry voice, "I don't want any actions of that sort. They won't move me an inch, Lenox Dare, so you may as well stop! What I've done, I've done for your good, and you'll live to see it some day. Why shouldn't you be put to work like other girls, I'd like to know? Who do you s'pose is goin' to support you all your life in doin' nothin'? If you was the right sort of girl, you'd thank me for what I've done this day, and be glad of a chance to take yourself off other folks' hands. I've got you an easy berth. I took pains to see the foreman and have it made smooth for you. The work's mere play—settin' a loom goin', and watchin' the warp, and threadin' a shuttle. It's true you'll have to keep at it steady—eleven hours a day—but I fixed it so you could have Saturday afternoon with your Sundays at home, and that's mighty good luck for a factory girl."

Lenox Dare, with her little white face, with her great dark eyes full of some unutterable agony, listened to this speech. She was fully alive to its mean-

ing now. Mrs. Crane had laid the young, quivering soul on the rack, and pitilessly turned the screws. This much can be said for the woman; she did not know what she was doing.

Lenox was dumb for a few moments; then, with a kind of convulsive cry, the agony within her broke out into prayers, entreaties, pleadings. I suppose the scene between her and Mrs. Abijah Crane did not last for more than fifteen minutes. She clasped her hands—this strange, silent girl—she knelt at Mrs. Crane's feet; she grasped the woman's dress; she begged her to spare her from the factory—as strong men have been known to kneel and plead in a passion of agony for their lives—men who died calmly and bravely at the last. But appeals that must, it seemed, have moved a stone, were powerless with Mrs. Crane. The woman, blinded by prejudice and ignorance, only found in Lenox's behavior fresh confirmation of her worst opinions of the girl. Her horror of the factory proceeded, Mrs. Crane thought, from bad temper and dread of work. Every gesture, every touching prayer, every wailing cry, only hardened her in her purpose. Do you know how obstinate and cruel these weak, easily moulded natures will be when they are blinded and angered? The winds and rocks would not have been so pitiless to Lenox Dare as Mrs. Abijah Crane that night. You would have thought she had not the heart of a woman in her. It was not, however, in the nature of this girl to bruise herself long against a rock. In her first amazement and terror she had turned instinctively to Mrs. Crane for help and pity. It was not strange; the woman had been very kind to her at times. In the agony of that awful moment she grasped Mrs. Crane's dress, only to have it twitched away, while the gray dilated eyes glared at her in a frenzy of rage. The woman stamped her feet and bade her leave off her tantrums and get out of her sight.

Then Lenox Dare suddenly grew still; a long, shuddering sob went over the slight figure. She rose without another word and left the room. The girl had made her last appeal to Mrs. Crane. She would never again, by word or sign, seek to move her.

The woman, shaken by her late excitement, sat and fanned herself violently. Her little gray eyes snapped and sparkled fiercely. She indulged in all manner of harsh and evil judgments of Lenox Dare. She made herself believe the girl would certainly come to some bad end if she failed in resolution at this juncture. She had carried her point, but underneath all her prejudice, obstinacy and passion, Mrs. Abijah Crane had anything but a comfortable feeling that night.

Lenox Dare went up to her own room and sat down by the window, where the moon in bright, mocking triumph looked down upon her. She folded her hands on the window-sill, and sat there with her stricken childish face. Sometimes she gasped a little for breath, but she did not sob or moan any more as the great black nightmare of her future rose before her.

She looked at it steadily—this girl of fifteen—while her heart sickened and her brain recoiled. She

knew a little of what factory-life must be, for one day Abijah Crane, when he drove over to the Forks on business, had taken her with him.

As they entered the bare, wide, sandy level, in the midst of which stood the great, red brick, four-storied building, with its staring rows of small-paned windows, she heard the deafening clatter of the looms, and wheels, and steam engines. The next moment the great factory-bell in the cupola sent its mighty clang over every other sound, and in an instant the vast machinery was silent. And as they drew up before a high flight of steps, Lenox caught a sound of scurrying feet. It was twelve o'clock, and the factory operatives were hurrying out to their dinners. For three-quarters of an hour the great, toiling, bellowing monster inside would be at rest. Lenox watched with curious, wistful eyes the loud human tide which poured out from the factory-door. She saw hard, rough faces of boys, and men, and young women, and girls no older than herself. Some of these had pretty faces, but others had a bold, vacant look under their sunbonnets and cheap straw-hats. Most of the faces, too, were soiled and smuttied with the dust and dye of the woolen cloths. A few stopped to stare at her; but, for the most part, they rushed past her, a tired, hungry, noisy crowd, eager for their dinner in the great, unpainted factory boarding-house across the road.

Lenox, standing on one side, gazed at these girls, and tried to fancy what their lives must be. It seemed to this creature of the woods and hills something inconceivably joyless, hopeless, dreary—as far removed from herself as a life that belonged to another planet.

Afterward, Abijah Crane, thinking to interest his young companion, took her through the woolen-mills and showed her the great looms, where the girls sat or stood all day, and threaded the shuttles and watched the warp. She wondered how those girls lived shut up there in the noise, and dust, and sickening smells from early morning to sunset, while the beautiful day went on through its long hours of dews, and sunshine, and singing birds! How she did pity those young weavers! Did it seem to them that the day would never come to an end? Did their heads grow tired, and ache with the endless din, and clatter, and toil?

"Let us go away," she said at last to Abijah Crane. And he noticed she looked tired and pale as they went down the stairs; but his stolid soul had no conception of what was going on in hers.

Before they reached the last flight of stairs, the three-quarters of an hour had expired, and the vast machinery started up again. Lenox heard the clatter of the looms, the rush of the wheels, the roar of the engines. How glad she was to get away from it all into the free, glad May-day again, with its world of sprouting grass and budding trees, and tender skies over all.

This had happened months ago; but the whole scene had taken powerful hold of Lenox's imagination, and it had haunted her at times ever since.

And now, as she sat there by her small-paned window in the summer moonlight, there seemed to Lenox Dare something prophetic in her shuddering terror at that time. For she, too, was going to be one of those girls she had wondered over and pitied—she, too, was to wear out the long days in that stifling air, among those whirling wheels and clattering looms—she, too, was to mingle in that rude, noisy crowd of men and boys, of coarse, slatternly girls, who hurried down at twelve o'clock, tired and greedy, to the factory boarding-house.

Think of this shy, sensitive, finely-organized girl living all this over and over as she sat there in the moonlit silence! That vivid imagination, which thus far had made the great joy of Lenox's lonely girlhood, now turned into her finest torment, and reproduced every detail with harrowing vividness.

She wished she could die. The grave, cool, and soft, and quiet, had no terrors for her. It was only that dreadful monster of a factory, ready to strangle her soul among its grinding wheels, its battling looms, that she dreaded. It grew and grew in her imagination a vast, living devouring thing.

And the moon up there in the summer sky looked down with its bright, mocking smile on the girl's agony; and all the sweet sounds of the summer night, the stirring of leaves, the murmur of insects, the happy little winds that went to sleep among the grasses, could not wile her for a moment out of her misery. She rose at last from mere habit, and laid down on her small bed, and dropped into broken slumbers; but every little while she would start up suddenly, and find the cold, pitiless moon staring in at her window.

When Mrs. Crane met Lenox the next morning, neither made any allusion to what had passed the night before. If Mrs. Crane spoke, which was as seldom as possible, it was with a stare and a sepulchral tone, much as though the girl had been guilty of some crime. But all this was lost on Lenox. She had that to bear which made her quite unconscious of anything Mrs. Crane might now do or say. She went through her morning tasks mechanically; and when these were finished she started for her old haunts in the woods. Mrs. Crane did not attempt to detain her. She had made up her mind that Lenox should have her own way during these last days at home. As there was some preserving to be done, she thought she was treating the girl with wonderful generosity.

As Lenox was leaving the house, she came suddenly on Mr. Crane, who paused and looked at her with a grave, troubled expression in his large, ox-like face. She saw then that he knew. He laid his heavy hand on her shoulder, and shook his head solemnly.

"I am sorry things have taken this turn, Lenox," he said, glancing cautiously at the door. "I'm ready to help you if you can see how."

For a moment, in her loneliness and helplessness, her face flushed, her heart sprang to his words. Was there any help or strength in this man? But when,

asking herself this question, she darted a swift, doubtful glance into his face, her hope fell. Her flashing intuitions showed her there was nothing to hope for from this source. If Abijah Crane matched his will against his wife's, he would surely come off discomfited in that contest.

"No, thank you, Uncle Abijah," answered Lenox, softly. "You are very kind, but you can't help me."

She went off into the woods among her old favorite haunts, among the sweet, green, shadowy places where her heart had dreamed, and her thoughts had sung to her. No fairer day had ever bloomed out of the heart of midsummer, but all its fresh, light and beauty were quenched in a great darkness for Lenox Dare. The clang of looms, the dreadful clatter of wheels drowned the singing of birds, and the soft voices of winds, and all lovely sights and sounds hurt and harrowed her. She thought of the new strange hopes and aspirations which had thrilled her soul that day in the glen, and which had haunted and stung her ever since with vague reachings and longings, and she thought how these were to end in the doom that awaited her—in the life that was worse than death!

She wandered up and down the shadowy wood-paths with the hunted look in her brown eyes, and then again she sat motionless as the huge tree trunks around her, with her little pale face full of the despair that was freezing at her heart.

Oh, my reader, were you ever young—ever young—and did your life ever seem walled up, with a great blackness all around you, and in your loneliness and helplessness have you ever turned wildly on every side, seeking for some way out of that prison-house, and found none in earth or Heaven to deliver you? If you have not, then, unless your nature be gifted with fine and generous sympathies, you will not be able to reproduce to yourself this girl's feelings—you cannot enter into the secret place of her agony.

I am quite aware there is another side to all this. The girls at Factory Forks managed to have a tolerably comfortable time. They soon got used to the noise of the machinery, the relentless bell, the monotonous toil. They found this, of course, irksome at times, but I doubt whether the majority would have exchanged the factory-life for that of Lenox Dare, at the toll-gate. They had their holidays, their pride in their new, gay clothes, their evening pleasures, their walks with their beaux, their gossips and rivalries, their vanities and triumphs.

The weavers of Factory Forks earned an honest living and led a worthier life than many a fine lady who dawdles away her days in luxurious ease.

In justice, too, to Mrs. Abijah Crane, it must be owned that the woman had no idea of the torture she was inflicting. It was impossible for her to comprehend a nature like Lenox Dare's, and viewed from her stand-point, there was a great deal in the girl's ways and habits with which it was easy to find fault. It was not difficult to take her absent-mindedness for stupidity, her long, wasteful days out-doors for downright laziness.

The toll-keeper's poverty pressed harder each year, and it seemed high time that Lenox should begin to take care of herself. Had she been her own daughter, Mrs. Crane would have reasoned in precisely this fashion. It is one of the saddest mysteries of human life, that natures like Lenox Dare's should be in the power of women like Mrs. Crane.

The day wore away as all days do, whether their hours glide rosy and joyous as in that beautiful old myth of the Greeks, or whether they grind through long, slow tortures that make them seem like eternity.

The sun was behind the hills, and the dews were beginning to fall, when, at last, Lenox Dare rose, but of mere habit, and went home. Mrs. Crane's manner was not changed toward the girl, unless it was a shade more tragic. The three drank their tea in solemn silence, and Lenox did her part at clearing away the dishes before she went up to her little chamber, the chamber that was all her home in the world—that was to be hers in a little while no longer! She thought of that, as she gazed around the little, low-ceiled room. The moon by this time was looking in at the window again with the old, mocking brightness. Lenox sat down in her old place, but the strain of the day was beginning to tell on her, and she soon fell into a deep slumber. When she awoke, it was past midnight, and she was stiff and cold, and she crept into bed, where again she fell into a heavy sleep, and did not awake until it was long past sunrise.

The next day was, in all outward things, like the previous one. Lenox had lived over, in imagination, her entrance into the factory, and her first day there, until it seemed impossible, when the reality came, that it would be any more vivid to her.

The girl's last reading before she met young Beresford in the glen—she had read nothing since that time—had been a biographical sketch of Robert Burns, prefixed to an edition of his poems. The book had belonged to her uncle, but the Scotch dialect had long repelled her. One day, however, browsing among the shelves, she took down the volume and read the brief, harrowing story—the bitter ending of the poet's life. It profoundly impressed the girl's imagination. His appeal, a few days before his death, wrung out of his pride and agony, for the ten pounds which was to save him from being thrust into jail for debt, still haunted her. Those last despairing words, written on the Solway Frith, wandered up and down the girl's brain, and seemed to mingle with her own misery. In all the sad history of genius and poverty, there is nothing, perhaps, which has a more awful pathos than the dying prayer of the great poet whom Scotland first killed, and then built costly monuments and held grand banquets to honor!

"Spare me from the horrors of a jail!" went the piteful words up and down Lenox Dare's brain. "O James, did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors

of a jail have made me half-distracted! I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible, I dare not look at it again."

The thought of that jail waiting for Robert Burns as he wore away the long, cruelly bright summer days on "Solway Frith," and the thought of the great, devouring thing at Factory Forks, waiting to swallow up her young life in its huge working maw, mingled confusedly in Lenox Dare's brain. It was giving way under its long misery. She knew just how the dying poet felt; knew the shuddering, the dread, the terror that must have worked in his whirling brain and sinking heart, as the vision of that debtor's cell drew nearer, and seemed to close blackly around him! "If somebody," she thought, "could only have whispered to the man hunted to death—to the great poet, who was to make the air of all the world sweeter and gladder for his singing—that his best friend was coming; that he would lead him into the peace and stillness, where there would be no more cruel creditors, no more dreadful jails to threaten him any more! Why could not something tell him that the end was so close at hand?"

Lenox Dare, through all her misery, felt a flash of joy that Robert Burns could die!

The transition to the thought of her own death was a very natural one. All souls, old or young, hunted and hemmed in, at the last extremity will turn with a sudden blind longing for the rest and calm where nothing can hurt them any more.

Lenox Dare had reached a mood where nothing seemed so terrible to her as life. In going over that time, long afterward, it seemed to her that second day had less fiery anguish for her than the first. Body and soul were more worn out, benumbed, by this time, with all she had endured. But the thought of death, as she sat there with her feet tucked under her, and the winds at frolic among the far-branching cedars over her head, came and tempted her. It was such an easy, swift, certain deliverance out of her misery! And then there rose up, before the girl, a spot where Cherry Hollows Creek widened and deepened less than a quarter of a mile below a little rustic foot-bridge. It was a wild, sheltered place, shut in by pines, and young oaks, and tangled vines. The place had always a singular fascination for her. A little footpath led down a steep bank to the creek. Abijah Crane, learning that the girl was in the habit of going here, had warned her to be careful, for the water was at least twelve feet deep at that point. On her return home, at night-fall, Lenox would pass the bank which stood only a few feet from the road. There was a point—she knew it well—where she could see the little footpath which led over the summit down through the brown shadows to the waters. All day long the thought of that soft gloom haunted the girl; all day long the still, shadowy waters lay clear before her, and in all the great, cruel world they alone seemed to hold a welcome and peace for her in their cool, restful depths. She thought of herself lying there very still, with no pitiless Anna Abigail, no deadful factory to torture her any more,



"One man gave me a ride in a cart. I have run away. I had nobody else to come to." She stopped there suddenly. She would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

"Walked from Cherry Hollows in one day! Great Heavens!" said young Mavis again. He knew the slight girl had come almost thirty miles on foot.

Then, without saying another word, he took the tired, trembling figure in his strong, young arms, carried it into the house, and set it down on a lounge in a little, softly-lighted home-like nest of a sitting-room, and shouted at the top of his voice: "Mother! mother! Come straight here—please!"

An instant afterward, there appeared at the door the rather small, plump figure of a woman, a little past middle life. She had a bright face and a fresh complexion, and still retained a good deal of the prettiness of her youth. She wore a simple, dark dress, with little gray-and-black curls on either side of her face. There was an air of motherhood all about the plump little matron; and she had a tender look in her eyes, as more than one person affirmed who had gone to her in trouble.

"What in the world do you want, Ben?" she asked; and before he could reply she caught sight of the slight figure on the lounge, and of the great, wild, beseeching eyes staring at her out of the young, pale face.

She gave a little gasp of amazement, and then her son spoke: "Mother, this is Lenox Dare. She has walked here from Cherry Hollows since morning."

"Oh, my poor child!" said Mrs. Mavis. The words were full of shocked pity. It was a cry straight out of her mother-heart.

"I had nobody else to come to, nobody else!" said Lenox, in just the tone in which she had said it out in the darkness to Ben Mavis, and then her voice failed her.

But when, face and hands full of eager helpfulness, Mrs. Mavis approached her, Lenox Dare suddenly sprang to her feet. She forgot her aching limbs, her dreadful exhaustion. With a swift movement she waved back the hands outstretched to her. "I must tell you the truth first!" she said, and then, before any one could reply, she began to tell the story of the last three days. Nobody in the world could have told it, as she did, with such a passion of feeling, such native eloquence, such limpid truthfulness. She lived it all over again. She held nothing back of all the misery, the half-madness, the dreadful temptation through which she had passed since that night when Mrs. Crane had first told her she was to go to work in the factory. She told how, sitting by her window the midnight before, the thought of Ben Mavis, and of the kindly mother of which he had told her, first flashed across her, how she had left her home before sunrise, how the thought and the hope had upheld her through the long, terrible walk of the day.

Nothing human could listen to that girl's story unmoved, and the hearts of the two who heard it—the tender woman, the manly youth, were touched to

the core. The tears were streaming over Mrs. Mavis's face; and Ben only kept his back by remembering that he was a man, and almost twenty at that.

"I am all alone in the world. There is nobody to help me!" said Lenox Dare, turning her great, beseeching eyes from mother to son, as she concluded. "If you will let me stay here a little while until I can think what I can do, I will be very good. It seemed to me if I could once get where you were, and tell you my story, you would not send me away; you would take pity on me and help me. So I have walked all these dreadful miles just to say to you: 'Save me from Mrs. Crane—save me from that awful factory!'"

"They'll never get you across its threshold so long as I've a sound bone in my body!" growled Ben Mavis, and his brown, handsome face flushed crimson between wrath and pity. "I'd like first to tar and feather that old toll-keeper's vixen of a wife, and then ride her on a rail!"

Then the soft, pitying voice of the mother followed the son's low growl: "My poor little girl, we shall never send you back to the factory—never! Nobody shall harm you now. You shall stay with us just as long as you want to, and we will take the best care of you."

Poor Lenox Dare! She tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. The sudden relief, the long strain, the utter exhaustion must have their way at last. She dropped down in a senseless heap on the lounge.

Three months before that night, Lenox Dare saw Benjamin Mavis for the first time. The young man, on his way to Seneca Lake, passed through the toll-gate, and Abijah Crane, always glad of a chance for a talk, induced him to stop and answer some inquiries about people whom the toll-keeper had known at Briarswild, the town, lying off among the hills to the west, where young Mavis resided.

While the two were talking, Lenox happened to come out of the house, and caught sight of a little, slenderly-built dark gray colt, standing by the side of its mare. Lenox had a passion for horses. She went up at once to the little graceful, bright-eyed quadruped, and put her arm about its neck, and smoothed its nose, and stroked its soft mane, and the shy, three-year-old animal seemed pleased with her soft, caressing touch. He laid back his ears, he tossed up his head, and then bent it down to her hand.

"O pony!" said Lenox Dare, hanging fascinated about the gracefully-built creature, and smoothing its glossy hide, "don't I wish you were my very own pony! Wouldn't we have glorious times together, all alone, out in the great, glad world, sweeping like fire along the still old roads, dashing up into the hills, and plunging down the river banks. Oh, you dainty, delicious creature! Oh, you bright-eyed, graceful-limbed, mouse-colored darling! You make me think of Pegasus, when the joyful nymphs found him drinking at the Pierian Spring; you make me think of Bucephalus when Alexander vaulted on his back

and rode forth to conquer the world; you make me think of Walter Scott on his favorite horse as he forded the Tweed, and dashed along the wild moors over the purple heather, or woke up the Scottish echoes as he blew the old war-horn of the Border! Oh, gray little colt, if you and I only belonged to each other, we would be the happiest, bravest pair in all the world!"

A little noise at her ear startled the girl. She looked up and saw a young man with a sun-browned, frank, handsome face under a straw hat, gazing at her with amused, astonished eyes. He wore a light suit of clouded gray. He must have been very young. There was only a light yellowish down on his chin.

Poor Lenox's cheeks blazed with confusion as she thought this stranger must have overheard more or less of her foolish talk to his colt; but he spoke at once in such a frank, kindly way that she was relieved.

"You've taken a wonderful fancy to my little colt, I see."

"I couldn't help it," said Lenox. "She's such a perfect little beauty. But my talk just now must have sounded very absurd. I hope you heard very little of it."

The young man smiled. What a frank, pleasant smile he had with his rows of perfect teeth! "I should like to hear a good deal more talk of that sort!" he said, still looking with a kind of pleased surprise at the little flushed, dark face, at the great, luminous eyes, all alive now with late excitement. "You must like horses better than one girl in—in a million, I should say!"

"I don't know about other girls. I have had no opportunity of comparing my tastes with theirs," replied Lenox, with a little old-fashioned air, that would not have misbecome a grandmother, and that was the result of her isolated life and lack of all childish companionship and habits. "But the sight of a little colt always thrills me with perfect delight—sets me half wild to get on his back."

"Suppose you try Dainty, then?" said the owner, speaking on a sudden impulse. "Nobody has ever mounted her before, and she won't know what to make of you at first, but she is gentle, though she's full of life and play. She has no bad tricks, either, and you are such a light weight."

"Oh, thank you! What fun that will be!" cried Lenox, her great eyes dancing. "What a pretty name, too, and how perfectly it fits the creature!"

So the ice was broken in five minutes between the shy girl and the young stranger, as it might not have been had they seen each other for weeks under ordinary circumstances.

Afterward, he assisted her to mount the colt. The animal did not take it quietly at first; she plunged and reared her fore-feet, and made desperate efforts to throw her rider, but her owner kept at her side, and Lenox behaved admirably. She had been used to sitting on Colonel Marvell's old black mare, and was a natural-born horsewoman. The girl clung fast to Dainty's neck, and when the creature was rearing

her worst, brought her to her senses and her feet, by leaning over and giving her a smart blow on the nose. At last she quieted, and getting used to her rider, condescended to carry Lenox, at least a quarter of a mile up the turnpike, with only a moderate amount of shying and rearing, her owner walking all the time by her side, talking to her in the voice she had learned to know, and giving Lenox an occasional direction. Altogether the ride was a success.

When the girl dismounted at the toll-gate, a picturesque object, with her dark hair blowing about her unbonneted head, her face all alive with the excitement and pleasure of her ride, she felt better acquainted with the stranger she had met for the first time half an hour ago, than she did with almost anybody else in the world. They had learned each other's names, and exchanged some facts regarding their personal histories. The young man had come from Briarswild, a large, rather sparsely settled township, thirty miles west of Cherry Hollows, and at least a dozen from any railroad.

Benjamin Mavis's mother was a widow, and he was her only son. He was now going down on some business among the vine-growing districts, in the vicinity of Seneca Lake.

In the course of their talk, the young man alluded to the toll-keeper as Lenox's father, and this necessarily brought out her explanation of their very remote connection. "Mrs. Crane was my grand-uncle, Colonel Marvell's, widow. I have not a single relative in the world." She said this after she had dismounted at the toll-gate, and was stroking Dainty's nose.

"Not one in the world—such a young girl as you are!" said the young man, and there was a touch of pity in his voice, in his pleasant, frank eyes as they looked at her.

"It must be very delightful to have a mother," said Lenox, looking up in her odd, abrupt way, without answering his question. "I have often wondered what mine would have been like. Tell me something about yours, please, I should like to hear."

"It is not easy to talk about my mother," replied Ben Mavis, startled and puzzled at Lenox's strange speech. "I can only say that she is the dearest, kindest, softest-hearted little woman in all the world."

Lenox's eyes sparkled with pleased interest, then a shadow crept into them. "I suppose you love your mother very much?" she said, in an earnest, grave tone, a moment later.

"Why, yes," answered Ben Mavis, with a little embarrassed laugh, almost like a girl's. "Does that seem very strange to you?"

"Not that, precisely," answered Lenox, shaking her head with a kind of slow, sorrowful gravity. "I was only thinking how nice it must be to have somebody one could love in the world!"

"Why, haven't you anybody?" asked Ben Mavis, and he looked at the girl with a pitying curiosity in his honest young face.

She gazed up at him with her deep, quiet eyes.

The hand that was stroking Dainty's nose paused a moment. "No—not anybody?" she said. "But I know what it means," she went on in a moment, before the young man, surprised and shocked, could think of anything to say. "I loved my uncle—old Colonel Marvell—very dearly. I loved him so, though I was a very little girl, only five years old, that I would have died if that would have done any good—if it would have had him live!" Her lips quivered. There was at the same time a shadow and a brightness on her face, as there was in her voice; in her words even.

Young Mavis was deeply moved. "But these people with whom you live," he said, glancing at the toll-house. "I see you call them aunt and uncle. They must be something to you?"

"Yes, they are," answered Lenox, with the old, grave air that set so oddly on her childish face and figure. "I like Uncle Abijah, who is always kind, and would do anything for me; and I like Aunt Abigail—at times—very much; but that is not love," speaking very decidedly. "I know—I have felt the difference."

Young Mavis, though time was precious, found it difficult to tear himself away from the toll-gate that morning. When he returned home, which he was obliged to do by another route, he related to his mother his interview with the girl who lived on the Cherry Hollows Turnpike, and who had talked in such a strange fashion to his colt. She seemed really to fancy the animal would understand all her classic and historic allusions! But the wonder was where the creature herself had got hold of them.

Mrs. Mavis listened, amused and interested, but, as her son proceeded, her feelings became deeply enlisted. The lonely orphan girl "with no one in the wide world to love," touched the mother-heart of the woman. She made Ben go over several times with what Lenox had said. At last it flashed across her that she had heard her father, in her girlhood, speak of old Colonel Marvell, whom he had known when the two were young men. The fact, when it dawned on Mrs. Mavis, enabled her to supply some gaps in Lenox's history. After that, her heart often yearned over the motherless little girl at the toll-gate.

It happened that young Mavis had business a month later which took him again through Cherry Hollows. This time the colt was not with him; but he made up his mind that he would not pass the toll-gate without seeing Lenox Dare. He came upon her just as she was leaving the house. Her face brightened at seeing him, and the two—the frank-hearted youth and the simple-natured girl—met like warm friends.

Lenox asked the young man into the little, low-ceiled parlor, with its dark, old-fashioned furniture, and it was very odd how much the two found to say to each other. Fortunately, Mrs. Crane was out, and could not interfere with the talk or monopolize the conversation.

"Can you guess what my mother says about you?"

inquired Ben, as they sat there with the soft June wind blowing the fragrance of the red, thickly-blossomed rose-bushes in at the windows.

Lenox's great eyes opened wider at that question.

"I'm sure I could never guess!" she said. "What could your mother say? What does she know about me?"

"Oh, she knows more than you suspect," replied Ben, with his pleasant laugh. "I told her all about our meeting; and it appears my grandfather knew, long ago, your uncle, Colonel Marvell."

"He did?" interrupted Lenox, her face all alive with glad surprise.

"Yes. So you see we have a right to be friends on the strength of that old acquaintance. But when I told my mother about you, she said: 'Ben, I know what that girl needs. She just wants *mothering*.'"

There was a flash, a trembling all over the small face. To his dying day, Ben Mavis would not forget the girl's look.

"Did your mother say *that*?" she cried.

"Yes," he answered. "And what is more, she said she would like herself to do the mothering awhile, if she could get near enough to you."

"I should like to see your mother—I should like to see her," said Lenox, after a little pause.

"You can, very easily," replied Ben, "if you will only come to Briarswild and make us a visit. It is a very pleasant half day's ride over the hills."

"Oh, thank you! I never made a visit in my life, but I am sure it would be delightful to go where your mother was. I don't think Aunt Abigail would object, either, if it was proposed to her at the right time."

Ben Mavis, though he had never seen Mrs. Crane, had formed his own impressions regarding her. After Lenox's speech, he made up his mind with the swift positiveness of youth that she was a heartless old dragon!

He sat there a long time, and talked with his little, quaint, old-fashioned hostess, while the sunshine lighted up the dark furniture, and the red roses shook in the June wind around the window. It was quite a new experience for both of them. Young Mavis told Lenox about his home, about his mother, about Dainty. He described the gray cottage perched among the hills on the highest point in the county. From the front door, he told her, there was a wonderful view. You could take in at a single glance a sweep of full twenty miles. It was like one vast picture; the green meadow-lands, the great bend of the river, the dark forests, and the villages nestling white among the green foliage; and the round-topped hills in the distance looking down on the whole scene.

Lenox drank in his talk with radiant eyes.

"Oh, if I could only see it all!" she said.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't any day," replied Ben.

Lenox was not quite so confident. There was Aunt Abigail. It would be counting without their host not to bear her in mind. This time she did not express her doubts, but Ben read them in her face,

and at once concluded that the toll-keeper's vixenish wife was at the bottom of them. It would go hard with him, he thought, if he did not find some means to bring her to terms. He was a good fellow, but his prejudices were very stubborn things.

When the young man rose to go, he drew from his pocket a small parcel, loosely twisted in dainty white paper.

"My mother sent that to you," he said, simply, and he went away before she could open it.

Even Abijah Crane, discussing with some neighbors on the side porch the prospects of the next presidential campaign, knew nothing of the young man's visit.

When she undid her parcel, Lenox found inside half a dozen mellow, golden June-apples. They were the first that had ripened that year in the sunniest corner of the great Mavis orchard. In the market, they would at that date have brought almost their weight in gold.

After that, Lenox thought a great deal about Ben Mavis and the tender-eyed mother, and the home he had described perched away off, like a little gray nest on the distant hills. She wondered if she should ever see it, and look up into the kindly face of the woman who had said she needed "mothering."

Lenox did not repeat that speech to Mrs. Crane when she told her about young Mavis's visit and showed her the apples. When she learned about the ride on the unbroken colt, the woman had given Lenox a sharp scolding for being such a "tomboy;" but on discovering that the owner's grandfather had been an acquaintance of Colonel Marvell's, her tone was instantly mollified, and she very much regretted that she had not been at home to receive the young man.

The adventure in the glen, with the events that followed, had driven every other thought out of Lenox Dare's mind. It was therefore almost like a flash of revelation when Ben Mavis, or rather Ben Mavis's mother, came up to her in that last midnight she was ever to spend at Cherry Hollows. We have seen how, in a moment, it brought her to a life-and-death resolve. It upheld her through all the lonely, terrible walk of the next day—a walk that was only once broken by a kindly old farmer, who gave the girl a "lift" of three or four miles in his cart.

During the day she had spoken to only two or three people, of whom she had inquired the way. She kept to the open hill-road which young Mavis had described. The day had been very warm, but Lenox's excitement had kept her at a brisk walk through the morning. As noon drew on, and the heat deepened, her strength flagged. She had rested under some trees by the roadside, and fortified herself with the lunch she carried. But the afternoon had brought terrible work, and the ache and dragging in all her limbs made the last miles, the gathering clouds, the closing down of the night, seem like some horrible dream.

Benjamin Mavis was expecting to leave home the following day, and on his return to pass through

Cherry Hollows. His account of his last visit to the toll-gate had deepened the yearning at his mother's heart, and she had that very day written a note to Mrs. Crane asking that Lenox Dare might have permission to visit her. Ben was to deliver this to the toll-gate keeper's wife. The note showed very plainly that Mrs. Mavis was not lacking in womanly tact, but Mrs. Abijah Crane was never to read the words that would have immensely gratified her, and Mrs. Mavis, while she made her own nice little programme for the girl's visit, little imagined at what hour and in what plight Lenox Dare would first cross her threshold!

The woman's first care was to restore the poor little fugitive to consciousness. It was not an easy task, for the long excitement and strain she had undergone, with the sudden sense of relief had more to do with Lenox's fainting than even her terrible exhaustion. Mrs. Mavis was, however, equal to all emergencies of this sort. Tender nursing and proper remedies after awhile had their effect, so that Lenox opened her eyes to see the kind, anxious faces bending over her. But she was too thoroughly spent to feel much emotion, or even to take the nourishment they brought her. She only realized that she was warmly sheltered now from the wide, homeless out-doors in which, it seemed to her, she had been wandering for ages. The pitying faces, the tender service, the restful, sheltered calm were all very sweet to the worn girl. She wondered vaguely whether she was in the world, or had waked up in Heaven! She was not sure, and she was quite too tired to care.

Mrs. Mavis and her one house-maid got the tired limbs into a warm bath, and then clothed them in a soft night-robe, and Ben himself took the slight, drooping figure in his strong arms, and carried it upstairs into a wide, cool chamber opposite his mother's, and laid it on a snowy bed in one corner, with a little tasteful canopy and soft white draperies, beneath which a fairy might have laid her rosy limbs to sweet slumber.

For three years nobody had slept in that bed. It had seemed all this time to Mrs. Mavis that the place was sacred to one memory; but now, she found to her surprise, that her heart had no room for any feeling but tender gladness because the tired, homeless fugitive lay on the very pillows where another young face had so often nestled; only one had been rosy with health, and full of fresh, laughing dimples, while the other was worn, and pale, and sorrowful.

Lenox's slumbers were dreadfully broken that night. Body and mind had been too overtaxed to yield to the sound sleep which alone could restore them.

She was haunted by frightful dreams. Evil faces grinned in malicious triumph about her. She would spring from her sleep with moans and cries; and in her confusion and terror could not at first be made to realize where she was. After a little while she would come to herself re-assured by kind faces and soothing voices, and would nestle down again to sleep.

But that would last only a few minutes, and she would spring up again, and stare in terrified bewilderment around her. Mrs. Mavis or the girl remained with her during the night.

The next morning Lenox was no better. The warm south rain which Ben had predicted as he looked at the clouds had come, and would have delayed his setting out on his projected trip, had not his services been required at home.

At noon he went down into the town for the doctor. Lenox had grown worse. She was quite bewildered by this time, and it was impossible to convince the poor child for more than a minute or two that she was among friends, who would not let any harm come near her. She lived over all the previous day, over the horrors of the days which preceded it. It was heart-rending to hear the child's entreaties not to be taken back to Mrs. Crane. Then she would fancy herself in the factory, amid the whirling wheels, the clashing looms, and all those dreadful faces grinning in horrible triumph about her.

The doctor came; an old family friend to whom they could safely confide Lenox's story. He pronounced the girl on the verge of brain fever—nothing would save her from it but watchful care and skilled nursing. She was sure to have these where Mrs. Mavis was. It was almost dark when the opiates he administered at last took effect, and Lenox sank into a deep slumber.

That evening the mother and son had a long talk together. Lenox's fate rested now in their hands. Could her dead parents—could doting old Colonel Marvell—have spoken from their graves, they could have chosen no kindlier lot for their child. The girl who, in her utmost loneliness and despair, had sought these two—the girl who, in the night, had barely reached them, to fall worn and faint on their threshold, should find across it, from henceforth, shelter, and care, and love. Their doors should shut her in from the storms forever! They did not say it in these words; they said it in fewer and homelier ones. There had been a thought in the heart of both, especially the mother's, to which she now, for the first time, gave expression. "All day it has seemed like my poor little dead Janet over again! What if it had been her, Ben?—what if it had been her?"

She broke right down there into sobbing. Ben tried to answer her, and got up instead and walked to the window, where the soft rain was falling, and he did not see it. In a few moments the mother stopped crying. Mrs. Mavis had those blessed, helpful instincts which always, when there was anything to be done, gained the ascendancy over her own griefs. It was like the little woman, too, with her native honesty, and her practical good sense, to insist that the people at the toll-gate should be at once informed about the lost girl. Here Ben, at first, demurred. His indignation at Mrs. Crane blinded his clear instincts a little at this juncture. He could not see the wisdom of the course his mother proposed. "It was not their business," he averred, "to go round the country telling people where Lenox Dare could be

found. If they wanted to know, they could come and learn for themselves. As for that old she-dragon at the toll-gate, she had not only driven Lenox from her doors, but come within an inch of causing the poor girl's death! If she could have a good scare—be made to feel that she was no better than a murderer—so much the better!"

Mrs. Mavis did not reprove this rather savage talk. She was herself greatly outraged with Mrs. Crane; she would gladly have given the woman such a piece of her mind as no mortal had ever heard from those kindly lips; but she saw that the indulgence of her feelings might, in the end, only do Lenox harm. Her absence must already have created no little stir at Cherry Hollows. If her fate remained any longer in the dark, the whole country-side would be roused; a wide search for the missing girl would be set on foot; rewards would be offered; the whole affair would get into the papers, and Lenox's name and history would all be exposed to an unpleasant publicity. Mrs. Mavis set all this in its strongest light before her son. The fiery youth was compelled at last, much against his will, to admit the force of her arguments. The result of the conference was, that Ben agreed, in case Lenox had a comfortable night, to start next morning for Cherry Hollows.

*(To be continued.)*

## DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. Their conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme; and both came to the conclusion—rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at—that it could not be they were to sing through all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection.

As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon the pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying; he saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave the body; but how would it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that the soul had left his body. He himself stood beside the bed, looking at his own corpse, as if it were an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him. While he was thus reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how; but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him the busy multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs. "Ah," thought the emancipated spirit, "how worse



than foolish appears this feverish scramble! For what do they toil? and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens. "How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing; and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To Heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight, and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to Heaven," said the spirit.

"This is Heaven," replied the angel.

"This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty; but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless it is Heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase, filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase; "for all who would know spiritual things must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood before him, smiling most benignly. The spirit instantly dropped on his knees, and bowed down his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing; and His voice said: "You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the meantime, observe well the wonders of this temple!"

The sounds ceased; the spirit remained awhile in stillness; when he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also; the soul stood alone in its unveiled presence.

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he.

He looked slowly round. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls in most marvelous beauty, stood recorded the whole of his spiritual life! Every doubt and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory, were there before him; and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in green valleys, by the side of running brooks; and such had been his visions from the mountain-tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul; now for the first time was the veil removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,

And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.  
Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on th' eternal wall  
The past shall reappear."

I do not mean the paintings, and statues, and houses, which a man has made on earth, will form his environment in the world of souls; this would monopolize Heaven for the wealthy and the cultivated. I mean that the spiritual combats and victories of our pilgrimage write themselves there above, in infinite variations of form, color and tone; and thus shall every word and thought be brought unto judgment. Of these things inscribed in Heaven, who can tell what may be the action upon souls newly born into time? Perhaps all lovely forms of art are mere ultimates of spiritual victories in individual souls. It may be that all genius derives its life from some holiness, which preceded it, in the attainment of another spirit. Who shall venture to assert that Beethoven could have produced his strangely powerful music, had not souls gone before him on earth, who with infinite struggling against temptation aspired toward the highest, and in some degree realized their aspiration? The music thus brought from the eternal world kindles still higher spiritual aspirations in mortals, to be realized in this life, and again written above, to inspire anew some gifted spirit, who stands a ready recipient in the far-off time. Upon this ladder how beautifully the angels are seen ascending and descending!—*Mrs. Child.*

## GOD WITH US.

**O** SUBTLEST gift of flower and fern,  
The grace ye give us to discern  
Your inner meanings rare, intense,  
Girt round by love's circumference.

The radiance of that band around  
Doth glorify the thought that's bound;  
And, ranging down from sky to sod,  
The centre of all growth is *God*.

E'en His indwelling goodness shows  
Not less in thistle than in rose;  
To child or worm, to bird or brake,  
He giveth all that it can take.

And in His grand, benignant plan,  
His purest shrine's the heart of man;  
Close not the gate by self or sin,  
Give place; and let the Father in!

ELLELE.

It is easy for some men to be good, and it is hard for others, both from the forces that are acting within them and from the influences that are operating from without upon them. It makes all the difference in the world where a man was born, and what are his nature and surroundings.

## FADING FOOT-PRINTS;

OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 2.

"LET us coax papa to go, too; that would be so funny. You know when he gets out into the woods he is almost a boy again; he fairly cuts up capers, and the good stories that he spins are just delightful—wonderful!"

This was what we said one October afternoon when the boys were putting baskets into the big wagon, and we were all going up to the creek bottom to gather butter-nuts.

Going nutting in the glorious October days is rare enjoyment, even though one finds no nuts at all, and tears her clothes on roots and snags, and catches every burr that is waiting on ripened stalk.

Father twisted his head from very lack of excuse, and looked intently at the cider-mill, and then at the willow swaying in the spicy breezes, and he buttoned his blouse and unbuttoned it, and finally, with a low, ashamed laugh, he said, tardy of speech: "W-e-l-l, I do-n't care."

And he went. If he hadn't gone, we, his children—all men and women grown—would have rode off silently, and with twinges of disappointment, for it is so cheerful and pleasant to have that old man, papa, accompany us. Every tree, and stump, and knoll talks to him; they tell him stories about the olden time; they seem to preface their reminiscences with, "Say, Alex, do you mind that time?" or, "Oh, do you recollect, Alex, the day that"—and then follows a running fire of gossip, chatty stories, which freshen up his memory and make him laugh as heartily as he did at first—that long, long ago time. That was why we wanted him with us.

I sat on the same seat with him, on the same folded quilt, and we hustled the clean-smelling oat-straw all up under our feet and about our ankles, and we nestled and made ourselves truly comfortable before the boys chirruped to the horses or drew on the lines.

Now it is not at all likely that this old foot-print "on the sands of time" will run into a story, so don't begin to think of Indians, and murder, and massacre, and kidnaped white children; just jump into the back part of the wagon and go with us. These October airs are good to quicken the pulses, and bring the roses to the cheeks, and the ring to the voice, and a lustre to the eyes, and to rid one of fears and forebodings, and the unkindly thoughts that may have crept in unbidden, and made you cherish something against a friend or a neighbor. Wonderful purifiers are these autumn days spent in freedom out under the delicious blue skies.

Before we turned into the other road, the wagon-wheels on one side struck down with a jolt that made us cling like chimney-swallows.

"Well, I do declare," said father, "I suppose there will be a chuck-hole there as long as the world stands. Now, my father, more than fifty-eight years ago, hauled stone and filled up that place, and for awhile

it was tolerable good; but after little the ground became spongy and shaky, and as long as he lived he kept hauling and filling in occasionally. Then after he died we fixed it up with saplings, but it 'pears like it couldn't be made into solid ground."

We turned and looked back, and then we sighed dreamily as we thought of the heaps of stones down in that spot far out of sight, and of the poor hands that had placed them there—hands mouldered back to dust, almost forgotten, almost unknown by name in the place that shall know him no more forever. And we said we wondered why there were such spongy, strange, shaky spots. And then as we rode along, one to whom science had opened wide her doors, told us that long ago this strip of delightful valley through which we were riding had been covered with water, and that these wooded ranges of hills on either side had been the bluff banks overlooking the broad and beautiful stream. And our eyes sparkled, and we held our fingers closely interlocked while we listened with bated breath; and then we said: "Oh, that we could have lived and looked abroad in that far-away time, when these grand old hill-tops stood like sturdy sentinels, seeing the beauty and the grandeur of the primeval scene, hearing the swash of the waters and the bold dashing of the waves that swept against their firmly-planted feet, while thin, rugged brows were familiar with the summers of sunshine, the winters of wailing winds and storms, the soft sighing of the spring-time southern breezes, and the gorgeous colors of the autumn-tinted leaves."

Twice in the memory of the red men who dwell here one hundred years ago, had these same old sturdy woodland hills been rocked, and thin oaks riven and whirled by wrathful tornadoes; so long ago that even then the swaths of trees mown down were merely lines of mellow soil, and covered by the rich plush of softest mosses. The faint outline of tradition recorded these scenes as terrible beyond description, and the old warriors shuddered when they referred to them, for the anger of the Great Spirit spoke in the loud voice of the hurricane and in the destruction that swept over their vast hunting-grounds.

As we wound round the base of a hill, and looked upon the fertile meadow-lands that lay outspread so beautiful that the view was soothing and gratifying, we said: "How charmingly that low old elm sweeps and waves even down to the soft grass!"

Ah me! the long, lithe branches suggested nothing to us but grace and beauty; but to father they told a tale. He said "everything talked to him." And this was the tale it told. That elm grew out of an old well. In the long, long ago, when poverty and direst privation laid hold of whole families of pioneers, a man and his wife and six poor little ones lived on the knoll that rose up at the edge of the meadow, in a log-cabin ten by twelve. They were exceedingly poor, and almost entirely dependent on the husband and father. He had no trade, no team, no tools, and not half so much vim and enterprise as

the average poor man of this present day. One of their children was an idiot—a babbling, chattering, swaying, sprawling idiot—a heavy charge on them, on their time, and means, and patience. The mother could not go abroad to pull flax, or hackle or scutch it; could not go out to gather medicinal roots or herbs to sell to the doctor; and could not leave the house to carry sugar-water nor to gather service-berries. She often wished that she had more freedom, or that Jakey, the boy, did not miss her in absence, and howl after her. His howl was a doleful half-whoop, like an Indian's, and half-cry like that of an enraged wild-cat. And once as she sat alone at nightfall smoking her cob-pipe—after the consoling fashion of the nowise over-fastidious poor woman of these primeval days—she looked up at the starry sky, and thought of the home of the dead who are blest, and she wished the Lord had only seen fit to take poor Jakey in his earliest infancy, before the tender chords of her mother-love had knit themselves about him so closely.

Dangerous wish. Only the next evening it was, that when she went to the well for water, Jakey followed her, and stood and watched the play of the creaking sweep, and he jabbered noisily, and wound his arms in an over-and-over motion, and he jerked his head in gesticulation, and the one fluttering rag of a garment that fell in slits about his knees was the merest apology of a covering. When the mother started back to the house, she ordered Jakey away, and he sauntered zigzagging across the path, tramping on the bending ferns, and all the while his bony arms were going like the arms of a wind-mill, and his head jerking excitedly. While the mother was warming the hominy for supper, the boy Jakey wandered out and down to the well, and he fell in or walked in, and that was all.

Not in his infancy had he been removed from earth, but then; and the poor mother recalled the thought of the evening previous, and her heart was doubly agonized. And while the ill-shapen body lay in the clearing beside the well, until the arrival of the nearest neighbors, pressing dank and heavily the ferns and the rank leaves, the face of the poor child was upturned in the half-moonlight, and his eyes stared wide open with that fearful blank stare that dwells only in dead eyes from which the light is shut out forever. The weeping mother read reproach in them; they seemed to chide her and to blame. And when the moon went under a cloud, and the thick darkness veiled that lonely scene as with a tender solicitude, a wish to shut away from the mother's sight the harrowing vision, then she gathered the dripping corpse close to her warm bosom, and kissed it lovingly, and murmured words of fondest endearment. And the neighbors came with scared faces, and they shuddered visibly as the bravest man among them laid the ungainly form on a wide strip of oak bark and bore it to the cabin on the knoll.

It was years before the mother recovered from the shock. They never heard the old well-sweep creak

any more, and the waters that used to mirror her thin face and the yellow hair that suffed on her forehead and neck, never saw her face again, for they stood undisturbed, and finally the green scum spread over, and frogs leaped in, and darting lizzards ran in and out of the loose stone-wall. And the little striped snakes sunned themselves on the topmost stones that were first to catch the sunshine in the later spring-time, and the wild ferns and meadow-grass grew in clumps and tufts, and when the lonely old well was shunned altogether by the country folk then some superstitious boys filled it up with stones, and ends of logs and brush, and when the tenants, moving on and off the farm, had quite used up the old cabin, then it changed hands, and a wealthy speculator became the owner. By this time a little elm sprout had taken root in the soft soil atop of the old well, and it escaped the browsing teeth of domestic animals and became a tree, large enough for the birds to find shelter in its branches, and the cattle a shade underneath in which to seek coolness in the midsummer heat.

And this was the story that the elm-tree told the aged man sitting beside me, and he repeated it as though reading aloud snatches, here and there, from the dim pages of an old book; reading in the uncertain light that cometh after the setting of the sun.

As the wagon descended a steep hill we came down into such a pretty place, scooped out and rounded by a great bowl, with a rim of soft emerald grasses. We were delighted. It was nothing new. We had many and many a time paused on the circular rim of that basin, and wondered how it looked long ago when nature wore her primeval robes, and the forest was dim with that glorious twilight made by dense trees, and interlocking branches, and rustling leaves crowding together and whispering all the summers long, that one sweet breezy language understood only by the spirits of the wild wood.

But father broke upon our wondering delight with a hearty laugh. And then he explained why: There was the stump, the crumbling remains of one, behind which Joe, and Ike, and Mose hid the night they frightened their grandfather. The old fellow was afraid of ghosts; he knew that ghosts walked o' nights in out-of-the-way places, especially when they wanted to tell something that was on their minds when they left this world. If guilt, they wanted to confess; if a secret, they wished to divulge; if cognizant of buried treasure, they longed to make its hiding-place known, and if they had knowledge which would benefit their dear ones left behind they desired to impart it. Yes, he was sure that ghosts walked the earth, for his mother had come face to face with them on several occasions, and in much fear and trembling had watched them fade away into thin air—dissolve, vanish—just like ghosts always did.

These boys played a trick on their grandsire. They knew of a soft, rotten log in the bottom which yielded a phosphorescent glow in the damp, dark evening, and they obtained some of this, stuffed an

old black shawl up into a ball about the size of Henry Clay's head, and made horrid eyes, eyebrows, nose, and a yawning, cavernous mouth with big, glaring, grinning teeth; and this ugly thing was arranged with a form draped in a white linen sheet, to imitate as nearly as possible the style of ghosts such as grand'ther told about. He was stumbling along home from the nearest still-house, late at night, a jug in each hand, when, just as he clambered over the rude brush fence, the ghost was seen beside the path where it curved round the stump. He stopped with an ugh! like an Indian would articulate, and then, as the ghost with outstretching arms came toward him with a wavering, unsteady motion, he dropped both jugs and ran with all his might. He never looked behind, not even over his shoulder, and he rushed into the cabin without pulling on the leather thong that raised the smooth hickory latch. He just pushed himself against it with all his strength. Why not? hickory was plenty, it grew all through the woods; what was a paltry door-latch compared to the value of a man's life?

We all laughed over the reminiscence, probably not so boisterously nor so long, nor with the utter abandon that the boys, Joe, and Ike, and Mose did. And there, where the creek swept around with an eddying swirl of bubbling waters, bent over the old papa, in whose hollow trunk the constable and his knoll hid the night they were watching for the out-dolden hiding in the swamp. And father told who with, were, and what they said and did; and of all the do-ber, not one lives yet, but himself; they had been love men of those times; but all save him, had passed away, and their names were well-nigh forgotten in this township.

And there, where the steep bank juts over like a shelf, he had once shot a deer; and there, where the strip of prairie-land ran down to the stream, once stood a distillery, and the purest spring-water fed it, and the result was whisky by the barrel full, free for all who paid the price of sixty cents a gallon. And over there, where lies that singular gray rock, with the monarch oaks surrounding it, was the old-time school-house, and the lads and lassies walked miles to school, and then back to evening spelling-schools. As he ran over the names of the boys and girls, many of them were strange to us, and the rest were the grandparents of those we knew, who bear those names now. And we thought, as we meditated, and in a dreamy mood looked up at the rare October sky, and away to the grandly-spread hills and valleys, of the time passing swiftly, and bearing us away, and of others filling our places, and our names forgotten.

How like pages torn out, here and there, were the reminiscent thoughts that came to this old man's memory, as he rode along that day. "Everything talked" to him, voices came up from objects that, to the rest of us, were merely beheld with a passing glance. And when we hitched our horses under the spreading limbs of a beautiful maple, and wandered off to gather the nuts that lay among the brown leaves, we found ourself sitting thoughtful and sad,

and alone, listening to the murmur of the waves, and watching the beautiful reflection of the trees and clouds, mirrored where the limpid waters were stirred not by even a ripple.

How sad to us it seemed of a long and well-spent life returning back and living over the scenes of years so long gone by; of having them come again as fresh and vigorous as ever, and bringing with them the laugh of long ago; and the tears, too, of that by-gone time, robbed of their bitterness. How wise, and how kind of the Father, to lead the aged down so gently by the same paths that they trod in the morning of life, stripped, too, of the thorns that beset them, while the flowers bloomed with a newness and a freshness as sweet and as fragrant as ever.

ROSSELLA RICE.

### HEATHER BELLS.

**H** EATHER bells, heather bells, cease from your tolling!

Why do you cry to me all through the years!  
Why keep sad memories over me rolling,

Why keep my eyes weighted down with their tears?

Far from the bonnie Scotch hills ye are fading,  
Far from the heather slopes over the sea,  
Where, long ago, you were plucked as the lading  
That freighted the letter my lover sent me.

Poor faded heather bells, murmur no longer,  
Ring out glad music for him and for me;  
Love after death is but sweeter and stronger;  
Tell him I come to him, over the sea!

FAUSTINE.

### TO MYSTERY.

**O** F greater torment than a certain pain;  
Of feverish weariness the tireless source;  
Fruitful of fears and thoughts that run their course

With longings, like their predecessors, vain.  
O thou, of the aspiring heart, the bane,  
Thou strange, weird creature of the mystic force,  
Tempted to deeds resultant in remorse,  
To break thy sceptre, human kind were fain!  
And yet, at times, O mystery, thou art sweet,  
At times the veil upon the spirit's eyes  
Enrages not, but soothing, seemeth meet,  
Making a full atonement for disguise;  
Then we, perceptive grown, learn at thy feet,  
The patient waiter only is the wise.

"KIZ."

"WHO made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I grewed the rest myself." This was before Topsy's time.

## THE MUSHROOM GATHERERS.

RUSSIA abounds in mushrooms, and in that country they are much esteemed as a delicacy, while in many districts, indeed, they form one of the principal articles of food among a large proportion of the peasantry. Late in the warm season, as summer advances into autumn, and after the heavy rains have swollen the sod, immense numbers of these

used to kill flies. It is prepared for this purpose by being stewed in molasses. When growing, it is very showy, being tall, with an umbrella-like top of a bright crimson, mottled with white.

As we have learned this little fact regarding the every-day life of children in other lands, so may we often catch a glimpse of homes and ways not our own. And brief though these glances are, we may seldom fail to learn something from them. Although



fungi spring up, with that rapidity of growth for which they have become proverbial. Then may be seen many such groups as that represented in our illustration. All the children of a village turn out with baskets, and seldom return home without having them well-filled.

Among these Russian esculents are the *Champignon*; the *Bielo-grip*, or white mushroom; the *Berissovoy*, or birch mushroom; the *Krasnoi-grip*, or red mushroom; and the *Mastinik*, or butter mushroom. These are prepared in different ways, the better being cooked fresh, the ordinary dried on strings, and the inferior salted down in casks. The youngest child among the gatherers knows very well the difference between the wholesome and the poisonous. We never hear of a Russian dying from eating toadstools.

These last are abundant also. One of the most notable is the *Mooka-mor*, or fly-death, because it is

their lot is not so favored as ours, they make the best of it, and add their share to the general good with diligence and skill.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in and by forbidden places.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as has been well said, a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.

## THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

"WHAT do you think of Mrs. Bolingbrooke?" I asked of a friend, as the lady to whom I referred passed near us in crossing the room to join some friends on the other side.

"She has certain good qualities," was the reply; "but I don't like the company she keeps."

"Not of a questionable character, I hope."

"Bad company, in my estimation."

"I never heard the slightest intimation of such a thing before."

"The worst of it is, she will insist upon introducing her associates to her friends whenever she has an opportunity; and she is sure to bring some of them with her into every home or social circle to which she finds admission."

"You surprise me greatly," I said. "What does it mean? Are any of her associates here this evening?"

"Yes. Quite a number; and she will introduce some of them if you give her the chance."

Here our conversation was interrupted, and we separated. It was an hour later in the evening when I found myself alone once more with the friend who had spoken so freely about one of the ladies present. In the meantime, I had kept a close observation on Mrs. Bolingbrooke, and had even chatted with her for several minutes. Two or three ladies whom I did not know, and as many gentlemen, nodded or spoke to her in a familiar way while we were talking, but she did not introduce them. I saw nothing to confirm what my friend had said, and found myself rather puzzled.

"Are you not mistaken about Mrs. Bolingbrooke?" I said.

"As to the company she keeps?"

"Yes."

"I think not. I saw you talking to her awhile ago. She introduced some of her friends, I presume."

"No."

"Ah! That's unusual. She introduced one of them to me awhile ago; but I got away from them both as soon as politeness would admit."

"Indeed!" My surprise was increasing.

"It disturbed me considerably," added my friend, who was a lady much beloved and esteemed by those who knew her intimately for her gentle manners and sweetness of temper. You always felt better after meeting her. Something of the influence she wrought upon you lingered, like the odors of a fragrant flower in your garments. Just what she had said, you did not always remember; but you had a sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling of good-will toward others. It was a new thing to hear her speak in disparagement of any one.

"Can you point me out the person to whom Mrs. Bolingbrooke introduced you?" I said.

Instead of replying to my question, she asked: "What was Mrs. Bolingbrooke saying to you? I saw her speaking with some earnestness, and noticed that

she directed your attention to the other side of the room."

"Nothing very agreeable," I replied, as I felt a return of the unpleasant impression which a brief interview with the lady had left upon my mind. "She called my attention to the splendid diamonds of Mrs. Crowningshield; and then remarked in a low, half-confidential tone, in which I could detect an evil pleasure in making the communication: 'She wears them like a queen; and yet they're only borrowed. I happen to know all about it. I wouldn't have believed it of Mrs. Crowningshield. But vanity leads some people into doing almost anything; and vanity is Mrs. Crowningshield's besetting sin. She thinks her figure magnificent, and has a weakness for diamonds. But, after all, it's only a weakness,' she added, half-apologetically, 'and there are worse vices than vanity and a love of jewels and dress. Now, there's Mrs. Abercombe—the lady talking with that handsome fellow near the bay-window—she's another style of woman altogether. No doubt she has a weakness for diamonds, like the rest of us. All women have, you know; but diamonds is not her easily besetting sin. Love of admiration is the especial weakness of my lady; and this has already betrayed her, I am sorry to say, into a too intimate acquaintance with certain gentlemen in fashionable society whose reputations are not as fair as they might be. The man she's talking to in such a pleased, familiar way at this very time is, though belonging to one of our best families, about as bad as bad can be. I wouldn't risk my good name by being seen on the street with him, or in any public place. And yet, only last week, I saw him sitting by the side of Mrs. Abercombe at the opera! There'll be trouble between her and her husband before long. I saw him looking at them a little while ago with a scowl on his face.'"

"I happen to know Mrs. Abercombe a great deal better than all that," answered my friend. "She's bright and intellectual, with a fine social and sympathetic nature; a true woman, and a pure and loyal wife, honored and beloved of her husband. The scowl which Mrs. Bolingbrooke fancied that she saw upon his face a little while ago was only a shadow thrown upon it by the dark spirits of Envy and Detraction, with whom she is far too familiar, and was visible to her eyes alone."

Mrs. Bolingbrooke joined us at this moment and interrupted our conversation.

"Have you heard about the Folkstones?" she asked, speaking to the lady at my side. There was a lively play of interest in her features, and something enjoyable in her face. Before any reply could be made, she went on, as if eager to tell her news. "It will be a dreadful pull down; and particularly so for them; because, as you know, they held their heads very high and put on airs."

"What has happened?" asked my friend, a look of trouble already in her face.

"There's been a dreadful defalcation in the bank of which Mr. Folkstone is president; and he's said



to be largely involved, and likely to end his days in the State's prison.

"Beg pardon, madam," said a gentleman who had overheard Mrs. Bolingbrooke's remark; "but you have been entirely misinformed. Not the slightest evidence has been found of any complicity on the part of Mr. Folkstone; and the worst that can be charged against him is a lack of due vigilance in the oversight of affairs. His honor stands as untarnished, madam, as that of your own husband."

"Glad to know it," replied Mrs. Bolingbrooke, in a tone that gave a contradiction to her words. "But I heard a very different story; and it came very straight."

"So you may have thought, madam," replied the gentleman, a little curtly; "but it certainly got very much twisted by the way. Mr. Folkstone is as innocent of any defalcation or breach of trust as you or I."

"No one could be more pleased than myself to be assured that his fair reputation stands untarnished," said the lady, giving a cold and formal bow to the gentleman who had taken her up so promptly.

She turned from us as she spoke, and mingled with the crowd that filled the drawing-room. I did not like the expression of her face.

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked the gentleman in an undertone, as he followed her with his eyes.

"What do you think now of the company Mrs. Bolingbrooke keeps?" my friend asked. "Is it good or bad company?"

Her meaning dawned upon me.

"The company she gathers about her in the secret chambers of her life—with whom she delights to dwell, and without whose attendance she rarely goes abroad? Envy, Detraction, Ill-will, Jealousy; these are her cherished friends, and you can have no association with her and be free from their intrusion. She brings them into every social circle to which she finds admission; she introduces some one or more of them if you happen to encounter her on the street. Meet her where you will, and you are annoyed by their unwelcome presence. I never come in contact with Mrs. Bolingbrooke that I am not hurt or disturbed by her evil associates."

Referring to Mrs. Bolingbrooke and the conversation just given, my friend said at our next meeting: "Our invisible companions have far more influence over us than the men and women with whom we associate in the outer and visible world. They come closer to us, and into more intimate relations. They mould our characters, and help to determine the quality of our actions. We entertain them in secret, conferring with and taking sweet counsel with them. We suffer them to lead us, too often, whither they will. In the choice of these companions, far more is involved than in the choice of our visible friends; for their influence is stronger and more subtle. If we take Good-will, Contentment, Neighborly Kindness, Patience and Charity for the friends of our soul, happy are we. They will lead us into pleasant ways, and pour some drops of sweetness into every bitter

cup that may be raised to our lips. But if we consort with Envy, Ill-will, Malice or mean Detraction, we shall not only have unrest and disconcert ourselves, but carry with us an evil and disturbing spirit wherever we go."

RICHMOND.

## LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISH was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—*Penny Magazine*.

THE curse of Heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles and derange the whole vital machinery.

## Religious Reading.

### THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

**A**FFLICTION is to the natural mind what grinding is to many material substances, by which they are reduced to a state in which they will yield to other forces, and can be moulded into higher and more useful forms. Some men will not yield to spiritual forces until they are ground to powder. Severe and terrible afflictions tend to produce the same effects upon the natural mind that fire produces upon refractory metals. Intense heat softens, and even melts them. It burns out their dross; it subdues the most refractory substances, and makes them yield readily to the forces which act upon them. So affliction melts the flinty hardness and the iron purpose of the worldly and selfish mind; purges it of its dross, and brings it into obedience to the spiritual nature within. When it is subdued, spiritual laws can take effect upon it. They can give direction to the natural thoughts and affections; they can bring the whole natural mind into the order of their own life, and impress their own beauty upon all its forms and imbue them with their own nature. In this way our severest afflictions may, and often do become, great blessings. Like storms, they purify and refresh the atmosphere, and soften the baked and thirsty earth, and make them more serviceable for human use.

They help us in another way. When their true nature and inevitable consequences are seen, they tend to fill the soul with horror at their causes. Sin is stripped of its illusions, and we begin to see its deformities and malignities, and to abhor it, and shun it as the enemy of all good, and the fruitful and only source of all our suffering and sorrow. We see the grievous injustice we have done the Lord in attributing our sorrows to Him, while He was in the constant effort to prevent them, and we confess with shame and humiliation, that the cause lies in ourselves. This brings us into a state in which the Lord can forgive us. He can bring His Divine power of cleansing and healing to bear upon us, and by that means He can restore us to spiritual health. We begin to have a true fear of the Lord, a fear born of love. It is not a fear that He will injure us, but that we shall injure Him; the fear of doing anything against the will of infinite love and wisdom.

These are most comforting and helpful truths, truths which have been much obscured, if not wholly denied, by those who have formed their opinions from appearances. The heaviest burdens of affliction, and the keenest stings of sorrow, are the thoughts that our sufferings, either physical or spiritual, are brought upon us by an angry God, as a punishment for our sins. If the Lord casts us off, vain is the help of man. If we cannot take refuge under the wings of the Almighty, there is no place in the universe where we can find shelter from the storms of life. There is no help and no hope but in changing His disposition toward us. When all the powers of the soul are paralyzed by these groundless fears, we can only bow our heads, and implore the Divine mercy.

But when we know that the Lord never brings the slightest pain, or the faintest shadow of sorrow upon us; that, on the contrary, He is in the constant effort to prevent them before they come, to shield us from them when they do come, and to turn them to our

advantage as far as possible, by awakening in our minds an abhorrence of the sins which cause them, the whole aspect of sorrow is changed. We can bear it with more fortitude because we see its true origin, and know that it is not wholly useless. We have, also, the comforting knowledge that the deepest sympathies of infinite love are moved in our behalf, and that the hand of Almighty power is outstretched to hold us up. We see and feel that "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble;" He is "on our side;" He takes part with us against our enemies, and He will turn their direst machinations to promote our eternal good.

These comforting truths, however, do not appear in clear light while the dark shadows of sorrow are brooding over us. "The peaceful fruits of righteousness" which "our light afflictions, that are but a moment," will afterward work out for us, are not seen, and when severely tried, we often come into states of despair. It is difficult for the natural mind to conceive that there can be any better or higher good than that which it is seeking. We put more confidence in ourselves than in the Lord. We are slow to believe that He delights to give us the richest blessings we will take from Him, and that the richer they are the better He is pleased. So we cling to the chaff, and the shadow which we have mistaken for the substantial and real, or we keep our eyes fixed upon the point where they vanished from our sight; or, our eyes are so blinded with the tears we shed for the lost apparent good, that we cannot see the richer treasures the Lord offers in their place. Men will mourn over lost possessions and blasted hopes, as though the Divine bounty was exhausted, and there was on more ground for hope. Parents will cling to the empty chair and the broken link in the family circle. They follow their children to the grave, and find it difficult to look beyond it to the bright realms above where, freed from the weight of clay and the shadows of earth, they stand clothed in pure garments, and with shining faces are trying to win our recognition, and show us that they are not dead, or lost to us.

But the Lord respects our grief, His heart is full of tenderness and compassion for us. He stands by us all the time. He waits for us with infinite patience. He goes with us step by step. He will heal our wounded hearts when we will open them to the balm of His consolations. He offers us the better good of which the natural was only the shadow, and He tries to win us to see it. And if we hear His voice, and open our eyes, we shall see that He uses our afflictions to restrain us from going further astray from Heaven and home, to assist us in forming a juster estimate of natural things, to weaken the force of our natural desires, to excite an abhorrence of falsity and sin, and in these ways to make room in our thoughts and affections, for substantial and eternal blessings. We shall find that He restores more than was taken, and we shall be ready to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes;" learn to know them, to love them, and to do them. And when our natural thoughts and affections assert their power, as they certainly will, and try to convince us that our affliction is an irreparable loss, we shall be able to answer, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept Thy Word." Before I was afflicted, my mind was too

much dazzled, and my heart too much absorbed, with natural delights; but now, chastened, humbled, sorrowing it may be, I turn to the light of Divine truth, which shines steadier than the sun, and with patient, perhaps weary steps, I am trying to follow Him who

is the way, the truth, and the life. May this be the blessed result of our afflictions. It will be, if we make the use of them the Lord intends them to serve when He permits them to fall upon us.

CHAUNCEY GILES.

## Mothers' Department.

### OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

#### No. 2.

SEVERAL mothers have written and thanked me for one of the "basket" articles of last summer; that one in reply to the woman's letter, who said: "What shall we do with the children;" or, "how shall we manage them." And one woman writes and intimates that we did not say all. No, we didn't, and we thought of that yesterday when sister Mattie went to the nearest city, and left dear little four-year-old Nellie in our care until the express came in at twenty minutes after eight at night.

You poor mothers! how do you get along with more than one, I do wonder! How entirely they must absorb your attention, how great the responsibility! I don't want Mattie to know it, but I was in torture; I looked at the clock more than fifty times, and counted over, and over, the hours, and half-hours, that must really and truly come and go before that obstinate long hand would point to twenty minutes after eight! How I studied that clock—its workmanship, and gilding, and size, and the figures, compared with the figures on the other clock, and the old clock of my childhood, and the old, old clock of my babyhood! It stood between the two bed-room doors, I remembered very distinctly, just then, and its pendulum of coarse iron swung, oh, so far this way and that! And as I sat there rocking to and fro, and softly humming, to the tune of "Mear," the words of "by-o baby bye; by-o baby bye," my thoughts drowsily went afar off in a scattering way thinking of clocks only, and all the time these little, uneasy, boring fingers were busy. They punched into the two dimples of mine that are well-nigh smoothed out; and they sought and found a mole on my neck, and forthwith they seized on it like real little nippers. We gradually loosed the tiny pinchers and kissed them, never losing a note out of the droning, sleepy, impromptu song. Then the busy, creeping, little things twined themselves about the buttons on our basque, and they twisted with a marvelous show of strength; then they caught like hooks in our hair, and we softly pulled them out; then they poked themselves, the whole of their dear little stubby length—straight as pins of ivory—through and through the meshes of our knit jacket. Without missing a note out of our lullaby we carelessly gathered the precious pinky treasures into our warm palm, but only for a minute, for they stole out drowsily and began a prospecting tour about our ears; and finally a meddlesome forefinger resolved itself into a hook, and caught through an ear-ring, no wise tenderly, either. That was the crowning act. With an oh, dear! we loosened the claws of the little tiger and held them both closely in our hand. The slumber that we had hoped for was all gone then; she gave her nimble legs a flip and sprang off our lap like a cat, alighting on her feet three or four steps away from us. "What next?" we thought as we surveyed the dear little atom of humanity, standing with both hands up to

her head, and buried among the tossy curls. She surveyed us critically, an expression in her eyes that meant surprise, shame, chagrin, mischief, doubt and a greater desire to laugh than to cry. After awhile the system of torture began.

Why wasn't I named Nellie, and why wasn't grandpa named Nellie, and why wasn't Lily named Nellie? Why wasn't the dog named that, and why wasn't the cat, and why wasn't the horses, and why wasn't the cows, and why wasn't the preacher, and why wasn't the canary, and why wasn't the stove, and why wasn't the Bible and the tongs? What made us call tongs, tongs; and pepper-box, pepper-box; and tea-kettle, tea-kettle; and tater-peeling, tater-peeling? Why didn't any little boys live at our house, and why didn't they sleep in our beds, and eat at our table, and ride in our dust-pan? Why didn't I wear the kind of breeches men did, and the kind of hat and coat, and suspenders crossed on my back? Why didn't Barney Homer live at our house, and why didn't he wear his suspenders crossed this way, over his bosom, and not over his back where he couldn't see 'em? Why didn't Barney get God to put his head on t'other way, so he could see where the suspenders crossed each other? Did God like Barney, and did He like little girls who stuck out their mouths and went "yah yah!" at their sisters? Why didn't He like 'em? Would God give such little girls a good place when they died? or would He leave them lying round like chips on the ground, out in the weather? Did God like dogs? Why did He like dogs? Who made fire first? Why? Did Adam ever get his fingers burnt while he was making it? Where's Adam now? Who washes Adam's shirts? Does Adam boss round and give orders, or does he sit still and look at the rest of them? What makes him sit still? While he's sitting couldn't he as well be making wagons and sleds for the little angels? Do they like him? Do they call him Mr. Adam, and what was his other name? Why didn't he name things better names? Why didn't he call cows "coos," and calves "cavuss?" Could Adam spell? Who pronounced to him? Did I suppose he stood up or sat still while he recited? Did they have sofas in the Garden of Eden? Wasn't the grass cold and dewy? Didn't Adam ever take a hard cold sitting on the ground like a dog? and did he sneeze? and did he carry a handkerchief? and was his name in the corner of it? Did I suppose he ever took worm medicine, or pink and senna? What for, didn't he? Did he howl when his mamma picked out splinters? Why? Did she have to say "shut right up, Ad?" or, did she think lots of him, and call him dear? Did he wear red stockings? and did I suppose he ever had cold sores on his poor little mouth? Did I suppose he ever had a fiddle? What would a gold fiddle cost, one nice enough for grandpa? Had she better buy him one when she grew big and carried money in a side pocket like Dr. Ullman? Had she better buy the doctor a gold fiddle? How would I like one?

Would I prefer a gold horse, with gold eyes, and gold tail, and gold feet, and gold saddle, and a gold nose? Would I slip off when I rode it, or could I stick on pretty tight? What made flies walk right up the doors and the walls? Why couldn't I walk like a fly? Why not grandpa, and mamma, and papa, and Barney Homer? Why didn't I walk with my hands, too? What made the horses, and cows, and dogs walk with their hands? Why didn't they wear breeches, and shirts, and coats and hats? Was I 'fraid of tramps? What would I do if a horrid big tramp would come in real mad and hungry, and open his mouth so big, and take my head off at one great big bite?

Only think from eight o'clock in the morning till twenty minutes after eight at night! such a confused babble of confused commingled subjects; odds and ends, and scraps and bits! A quiet spinster unused to this, it made one of the longest days I ever lived. How I thought of you, mothers! my spirit-arms outreached to take you all in and pity you with the most loving words, and I longed for the power of giving you rest; rest to soul, and body, and poor bewildered brain.

All active babies are alike. When I thought of you I thought of this, and my sympathies flew world-wide, and I wondered not that some mothers, weary and borne down with the cares and responsibilities incident to true motherhood, did sometimes scold, and grow impatient and petulant, and say words that made their pillows wet with tears in the silence of the night when all slept save themselves. What a pity that we cannot read faces as we read printed pages! How much kinder would we be; how much softer would be the greeting, even as we passed one another on the street, or as we nodded, or smiled, or touched hands in the church aisles, or across the palings, or on the bustling pavement. But our faces are as sealed books, and we may not read them. We walk as strangers, and the great sorrow locked in one bosom may pass its soothing antidote daily, locked in the heart of another.

When we sat down to write, we never thought of telling about baby Nellie; we only meant to suggest a few plans for amusing the children and making them happy. Now, for little girls, and boys, too, one of the cutest things we have ever seen is toy-furniture, like Mary Ann Newman's children make. We have been delighted with the dear little toy-sets, and have arranged and re-arranged them with Toby, and Jack, and Janet, and Lucetta, many a time. Whenever we go to Mrs. Newman's, the first thing is for the children to bring out their stores for our delight, which we express in sundry ways, agreeable to them.

We think we can make directions plain enough, so that any child will understand, aided by an occasional explanation from the mother, or a deftly-given touch of her handy fingers. We are presuming that the mother is the friend, and companion, and counselor, as she should be, of her children. A lonely life, loveless and incomplete, is that of the little one, if mamma does not come down from the tip-top heights of her years of experience and wisdom to mingle her thoughts with theirs, to tell stories, to soothe, to plan wisely, to advise, to urge discretion, and be companionable, like as no other person in the world can ever be.

The little Newman's set of tiny furniture consists of a sofa, four chairs and a table, and their mother suggests that sometime, when she has leisure, she believes they can originate more—perhaps a bedstead and wash-stand, and maybe a dear little bureau. Oh,

how eagerly they did announce to me this latest bit of joyous intelligence! Toby said, with his eyes and lips, and even with his hands, which twisted themselves in and out, and over and over, like a fly washing his legs after a hearty repast: "I's thure mamma can study out how to make a jurean!" and the look he gave her was fuller of pride and admiration than any devoted lover ever bestowed upon his heart's idol.

But the furniture. To make a chair. Take a common cork, clean and fresh, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and about a quarter of an inch thick. This is for the seat part. Put a cover of red velvet over it, and be sure and fasten the edges neatly on the under-side. This can be done by cutting the velvet out round, the same as you would cover a button-mould. Then stick a row of new, straight pins along the edge in the form of a semi-circle for the back of the chair and for the sides. The pin in the middle should stick up about half an inch, and those at the ends only about a quarter of an inch. They should be graduated in height, the six pins on each side of the centre sloping down, just like the back of a real chair. These pins must be covered with a fine thread of zephyr, woven, or wound in and out, in and out, over one and under the next, commencing at one end. Wind back and forth the same way, and continue it until the pins are all covered but the heads. We forgot to say that the zephyr should be of the same color, as nearly as possible, as the velvet that covers the seat of the chair. To make the legs, stick pins in the under-side of the cork, at equal distances apart. These must be covered by winding the zephyr round and round each leg separately. Be sure and fasten the ends securely. This finishes the chair, and the little ones will hop with delight and prance in their glee.

Nothing can compliment a mother more than to see her dear little ones so brimful of rejoicing over some of her good or kind deeds that they go into prancing humor. If we were the mother of little children, such naturally-expressed joy and admiration would make us very happy indeed.

Now for the sofa. Listen, little dears. You will take a big cork; ask at the grocery for something of the kind; maybe those in wide-mouthed catsup-bottles would answer. If not, the druggist keeps the very sort you want—good, clean ones never yet used. He will give you one or two for nothing. Cut it in halves, across—it should be about two inches long and half an inch in thickness. Cover this with velvet the same as you did the chair; take care that it is not puckered or wrinkled, or in folds about the edges. If your quality of velvet is not thin enough, it may be so. In this case, use the same precaution as in covering a ball; place it smoothly, and cut out gores on the under-side; this will insure a good fit. Stick, say twenty or twenty-five pins for the back. Let them graduate—slope from the centre, like the back of a real sofa. Try and have it in proportion; don't let the back be too high nor too low; your eye will judge of the proportions correctly. Have three pins for legs. Cover all the pins with zephyr, the same as you did the chairs.

Now for the centre-table. Take a large cork, as large as the one you took for the sofa, and cut it rather thin. You may make it round, or square, or oblong, or with six or eight sides, just as you fancy. Cut out a piece of velvet to fit the table, and turn over just enough to hide the edge of it; then fasten this on with pins thrust clear in, so that only the heads show. Put them close together. The legs are made of pins likewise, and covered with the zephyr.

This completes the set, so far as the Newman children have theirs made.

The velvet must not be too heavy, and the pins must be new and straight, and the little fingers must be clean and dry, and they must work carefully, if the job is to be neatly and satisfactorily done. Silk would do to use instead of velvet, but it does not look so well; and the zephyr must be of the finest quality, too. A very pretty tidy can be made for the sofa with tatting-stitch, a little circular wheel like we make in tatting collars.

When the furniture is made, you do not want it standing around on your table or what-not, one piece in one place and another there; so we will tell you the charm that adds the finishing touch to all this array of pretty, childish delights. Take a piece of painted card-board, say ten inches long and eight inches wide, and work it in gay worsteds, so that it will resemble a beautiful bit of carpet. Place this on a piece of Bristol-board the same size as the card-board; that will make it firm enough to be lifted about after the furniture is placed on it. And now, after the carpet is down, stand the articles of furniture wherever your good taste may dictate; and we believe, just because they are for show, and to look at, it would be well enough to take a stitch in red silk thread from the under-side, across the bottom of the legs, to hold them in place. Just as you please, however.

This is a little thing for a woman to write about, and men may toss their cynical noses up in the air, and the hard-faced, toiling mother may scold, and think Pipesey is sillier than any little boy or girl for

putting such "nonsense" into their heads; but we don't care, so long as somebody's children are delighted with the new idea and made happier. These days of childhood are so brief, they pass so quickly, it takes such little, innocent amusements to gladden them and make brighter the fleeting time, that we never feel better than when we are winning from them the more than benediction of, "I'm so glad! Oh, isn't she jolly!"

Every day of our lives we see men and women rushing on in the race for wealth and preferment, whose thin, yellow faces are hard, and seamed, and old-looking as parchment; they even lean forward in their greed, and they are of that great army who have come up from a loveless, bare, bleak childhood, worse than orphaned, worse than alone. And our hearts go out to such; for of all sorrows, the worst is, no childhood; no sympathy for their dear little blundering ways; no watchful eyes to grow brighter as they look upon them—the coming men and women—no cunningly contrived plans and devices to please them, to win their gratitude and thanks, and to make them full of that joy which will shine all through their lives, even on to tottering old age and second childhood.

The darlings! The boys and girls! The little, live, blustering, questioning, in-the-way dears, how can we do our whole duty by them? We have a great many nice things laid up for them alone which we hope to tell them soon, and for the dear mothers, too, many things out of the fullness of our heart.

PIPESEY POTTS.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE BUTTERFLY.

It came floating along like a blossom moved by a gentle breeze.

Lilian held up her hand, and the lovely creature came down upon it softly, fanning its yellow wings with a slow and easy motion. Then it drew its wings together and was still, resting as fearlessly as if the fair hand of Lilian had been a flower.

For a little while Lilian stood motionless, looking at the delicate insect so beautiful and so wonderfully made.

"There! it is gone!" she said, taking a deep breath, as the butterfly went floating off on the air.

"I wouldn't have hurt it for the world."

"Nor I," said Netty, who was standing by her side.

"Wasn't it lovely? And just to think that it came out of an ugly worm that was crawling over and eating up the leaves in our garden only a few days ago!"

"One can hardly believe that," answered Lilian.

"And yet it is true. Don't you remember the black, horney worm we put in a box and the butterfly we found in its place a few days afterward?"

"Oh, yes! It seemed so wonderful. And when we opened the box it flew away out through the window."

"Mother told us," said Netty, "that while we live in this world our souls are like butterflies imprisoned in worms, which at death unfold their wings and rise into Heaven."

Lilian looked down at her fair hand and then into her sister's lovely face. Netty knew what she was thinking about.

"God has made for our souls beautiful earthly bodies," she added, "but mother says that our new bodies, when we go up into Heaven, will as far exceed these in beauty as the butterfly exceeds the worm."

"Then I won't be afraid of dying," answered Lilian.

They were walking near the house, and their mother heard what Lilian said.

She spoke to them in her gentle, serious way: "To die, my children, is only going to sleep in this world and waking up in the next. The soul, like an imprisoned butterfly, as I have many times said to you, will rise out of this poor earthly body beautiful as an angel. No, darlings; you need not be afraid of dying. All you have to fear is doing wrong. Be pure and good in all your thoughts and actions, and death will come to you, when it does come, as a sweet sleep, from which the waking will be in Heaven."

### NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

THE great peninsular in the north-western part of Europe comprises these interesting countries.

The coast of Norway, bordering upon the Arctic and the Atlantic Oceans, and the North Sea, is bold and rocky, penetrated by numerous inlets called *fjords*. Sweden lies east of Norway and west of Russia, and it is bounded on the south by the Baltic. The surface of the two lands is very high, the greater part being more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Geologists tell us that it is steadily rising,



at the rate of about a foot in a century. The most striking features are vast forests of birch and pine, rapid rivers with many cataracts, numerous deep lakes and grand mountain-peaks. Mineral deposits are very rich, iron and copper being exceedingly

throughout the greater part of the year. The short summer, however, is often extremely hot, the flowers, the fruits and the grains reaching perfection in a surprisingly short time. Of the vegetable productions, flax, oats, wheat and potatoes flourish best, while



abundant, while gold and silver are also found. Great numbers of fur-bearing animals roam through the thinly settled districts; birds whose flesh and feathers are alike esteemed, frequent the dense woods and tall cliffs; myriads of fish fill the lakes and streams. The climate is very cold, winter lasting

the trees, as before intimated, are of the most hardy kind.

Going toward the north, as might be expected, the atmosphere grows more and more severe, until, near the Polar Sea, one finds himself in the dreary and uninhabitable regions of perpetual snow, in which



he may behold the phenomena of a summer sun remaining above the horizon for six months, and a winter display of the flaming glories of the *aurora borealis*—wonders seemingly ordained as a compensation for the death-like barrenness of the zone.

The people of Norway and Sweden are sturdy, industrious, kind-hearted, pious, and, save in the large cities, exceedingly simple and primitive in their habits. Their houses are small, but comfortable, and it is not uncommon to find the father of a family manufacturing everything for their use, rearing the walls of the cottage and making all the furniture, as well as shoes and articles of clothing.

The Laplanders, of short stature and dark complexion, are a different race, resembling the Mongolians. They are Christians, but seem, as yet, little removed from their original barbarism. They live in miserable huts, and subsist on the birds and fish which they catch, and the flesh and milk of the reindeer, an animal to them a never-failing source of bodily comfort, both as a beast of burden, and as giving food, clothing and articles of every-day use.

The chief cities are Christiania and Stockholm. The latter, the capital, is noted for its handsome buildings. Upsal contains the famous university, the Alma Mater of the great botanist Linnæus, one of the grandest of scientists, the noblest of men, and the sweetest, most child-like of Christians the world has ever known.

Norway and Sweden have produced many other noted people. Their poets, living almost before the dawn of history, survive in their writings, called the Sagas. The ancient Vikings, wild, fierce and courageous, ruled seas and conquered lands. Later kings, Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, have been among the most successful of warriors. Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson are wonderful singers, and the novels of Frederika Bremer have been translated into many languages.

The two countries are united under one king, Oscar II, great-grandson of General Bernadotte, who was placed upon the throne by Napoleon, in 1814. The fortunes of the whole realm, at present, are peaceful and prosperous.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS

No. 2.

**D**URING our last vacation, some of the girls stayed here. We all fixed up our winter-wear, and made pretty and useful things about the house that we had planned months before. Esther helped us.

It seems a long story to tell; seems that it cannot all be put into these few pages, but we will endeavor to make it plain and brief as possible.

We needed bed and pillow-shams, which we made out of some snow-white old sheets, leaving out thin parts, ruffling them with narrow cambric, cut bias. They will last as long in shams, as they did in good, serviceable sheets. Some fine old linen pillow-cases, worn in the centres, made table napkins by taking the best ends of them. And some fine, soft linen sheets, made long, long ago, came out into newness and usefulness, by taking the good ends of them for large towels, to spread over the table-ware, as it stood in the dining-room, over baskets of apples, or grapes, or winter pears, or for any use in which they looked pretty. You women know that even a snowy towel has its use and its mission for good, even though it is not essentially necessary.

I learned this one time while visiting a poor cousin, whose little home had only one room, besides the bed-chamber. I could not imagine how she managed to keep everything looking so pretty and so inviting. But I watched her; I wanted to see what magical power was hers. It was all in the little things that some women would not notice at all. For instance, the two windows were as clean and as clear as crystal, the white curtains were looped aside so as to hang in soft, graceful folds. Even in this particular thing I observed that cousin calculated with the eye of an artist. When she gathered the curtain aside, she stepped back, and tipped her head sidewise, to note the change, then she looped it a little lower, and stepped back again to study the effect. Even as insignificant an item as this was, she considered as having an influence. Now, how many women there

are who would take up a long muslin curtain in a hand-over-hand, mannish manner, give it a twist, and tuck it up on a nail, or over the top, with a vicious growl for "more light on the subject." Her stove-ware was kept in a store-box that was tipped on its side, and the water-pail stood on top.

Now that bare, desolate contrivance, alone, was enough to cast a hint of poverty through the whole room, for these substitutes do look poor; but Bessie converted the box into furniture by spreading a fresh newspaper on top, and hanging a clean, starched curtain in front. Then her house-plants carried good cheer in-doors, and everything in its place helped to render the little "kitchen, parlor and hall," a very inviting home-like place.

I often tell the girls of Cousin Bessie's poor opportunities, and how she twists them around until she makes advantages of them all. We took her for an example during our vacation. My! how we did work! I remember Josie made her old alpaca dress over, quite as good as new. She ripped it apart and turned it, cut off the worn and frayed edges, cleaned the soiled places with benzine, dampened and ironed it on the wrong side, made a new sham skirt, took the wide plaiting off from the bottom of it, turned, and put on a fresh binding, cut the basque and overskirt into a long polonaise, trimmed with narrow bands of black silk, and, really, the dress is quite as good as new. She made over several old alpaca and cashmere dresses for us, into second-best. After a dress has been worn a good while, it will do nicely for winter-wear, if it has new, fresh, thick, good linings, but it will not be warm enough without these important changes. A dress becomes stretched and don't fit as snugly as at first, and for this reason it needs renovating. We each bought one new one, and fixed over one old one for our every-day wear. The new ones were dark colors in basket-cloth, alpaca and poplin, from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a yard. These will be very nice for serviceable winter-wear, warm and neat, and new and fresh. With a lace ruffle, or crimped lawn frill, or even white linen bands about the neck and wrists, a bright bow of ribbon at the throat, something bright in the hair, and a coquettish white apron—for the young girls—

why we'll all look tidy and nice, at a trifling cost, too.

I tell all the girls to save the fine linen shirt-bosoms after their brothers' shirts are worn out, and make them over into something white to wear about the necks and wrists of their every-day dresses. I know that such things are utilized by some of the best and wealthiest young ladies in Millwood. The linen is generally very fine, and pure, and white. I don't allow the girls to wear their best dresses out on the street; these second-best are meant to save their good ones. If a dress gets a wetting, it never looks so well afterward, and for this reason they are obliged to be very careful. We wear second-best, and even third-best hats, too. You all know that wearing a hat out in the moist night air, or in dewy mornings, or days in which the hint of rain is scarcely discernable, is ruinous to a good hat; and if worn then it will never appear quite so well after that. The merits of the third-best hats cannot be discovered, for a veil covers them entire, and ties at the back of the neck.

We all think Lottie's dress is very becoming. It is a stiff, good piece of basket-cloth, or damassee, or some such goods, about the color of dead oak-leaves. It suits her face, looks quiet, and mouse-y, and demure, and she is such a modest little one, with her low voice and pretty ways. We are all pleased with her choice.

My two dresses are both black. The old one was a jetty cashmere, that I bought when my husband died. It had become soiled in spite of me, and considerably worn about the bottom and under-side of the sleeves, and the button-holes had broken, and it was a mite too large at first. Esther and I had a deal between us, and to make it square, she proposed renovating my cashmere dress. She ripped it all to pieces, and took ten cents worth of soap-bark, which she bought at the drug-store in the city, boiled it in three pints of water, and strained it. Each piece of cashmere was dipped into this while the liquid was quite warm, well sponged and ironed between folds of muslin. This made it almost as good as new. New linings were used, and new trimmings and braid, and bows of good gros-grain ribbon; the button-holes were newly worked, and the dress came out of Esther's hands just as good as new. It was trimmed with bands of black silk, and the buttons were silk, gros-grain, covered.

Esther made one over for herself, combination, silk and cashmere. It was very pretty. The silk was a very old piece, something that had been found in an old trunk of her dead grandmother's. We thought it had been a shawl, for there were no signs of the prick of a needle in it, nor a sign of stitches nor folds.

Our good, warm, quilted skirts we made ourselves; just as pretty and as good as those we would buy for three dollars. Of course we made them out of such material as we had on hand, buying as little as possible. Some of us took repellent circulars that we were tired of, for lining, or old repellent dresses, or whatever we could spare best, and then used alpaca, or farmer's satin, or poplin, or any pretty worsted goods for the outside, to reach half-way up the length of the skirt. This was quilted on the sewing machine, in fine diamond checks. You will hardly believe it, but the prettiest skirt was made out of the most scanty materials.

One of the girls—Mary—said she could not contrive a single thing to make a skirt out of. Now it happened that I had seen her wear a very elaborately-flounced alpaca lustre when she first came here to

attend seminary, and I asked her what she ever did with that dress. The reply was: "Oh, you know it was so cut up into flouncing that it was good for nothing. That beautiful lustre was built on to a cambric skirt; the goods were all cut up into bias strips not more than six inches in width, so when the fashion changed, the dress was of no use to me or to any one else."

Now I knew better.

That same evening Mary sent a letter home to her mother for the old dress, and two days after, the old rumbling hack stopped at the gate, and the driver, good Mr. Rank, fumbled under his seat and brought out a parcel for Mary, and then we told her what to do. Rip off carefully every one of the flounces, pick out the stitches, dampen the goods, fold them evenly, and when thoroughly damp all through, iron between two thicknesses of muslin. Then take the skirt-lining, on the lower half of which the wadding was smoothly basted; begin at the bottom, and sew on with long stitches one width of the flouncing, baste it down, then sew on the next strip, turning it so that the seam would come on the under-side next the wadding; and keep on, after this manner, until strips of the flouncing cover it up about half the length of the skirt.

How nice that was! How bright, and lustrous, and new, and elegant! Now, to hide the seams that go round the skirt so many times, we will quilt this just round and round, say half an inch apart. No one would ever think that the shiny, rustling skirt was made of pieces deemed useless; and if they even knew the truth, what harm? Good economy is commendable; is one of the virtues; is the golden key to successful management.

There is no end to the pretty and serviceable skirts for winter wear that one can make out of any good material they may chance to have on hand. Bits of silk, and cashmere, and poplin will work in charmingly in the way of ornamentation, and of real utility; those pretty pleated strips that help to make a skirt set well and appear dressy, can be made out of old bands, and shirrings, and flouncing; and nearly all the trimmings that are ripped off from nice dresses, and are of no account whatever, if laid away carefully—creased, and just as they are—in a roomy box, will blossom the second time some day, perhaps not for years. I know when the Hamilton girls made theirs they delighted our eyes, and almost challenged our admiration when they told us how they would manage. Some finely made shirring that had been laid aside, with the very gathers and folds still in it, was brought forth and made to beautify a skirt by sewing it on over an inch-wide strip of wigan for stiffening. Then a long piece of gros-grain bias silk was cut across so as to make diamonds, and these were set on, running transversely. It was very pretty indeed.

But how dull and tedious is my poor way of telling all this! How much easier to show you, if I could; to lay the garments on your laps, tired women, and poor, pains-taking girls, and let your eager eyes take in at a quick glance all this which you are glad to know, and which my lagging words cannot make plain. With your quick imaginations, I trust you will see what I mean, and even more; that a suggestion may come to you even better, and in advance of anything of ours.

When we bought our winter shoes, we all agreed on one kind; indeed, they are the best and most serviceable, wear the longest, and are always soft and smooth as a glove—the French calf. We always wore them ourselves, and we could most cordially recommend them as excellent.

Three of our rooms up-stairs had no closets in them. I felt sorry for the girls, for in spite of all their efforts the dust would settle on their best dresses; so we set our wits to work to invent some thing, and by the help of the young carpenter in the cottage over the way we are very well pleased with our plan. He measured the wall out from one corner, a yard each way, fastened a strong piece of wire in the wall, put up plenty of clothes-hooks, and then we hung up a curtain of calico, with rings at the top to slide over the wire. This made a very nice clothes-press for one room. In another we had a two-foot wide shelf about five feet long put up securely, say one foot from the ceiling above. A curtain was laid in box-plaits and tacked to the edge of this shelf, and hung in folds clear to the floor. This was fixed inside with clothes-hooks, and was a very nice clean place to keep dresses. But the little closet that we all admired most was made in a corner. A large three-cornered shelf was put up within two feet of the ceiling, and with clothes-hooks and a heavy damask curtain, it was the prettiest of all. Band-boxes fit snugly on top, and are out of the way. We were all delighted with the new arrangements.

There is such a difference in my girls; some are so ready to devise, and plan, and execute, and are so quick to see and understand, while others—I hate to say it—will look and listen, and think dumbly and pitifully, and their very mouths will stand ajar in a dazed way. I love all of 'em, but I have to laugh sometimes and silyly tread the toe nearest me. The dear girls! they study to please me, and—I wish I'd not said that about their mouths, the dear creatures!

CHATTY BROOKS.

### MY LADY AND I.

WHAT has my lady that I have not?  
Wealth and station and power,  
A mansion that overshadows my cot  
As a great tree shadows a flower.

Splendid coaches and high-bred steeds,  
Statues and paintings rare;  
Whatever she wishes, or craves, or needs,  
She has but to speak—it is there.

Busts and vases from foreign lands,  
All that is bought with gold,  
Comes at the wave of my lady's hands  
Like a touch of the lamp of old.

Royal jewels and webs of lace,  
Like cunningest works of frost,  
She pleases her fancy and suits her taste,  
With never a thought of cost.

But what have I that she has not?  
Oh, what she cannot buy—  
Love to brighten my lowly lot,  
Love, and a love-lit eye.

Some one who comes when the night falls down,  
And brings back glee and mirth,  
Who shuts in the home, and shuts out the town,  
And sits with me by the hearth.

Some one who lightens the labor load,  
Who makes misfortune vain,  
And the loveliest baby that ever crowed  
And tapped on the window-pane.

Ah, my lady of royal mein,  
You may ride in your carriage fine,  
But I am prouder, for I am queen,  
Crowned by a love divine.

ELLA WHEELER.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 35.

"A friend stands at the door;  
In either tight-closed hand  
Hiding rich gifts—three hundred and threescore;  
Waiting to strew them, daily, o'er the land,  
Even as the sower.  
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by;  
It cannot be made fruitful, till it die.

"Friend, come thou like a friend,  
And whether bright thy face,  
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,  
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,  
And trust thee to the end;  
Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres  
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years."

LOOKING over one of my treasured books in which, during the last ten years, I have copied favorite poems, and scraps of prose and verse, I came across Miss Muloch's beautiful poem on the New Year. The two verses quoted are so much better than anything I could say on the subject, just now, that I have given them here. The whole poem is so good that I wish I might take the space to give all of it. The idea of each day being a gift, hidden from us until its hour comes, is a pretty thought. So many gifts, so much time to use for either profit or loss; and so many hands are held out eagerly for the coming days, looking for them to bring happiness, or gain of some kind. I would fain reach mine out to clasp stronger ones, that they might help to give me strength and courage to walk the way that leads toward "those other spheres." For sometimes my spirit grows faint before the unknown future, and I repeat with Miss Muloch,

"Oh, hang some lamp-like hope  
Above the unknown way,  
Kind year; to give our spirits freer scope,  
And our hands strength to work while it is day."

Yes, that is what I long for—"strength to work," that the way may not seem so long and be filled with use, if not with beauty. But most of all—if I only might attain to it—for that work which will beautify—patient, loving work for others, and a cheerful spirit for each day, that whatever it brings may be gone through with bravely.

Mrs. Browning says:

"What are we set on earth for? Say to toil—  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,  
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,  
And death's mild curfew shall from work assail.

The least flower with its brimming cup may stand,  
And share its dewdrop with another, near."

I used to think that would be part of my work as I grew better—to help brighten or freshen the lives of those around me from my cup, in which I meant to keep as many drops as possible. I wonder now, if it will ever be. Perhaps my dewdrop is not sweet, or few other flowers want it. Or one needs it all, and there is none to give away without lessening her share; for the cup is not often very full. Yet, it would be so sweet to know that some whom I have loved dearly, cared for the drops, and found sweetness in them.

I laid aside my writing just here, this morning, to read an interesting girls' story, in the *Churchman*, and found in it the New Year admonition that I needed. "It is enough to take one day at a time and try to make that good. It is hard enough, even then, and sometimes it is best to go hour by hour. One

day at a time, is the secret of every noble life. One day at a time, taken up bravely, with its duties faithfully done as they come, its trials patiently borne, its temptations firmly resisted, its cross cheerfully carried, its joys rightly used, and its gladness gathered from every hour as it passes on."

I used to make good resolutions at the beginning of each year, as these girls did, and fail directly in carrying them out. Now I have concluded it is not of much use. I must try to manage one day, and that is more than I can often do well; so instead of looking forward to the year before one, with a shrinking heart, I will endeavor only to meet each day bravely, and take what it brings, unquestioningly. Looking around me just in my own circle of friends, the new year dawns so differently with different ones. I know happy homes where young hearts are just beginning life anew, with brightest promise for the future. Bright little rooms, made beautiful by the work of tasteful hands, and the prompting of loving hearts, where some whom I have known and loved since they were little school-girls, or gay, thoughtless maidens, now reign happy queens, each in a kingdom of her own. I like to think of these homes, and send loving wishes after their occupants, as they start on their life journey. For there are other ones to which my thoughts must turn sometimes, where trial, and sorrow, and loss, have crushed out all joyousness for the time, and made the whole earth look gloomy. The wheel of life turns around, and some have their sorrow while others are having their joy, and in time it is reversed. It must be so. Let those to whom happiness comes now, enjoy it fully and thankfully while they may, as one of the good Father's most precious gifts.

In her pretty, cheerful sitting-room, Hope sings the songs she used to sing for me, to a little Charlie. The crown of motherhood has made her life complete, and she counts herself rich in jewels. She is a fond and proud mother, but her hands are as full of work as her heart is of love, and I seldom see her. There are many friends whom I do not often see through the cold and frequently bad weather, but some of those who are near by, make up for it a good deal. Madge, my young neighbor over the way, comes in with her bright face, and a breath of the bracing winter air about her, which does one good. She is always good-humored and cheery. The realities of life do not make much impression on her yet; she seems free from care as the birds of June. One evening last week she came over to let me see her dressed for a party. In her black tarlatan dress, with scarlet geraniums at her throat and in her dark hair, and her sparkling black eyes dancing with pleasure, she looked like a bright, rich flower, herself. A striking contrast to Floy, who was here the same night, in white tarlatan looped with rosebuds, and with creamy tea-roses in her hair, reminded me of a fair white lily, on its slender stalk. Madge has a pit, in which she keeps her flowers blooming through the winter, and many a blossom finds its way to me, to remind me of summer days.

Another new friend near by, brings her cheerful presence—and sometimes when I am feeling bad her helping hand—to my room, and occasionally of a warm, sunny day, coaxes me over to her house for a change which does me good, since I have to be shut up so much more, now that winter is here. There we have a quiet, cozy time, with our work and talk, until the short afternoon closes, and she brings me home with a helping arm around me. So the days go on, while I wait for winter's cold to leave, and spring to smile again.

LICHEN.

## THE CHILDREN'S EVENINGS.

THE children want a good, comfortable place of their own for reading and study this winter, and I hope that all mothers will make an effort to give them such facilities. These long, golden, winter evenings are equal to a season's schooling if only rightly improved. It depends mainly on the mother whether these comforts are to be had or not. If she is grudging of an extra lamp, and refuses the privilege of an extra fire in a convenient room, then the poor children will probably settle down to a ruinous waste of time that can never come back. What is the outlay of fuel and oil compared to the gain of knowledge in even a single week of winter evenings?

The wise household is a unit when it comes to this matter of improvement. The mother goes heart and soul into any plan that will aid to advance the children. The father gladly shoulders any expense that comes within his means, remembering always the serious truth that children can grow up but once.

So get your place ready, boys and girls, taking all the hard work of the fitting up upon yourselves. Now save with care all your nickels from the confectioner's shop for awhile, and drop them into a "library fund." As prices are, you can get considerable with a little money. And a good magazine, a weekly paper, and a few standard books, will give you much useful information as the weeks go by. Don't squander an hour on a weak book or paper, and never suffer in your house a bad one, any sooner than you would pet a black snake. Evil literature is worse than a whole nest of black snakes. May this be a really good winter to every boy and girl that reads our magazine.

MAGGIE.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 1.

WE have been reading Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which, to the thoughtful mind, is like looking into crystal waters, wherein we see self reflected in all its varying phases. Sometimes the waters are troubled, and give distorted, unlovely pictures, but it is only for a little time; soon it is clear, and we see goodness, and beauty, and truth, blending harmoniously together. We love to turn the pages over and glean rich gems of thought and feeling, rich truths which help us to the correct understanding of life and its duties. Hear what he writes of happiness:

"To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil. In earth, yea, in Heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt not find. Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness; plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit. Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal, trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy."

Truer words were never written, yet how often we see young men and maidens entering on life's solemn journey with the pursuit of happiness before them as the one great aim and object. The "highway of usefulness," where alone true happiness is found, is to them an unknown way. They see but the opening which seems, to them, hedged in with difficulties and filled with disagreeable duties, and, thinking not of the light which ever guides the footsteps of those who enter there, knowing not the blessed joy of doing good, they turn aside where present pleasures beckon, and in striving to be happy, become, daily, more miserable, and this because they seek happiness for

itself, not for some high and noble purpose; because they seek their own, not another's good. If the path of duty be set with thorns which sometimes pierce the weary feet, the flowers growing among them are fairer and more lasting than any to be found elsewhere. They alone who give themselves to usefulness—whether it be in high places or in low, whether in life's lowly walks, where but few shall know the work they do, or upon purple-crowned mountains where turns the admiring gaze of the multitude—they alone shall know true happiness. The consciousness of duty well-done, the knowledge that, through our life, other lives are blessed, brings a peacefulness and holy joy never felt by the pleasure-seeker. Not that all should not have pleasures and recreations—all these are good in their place, but should not be allowed to usurp that of better things, and so become of paramount interest to the mind. The great aim in life for each of us should be not to be happy, but to be good, to do good, and they who have not this as the foundation of their life, will find but "dead sea apples," in place of the golden fruit they thought to grasp. How the great heart of the Father must yearn over them! How His love must seek to inspire them to truer things! But, oh, solemn thought! it is for each heart to choose for itself. O man, O maiden, standing to-day at life's beautiful portal, seeing the two ways opening before you, will you not choose the "better part?" Will you not be earnest workers instead of mere pleasure-seekers? The golden halo shines but to deceive in the one way; in the other it shines brighter and brighter "unto the perfect day." By and by you must go to the Master with the sheaves you have gathered. Oh, do not go with empty hands! He gives us each a work to do here, then let us do it bravely and well. Let duty, not pleasure, be the guiding star of your life. This path may seem darkest at the outset, but every step taken there makes the next one easier, and, when your eyes are "holden," Heaven's own light will shine through the darkness. Angels will sing to cheer you on the way, and with you will go a blessed sense of His presence.

What though there be trials and hardships there? They are sent by infinite love for your good. Rightly met, you shall find in them your greatest blessing, your true strength. Would you be like the tender hot-house plant, which droops and dies with the first touch of the chilling frosts? Nay; rather be like the sturdy forest-tree which, with its many thousand hands upraised to heaven, meets the storm all unharmed. Its roots are firmly grounded in the soil, while its top grows upward—up, away from the dark mould, away from gnawing worms or troubling insects, to heaven's own beautiful blue. So let your lives be firmly rooted in faith in the goodness and wisdom of God. So let your hearts reach upward to Him, and let no canker of doubt or fear disturb your peace. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth we are but dust," and will not try us beyond what we are able to bear. Trials, seen in the distance, look ominous and terrible, but, when we come to them, He will grant us strength to bear them. We can anticipate the trial, but not so easily the strength which will surely come, if we will but accept it; so let us fret not ourselves because of the morrow, but, gathering to-day's joys into our hearts, leave to-morrow to His care. Yet, gather the joys with no selfish purpose, lest they vanish from thy hands, and leave disappointment and pain. By a wisdom as wondrous as His loving, our best blessings are such that the more they are shared with others, the more is our own hearts enriched and uplifted.

"Who blesseth others by his daily deeds,  
Himself will find the healing his spirit needs;  
For every flower on others pathway strown,  
Bestows its fragrant beauty on our own."

Then scatter flowers and sunshine as you walk;  
"be useful and be happy."  
EARNEST.

### TAKE THE LITTLE ONES WITH YOU.

"I THINK Pipesey would approve of that man," I said, as I watched a man go by in his spider-like buggy one day. He had one of his little folks on one side of him, and the baby of two years old carefully tucked up in his left arm, leaving the right free to guide the steady old horse. His business called him to drive about the country much of the time, and he seldom went without one or two of his five little folks in with him. I knew what a saving of labor and care it was to the little woman in the yellow house, who toils from morning till night for that household. With the two older children at school, and the others "out riding with father," how fast she could work, compared with her progress with them all under her feet.

Women do not appreciate as they might the great blessing of the school, even from the standpoint of a safe nursery for the children through the heart of the busy day. Teachers are great helpers to any mother, and ought to be considered with kindness and gratitude for their work's sake.

Many fathers might, with profit, imitate Mr. A.'s example, and often take the boy or the little girl along when they go to town on business. It would be such an easy thing to do, yet such a help to the mother, and such a joy to the child. The world is so new to them, the most common excursion is full of interest and delight. It widens their views, and gives them food for new thoughts for days and weeks to come. It makes the bond closer and dearer between the father and his child; and who can estimate the worth of that tie. Some fathers, too, would be the safer themselves for taking the boy along.

J. E. M'C.

### HUMILITY.

NO ornament is like that of a meek and quiet spirit. Whenever we meet one possessed of this, how truly do we love his presence. But, by humility, we do not mean an abject, desponding disposition, nor a servile, cringing, fawning to superiors, for much passes for humility which deserves not the name.

It is not true that those who are in poverty, are always humble, for pride maketh its dwelling-place as often in the hearts of the lowly, as those of the highest station in life. But do not try to be what you are not. If you are wise and learned, be sure the world will find it out. If one's character is full of conceit and egotism, his or her capacity for usefulness is gone. There is nothing so perfectly ridiculous in life as this constant grasping after something beyond our reach.

Therefore, for the sake of humanity, be truthful, be candid, be humble, be condescending, in all your deportment, then you will have an influence in doing good, and can greatly aid the well-being of those around you.

EMILY SANBORN.



## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE DUKITE SNAKE.

WELL, mate, you asked me about a fellow  
 You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow  
 Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,  
 Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.  
 Did you meet him square? No; passed you by?  
 Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,  
 You'd have felt for your irons then and there;  
 For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.  
 Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,  
 And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell  
 His story—a strange one as ever you heard  
 Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

You just wait a minute, mate: I must see  
 How that damper's doing, and make some tea.  
 You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed  
 In that wallaby skin. Does you horse feed  
 In the hobbles? Well he's got good feed here,  
 And my own old bushmare won't interfere.  
 Done with that meat? Throw it here to the dogs,  
 And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes  
 Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes,  
 Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,  
 And our lonely settlers feel no alarm  
 When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane  
 Was a suttler once, and a friend of my own.  
 Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,  
 Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.  
 A splendid young fellow he was just then,  
 And one of the bravest and truest men  
 That I ever met; he was kind as a woman  
 To all who needed a friend, and no man—  
 Not even a convict—met with his scorn,  
 For David Sloane was a gentleman born.  
 Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer;  
 There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,  
 And some younger sons of your "upper ten"  
 Can be met with here, first-rate bushmen.  
 Why, friend, I—

Bah! curse that dog, you see  
 This talking so much has affected me.  
 Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun;  
 He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.  
 This bush at that time was a lonesome place,  
 So lonesome, the sight of a white man's face  
 Was a blessing, unless it came at night,  
 And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright  
 Of a runaway convict, and even they  
 Were welcome, for talk's sake, when they could stay.  
 Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned  
 The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid  
 In the wallaby track, how traps were made,  
 How possums and kangaroo rats were killed;  
 And when that was learned, I helped him to build  
 From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,  
 And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.  
 I lived up there with him days and days,  
 For I loved the lad for his honest ways.  
 I had only one fault to find: at first  
 Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed  
 As he was, in idleness, it was strange  
 How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.  
 From the morning light till the light expired  
 He was always working, he never tired;  
 Till at length I began to think his will  
 Was too much settled on wealth, and still  
 When I looked at the lad's brown face and eye,  
 Clear open, my heart gave such thought the lie.  
 But one day—for he read my mind—he laid  
 His hand on my shoulder. "Don't be afraid,"  
 Said he, "that I'm alone for self.  
 I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."

And he told me then, in his quiet tone,  
 Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own—  
 His wife—'twas for her: 'twas all he could say,  
 And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.  
 After that he told me the simple tale:  
 They had married for love, and she was to sail  
 For Australia when he wrote home and told  
 The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:  
 He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.  
 He said, "Darling, I've only a hut—but come."  
 Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;  
 And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand  
 To make neat the house, and prepare the land  
 For his crops and vines; and he made that place  
 Put on such a smiling and homelike face,  
 That when she came and he showed her round  
 His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,  
 And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,  
 The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of Heaven's best bliss  
 Ever comes from the upper world to this,  
 It came into that manly bushman's life,  
 And circled him round with the arms of his wife.  
 God bless that bright memory! Even to me,  
 A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,  
 While living, an angel of God's pure love,  
 And now I could pray to her face above.  
 And David he loved her as only a man  
 With a heart as large as was his heart can.  
 I wondered how they could have lived apart,  
 For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell;  
 I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,  
 Now I'll change to a devil—ay, to a devil!  
 You needn't start: if a spirit of evil  
 Ever came to this world its hate to slake  
 On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.  
 Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,  
 A long, red snake—as if what was within  
 Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.  
 And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell  
 And come back to your fellows here and tell  
 What the fire was like, you could find no thing,  
 Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,  
 To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone  
 There's another near when you see but one;  
 And beware you of killing that one you see  
 Without finding the other: for you may be  
 More than twenty miles from the spot that night,  
 When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite,  
 That will follow your trail, like death or fate,  
 And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here  
 Three months—'twas just this time of the year.  
 He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,  
 And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass  
 A long, red snake. He had never been told  
 Of the Dukite's ways—he jumped to the road,  
 And smashed its flat head with the bullock goad  
 He was proud of the red skin, so he tied  
 Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed  
 The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite  
 Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.  
 At sunrise next morning he started away  
 To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride  
 Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride  
 And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse  
 And entered—to look on his young wife's corpse,

And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes  
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose  
From her breast, where 'twas resting the gleaming head  
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,  
"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."  
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!  
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,  
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight  
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door  
With an awful feeling of coming woe:  
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,  
The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,  
His poor life's treasure—and crouched by her side.  
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.  
I weched and called him: he heeded me not,  
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,  
And lifted them both—her boy on her breast,  
And laid them down in the shade to rest.

Then I tried to take my poor friend away,  
But he cried so wofully, "Let me stay  
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart  
To try to persuade him then to part  
From all that was left to him here—her grave.  
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save  
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound—  
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!

Ten six long years since I heard that cry,  
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.  
Since that fearful night no one has heard  
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.  
You have seen to-day how he always goes:  
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes  
By some prison officer. On his back  
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?  
Well, that's what he lives for: when reason went,  
Still memory lived, for his days are spent  
In searching for Dukites; and year by year  
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear  
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,  
For he's clearing this bush of the Dukite snakes.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## IN THE NEST.

GATHER them close to your loving heart,  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That their restless feet will run;  
There may come a time in the by and by  
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh  
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for the repetition sweet  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls,  
That will echo long in the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear  
The eager, boyish tread,  
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,  
The busy bustle in and out,  
And a pattering overhead.

The boys and girls are all grown up,  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,  
Where youth and age come nevermore,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

## The Temperance Cause.

### EXCITING CAUSES OF INEBRIETY.

"The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety," devoted to a study of the various disorders which both precede and follow inebriety and the opium mania, is a periodical well worthy the attention of all who are engaged in the work of reform, or who, for any special or personal reasons, wish to know what the medical profession has to say in regard to the causes of intemperance, the effect of alcohol on the mind and body, and the means to be used for the prevention and cure of inebriety. The journal is published at Hartford, Connecticut, and is under the able editorship of T. D. CROTHER'S, M. D., Secretary of the "American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," and Superintendent of the Walnut Hill Asylum for the treatment of inebriates and opium cases. The price is two dollars per annum.

In the number for December, now before us, there is a paper on the "Comparative Action of Absinthe and Alcohol," by M. Magan, Physician of St. Anne Hospital, Paris. This paper was read before the International Congress at Paris held in August, 1878. The next article, "Are Inebriates Automata?" is from the pen of Dr. George M. Beard of New York. Then we have the proceedings of the last meeting of "The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," held in Boston, in September last; and the proceedings of the French Medical Temperance

Society held in August. Among the shorter articles in this number are the "Psychological Progress of Inebriety," "Inebriety and Cancer," "Heredity of Dipomania," "Inebriety a Disease, not a Crime," "Physiology of Delusions in Inebriety," "Opium Mania," etc.

In Dr. Beard's article, are given four remarkable cases, furnished by Dr. Crothers, in which the sea-air is shown to have acted as an exciting cause of inebriety. We copy one of these:

"H—, a Methodist clergyman, age thirty-four. Mother suffered from epilepsy many years before death, one sister hysterical, a brother afflicted with asthma; during childhood he had St. Vitus dance, and was operated on for strabismus; was a nervous, passionate man, subject to great changes of disposition and mental activity; had dyspepsia and was treated for it successfully by the use of bitters. He was impulsively fond of certain dishes, and manifested much childishness to procure them. He was a radical temperance man, positive and fanatical in his expression of opinion. He attended a sea-shore camp-meeting, and was noted for extravagant enthusiasm, and abject prostration that lasted for a week after the meeting closed. The next year he was even more excited, and to the grief of his friends he was found intoxicated after the meeting closed, and a bottle of whisky secreted in his satchel. The next year he was a spectator at a sea-shore meeting, and

drank very hard again. This time he deplored it deeply, and went back to the interior only to labor more earnestly in the temperance cause. The same year he was again at the sea-shore and drank as before, only procuring the liquor more secretly. He was transferred to a Western conference, and for five years was an active temperance man. He suffered from dyspepsia and melancholia at times, and was more excitable in his manner and actions. His wife dying, he came East for a rest, and went to Long Branch. The second day after reaching this place he drank to intoxication, and kept it up for a week, when the landlord turned him away as a nuisance. His particular delusion was prayer for drinking men, going into the bar-room and urging men not to drink, and praying for them, while he was almost oblivious of his condition. He returned to the West, and for three years more was temperate and worked as usual. He came to New York and

went with a friend to Coney Island, and drank hard. He described his drinking as an impulse that he could not resist, coming over him like a pressure which was unbearable, demanding stimulants as a preventive of death. A friend went with him to the sea-shore, as an experiment, and found that after a few hours he became restless, excited, would break out in perspiration, or have a nervous chill; drink large quantities of ice-water, seem to lose all pride or consciousness of his condition. On going a few miles back from the coast, this paroxysm left him, and he was grateful that he had escaped. This man is now in the interior and fully conscious of his danger, and has not ventured near the sea for three years, except once last year, in company with some watchful friends, spending half a day at Ocean Grove, with the same agitation and alarm, and sudden going away and passing off of these symptoms."

## Housekeepers' Department.

### A BIT OF FANCY WORK.

IF there is any time in the housekeeping experience when a woman feels that she is doing something to distinguish herself, that she is actually accomplishing something, in short, is complete mistress of the situation, it is when, with pot of varnish in one hand and brush in the other, she is giving her furniture, good, bad and indifferent, a thorough brightening up.

No matter if that pleasing duty is performed every year, it is at each performance a matter of surprise and self-congratulation, and ten chances to one if she does not exclaim as each article passes down the row to make room for the next: "Who would have thought a little varnish would make such an improvement!"

And of a surety, in no way can a small amount of money be invested, that will make such satisfactory returns; or, to reverse Tony Weller's axiom, "in no way can we go through so little, to gain so much."

Through the divine alchemy of varnish, old scratches are obliterated, old dents vanish, the ravages of time and decay, sent to the right-about, and every forlorn old "miserable," converted into what the magazines and lady's books ring the changes so frequently upon, "A thing of beauty, and a joy forever." And then how difficult it is to stop when one commences, the work itself is so fascinating, and the result so satisfactory, that like Alexander of old, we weep, not because we have no more worlds to conquer, but that we have no more old tables and chairs to varnish up and make new.

We even glance at the shovel and tongs, and confess to a vagrant wonderment as to how a coat of varnish would set upon them, but fortunately the coal-scuttle offers itself, as the safety valve which saves us from a little good-natured ridicule.

We give a sigh to the hours of polishing with cloth and beeswax which we considered indispensable before we discovered that we could varnish, and in the fullness of our hearts resolve to give others the benefit of our experience.

There are so many things we women can do to save expense if we only use a little ingenuity and audacity. What if we do make a failure, who has a better right, and I am sure our back bed-rooms need furniture as well as the other parts of the house, we will

scarcely get beyond them in the way of a failure, and if we do, there's the attic; so who's afraid?

Now in the matter of re-covering our sofas and chairs; what is to hinder us from doing it ourselves, and thus save a large percentage of what it would cost to have them done by an upholsterer. Not that I would encourage such an idea for a moment, if we have the wherewithal to pay for having it done, for besides looking (truth compels me to acknowledge,) somewhat better, trades must live; and those of us who are able to afford it should patronize them; but there are several of us who cannot afford it, and yet, have the assurance to want things nice around us, so we will just discuss this knotty point among ourselves.

In the first place, if our furniture is covered with that "dismal hair-cloth," which the aforesaid magazines and lady's books look upon as a thorn in the flesh, my advice is, if new and good, to let well enough alone, and thank our lucky stars that we have it, but if old and rusty, or the rep, or brocatelle, cretonne, or whatever else it has for covering be worn and faded, let us set to work and fix it forthwith.

Nothing is easier than to rip off seats and take out backs, cut the new coverings by the old, and tack the new gimp on with gimp tacks, which can be purchased at the same place as the other materials.

And here let me whisper, if you want that "joy forever," in all its pristine loveliness, get scarlet, or crimson rep, of good quality and all wool, it lights up so beautifully, and costs but a trifle more than the green or brown, and I know you will be so delighted with it, that I should not be at all surprised if you close your shutters and sit by gas-light in day-time.

MARY E. IRELAND.

### RECIPES.

PEACH PIE.—Wash canned peaches, and flavor with nutmeg, line pie-plates with paste, fill with the peach, and bake in a moderate oven till the crust is just done. Make a meringue by whipping to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs for each pie; sweeten with a tablespoon of powdered sugar for each egg, flavor with vanilla, and beat to a very stiff froth; then spread it nearly an inch thick over the pies, and in oven till meringue is well set. Eat cold.

**TAPIOCA SOUP.**—Take the rich gravy from roast beef or mutton, carefully remove all fat, add water in sufficient quantity, as the gravy is very strong, one small onion, and salt to taste. Let the whole boil up, then add two ounces of well-washed tapioca; stir occasionally, and simmer for about half an hour; pick out the onion, and serve.

**OYSTER CROQUETTES.**—Scald and chop fine the hard part of oysters, (after taking the other part and liquor for a soup,) add an equal weight of mashed potato; to one pound of this add lump of butter the size of an egg, teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of pepper, and quarter of a teacup of cream. Make in small cakes, dip in egg and then in bread-crumbs, and fry like doughnuts.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Make a sponge-cake with four eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; when baked, a piece is cut to fit the bottom of the charlotte pan, then line the sides and fill with cream made as follows: Whip one pint of cream, flavored with

vanilla, to a stiff froth, add to it the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and one-half pound pulverized sugar; mix all lightly and perfectly together; put on ice, or in a pan of cold water.

**CROQUIS.**—Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan. Mix in some flour to form a stiff paste. Then thin it with milk or water. Add a little salt. Chop some cooked meat very fine, and mix well. Take it off the fire, and let it cool. Have some raspings and egg ready. Make small rolls of the mixture, dip them in the egg and raspings, and fry a nice brown. Sweet herbs, lemon-peel and grated cheese may be used according to taste.

**BOILED HAMS** are much nicer to let them stand in the water in which they are boiled until cold; the outside does not then turn black and dry up as it does when taken from the water to cool, consequently there is less waste in preparing them for the table. But always remember to remove the lid of the kettle, so the steam may escape. This should be done after boiling anything of the kind.

## Health Department.

### MILK AS FOOD.

**D**R. CROSBY, of the Bellevue Hospital, pronounces milk an article of diet which all persons may use, under nearly all conditions. There are those who say that they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc., but he declares that this is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into a stomach already overfilled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. New milk, he does not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition.

Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime-water. The addition of a little salt will often prevent the after-feeling of fullness and "wind on the stomach," which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat, and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effect. It is used in case of fever, which formerly it was thought to "feed," and when scalded it has a desirable effect in summer complaints.

But it is as an article of diet for people in health, and who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk should be most appreciated. For the mid-day lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety and excellent quality of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use with milk. Bread, with berries in their season, or baked sweet apples, boiled rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn or hominy, taken with a generous bowl of pure cold milk, makes the best possible light meal in warm weather for children, and for all adults who have not some positive physical idiosyncrasy

that prevents them from digesting it. The men of firmest health and longest life are the men of regular and temperate habits with whom milk is a standard article of diet.

### TOBACCO POISONING OF INFANTS.

**T**HE habit of smoking in living-rooms and bedrooms is, without question, the cause of much sickness and mortality among babies and very young children. Nicotine is absorbed into both the mother's and the infant's systems, poisoning the milk which is to give life and health to the baby, and disturbing and depressing its delicate organism. Is it possible for an infant to breathe, day after day, an atmosphere loaded with tobacco-smoke, and be thoroughly healthy? It stands to reason that it cannot. As a matter of course, such an infant is less able to resist the attacks of disease when they take an epidemic form than an infant which has always had the advantage of pure air, which is as essential to health as good food.

Dr. Kestral, physician to the Royal Tobacco Factory at Iglan, near Vienna, gives some facts bearing on this matter which are worthy of careful consideration. A large number of women, boys and girls are employed in this factory, and it seems that, in consequence of the deleterious effects of working in the tobacco, the government has appointed a physician to look after their health. Of one hundred boys, from twelve to sixteen, says Dr. Kestral, seventy-two fell sick in the first six months, most of them having symptoms of tobacco poisoning. Many of the girls were also great sufferers from the same cause. But the most serious consequences were seen in the mortality among the children of mothers who worked in the factory. Breathing all day long an air filled with nicotine, their milk became so charged with poison that two-fifths of all their babies died before reaching the age of four months!

A word to the wise is all that need be spoken. A father who truly loves his babies will not expose them to malaria, or suffer them to go into a chamber containing a scarlet fever patient. But is it really

any safer to fill the room in which they have to live day after day, with tobacco-smoke, and charge their delicate systems with nicotine? They may not absorb enough of the poison to destroy their lives, but there

may be such a lowering of the vitality in consequence of its presence as to leave them helpless under the assaults of some fatal disease which might otherwise have been resisted.

## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

**SIMPLE Soporifics.**—In the New York State Inebriate Asylum a glass of milk is frequently administered at bed-time to produce sleep, and the result is often satisfactory, without the use of medicine. Medicine there is sometimes prescribed in milk. It has been recently stated in the medical journals that *lactic acid* has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative. As this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk, can this be an explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system when it is "shaky" after a long-continued excessive use of alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic acid, and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will frequently soothe a restless body to quiet and repose.

**VIOLET POWDER.**—A correspondent who is interested in our account of the mischief done by poisonous violet powder in England, (says the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*) asks for a recipe for a harmless preparation of the kind. The following is given in the *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal*:

Powdered starch, six pounds; powdered orris, eight ounces; oil lemon, two drachms; oil orange, two drachms; oil verbenä, two drachms; oil lavender, half drachm; oil wintergreen, ten drops; essence musk, one and a half drachms.

A score of formulas might be given in which the proportion of starch, orris, and perfume might vary, but the above will be found to give a good product. A powder which gives better results, as far as the prevention of chafing is concerned, may be made by replacing all or part of the starch by powdered French chalk.

**BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.**—Bank of England notes, says the *New York Indicator*, which make a poor showing compared with our more gorgeous greenbacks and National bank-notes, are better than they look. These notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot—Laverstoke, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman, is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are very carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by forgery.

**PROFESSOR ALEXANDER S. WILSON**, of Glasgow, has recently investigated the amounts of sugar contained in the nectar of various flowers, and laid the results of his labors before the British Association, by which it appears, among other things, that the

"little honey-bee, which improves each shining hour," has to pay 2,500,000 visits to flower-tubes for every pound of honey gathered.

A REMARKABLE case is given in the *Journal de Medecine*, of the effect of the habitual use of milk in white lead works. In some French lead mills it was observed that in a large working population two men who drank much milk daily, were not affected by lead. On the general use of milk through the works, the colic entirely vanished. Each operative was given enough extra pay to buy a quart of milk a day. From 1868 to 1871, no cases of colic had occurred.

THE white of an egg has proved, of late, the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successful applications of this substance soothes pain, and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion or even cotton.

**CHALVA.**—*Chalva*, in Turkish, means a cake, but it has come in the Sultan's territories to designate a party at which that dainty is eaten, just as we say "tea" for "tea party" in England. When a Turkish lady gives a *chalva*, her husband is perforce excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes, carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and babouches in an ante-room, and put on delicate satin slippers, which they have brought with them in bags. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax-candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but, each lady, as she comes in, lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty. The greetings being ended, the company betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee and sweetmeats are handed round; and, while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune. When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for her guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming "*Chalva yel!*"—i. e., "Bring in the cake." At once the maid-servants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy and spongy pudding is produced—which, having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal; and then the party is at an end.

## Literary and Personal.

MRS. HAYES, at the White House, is spoken of in very warm terms by a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, who says: "The characteristics of the President's wife as a hostess—her grace and heartiness and excellent tact at the receptions—have already had public mention, but not half the praise which they deserve. She shakes your hand heartily, as if you were the one she especially desired to meet. Her plump arm and her whole graceful body are alive and alert with eloquent action. Her various remarks to the passing hundreds, as I stood aside and observed her for a moment, were marvels of aptness and politeness.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has recently been on a visit to his old home at Easton, Maryland—a circumstance that affords the *Easton Gazette* a theme for a column of editorial, in which Mr. DOUGLASS is thus courteously spoken of: "The contrast of his going out from among us and his coming back is as wonderful as any told in Eastern story. He left our country under compulsion; he left the State by stealth. He comes back by invitation, openly and freely, not to receive blows, but an ovation; not to ask pardon of those whom he had disobeyed, but to extend pardon to those by whom he had been wronged. He left us a fugitive; he returns a guest. He left us with a mind darker than the skin he bore; he comes back to us radiant with an intelligence that his white and venerable head most fitly symbolizes. He went out from us crushed, cringing, submissive, humble; he returns to us full of dignity and courage. He left us a slave without rights, without a country; he comes

back our equal before the law, and our fellow-citizen, with all which that implies. He left us a chattel; he comes back a man." During his stay in Easton, Marshal DOUGLASS hunted up his half-brother, who has always been a resident of Talbot County, but is now old and decrepit, and signified his intention to take him home with him, and provide for his necessities.

MRS. DRAKE, a widow of Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, has in her possession an apple which has been in existence since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The soldier, Mr. Drake, received the apple from his betrothed just as he departed for the army of Washington; kept it during the whole war; returned after the surrender of Yorktown, and married the fair donor. The apple is sacredly preserved in the family. It is dry and shriveled, nothing remaining but the woody fibre.

THE sale of photographs of Government celebrities in the Capitol at Washington shows some curious facts. Mrs. Hayes' photograph sells in the lead of all others—hundreds buying hers that will not touch the picture of the President. Of the Senators, Blaine's sells better than any other by one-half. Lamar and Gordon follow, Conkling is away in the rear, Thurman being considerably ahead of him. There is no demand for Grant. On the House-side of the Capitol, Speaker Randall sells well. Next to him is Alexander Stephens, then follows Butler. Of the pictures of the other members of the House, there is but little demand.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

NEVER, perhaps, within our recollection, has there been such a profusion of gay colors, and expensive materials, and excess of trimming, as are shown in the fashionable dresses imported at present. Yet the handsomest pattern dresses, as we all know, are never worn. Modistes may issue their decrees, but ladies of good sense and true taste know for themselves how much and how little to heed. No matter how outrageous the fashion, or limited their means, they always appear well-dressed.

For the street, short skirts have triumphed, and there is good reason to suppose that their reign here will be long continued. They are even encroaching upon the acknowledged domain of trains, being seen in some of the latest evening dresses. But fashion says now that they shall be used for morning and outdoor wear, while flowing robes shall hold sway, as heretofore, for the dinner, the reception and the ball costume.

Polonaises are beginning to diminish in popularity. Very long, closely-fitting basques and panier overskirts are taking their place, dividing favor with the princess dress, which follows the universal fancy for more elaborate drapery, and appears with greater fullness in the back. We mentioned in our last the Trianon polonaise, which was noticeable for its contrasting revers caught together at the corners over the bouffant back, and spoke of it as a good model for

renovating an old garment. Another way in which this can be done is to leave the back breadths for a train, cut off the front to the length of a basque, and attach three short, petticoat breadths of a contrasting color—as, for instance, the former part may be of black silk, the latter of pale blue. In this manner a fancy dress may be made even more elegant than the original, substantial one. In nearly all the fashionable dresses, there is a combination of materials and colors, and a basque made newly often has the back terminating in a long train, to be worn over a different kind of a skirt. For young ladies, the coat and vest is found even in full dress, being seen in the gayest colors, and receiving the greatest amount of trimming. The round waist, with wide belt, will probably be revived, and be worn on all occasions.

A very pretty novelty for evening wear is long, lace sleeves. Dark, high-necked dresses of heavy silk or velvet, have them of black or white net, cut in coat-shape, and finished off by ruches of Bretonne lace and bright bows of ribbon. The same lace is used to fill in the neck and edge the bottom of the vest, while a jabot of it, mingled with ribbon loops, completes the costume.

Gloves are growing longer. For full dress, they reach to the elbow, and often have insertions and frills of Valenciennes. Even black ones trimmed in this way are used with the lightest costumes, especially for the opera. But, as in the days of embroidered gloves, the plain ones are equally stylish and far more sensible.



## New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Jean; or, Clouds with a Silver Lining.** By Blanche Westcott. This is a quiet, home story, which, though lacking in originality and harmony of construction, deserves some praise for the degree of skill displayed in portraiture, and the prevalence of correct sentiment.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

**The Silver Chalice, and Other Poems.** By Emma May Buckingham. We think the author has made a mistake in giving these productions a rhythmical form. Destitute of any striking fancy or remarkable facility of expression, they contain, nevertheless, many strong, true, helpful thoughts, which, if they had been expressed in prose, might have been very valuable, but, as they are, we believe that their dress detracts from their real merit. We might, however, make exception in favor of "Everlasting," "Under the Snow" and "Coming To-day," in all of which appears something simply and touchingly beautiful.

**Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members.** By William Aikmann, D. D. The old, familiar truths regarding fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, are here reiterated in a manner likely to do good by increasing general respect for these sacred relations and the duties growing out of them.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

**Caught and Fettered.** By Mrs. J. P. Ballard. This is a collection of short temperance tales, very attractive in style and spirit, well calculated to impress upon the young the surpassing value of strong principles and absolute freedom from the power of evil.

**The Emerald Spray,** by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, sketches with fidelity the downward course of an English gentleman of means and talents, who, after repeatedly giving way to temptation, quits his own land in poverty and disgrace, and, hidden in a little Canadian farm-house, seeks to recover his lost strength, but fails, and reduces his family to the verge of starvation. But finally—as, alas, it does not always happen in real life—he is fully restored to

honor and usefulness by the helping hand of a good Samaritan. If all our boys who may read this could tremble over their own dangers as they must over poor Ralph's, we would not find in the future so many true stories like his.

FROM DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

**A Face Illumined.** By E. P. Roe. Amid the flood of books rushing upon us so swiftly, most of them good more or less, it is often a difficult matter to decide the question of real merit. But this one, we think, deserves high commendation. We have a unique, thrilling story, sometimes even tragic in interest, showing how a young girl, so beautiful in face, so shallow in soul, as to excite almost simultaneously admiration and repulsion, is suddenly transformed by a mighty love into a being of marvelous grace and sweetness. But by her faulty, despairing, misconstrued behavior, she drives the man she loves away from her, and is compelled to suffer such agonies as many another woman has, and as a consequence is tempted to suicide, from which she is saved seemingly by the direct interposition of Providence, followed by perfect peace in believing. Then comes a terrible temptation—a temptation to take advantage of a supposed opportunity to wrong irretrievably her rival. But she is finally enabled, as she believes, for Christ's sake, to make the greatest sacrifice of which a woman is capable—to give up her beloved one to another, when—for, after all, this is a book—she finds she has been laboring under a mistake, and that this trial, worse than death, will not be required of her. Her severe discipline brings her a happy reward.

But such is not the joyous fate of two other strong, true-hearted ones—the woman a little more noble, the man a little less so than she is herself. For them there is a patient ministry of dispensing blessings to others in forgetfulness of themselves, and long, faithful waiting for the healing which will be given them in the kingdom.

We ought to look upon the bright side of life as much as possible; but we should never forget that human discipline and human sorrow are real, and that when their work is perfected it will be the final purification from all earthly dross.

The story itself, with its accessories of vivid description, life-like personality and elevated sentiment is one which we can scarce help feeling and growing better for reading.

## Notes and Comments.

### Art in the Household.

**I**N these favored days of the prevalence of improved modes of thought and better ideas of perfection among our people, the subject of decorative art excites a great amount of interested inquiry and careful study. Where, ten years ago, five persons representing the more aspiring of householders, were content each to look forward to possessing for the best parlor, a bright-flowered brussels, a suite of gaudy velvet furniture, and two long, gilded mirrors,

twenty to-day are eagerly asking how they shall most effectively adorn their rooms according to the principles of correct taste.

A lady friend says that she well remembers, when she was a very little girl, interrogating her artist grandfather in this wise: "Grandpa, hasn't grandma got a pretty carpet in her parlor?" "No," he answered, "it's too showy. Did you ever see any roses as big as these? They look like red cabbage-heads." The inquiring child thought, in surprise, that grandpa didn't know much, and when he took her up-stairs

into that mysterious room, the studio, and told her that a deep, navy-blue table-cover, of light Japanese silk, painted all over with a vine-like tracery of arabesques in black, was pretty, she wondered more and more. As if grandma wasn't well aware what was the fashion!

But it was not many years before she discovered that the man of taste and the fashion are very often at sword's points. Not long before she perceived that the usual drawing-room appointments of Mrs. Loftie and Mrs. Parvenu, alike, were calculated to set on edge the teeth of any one within whose sensitive soul dwelt images of perfect loveliness, whether of form or fitness, color or harmony, sufficiency or grace.

But a new era has dawned upon us. Love of home and love of beauty combined, have deposed the upholsterer and enthroned the artist. The crude, the gorgeous, the tawdry and the ostentatious must needs disappear before the graceful, the subdued, the genuine and the fitting. Rooms in which the truly cultured delight to breathe and live, are marked by the complete sway of adaptability, truth, simplicity and freedom.

In place of the old-time wall-paper, representing confusing landscapes, dazzling blossoms, or heavy panels of hues and proportions alike distracting, we have a charming array of tinted, harmonizing friezes, quiet, conventional diapers, and rich, decorated da-does. The glaring, Joseph's coat carpets, with gigantic bouquets or staring, geometrical figures, have been superseded by those of deep, low tones and mere suggestions of patterns, relieved by delicate touches of bright color; the flaming, useless curtains and showy gilt cornices have given way before substantial, ample hangings, suspended in the real artistic manner by rings run upon rods; and the cold, slippery hair-cloth and gingerly-touched satin and velvet, with the inevitable, tantalizing form of their accompanying cabinet-work, have been replaced by comfortable chairs and sofas, covered with soft stuffs, of tasteful designs and blending shades.

For the last few years, most of our friends having a true appreciation of the worth of comfort, and taste, and beauty, as well as a desire to be most where was most perceivable the subtle spirit of home, have been wont to avoid the set parlor and enjoy the less pretentious, but more attractive family sitting-room, furnished, as such rooms always should be, with simple fittings, but fair adornments, as, a quiet carpet, clear, white curtains, pretty pictures, autumn-leaves, ferns, flowers and birds, with scattered nick-nacks, books and magazines. They, too, though forced in some degree to fall in with the prevailing mode, have had something else in their separate parlors besides the six chairs, and two sofas, and two stools and a piano, and clock on the mantel, and card-receiver on the morsel of a table. But how glad each one is now that, instead of a public saloon, he or she can have one more cherished living-room.

Its ceiling and walls, instead of being like those of ten of its neighbors, may receive a portion of its owner's life, embracing all within them, in the clear tints and wreathing vines, and tossing wheat and poppies with which they are garnished; the floor, of a dark, stained wood, relieved by soft, mossy rugs, or entirely hidden by its warm, deep covering, is no longer merely the most convenient place for a conspicuous display, but a worthy foundation for brighter ornament; the capacious, neutral-tinted chairs and sofas echo the voice of the host in inviting to rest; the graceful folds of the flowing curtains impart an air of comfort and harmony, speak of real use in exclud-

ing light and cold, drive into banishment the hard, stiff folding-doors, and hint at departed dust-catching contrivances in their freedom from bands and cornices; the low book-cases, destitute of doors, tell of treasures not so precious as to be out of reach; the absence of elaborate carving shows a sensible subservance to utility, and a present abiding of cleanliness. And then the added charms which reside in judiciously disposed *bric-a-brac*—a Japanese screen before the fire-place; a gay plaque against the wall; a painted tile in the top of a cabinet; a Majolica candlestick upon the mantel; a tiny, corner cupboard of ebony, containing a prized hoard of rare china; an exquisite statuette upon a lambrequin-draped bracket; a cunning, inlaid table, existing for its own beauty's sake; a simple sketch in crayon or water-colors, with its oiled, natural-hued, oaken frame; a coarse linen cushion, blushing with a cluster of wild roses in crewel-work—who can limit the possibilities of the growth of surpassing goodness in our new-created homes of the future?

True art has gained a foot-hold in this country which we sincerely hope it will never lose. Our ladies are turning away, surfeited, from tatting and Berlin wool-work, and with their own fair fingers are making point-lace, and embroidering curtains, and decorating china and painting landscapes. We cannot be too thankful that this is the case—thankful that less room than ever is left for frivolity and show. But in their eagerness, let them beware of deceiving themselves by current counterfeits. Let them not believe in anything distorted, or in any adornment burying out of sight the object to which it is applied. No room is artistically furnished, however valuable its treasures, when its most striking suggestion is one of sitting down in a museum, or playing house under a shawl.

Throughout her whole realm, nature is able to hint at no such spectacle as a withering gas-jet bursting out from the dewy heart of a freshly-blown rose. The inevitable tendency of all things proves that a painted candle must either have every exquisite touch upon it wasted in smoke and grease, or else lose its identity as a candle and become a mere sign-post. Hooks intended for the hanging of clothing are not beautiful when their embellishments of leaves and acorns are hidden from sight by the suspended garments, nor useful when so many protuberances tear the fabrics imposed upon them.

To bring this love of art home to each one of us, it is necessary that we possess a supreme adoration of the beautiful, a quick sense of the fitness of things, and an humble desire to be taught, with resolution and perseverance to profit by such teaching. And as a nation we may be sure that when anything so catholic, so revolutionizing, and so elevating comes among us to remain with us, our day of the universal reign of order, and enlargement of sympathy and purification from grossness, is near at hand.

### Bigotry and Intolerance.

A SAD exhibition of intolerance and bigotry, involving an utter misapprehension of the Divine laws and character, occurred a few months ago in England.

"A few days since," says the London *Daily News*, "a workingman in the employ of Mr. E. E. Gooding, of Akenham Hall, lost a child who was about two years old. Both parents being Baptists, the child was never baptized. Ipswich is some four miles from Akenham, and as there is neither a cemetery nor

chapel graveyard nearer, application was made to the incumbent, the Rev. G. Drury, the rector of the adjoining parish of Claydon, to have it buried in the consecrated ground of the parish church. Mr. Drury, on learning that the child had not been baptized, positively refused it burial in consecrated ground, but gave permission for it to be buried behind the church in unconsecrated ground reserved for still born infants, on condition that no religious service was performed in the graveyard. He refused to bury it himself, and insisted that no one should officiate in the church in his stead."

A most disgraceful scene occurred afterwards in the graveyard, when an attempt was made to have funeral services over the child by a Baptist minister. A bitter war of words took place between him and the rector, which came near terminating in blows over the body of the dead baby! During this altercation, Mr. Drury, the rector, declared that as the child had not been baptized, it "was not a Christian," and he objected to its "being buried as such." And he further said: "I have the right to teach my parishioners that it is wrong to perform funeral rites of a Christian form over the remains of an unbaptized child."

In the face of all this, let us read our Lord's answer to His disciples when they asked Him as to who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven: "And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." \* \* \* "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

Not a word here about baptism, or circumcision, or any external sign or ceremony of Jewish or Christian appointment. The innocence of the little child was above all these in the sight of our Lord; and is so now, whether the parents observe or neglect the orderly and appointed signs of introduction into the external church.

### Hereditary Effects of Alcohol.

**D**R. NATHAN ALLEN, in a communication to the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, says: "It is found sometimes that this predisposition to drink does not show itself till the person arrives at a certain period in life, and then that the craving for drink is almost irresistible. In fact, all constitutional or hereditary predispositions are always far more difficult to arrest and change than acquired habits."

"But this inherent fondness for liquor is not the only evil transmitted. The whole physical system is more or less involved. The blood itself is tainted. There is not that soundness, vitality and strength in such an organization that there would be but for this poison. Such a constitution will not bear exposure so well, is more liable to certain diseases, will yield more readily to inflammation, and, when diseased, is not so easily relieved or cured by medical treatment. Whatever, therefore, may be the peculiar feature of this transmission, one thing is certain—the whole tendency is *downward*, physically, mentally and morally, not only by injuring the constitution itself, but by increasing the power and influence of the animal propensities at the expense of the reason, the conscience and the will."

## Publishers' Department.

### ASSAULTS OF DISEASE IN WINTER.

The steadily accumulating evidence in favor of the new Treatment for Chronic diseases, now so widely known as "Compound Oxygen," is something remarkable. Its use is rapidly extending to all parts of the country, and the cures which are being made seem often more like miracles than cases of orderly healing, under the action of well known physical laws. The public must not confound this treatment with any of the patent nostrums of the day; for it is nothing of the kind. It is a new discovery in the region of scientific and pathological investigation, and the philosophy of its action, so clearly explained in Dr. G. R. Starkey's *Treatise on Compound Oxygen*, its mode of Action and Results, is everywhere attracting the attention of free and advanced minds in the Medical profession.

The results that attend this new treatment are fixed facts, large in their array, remarkable in their character, and steadily accumulating. In no range of diseases is its action more surely to be depended on than in that large class of ailments which make their hardest assaults upon the system during winter; such as consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, rheumatism and neuralgia. From known results in the treatment of a large number of these cases during the last ten or twelve years, we are warranted in the assertion, that thousands of lives might be saved every year by the use of Compound Oxygen, and tens of thousands of invalids, to whom winter is often a long season of pain, discomfort, and the sapping of the very foundations of life, be greatly relieved, made comfortable, and have their downward drift arrested.

In saying this, we know of what we speak. If you are a sufferer from any of these diseases yourself; or, if there be in your family one who is steadily failing and fading before your eyes, let us urge you to write to Drs. Starkey and Palen, of this city (No. 1112 Girard Street), and get their little book on Compound Oxygen and read it carefully. They will mail it free of charge. Its statements may be wholly relied upon.

**A BEAUTIFUL PAGE.**—For the past six months, Professor Gaskell has taken in each issue of the *HOME MAGAZINE* an entire page, showing from month to month, the improvement in penmanship of those using his *Compendium*. The beautiful page in this number surpasses, it seems to us, anything he has before given. We do not believe the improvement there exhibited has ever been equaled. The autographs, Professor Gaskell informs us, were engraved by Russell & Richardson of Boston, who, in order to secure *exact* copies, photographed them to the block. Of course no wood engraver can reproduce the fine masterly strokes of the originals, but the engravers of these autographs have come as near to it probably as it can be done by any engraver on wood. The work is a credit to them.

**PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS** are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.





My love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:

My love is like the melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.—*Burns.*

*From the Picture by J. Parker, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London.*



and also that it was a great success in the art of illustration. The magazine was published by the same company that published the first issue of the magazine.

## ARTHUR'S





# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

MARCH, 1879.

No. 3.



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

## THE TRIANON PALACES.

THE capital city of France has been called "The Yankee's Paradise." Certainly very few of our countrymen desire to visit Europe and come away before seeing Paris, gay, beautiful and famous. Still less, once having set foot in its fair streets, do they want to leave it without having beheld all its municipal and suburban magnificences. And of these last, perhaps Versailles offers to them the greatest attractions.

The superb gardens alone seem to many well worth crossing the ocean to see. The rich lawns, the romantic walks, the dazzling flower-beds, the graceful vases, the exquisite statues, the artistic fountains, the charming groves and the enchanting avenues, render the whole expanse a veritable earthly Eden.

Within this wondrous domain of almost fabulous loveliness, in which perfected nature and art seem to blend in rare harmony, the object of deepest interest, in an æsthetic, historic and reflective point of view, is, most probably, the Trianon. The first structure of this name was built in 1671, by Louis XIV, for Madame de Maintenon, and was by him chiefly esteemed as a refuge from the cares of state. The present edifice, upon the site of the old one, was

erected in 1687, from designs furnished by the celebrated architect Mansard. Like its predecessor, it is one story in height, in the Italian style, and constructed of the most precious marbles. Though called a palace, and from its costly adornments truly deserving the name, it is, in fact, a summer-house, as is also its neighbor, the Petit Trianon, separated from it by a few rods of gardens connected with the former, both being on the right side of the Grand Canal. This last is a striking feature of the noble park, having the form of a cross, each arm two hundred feet in width.

The Little Trianon was built in 1766, by Louis XV, for Madame du Barry. It is a small structure of white marble, seventy-two feet square, decorated with fluted columns, and embowered in luxuriant foliage. The interior is adorned in the most elegant manner. The monogram M. A. is seen everywhere along the gilded staircases. The largest saloon suggests a temple of Bacchus, with its sculptured baskets of grapes and musical instruments. The queen's bed-room still retains traces of its ancient beauty.

Both the Trianons are principally associated with the name of Marie Antoinette. The Petit was her especial property. It is said that when the king offered it to her, she accepted on condition that he would never enter it unless invited. It is

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said also that it was set apart exclusively for the ladies, who there enjoyed banquets alone. Amusing stories are told of the stratagems by which some of

XVI. Here she adorned boudoirs, or sought simple recreations, or adopted picturesque costumes, or acted in her own theatre, entertaining her petted favorites

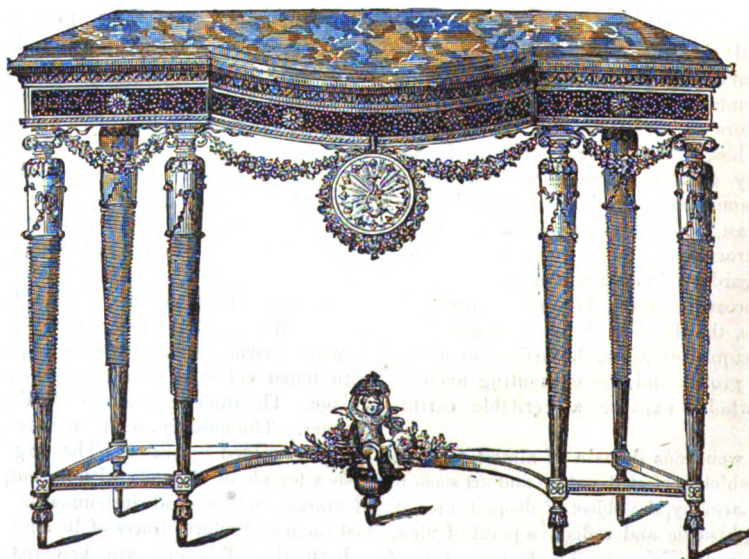


VIEW OF TRIANON UNDER LOUIS XV.

the slighted husbands gained admission into the prohibited precincts.

As we have intimated, these palaces were private

as any lady might her friends. The presence of royalty was not permitted to interfere with the personal enjoyment of the guests, and the time was spent



CONSOLE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

retreats in which the cumbersome etiquette of court was completely suspended. Notably were they so during the time of the unfortunate queen of Louis

like a careless season of picnicing. For ten years Marie Antoinette, like a child with an expensive toy, gave up her whole time and energy to the pleasures

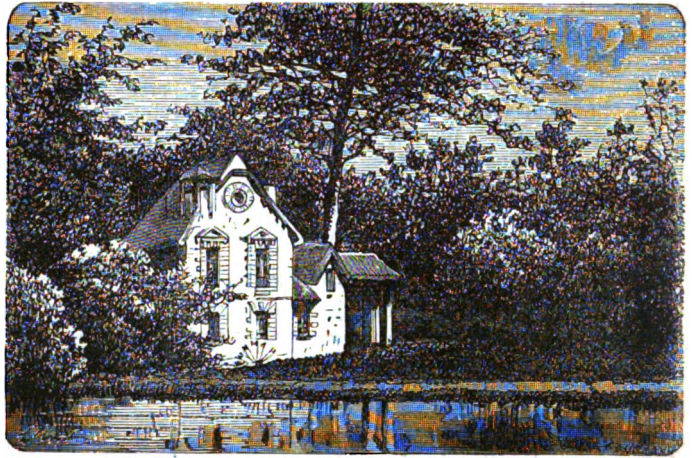


of possession and freedom from all responsibility, every summer seeing a renewed launch into boundless extravagance and thoughtless folly.

During the fine weather, it was her custom to have her breakfast served upon an elegant console table of gilded bronze, in the Belvidere, a magnificent little pavilion whence she could overlook her whole domain. Among the objects of splendor within the matchless Trianon grounds, one of the most beautiful was the Temple of Love, situated upon an island in the lake. To view its exquisite loveliness to perfection, one needed to cross the water—which he might in a fairy gondola, heavily gilded, and lined with costly silk.

Marie Antoinette carried her passion for amusement to such an extent as to build a complete Swiss village upon the borders of the lake. It contained a mill, a farm-house, a parsonage, a school, a dairy, a sheepfold, and was, in all respects, save truth, exactly what it professed to be. The buildings were made to represent picturesque half-ruins, by a plentiful supply of moss and ivy. The king lived in the Miller's House and personated one; the queen had her own pretty Swiss cottage, as had all the courtiers. The inhabitants of the mimic hamlet acted their parts in good earnest, wandering about in the simplest of attire, gathering flowers, fishing and partaking of eggs from the farm and milk from the dairy. But afterwards, when she had grown tired of playing thus, the queen had the

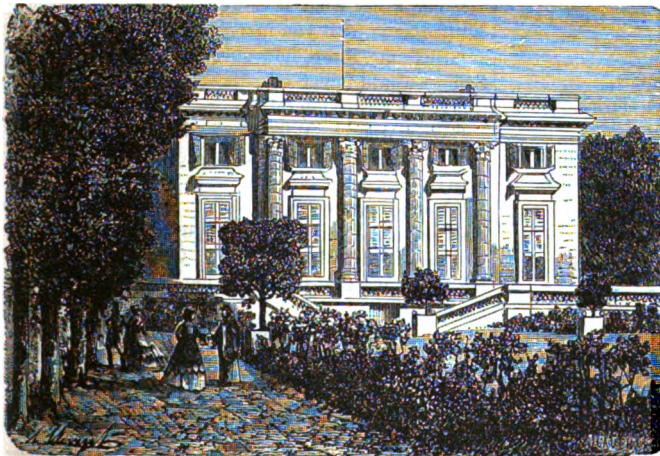
readers. It has been justly remarked that Marie Antoinette's cows and hens were entertained in a style of luxury that made milk more costly than champagne, and an egg worth its weight in silver; her flowers could hardly have cost more had their



THE MILLER'S HOUSE.

stems been made of gold and their petals of bank-notes. Her dramatic expenses alone were over one hundred and fifty thousand francs—the single item of flesh-colored silk stockings for her own theatre amounted to twelve hundred francs. A single supper cost as much as would have saved thousands from starvation, and the guests at the Trianon were entertained in such a style that the washing for one day included four thousand pieces. One clock was worth eighty thousand francs. All this when the national treasury was exhausted, public credit

destroyed, industry suspended, the people taxed unmercifully and lacking the commonest necessities of life, the government eighty millions in debt, without even sufficient revenues to pay the interest on this sum. We can gain a faint idea of the cause of this deplorable condition of things, when we go back to the time of Louis XIV, and learn that the cost of a single fountain was a million and a half francs—that, the water all being brought from the Seine several miles distant, it cost from two to four thousand dollars every time the *grand eaux* were made to play—and that, while the great monarch lived, this was *every day*.



THE PETIT TRIANON.

generosity to install a dozen poor families in the little houses, as permanent residents.

We have indicated only a few of the whims and extravagances of this gay, thoughtless and pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps a little information regarding royal expenditures may be interesting to some of our

Yet, childlike, half-educated, and superficial as the queen was, she was innocent of all this. She did not know that the people accused *her* as the cause of their maddening distresses, nor that her manner of life gave them good reason to do so. She did not understand the ominous sounds that filled the air, if

indeed she heard them. Not until the storm burst over her head did she realize her danger—and not until then was her true character of devotion and heroism revealed to the world.

And in this character, so strong a hold has she taken on the hearts of mankind that they are apt to forget all else. To forget that the exaltation of a privileged class to the oppression of others, must at last render the down-trodden imbruted and dangerous, and react upon those causing this base degradation, however guiltless they may be personally. To forget that no human beings dare tamper with the laws of right, and justice, and charity. We may pity, and even admire, Marie Antoinette herself; yet it is not for us to say that rulers did not need the solemn lessons of her life and death.

We Americans, in contemplating the glaring instances of public corruption painfully apparent to our eyes, sometimes fail to realize the glory of our republic. In viewing the dazzling beauties of foreign cities, we often remember only that we have no wondrous creations of artistic and architectural genius in our own land. But let us look beneath the surface. Let us remember that we have never been royal machines, out of whose blood and toil have been wrung pleasures of folly and luxuries of impiety; that civic grandeurs have never been reared upon crushing foundations laid on our necks and hearts. And let the simple name Trianon give us a hint of what we really mean when we say we live in the "land of the free." M.

### "O EARTH, THOU ART TOO WIDE!"

**O** MIGHTY earth, thou wert indeed too wide,  
If life were bounded by thy time and space,  
If soul were held from soul as face from face,  
And spirits sundered by thy land and tide!

But though the fleshly forms be far apart,  
And leagues of sand and sea stretch dark between,  
By love's fond eyes are absent faces seen,  
And earth is lost to view as heart greets heart.

And, oh, the compensation for the pain  
That lies within this particle of life!  
A breath of suffering, an hour of strife,  
A step of earth, the Heaven's height to gain!

That blessed height, where weary souls at last  
May stand and see earth's valleys melt in mist,  
While o'er the mountain-tops, by sunlight kissed,  
The day is breaking, and the night is past.

FAUSTINE.

TILL we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow-men, and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and enjoyment. We catch inspiration and power to go on from human presence and from cheerful looks.

### KITTY.

"WILL you, Kitty? Come, tell me." And the stalwart young farmer stooped, trying to catch a glimpse of the pretty face under the ugly sunbounnet, which a little brown hand held closely under the chin. His face was very serious; hers full of fun and mischief, but very fresh and pretty, with deep blue eyes, hair of the color of a ripe chestnut, and cheeks that dimpled and flushed with every passing emotion.

"Oh, have you seen Ned Somers's new horse and carriage, John?" she exclaimed, as if she had not heard him, and assuming an air of great enthusiasm. "Oh, they are perfectly splendid!"

"Never mind that now, Kitty. I want an answer to my question first."

"Well, you *are* polite, truly! Ladies always come first, sir."

"So they do; and as my one lady of all the world, my little Kitty, comes first with me, I must insist on her answer."

"Your Kitty, indeed, sir!" blushing, and bridling, and dimpling most bewitchingly as she looked up.

"I *hope* so. Is it—shall it be so?" and he possessed himself of the other little hand; but it was pulled away, and the owner began to sing saucily.

"The frog he would a wooing go."

The young man's eyes flashed, his cheeks crimsoned, he straightened his tall form resolutely, and broke in on her music with a very determined, "Miss Kitty! will you listen, and answer me once for all?"

"Oh, dear me! Yes, I suppose so. Now what is it, Mr. John?"

"You know what it is well enough. Once more, Kitty Payne, will you marry me?"

"Bless me, John, how abrupt you are! Now, Ned Somers would never—"

"Hang Ned Somers!"

"Why, John! What for? It is very wicked of you to be so jealous of that elegant young gentleman!"

"Young puppy, you mean! Jealous of *him*, indeed—a mere tailor's show-figure! Now, Kitty, I will be trifled with no longer! Choose now between me and that—that fellow. There he comes now, confound him!"

And indeed the person spoken of was just coming in sight with his handsome horse and carriage.

Kitty's cheeks grew crimson, and she pouted. Was this really John Holmes, her life-long vassal and attendant, growing so masterful all at once? She was not at all sure that she cared so very much for him, after all. Ned Somers was very handsome, rich and stylish, and very attentive to her; she meant to take a little time to consider. But before she could say even so much, the carriage and its occupant were beside them. It stopped, and Mr. Somers, with a courteous bow to Kitty, and a slighter one to her companion, invited her to step in, if she was going



his way. John stepped a little aside, with a cool nod, as if to leave her free to choose; and Miss Kitty, in a sudden pique and passion, sprang into the carriage, and rode away, while John, very grave and rather pale, pursued his course in the opposite direction.

Kitty, seated beside the young city gentleman, felt uncomfortably conscious that her sunbonnet and simple calico were considerably out of place on the elegant cushions of the new carriage. And, could she have known it, her companion was mentally passing the same criticism, and blaming himself for taking up the "little country girl, pretty as she was." What, he asked himself, would his own associates think of his companion should he meet any of them? So the talk was rather constrained during their short ride; for Kitty, between embarrassment and a certain weight at her heart at thought of John plodding on alone, angry and hurt, and undeniably with cause to feel so, was not so lively as usual; and Mr. Somers's uneasy dread of "meeting somebody" made him rather dull and *distract*. Neither was sorry when Kitty's destination was reached; and Mr. Somers, in his relief, assisted Kitty to alight, and took leave with so much *empressment*, that she was flattered into a momentary cordiality of answer.

Scarcely had he driven out of sight before he met a carriage load of acquaintances from his own hotel, and was devoutly thankful they had not seen him with the little country girl. And Kitty, unconscious of this, tripped up her friend's door-steps with a feeling of relief.

Neither knew that John Holmes, as soon as they drove out of sight, had taken a "cross-cut" through the fields to a point where he could see their parting (knowing, as he did, where she was going), and that their very cordial manner seemed confirmation sure to his jealous belief that she had indeed chosen Somers rather than himself. Poor fellow! he never doubted that Somers was as infatuated as himself; and he would have chosen Kitty and her sunbonnet in the face of all Fifth Avenue—yes, and been married to her in it, at the altar of Grace Church, if need were.

Kitty made but a short call on her friends, and was rather pettish with them for rallying her on her companion; so much so that they dropped the subject.

On her way home, she was met by a frightened, excited boy, the son of a near neighbor, coming in hot haste to summon her home. Her father had fallen in a fit, and her mother, a feeble, semi-invalid, had been completely overcome by the sudden shock. Her sisters and the doctor had been sent for; meantime, she must hurry.

The poor girl, stunned by the sudden calamity, listened with ears that scarcely heard, and mind that hardly understood, while she almost flew along the road she had trod so lightly but three hours before. Amid it all there was a vague expectation that John would come to her help, and all would then be well. He had always found a way to aid her in every per-

plexity which her short and happy life had yet known.

"Why, when pa had a shock before," thought she, "how soon John had the doctor there; came near ruining his horse to do it, too; but it saved pa's life—poor, dear papa!" and she redoubled her speed. The boy beside her, straining every nerve to keep up with her, thought her very quiet; didn't believe she hardly understood him; she didn't seem to mind much. So with that form of sympathy which seems to desire to make its victim realize all the bitterness of the trial, he reminded her that "Folks said Mr. Payne had had two shocks afore, and wouldn't never live through another."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, sharply, realizing at last that there *might* be a trouble that no human love could ward off.

What a change had come over the cheery farmhouse! Without, all was as usual; within were hurrying steps and anxious faces, and an occasional low wail of anguish, as the poor wife, laid on a lounge in the spare room, where she could be near her husband, came out of merciful insensibility, only to sink into it again at sight of the still form on the bed, giving no sign of life save the stertorous breathing.

Poor Kitty! It was a fearful time for her. She could win no notice or recognition from the unconscious father; no cheer from the pitying neighbors, who knew, even before the doctor told them, that there was "no hope;" no comfort from the agonized wife and mother.

Hour after hour the difficult breathing went on, till just at the last stroke of twelve it ceased, and Kitty Payne was fatherless. The doctor had come, though all in vain. The married sisters and brothers had come with tearful greetings and tender sympathy. The neighbors flocked in with ready help, and kindly feeling, and real interest. But John came not. She had been sure he would come at such a time, in spite of all; and she felt a new sense of desolation because he did not. Her mother, whom she had helped to her own room, now slept in utter exhaustion, watched over by another daughter; some had retired to rest, but Kitty sat at the kitchen window till daybreak, looking out with eyes that saw nothing, in a sort of dumb despair, a desolation so intense she was scarcely conscious of anything round her. No one could persuade her to retire; her cozy bedroom seemed terribly lonely, and no companionship could make it less so.

At sunrise, an early passer-by, seeing the unusual stir around the house, paused to inquire the cause. After learning, and expressing his surprise and regret, some common-place remarks passed between him and the neighbor with whom he was talking. Soon he remarked: "Curious about John Holmes startin' off, so suddint, too, haint it? I seen him over to the depot this mornin' startin' fur New York. Made up his mind to go out to that uncle of his'n in Rio Janeiro after all he sez—"

"Sho! Do tell! Then he is going, is he? Thought

he give it up once," rejoined the neighbor, while Kitty's brain reeled, and she clung for support.

Well she remembered that John had told her that he had had another letter from this uncle, and that it depended on her whether he went or not. He was of age, an orphan, untrammelled by any near ties or duties, so that he had but to pack his trunk and go whenever he saw fit. But she had never really believed he would go—at any rate not so suddenly. Now she saw it all. He believed himself rejected, and had gone away, and never would come back—never would know how she wanted him in this hour of trouble.

She could endure no more, her hold relaxed, and for the first time in her healthy, merry life Kitty fainted. Her sister, entering a moment later, found her lying in a little heap on the floor.

"Poor little Kitty!" said her brother Charles, lifting her gently to the kitchen settee, "I knew she could not stand it so long; no food, no sleep, no rest of any sort since poor father was taken, and just that tearless stillness. It was so unnatural."

Under the loving care of her sisters and friends, Kitty came quickly back to her senses, to the hard realization of her sorrow. Their gentle words and caresses, and tender pity, at last unlocked the fountain of her tears, and she wept passionately. They knew not the added regret and guilt that underlay and added to her grief for her father, and precluded her from feeling the full relief of expression. How could she tell them? Often had her brothers reproved her coquetries toward John; often had her sisters warned her that "she would try him too far some time." Even the dear, dead father had said once, half-playfully, half-earnestly: "Puss, you must really treat John better, or not go with him at all. He is most too good for such a little flirt as you are, any way!" And she had felt piqued, answered saucily, and behaved worse than ever. Now she regretted. Well she knew that she loved John, had never cared for any one else; so secure of his affection, she never dreamed of losing it; so conscious of her power, she liked to exercise it. There had hardly been a social gathering since they had grown up at which they had not met; and if not actually her escort, he was at least never any one's else, and always nearly as attentive to her as whoever might be for the nonce her favored swain. In time of illness in the family, or special necessity for help of any sort, John had always been a ready help, the main reliance of the family outside their own number, her father's right-hand man after "the boys" married. And now, in their worst need of all, he was gone—gone with anger in his heart at her. Oh, could she but go back one day in her life!

Well, the days went on, as days will, despite human joy or human pain, and Kitty neither died nor fell sick. All the sad routine of the funeral, the law business, etc., she went through with the same stunned half-consciousness that helps us all to endure at such times. How could we live through the scenes of loss and parting that death brings, were it not for this merciful benumbing of our power to feel. The Lord

stays His east wind in time of the north wind. I do not think we ever, at the death-bed or the open grave, fully realize the whole bitterness of the hour. Our eyes are holden that they may not see the full desolation at once. Were it not so, it seems to me scarce any could endure the agony of parting; life or reason would surely give way. But the burden is so mercifully adjusted, that we first bear it, then grow used to it, and finally feel it growing lighter, so that we can tread cheerfully again; though our shoulders may never lose the mark of the burden, or our hearts forget our lost ones.

They came back to the desolate house after the funeral; the widowed mother gathered up such remains of strength as she might, and took her accustomed place again; and Kitty went on in her daily routine as quietly as though "the song had not gone out of her life." People saw she was paler, quieter and more retiring than of old; but no one wondered. Mr. Payne had been a kind father, very proud and fond of "his baby, his petted youngest, his little Kitty," and it was not strange that she should "take it hard," said every one. Her eldest sister, Mary, and her husband, Robert Darrow, moved into part of the large, old house, and took charge of the farm, their mother being too frail for so much care. Robert said merrily, when this was decided on, hoping to make the sad-faced sisters smile: "I suppose, now, Kitty won't like this. No parlor now to use Sunday nights—hey, Kitty?"

"It makes no difference," replied Kitty, rousing from her abstracted mood, and not noticing his meaning, only understanding that Mary was to have the parlor. "We never have made much use of it, any way."

"That's so," said Robert, roguishly. "Ned Somers seemed to do all his sparking riding out, or coming home from parties or singing-school. And John was always at it anywhere he saw you—sitting-room, kitchen, milk-room, door-step, or anywhere—"

Mary, from behind Kitty's chair, was silently telegraphing her husband to stop; and now, catching her eye, he paused suddenly, with the usual mystified air of a puzzled masculine when you want him to take a hint, and he can by no means see what.

Kitty neither flushed nor paled, and the dead weight at her heart did not seem stirred by the memories awakened. She did not answer, and Robert went on: "Ned Somers asks after you every time I see him. I shall tell him to come and see for himself next time. Shall I, Kit?"

"I don't care, I'm sure—or, no, don't say any such thing, please, Rob! I don't care to see any one now," said she, wearily.

"Oh, but you must not give up to such feelings, child," said Robert, more gravely. "It can do no good, and you must try to bear up and be comforted."

Robert would have thought she had indeed need of comfort, could he have seen her in her little room that night weeping silently, but bitterly, hour after hour, with a still, despairing grief that was worse than a more noisy and more shallow sorrow. In-

dead, Mary said to Robert in *their* room: "Don't tease Kitty any more about John, Robert. There is something wrong between them, I'm afraid. It was very strange, his going off so suddenly, without a parting visit, so intimate as we all were; and strange that she never speaks of him."

"She was a foolish girl if she refused *him*," said Robert. "He was worth a dozen such as that Somers—or any others who have courted her."

"Kitty used to be a little too fond of flirting," said Mary. "I am sure she liked John, and I don't believe she ever meant to refuse him finally. I think she has tried him too far."

"And now is sorry, hey? Well, it's a pity, if so."

"Ned Somers has called twice this week, and asked for Kitty each time," said Mary.

"Humph, yes! Father Payne left more money than any one thought he would; and Ned thinks he will secure Kitty and her money, too!"

"Nonsense, Rob! Somers is rich himself; what does he want of her little fortune?"

"Don't you believe it, Mary. He has led a very fast life since the old man died. Fast horses and betting, and some say drinking hard, have got Ned deeply in debt, and even Kitty's little fortune would be a very welcome relief to him. I, for my part, never want to see Kitty take up with him."

"Why did you joke her about him, then, or offer to invite him here?"

"Oh, just to make her smile. I knew well enough she never cared for him. How did she treat him when he was here?"

"Hardly had a word to say; just as still and sad as usual. She isn't like our Kitty any more," and Mary's kindly blue eyes filled.

"Yes," replied Robert, gently, "she feels her father's loss very keenly, as well as you, my poor Mary!"

"She feels something besides, too, Robert. I do believe she grieves after John. There is something amiss, depend upon it."

"Why don't you ask her about it?"

"Oh, I can't bear to! Besides, she wouldn't tell me. She was always very close-mouthed."

"Who—our Kitty? Such a little chatterbox as she always was!"

"About her own deeper feelings she always was. She never was like me, to tell all she knew, and more too."

"All right. Rather have you as you are! Don't worry, Molly. Remember what Granny King used to say about you and me—'Ef they're *fur* each other they'll *hev* each other, and the ole feller himself can't hinder 'em; and ef they *haint* for each other they won't, and all the world kaint make 'em!'"

For Robert and Mary had had their own little romance of doubts, and fears, and perplexities, sober, every-day married couple as they were now. So, with a laugh, they composed themselves to slumber, and poor Kitty, sobbing in her own little room under the eaves, had not even Granny King's rude philosophy to comfort her.

It was but the next afternoon that Somers's horse was again hitched at the gate, and Somers wanted Kitty to ride out with him—an invitation which was declined so curtly as rather to embarrass the young man. As he lingered, talking to Robert, Kitty sat looking abstractedly from the window, watching an approaching figure. Tall, gaunt, angular, dressed in rusty black, a limp sunbonnet on her head and a black satchel on her arm, Aunt Sally Ruggles was as eccentric in looks as in character. She was well-known as an inveterate gossip, and not always an amiable one.

"Who's coming, Kitty?" asked Mary.

"Only Aunt Sally." And the next moment the new-comer appeared in the door, nodding her greeting to all. She entered with the slow step and air of funeral solemnity that many think it necessary to assume in the presence of recent bereavement, or of an invalid, and accosted Mrs. Payne in a voice that was almost a *whine*.

"Ah, dear me, Mrs. Payne, I wuz away to Huldah Ann's when all this happened, and never got hum till last week. And this mornin' I sez to Jane, sez I, 'I'm agoin' to see the Widder Payne this very day,' fur when people is afflicted it's our duty to visit 'em."

"Thank you," said poor Mrs. Payne, who had been temporarily cheered and interested by the lively chat which Robert and Mary purposely kept up with Somers, sank back again into her usual dejection. "It is an affliction, indeed, Aunt Sally. This house is sadly changed now!"

"Wall, it's the common lot, the common lot, Mrs. Payne. There haint nothin' come to you but what comes to us all. And I'm sure you had warnin' enough, arter them two other shocks."

"Yes, but he got over them both, and he seemed so well this summer," sobbed the widow. "He seemed so hearty and cheerful, and I was so ailing, I never dreamed of his going first; and now he's taken and I'm left—no use to myself nor any one else!" And she began to rock slowly to and fro, with the slow, bitter tears of an uncomforted sorrow.

"Oh, no, no, mother, don't feel so," said Mary; and,

"No, mamma dear," said Kitty; "why what could I do without you, or any of us?" and she cast an impatient glance at the visitor; while Robert put in:

"Father is better off than any of us; think of that, mother, how happy *he* is."

"Yes, yes," said incorrigible Aunt Sally, "that's all very well for you gals and young folks to say, but there ain't nobody feels it like yer ma does. She's lost more'n you hev; you'll git over it, but she never will. He was all she had; now he's gone, all's gone; and she's a gittin' old—"

"Aunt Sally," spoke up Kitty, with some of her old spirit, "don't you suppose mother and all of us feel all this quite as much as there is any need of? We don't need to be told how hard it is. And I do think if you can't say anything to cheer and comfort poor mother, you needn't say what only makes her feel worse!"

"Upon my word, Kitty Payne!" was all Aunt Sally could say, lifting both her black-cotton-gloved hands, and transfixing Kitty with a stony stare.

Somers coughed discreetly behind his hat to hide a smile; and Robert, darting to the window on pretense of looking to see if the horse stood still, found opportunity to whisper: "Good for you, Kit! Hit her again!"

Poor Mrs. Payne had already retreated to her own room to recover control of herself.

"Excuse Kitty, Aunt Sally," said gentle Mary; "she don't mean any harm; but mother takes her trouble so hard, and it wears on her so, we all have to try to divert her from dwelling on it too much."

"Oh, wal, her sass don't alter the case none, as I knows on. Truth is truth, and trouble's trouble, and you kaint git rid on it by kiverin' on it up out of sight, and makin' b'lieve taint there! Kitty allers was a sp'iled child; but she'll find trouble'll come to her, too, for all her uppish ways."

Mary flushed a little, but made no reply; Kitty thought with a pang, "Have I not trouble, sure enough?" And, after a few minutes' silence, Aunt Sally began on a new tack, with a covert, malignant glance at Kitty, now spiritless and silent again.

"Heerd anythin' about John Holmes yit! What! you haint? None on ye? That duz beat all! Thought Kitty must a heerd, anyway!"

"Why, what is it, Aunt Sally?" said Mary, finding some occasion to step to another part of the room, so as to screen Kitty for a moment from Aunt Sally's eyes.

"Why, no one haint heerd a word from him since he left fur Rier Janery; and now the news comes from York that the ship he tuck has been lost at sea, and not a passenger saved but some of the wimmen and children."

"Oh, no, Aunt Sally, not so bad as *that*," broke in Robert. "The vessel has not be heard from, it is true. Ned told me before we came in. But she may be safe for all that."

"Humph, wal, mebbe you know! Young folks nowadays know more'n their elders—er *think* they do! I tell it as 'twas told to me at his Uncle Elijah's, where he used ter live. They make no doubt he's lost. I did think mebbe Kitty had heerd from him."

Somers now took his leave, and in the little diversion thus created, Kitty succeeded in making her escape. As Mrs. Payne, now with recovered composure, emerged from her room, Mary was soon at liberty to follow Kitty, and found her in her room, sitting white and tearless in the grasp of this new terror. Putting her arms tenderly round her, the good sister said softly: "Don't look so, Kitty dear! Perhaps it is not true at all—only a report. Aunt Sally always tells the worst side out, you know, any way."

"O Mary, Mary! John never would have gone but for me! If he is dead, I drove him to his death; and I did love him—indeed I did!" And then she broke down into tears and sobs. Mary consoled her as best she could; but Kitty wailed out: "Oh, per-

haps papa was taken away to punish me for my deceit, and so I have made you all suffer, poor mother and all!"

Mary combated this idea as well as she could, and Kitty finally became calm enough to tell the whole story, and how childish and contemptible she felt it to be. Under Mary's kindly soothing, she at last grew more composed, bathed her face, and followed her sister down-stairs again. In the entry Mary paused and said: "Kitty, suppose you go for the cows. It is nearly time; the air will do you good; and I will get tea, and perhaps you need not see Aunt Sally again, as she will leave early, having so far to go."

Very gladly she accepted this respite from those curious eyes. There were two routes she could take—one across the fields, and the other along the road. Wrapped in her own sad thoughts, she kept on and on, forgetting her object in coming out; she passed the pasture bars and the waiting cows, neither seeing nor hearing them, and the milky mothers looked after her in zæek bewilderment, all in vain. Suddenly she found herself at the very spot where she had left John. How it all came back upon her! No one was in sight, and she leaned her hot cheek against the great chestnut-tree, and gave way to the full tide of regret and sorrow. How lonely she was! How full of vain self-reproach; how sure that he was lost to her forever; though she neither wept nor cried out, only stood gazing blankly across the fields beyond, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. A tall form was approaching along the road from the village behind her; swift steps approached, slackened, stopped, drew close; and Kitty turned, with a start, to meet—John! She could not speak, but something in her face was enough for him, and with one step he drew her into his arms, and all was well.

With broken words, and mute caresses, and some tears on Kitty's part, the story was told. How John, missing his ship through a mistake as to the time of sailing, sought employment while waiting for another; found the employment remunerative, and continued to delay; how that morning, meeting a friend from his native place, he heard all that had taken place since he left; how the thought of Kitty in her sorrow overbore all the pride that had kept him away heretofore, and led him to come home to at least see her once more, and speak his sympathy; he had little hope of anything more. And on his way to seek her at her home he had found her here. And Kitty found means to make him understand, without many words, albeit with many blushes, that she was as glad as he.

There was a sound of wheels, and Kitty rose hastily from the mossy log on which they were sitting, and shaking out her black draperies, with a sigh at thought of their meaning, proposed to return. Of course John accompanied her; and as the coming wheels drew near, both assumed an air of the utmost unconsciousness, nor looked up, till the carriage was passing them. Again it held Ned Somers. He bowed in utter astonishment, but something in the

aspect of things prevented him from pausing to ask any explanations or make any comments, and so he drove rapidly on.

Then John stopped again, and held Kitty fast by both hands.

"Kitty, you never answered my question. Will you now? And what shall the answer be?"

She blushed, looked down, tried to free herself, but could not; then, glancing up with a smile, said brightly: "I think it must be 'Yes,' John!"

Whereat John drew the little hand under his arm and kissed her heartily, yet with a certain serious air, as though he meant a great deal by it—as he did!

There was great excitement when they got home, and it was not till nearly dark that Mary, seizing a milk-pail, bethought herself to exclaim: "Why, Kitty! where's the cows?"

And no one had noticed that Robert, after the first greetings, had gone quietly after them himself, and was now approaching with them.

While Aunt Sally tied on her sunbonnet with grim deliberation, and told Jane "that Kitty Payne was a spilt child, an' so kerried away with her beau's coming back that she wa'n't of no account no how."

MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

### LA RUE ST. HONORÉ.

**A** LONG the Rue St. Honoré  
The loving twilight lingers,  
As day clings close to night's dark robe,  
Clasped in her rose-tipped fingers.

And while adown the glowing sky  
The evening shades are creeping,  
See, from her casement, shyly out  
Fair Madeleine is peeping.

The stars put on a knowing look,  
While saucy breezes whisper,  
"Think you we'd ever be found out  
If on the cheek we kissed her?"

And soft blush-roses, round about  
Their treasured perfumes shedding,  
Cry out, "Come, love, this maiden woo,  
Then bid us to the wedding!"

The moon, a quick glance sending forth,  
Laughs to herself so shyly,  
And then lets down her silv'ry veil  
To hide her dimples slyly.

She bids the echoes silence keep,  
But they, her orders scorning,  
Give to the maiden's tingling ears  
Full soon a merry warning,

And tell her how love comes to woo  
With gentlest of caresses,  
And whisper tender, loving words  
Amid her curling tresses.

RUTH ARGYLE.

### OUR SENATOR'S WIFE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"**M**ABEL, do hurry and come along!" said a pleading voice beneath the window of the little tavern parlor.

Several minutes passed in unbroken silence, then a pair of rough hands were placed on the window-sill, and a tall, athletic figure was drawn up the wall until the dark, handsome head of the speaker peered for a moment into the room.

Two saucy eyes met his and a low voice whispered: "Go away, and don't be foolish, John!" which sent the intruder quickly back to *terra firma*.

By the window opposite that at which John's head had appeared, while his body played the part of a mammoth air-plant or orchid, sat a gentleman of middle age, his fine face and head, covered with iron-gray hair, were concealed by the newspaper he held in his hands, in which he seemed completely absorbed. He was waiting for his dinner at the only tavern the small village of C—in Kentucky possessed. The stage had put him out a half hour before at the door of the "White Horse," and instead of joining the party that started off immediately to explore that remarkable natural phenomenon the Mammoth Cave, he had passed beneath the rudely-painted sign of an impossible horse whose skeleton would have puzzled an anatomist—had gone up to the parlor already mentioned, and ordered dinner. He might have found his hostess well worthy of his attention if he had been more of an artist and less of a politician—as it was, he read his paper.

The girl who was busily arranging the table, was not more than sixteen, and a perfect Hebe in form and face. Her sleeves tucked up above the elbow showed round, white arms, and the short homespun dress did not hide her dainty feet and ankles, covered with striped stockings and shining leather shoes. Her cheeks glowed like a sunset cloud, and her soft, brown hair, twisted into a careless knot, looked rough and wind-blown from the determination of each strand to curl on its own responsibility. As she hurried around the room she would occasionally manage to pass the window and cast a mocking sheep's-eye at the impatient youth below.

The old gentleman started as if suddenly awakened, when a demure voice informed him his meal was ready. The paper was laid aside, and his plate well filled by the pretty waiters, who then retired to the window while he began business like a hungry man.

He was somewhat slow, for the rough hands were on the sill again, and the dark head was lifted to a level with the hands. Black eyes flashed their wrathful glances at the back of the unconscious traveler, and John muttered: "Horrid man! Will he never stop eating?" as he went down to the ground again.

Mabel began to grow impatient also, and John, in the yard below, shook with laughter at the faces she made at her innocent guest—while her raised arm



and plump fist looked really formidable. A presentiment of the annoyance he was causing may have made the gentleman turn suddenly around, as he laid aside his knife and fork, and asked for a glass of water. The girl's mischievous face was drawn down in an instant, and meek as a lamb looked she when presenting the glass. The stranger scanned her face critically as he drank—then returned to his paper, but did not appear as much interested in it as before, for he glanced frequently over the top of the sheet at the graceful figure clearing the table and putting the room in order.

The moment her work was done, the girl danced from the parlor into the passage, and then, two steps were heard on the bare planks of the stairway, as if she had gone from the top to the bottom almost at a bound, and a shout came from the tavern yard.

"You've come at last, Mabel!"

"Yes, John. I thought that old codger never would finish eating! He stopped so suddenly at last I was half-afraid he had seen me making fun of him—but I hope not, he would think me so rude."

They walked through the patch of vegetables called a garden, and taking an unfrequented path were soon out in the fields beyond the village, wending their way through the tall grass toward a skirt of pine wood half a mile distant. It was a mild afternoon in March, when nature seemed sighing for spring flowers, and the sun and wind, indulging their favorite child, sent bright rays and soft breezes to whisper "queen summer is coming, soon coming." Mabel loved the fields and the forest, and her tongue was running as fast and merrily as usual, though her companion was almost moodily silent. Reaching the shadow of the trees, Mabel seated herself on a mound of soft pine tags, while John threw himself listlessly at her feet. She pretended not to notice his abstraction, and chatted away until suddenly interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

"Mabel, do you ever think of marrying?"

"What a question! of course I do! What girl of sixteen ever meant to be an old maid, if she could help herself?"

"What do you expect to do when you are married?"

"To do? Why, to *work* just as hard as I do now, only work for *him* instead of papa. I'm not foolish enough to dream of being a fine lady."

"O Mabel darling, bless you for saying that! Mabel, will you—dear Mabel, won't you work, not for me, but *with* me?"

The manly voice trembled, and the dark eyes were dewy with intense emotion.

"Will you—won't you, dear Mabel?" mimicked the girl. "Of course I will, I made up my mind to that some months ago, and you—you coward—could never get up the courage to ask me before!" she laughed merrily. "Why I've tried to help you ever so often, but all in vain, and at last what a bungle you made of it! Why didn't you make a pretty speech? Foolish John! I'm really disappointed!"

"But I'm not!" and the young man who had been

stunned by her voluble reply, caught her in his arms and pressed repeated kisses on her glowing cheek, where the crimson blush betrayed the heart her light words masked.

"That's enough for the present, John! Don't devour me entirely; leave a small piece for to-morrow."

"Mabel, *do* you love me?" was the only reply, as he drew the girl's head down upon his arm, until he could see the half-closed blue eyes.

Her heart beat fast, and her lips scarcely parted as she murmured: "Yes, very much!" then, looking up with a smile, she said: "Why didn't you ask me that before, then I wouldn't have been so foolish, but you began as if you were engaging a common house-keeper."

"So I was engaging a housekeeper—only she's uncommon—that's all the difference."

"Don't be foolish, John."

"Mabel, allow me to remind you that you've made that remark three times before, this evening—it is becoming rather monotonous."

"Well, don't pay me compliments, then."

"I'm sorry you misunderstood me, Mabel; I meant uncommonly *bad*—for if ever there was a provoking girl in the world, you're that one."

"Thank you, John! Now just oblige me by letting me tie this handkerchief over your eyes, while I put my feet into that run, it looks so cool and nice, and then I'll forgive you that impudent speech."

He readily consented to keep his eyes closed for five minutes, improperly intending to slip the bandage off at three. She tied her handkerchief tightly over his closed lids, as she repeated: "Remember you've promised me five minutes. Count sixty-five times before you turn around—or else I won't marry you, sir, for I'll see you are not to be trusted."

He heard her go down to the run—and then a splash in the water—that was all. He waited a minute or two—no sound; she was doubtless watching to see if he would keep his promise without intending to wade at all. Another minute and yet another passed, broken only by the sighing of the pines; then he raised the bandage and peeped behind the tree—she was not there; he sprang up and looked in every direction, but saw no one. No, she was not hidden behind any of the trees, but far off toward the village he saw a flying figure. She had *run away*. He tried his best, but could not overtake her; and when at last, flushed and warm, he entered the tavern kitchen he found her busily preparing the biscuit for tea, and gayly chatting with her father.

"Good evening, John," she said, coolly, as he entered the room.

He could not control his temper any longer, and said crossly: "Why did you run away from me? 'Twas very unkind—and after all of your professions, too!"

She patted her biscuit with her little white hand as she glanced wickedly over her shoulder, and whispered: "Don't be foolish, John—before papa."

## CHAPTER II.

IN the dull shed-room behind the village carpenter's shop, sat the gentleman who had dined at the tavern, wearily awaiting young Morton's return. He rose quickly and held out his hand as John entered.

"My dear guardian, you here!" exclaimed Morton.

"Yes, and I've been waiting for you some time, my boy; where have you been?"

John colored. "Only walking across the fields, sir, after the work was done."

"Alone, I suppose?"

"N-n-no, sir; I had a friend with me."

"A fellow-workman, perhaps," said Mr. Glenn.

"No, sir, not exactly;" then he added quickly: "But one who promises to become a work-mate of mine for life."

Mr. Glenn frowned. "You're not in a scrape with some girl, I hope?"

"Oh, you would not call it a scrape, if you could see her—but, you have seen her! You were the gentleman at the tavern to dinner!"

"What! that saucy girl who was making faces at me while I ate, and talking to some beau at the window who called me 'horrid'!"

"O Mr. Glenn, you did not see her? Indeed she meant no harm, it was only her fun; and I'm sure I should never have said what I did had I known who you were," replied John very meekly.

"A shadow on a waiter close to me attracted my attention," continued Mr. Glenn, gravely, "and I wondered what made it rise and fall so strangely, so I turned around suddenly, and found that the young lady just behind me was not only making faces, but shaking her fist at me. I must say it was very ill-mannered in her to scare away my appetite."

In his earnest effort to excuse Mabel, John told the whole story of his love and hopes, and Mr. Glenn having worried him sufficiently with his professed annoyance to accomplish his own purposes, put his hand kindly upon John Morton's shoulder and said:

"I'll forgive you both, because she is such a fascinating little witch. If you had not been before me, I think I should have fallen in love with her myself."

The old bachelor heaved a sigh as he concluded the sentence—perhaps he meant what he said—perhaps he feared a creature so fresh and fair would never fall to his lot. He had passed the meridian of youth, and had begun to feel like the winter king, whom the flowers refuse to crown.

"Have you made any plans for the future, John, or thought where you would store your pretty piece of new furniture? Hardly in this pigeon-box, though your love is white enough and plump enough to be called such a domestic bird."

Morton's countenance fell. "I do not know; I've not thought of that yet."

Mr. Glenn looked thoughtful a moment, then asked: "How would you like to go to Texas?"

"I would go anywhere with her, and do anything to try and support her."

"I stopped here on my way to Washington," Mr. Glenn continued, "to propose some new work to you. You'll never be anything while you stay in this dead place; you must go off to a new country if you would make your fortune. You were left to my care by your good father when I was almost as poor as he was. I want to help you along if I can; and I came here to-day to offer you some hundreds of acres of prairie land I have in Texas, if you'll go there and live. The land is useless to me; but if you'll go there and raise cattle, it may become very valuable property to you. It is a lonely place for a woman, sixty or more miles from a town. I wonder if that little girl will go with you to such a dreary home?"

Morton seized his guardian's hand and pressed it warmly as he murmured his thanks. He hoped Mabel would go—she was such a brave girl.

"If she agrees to accompany you, I'll give you two hundred dollars to start with. I've taken a fancy to that saucy young lady."

Early the following May, the whole village of C—— was thrown into a state of excitement by the marriage of John Morton and pretty Mabel, the tavern-keeper's daughter.

Texas was then thought to be the very end of the world, and many were the moans of the women over the "poor motherless cre'tur," who was going off into the wilds of that unknown country to fall a victim either to wild beasts or Indians.

Mabel was indeed a brave girl, and she never faltered in her determination to go with John in search of his fortune, save for a moment when she bade adieu to her old father. It was only a moment; then her smiles broke forth amidst her tears as she mounted the gray mare that was to bear her hundreds of miles away to the lonely Texan ranch. It was a long journey, full of weariness and anxiety; but through it all it was the young wife whose elastic spirits and hopefulness prevented John from turning back in despair to the poor but civilized home they had left behind.

## CHAPTER III.

SIX years have passed since John Morton and his bride reached the dilapidated ranch which was to be their home, and Mr. Glenn can scarcely believe the description given him then of the prairie cabin, in the joint letter John and Mabel had sent him, when his guide points out a neat frame building as the end of their journey and the residence of his friends. He drew the reins tightly and approached slowly, gazing with surprise and pleasure at the little three-roomed dwelling, with its galleries front and rear covered with flowering vines. Near the door were clustered a great variety of blossoming plants, and over everything prevailed an appearance of comfort and neatness most agreeable to behold.

The tramp of horses' feet brought Morton in haste to the door, where he stood for a moment overpowered with astonishment and delight as he recognized his

guardian; then, embracing him with rough violence, he exclaimed: "O Mr. Glenn, I'm so glad to see you! But where upon earth did you spring from?"

"From B—— two days ago; from New Orleans last week. I suppose you rarely, if ever, see a paper here, or you would have known that I was now the governor of Mississippi. You would have also seen it announced that the governor purposed visiting some friends in Texas."

"No, I did not know it. But what good fortune brings you here?"

"Why, the wish to take a look at you and that pretty wife of yours. I did not think I could spend my holiday more agreeably; and, besides, I've always wanted to see a Texas prairie, and to know what kind of a life you lead in this lovely wilderness."

"It's not a wilderness now," said John, proudly; "we have several neighbors; that is, there are half a dozen families within ten or fifteen miles of us."

"Bless me! Do you call people fifteen miles off neighbors? I see you have different definitions in your prairie dictionaries from those we're accustomed to. But where is Mabel? Has she lost any of her good looks, or learned better manners in these six years past?"

"Ah, I find you've not forgiven her yet for making faces at you that day you dined at the old tavern. She was a child then, Mr. Glenn; now she's a woman—and a nobler, better one never lived; I must say that. I'll leave you to decide whether she has lost her good looks or not. I don't think she has. I can't imagine what she's after; I've been home a half hour, and have seen nothing of her; but I suppose she's out on the prairie somewhere. She takes long tramps every day, and is always busy about something. She sets traps for birds and rabbits, and brings home flower-roots to put in her 'garden,' as she calls that little patch out there. But, come in, Mr. Glenn, it's too cool on the gallery. I'm afraid we are going to have a 'norther.' The wind is rising, and comes right from the northwest. We'll have an early fall this year."

Mr. Glenn's keen gray eyes scrutinized every article of furniture in the small room into which he was ushered. It was all evidently of home make, and did John credit. A couch with bright chintz cover, a few chairs, a round table covered with a new oil-cloth, three or four small engravings in stained wooden frames, some swinging-shelves containing a dozen or more well-worn books, and two gay china vases filled with flowers, made up the inventory which Mr. Glenn seemed mentally taking. The door of the adjoining bed-room stood open; it was similarly furnished, and evinced the same scrupulous neatness.

"You need not have assured me that your Mabel is a good wife, John; a glance around these rooms tells me that as plainly as words could do it."

Morton's cheeks flushed with pride. "Yes, there is no home on the prairie like this, I'm sure, which cost as little. She helped to do it all. She made

those frames for her pictures and the shelves for her books. Oh, she's a wife worth having!"

Mr. Glenn sighed—sighed as he had done six years before, when he said *he* might have fallen in love with her had he met her sooner. He did not covet John's wife; such a feeling could never have entered his noble heart; and yet she always made him feel an indefinite kind of a want—a wish for something he had generally little time to think of in his busy, political life—a *home*, with some one ever ready to welcome him there.

A voice was heard chanting some wild song loudly and clearly, and while Morton ran to the door to meet his wife, Mr. Glenn stood at the window and gazed with undisguised admiration at the figure coming slowly up the path. Mabel had twined a wreath of wild flowers and gray moss together and placed it on her head, from which she had removed the bonnet, that now hung on her bare arm with a basket of wild grapes. Her hair hung in a loose, wavy mass over her shoulders, and her little, white, stockingless feet were encased in red moccasins. Her figure was less *embonpoint* than when he first saw her, and there was almost stately grace in her movements. No rustic queen could have been lovelier. She held up her red lips to be kissed as John met her, and then gave a little scream of delight.

"She's heard I'm here," thought Mr. Glenn, greatly pleased.

She ran into the room holding out both hands, without waiting for an introduction.

"I've known our best friend too long by reputation, John, to need any introduction," she said, as she warmly welcomed him.

Time had softened, but not sobered her; she was just the same merry creature he had seen before, only more gentle and dignified. Mr. Glenn was astonished to hear how well she conversed; the few books she possessed were known thoroughly, and many an institute graduate might have been proud of her knowledge of history and geography.

When she disappeared into the back room, which served as a kitchen, to prepare the evening meal, Mr. Glenn's praise of her was so honest and unqualified, John felt as if *he* had never fully appreciated his treasure.

They retired early, for Morton had to be off at sunrise to meet a party of Indians with whom he was trying to trade some cattle; and when Mr. Glenn rose next morning from the chintz-covered couch on which he had slept soundly, he found Mabel had been hard at work for hours in her kitchen. She had breakfasted with John, but there were hot rolls and fresh coffee awaiting him when he made his appearance at eight o'clock.

All of that day Mr. Glenn watched her at her work, and felt a certain kind of pity for the beautiful woman, spending her life in such menial employments, and sighed to think of small, white hands like hers with such hard palms.

Thus do too many of us mourn over homely comfort and happiness, and rejoice over gilded misery.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred fond mothers choose the latter for the children they love, and expect to be thanked for it.

A few years later, Mabel was to have all that wealth could procure her. Is she happier in Washington than in Texas? She alone can answer the question.

It was late that afternoon when John returned home—later still when Mabel appeared with her pail of milk. She came in flushed, and evidently excited. As she bent to kiss her husband, she said abruptly: "John, you have offended those Indians—tell me about it."

Morton looked surprised as he answered: "Yes; but what made you think so?"

"Tell me first about the trade, John."

"Well, Mabel, the villains accused me of cheating them, when they were doing all they could to impose upon me, and force me to take some of their worthless beasts. At last one red rascal had the impudence to curse me and call me a liar. I'm sorry to say I lost my temper then and struck him."

"O John!" she cried, in dismay. "Wasn't it Red Roe?"

"Yes. But do tell me how you knew anything about it."

"I must tell you first *we are in danger!* The cows had wandered a long way off, and as I came slowly home I saw a figure rise suddenly from the ground just to the right of the house, and though I was too far off to see the face distinctly, I thought it was Red Roe. Thinking there might be some plan for robbing our poultry-house, I hid behind a tree and watched him; but instead of going any nearer, he only looked for a moment at our house, shook his fist at it, and then dropped on his knees, and seemed to creep off into the tall grass. I did not see him again, but am sure I heard the tramping of a horse about fifteen minutes after he disappeared."

Morton looked troubled. "We'll have to keep guard to-night. Fortunately, they return to their settlement, fifty miles off, to-morrow; and as our soldiers gave them such a lesson for the murder of Tom Hinton, the trader, I don't think we have anything to fear except from Red Roe himself and his two fierce sons; they are young warriors, and would be glad of a chance to get a white man's scalp."

Supper was eaten almost in silence. Mr. Glenn thought Morton's and Mabel's view of the matter greatly exaggerated; still, he confessed they ought to be the best judges of the situation, and therefore better interpreters of the Indian's conduct than he, who had had no dealings with such savages.

As Mabel finished clearing the tea-table, she went to her husband, laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked wistfully into his face, as if she longed to shelter him in her strong arms from all harm.

"'Tis too late, dear, to go for any of our neighbors to aid us, they are all so far off; we must do the best we can alone. What a blessing it is that Mr. Glenn is here! Three of us ought to be able to defend the house against at least a dozen Red Roes. But, John,

you should at once begin to barricade the doors and windows, and prepare for an attack; it will do no harm to be *ready*, even though they may not come."

Morton was a man of good sense and excellent judgment, but his mind was not so quick as his wife's, and when perplexed he was often slow in coming to a decision.

The moment Mabel spoke he sprang from his seat. "You're right, darling; I'm only wasting time sitting here."

He went immediately out into the yard, and began bringing in some billets of wood and a number of rough slabs torn from Mabel's large poultry-house. Mr. Glenn threw off his coat and assisted him, while Mabel, with grave and thoughtful face, went through with her usual work. This finished, she placed John's box of tools ready for use; then brought out the fire-arms of the establishment, consisting of a rifle, double-barreled gun and large horseman's pistol: these she quietly and methodically examined, drew the shot from the gun and replaced it with balls, and renewed the caps upon all. This done, she carefully closed and bolted every window and door; and finding she could not assist Mr. Glenn and her husband, she went back to the kitchen and made a fresh pot of coffee, saying to herself: "If we sit up we will need it, 'tis such weary work."

The five windows and two outer doors were at last made as fast as logs and slabs could make them; loop-holes were bored on each side of the house, through which to fire if it was necessary, and the tired workmen sat down to rest.

It was ten o'clock before their task was completed, but John said it must be twelve at least before they need expect an attack, for he had left the whole band in camp except Red Roe, who had disappeared immediately after the quarrel.

Mabel put a shade over the lamp and set it in a corner, so that no gleam of light could possibly shine through the loop-holes, and then sat herself down to watch.

"John, dear, you're so tired, you must go to sleep for an hour or two; and, Mr. Glenn, you had better lie down for awhile; I'll call you at twelve."

Morton was easily persuaded to rest his weary limbs for an hour, but Mr. Glenn insisted upon sharing Mabel's vigil. Morton was used to danger, and he fell asleep quickly, and slept as profoundly as if he anticipated no trouble. Mr. Glenn smiled as he saw Mabel tenderly unloose her husband's vest and necktie, then throw a shawl over him, saying softly the night was chilly. She did not seem inclined to talk, but flitted from room to room, looking first through one loop-hole and then another. The hours dragged themselves slowly by; the clock had never seemed to tick so lazily, and its hands mocked the watchers with their tardy movements. As it struck twelve, Mabel left her post and went into the kitchen to get Mr. Glenn a cup of coffee. She did not return to the front room after she had taken away the empty cup, and Mr. Glenn started when he heard

her say in half whisper: "They've come! Oh, thank God! there are but three of them!"

He joined her instantly; but it was some minutes before he could distinguish the dusky forms stealthily approaching the house. They had evidently arranged their plans fully before they came, for he could see that only an occasional sign passed between the three as they crept closer to the small back gallery.

Mabel went quickly to John's couch and awoke him. He sprang up instantly and seized his rifle.

"Don't shoot until the last minute—promise me, John!"

"I promise. But sit there by the chimney, where you'll be safe, Mabel dear."

The Indians crept on their hands and knees toward the kitchen window, and suddenly struck it with a heavy stone. The frame broke, the glass was shattered, and loudly they swore the oaths learned from the white man as they found they could not spring instantly into the room. They saw at once that they were expected, and, finding an opening between the slabs, fired into the room; but fortunately no one was struck.

"Don't fire yet, John; tell them we're not alone."

Morton obeyed immediately, and called out loudly: "We're prepared for you; we have friends with us. Force the window, and we'll fire."

They evidently did not believe him, for two of them continued hammering at the window, while the third, Red Roe himself, disappeared, they could not tell where. The barricade stood the fierce blows for a short time, and then began to give way, as it fell in, Morton and Mr. Glenn both fired—one of the Indians fell dead, the other uttered a yell that showed he was severely wounded. The wounded man sprang from the end of the gallery, and they could see him creeping along the ground, making for the wood, but evidently with pain and difficulty.

There was a moment's discussion what they should do next; then a troubled questioning as to what had become of Red Roe, interrupted by a wild cry from Mabel—"Drop on the floor, John."

It was too late, *too late!* The report of a pistol resounded through the room even as she spoke, and John Morton lay dead at his wife's feet, shot right through the head.

Red Roe had in some way managed to scale the wall of the rather low house, and while his sons diverted the attention of the party below, and with their noise drowned any sound coming from above, he had forced a small window in the roof which gave light and air to the loft, and had reached the ladder which led into the kitchen before even Mabel's watchful eyes had discovered his presence. He fired a second time at Mr. Glenn, but with less fatal aim; and as Glenn returned his fire, he made his escape, unhurt, from the loft. He was satisfied with his work, or else seeing Mr. Glenn, and believing that there might be other armed men in the front rooms, he thought it best to make his escape. Mr. Glenn kept watch at the window until he saw him assisting his wounded son into the saddle—then fired again,

but only inflicted a slight wound on the horse, which reared, then dashed off, quickly followed by Red Roe.

Having assured himself that all danger was over for the present at least, he turned to look at Mabel, who had drawn the head of her dead husband into her lap. He could not repress a moan as he gazed upon the noble young man thus basely robbed of his life.

Morton had died without a groan or struggle—without one look at the wife he idolized. Oh, it was awful to see that wife's agony! She called him by every endearing name, and implored him to speak to her; then with that thought, that hope that comes alike to all, whatever their creed, in the first moment of bitter bereavement, she fell upon her knees by the side of her dead, and prayed aloud with heart-rending fervor for the soul of her husband.

Mr. Glenn could not interrupt her then—his own tears were falling coldly upon cheeks little used to them; tears for the man he had loved—tears for the desolate widow who now looks so despairingly at him, as she tries to raise the nerveless form of her loved one in her arms, and place it upon the couch.

"Mabel, you and I have escaped a great danger, but I feel far from sure that we are safe here. Those blood-thirsty villains may return with their whole band to finish the murderous work they have so fearfully begun. They expected to take you by surprise, and evidently thought three would be enough to accomplish their foul purpose. That dead man at your door will excite their desire for revenge. We must leave here—leave here *at once*, or it may be too late. Let us go for the night to your nearest neighbor's, to-morrow we will see what can be done to punish them for this awful, inexcusable—murder!"

Mabel seemed to feel that he was right, but looked with agonized love upon her dead, and murmured: "Oh, how can I leave *him*!"

Mr. Glenn laid his hand tenderly upon her bowed head as he said: "*He* would wish you to go—do what you know would please him, Mabel. We must go as soon as possible, if at all."

She knew their danger, knew that he spoke truly, and rising immediately, showed him her saddle and his own, and requested him to go to the stable and get the horses.

"I'll be ready when you return," she said with a little of her old spirit.

It took but a short time to saddle the horses, then he hurried into the house. Mabel had not been idle in his absence, she had been busy with her labor of love. She could not leave her husband there to be scalped by the Indians, and Mr. Glenn could not but admire her ingenious and tender efforts to prevent such an abhorrent possibility. Beneath her bed, which she had drawn out from the wall, was a well-concealed trap-door, opening into a cellar dug below the house in which she had been in the habit of concealing provisions when they had an unusually large supply on hand; with womanly affection for the inanimate body of her loved one—the body which had been the



visible and treasured casket of that unseen jewel, the soul so precious to her—she had thrown all of the blankets she possessed upon the damp cellar-floor to form a soft couch for her dead. There was a pillow lying ready for the wounded head, and a handkerchief to cover the cold, colorless face. She was only waiting for assistance in lifting the body and placing it in its temporary resting-place. This was done with some difficulty, but Mabel was as strong as many a delicately-nurtured man, and love nerved her arm while the tears streamed silently down her pallid cheeks. She tremulously kissed the pale lips of her husband, as she hid them forever from her sight, and then hastily put on her shawl and bonnet, while Mr. Glenn replaced the trap-door and carefully returned the bedstead to its former position.

There was not a moment to be lost; and they now mounted their horses and galloped away as fast as their steeds could carry them. Mabel lead the way, but scarcely spoke until two hours later they were safely housed in a large log-cabin, tenanted by a party of rough, but fearless men, who declared themselves able to defend their home against a whole tribe of Indians.

The next day it was discovered that the band of red men had returned to their settlement. Red Roe's quarrel had not been espoused by his friends, or else he had asked no assistance from them in his attack upon Morton's house; and as an Indian has no respect for an unsuccessful warrior, the death of one of Red Roe's sons, and the wounds of the other, with the want of any trophy in the shape of a scalp, prevented him from winning the applause and aid he might otherwise have gained. He sulkily returned to his wigwam swearing to obtain the scalps of Mr. Glenn and Mabel, and thus revenge the death of his son.

Mabel Morton had nothing now to bind her to Texas—nothing but a grave in the cemetery at B—, where she had insisted upon burying her dead, lest his grassy tomb might be dishonored by the blood-thirsty murderers. She knew an Indian foe too well to suppose Red Roe's oath only an idle threat, so it took but little persuasion to induce her to return with Mr. Glenn to Mississippi, as the death of her father made the idea of a home in Kentucky as distasteful as on the prairie she had once fondly loved.

The gift of Texas land, worthless at the time to any absentee owner, promised now to make Mabel an heiress, for it was yearly becoming more valuable as the tide of emigration flowed westward. Convinced of this fact, she accepted a loan from her kind protector, which enabled her to live comfortably at a quiet boarding-house. To keep herself from brooding over her sorrows, she determined to study hard and improve her mind, rich in native material, but needing culture, and Mr. Glenn, praising her resolution, procured for her the best teachers. Quiet, gentle and sedate, she lost all title to the epithet of "wild," so long justly hers, but nothing could ever intimidate her brave spirit, or rob her of the calm

self-reliance and cheerful submission to annoyances which made her such a charming companion.

No husband was ever better loved or more truly mourned than John Morton; but Mabel was entirely alone in the world, and her kind-hearted and intelligent guardian-friend no woman could fail to admire, and so no one was surprised, no one laughed when her widow's weeds were laid aside, and she took her place in society—a place she was well fitted to fill nobly—as Mr. Glenn's wife.

The proud humility with which she has ever refused to disown her old father, or her carpenter husband, when taunted with her plebeian birth and former lowly condition in life, has won for her the respect and admiration of all who know her; and few persons have been more honored in Washington than Our Senator's Wife.

A. L. BASSETT.

### ONE BOOK AT A TIME.

**T**HERE are many with time and talent for much improvement, mentally, who yet seem never to get on, for the want of knowing how to go about it. Their gropings after knowledge are in such a blind way, that they are like searching in the dark for some desired object.

One very good plan for a student at home is to take some really valuable work of some transcendent mind, and read in it, and pore over it every day. Think over it as you go about your daily duties, and make the thoughts and spirit of the writer your very own. Such study cannot fail to elevate the mind and improve the heart. It will help to make the duller days seem bright, and the hardest lot not wholly devoid of cheer. The more uncongenial the surroundings, the more of a blessing will such a course prove. It is a happy thing for a heart, when it can withdraw itself from the companionship of the rude and uncultivated, and enjoy a little inner feast, which a stranger intermeddeth not with. But where love sits at the helm, and the mind has the society of beloved ones in its pursuit of learning, the joy is more than doubled. Brothers and sisters who unite in this home-study of sterling books, have by far the advantage over the solitary student. Ideas grow brighter by rubbing them together and new trains of thought are awakened by discussion, which helps to develop all the powers.

By all means take up such a book at the earliest opportunity, and see that you master its contents before you lay it aside.

J. E. McC.

**L**ITTLE arms encircling the neck will make the heart light over which no diamonds sparkle. All the grand pictures and splendid works of art one can possess will never adorn a room as do the smiling faces of those dearest to us. The things that may be bought are pleasant to have—nor is wealth to be despised; but never pity the poor man who has the wealth that gold cannot buy, nor the woman whose jewels are those of which Cornelia was so proud—good and obedient sons.

## QUENTIN MATSYS.

IN contemplating the lives of famous persons, the works which they have left behind them, and the effects of their existence and labors upon the world, we are often struck with the causes of many of their actions, and the way in which certain events formed, as it were, turning points in their careers. The name of Quentin Matsys, one of the most celebrated of the first Flemish painters—the one great man standing between the Van Eycks, founders of the school, on the one hand, and Rubens, its noblest

by an intense desire to become worthy of her, and anon, to his perfect joy, he discovers that he indeed has the power to make himself so. He drops the blacksmith's hammer forever to wield the painter's brush.

In 1490, he settled at Antwerp, and pursued his new vocation with ardor and fidelity. When we consider how long he was unconscious of his own gifts, and the advanced age at which he began his artistic career, we are scarce prepared to expect that he attained any high degree of proficiency. But, if we argue thus, we are mistaken; and when we further



exponent, on the other—has reached us because of a supreme love.

He was born in 1450, in a small village of Flanders, and was the child of poor parents. At an early age he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and for many years he plodded on contentedly, following this calling without, perhaps, a thought of the genius slumbering within him. But the wand of a magician touches him. Like Pygmalion's statue of olden story, which at the behest of love feels gushing within it the warm life-blood, he wakes. For the sake of a fair lady, the daughter of an artist, he is consumed

consider the powerful stimulus impelling him, we need not wonder at the facts which convince us of error. In a very short time, the real merits of his works were universally acknowledged, so that in 1491, only a year later, we learn that he became a member of the Academy of Antwerp. From this time forward, his fame increased so steadily that it extended far beyond the limits of his native country; so much so that, in 1520, the great German painter and engraver, Albert Durer, came to the Netherlands and visited him, delighting to do him honor.

Little further is known regarding the personal

history of this celebrated artist. The very date of his death is uncertain, but it is generally given as 1529. Yet why do we need to know more? The character in which he stands out so simply and yet so grandly before the world is that of an heroic soul whose watchword, as shown by a great work, was, "Alone, I am nothing; by the might of love I can do all things."

There is scarce a doubt that Quentin Matsys was, in his time, the greatest of Dutch artists. His most noted work, "The Descent from the Cross," probably gave inspiration to his illustrious successor, Rubens.

Of the other paintings of this old master which have come down to our time, the best known are: "The Portrait of a Jeweler," in the Imperial Collection at Vienna; "The Misers," in the Gallery of Windsor; and "The Banker and his Wife," in the Louvre. "The Descent from the Cross" is preserved in the Museum at Antwerp.

### AMONG THE FLOWERS.

A LITTLE Swedish lad was accustomed to pore over his Latin exercises and translations during the day under the direction of a stern father, and in the intervals, when his father was away from home visiting his parishioners, he would hie away to the woods and rocks, and gather flowers and mosses, for which he had a passionate fondness. These he would arrange at night in a little herbal he had prepared, though it was looked upon with no favor by his grave father.

One night he had dallied longer than common over his treasures, when the pastor, looking up from the good book over which he had been poring, severely reprimanded his idleness.

"I am determined to make an end to this folly," he said, "by casting all this rubbish into the fire."

The frightened lad folded his treasure closely to his heart, and the good mother rose in alarm, and took the book from the child, placing his Latin exercises before him. The stern command was given to abandon henceforth this idle pursuit of culling weeds, and to address himself faithfully to the task of preparing himself, one day, to stand in the sacred desk, as his father had before him. The boy studied with diligence, and soon had his exercises in readiness for inspection. His father was satisfied with his effort, and again reminded him how well he could do at his studies, when he threw away his foolish herbals.

That night tears fell fast on the lad's pillow when he was by himself, and in the stillness of the night his mother stole to his little closet and comforted him as only a mother can.

"My father might as well ask me not to eat," said the child. It was like a death sentence to bid him abandon his beloved flowers.

The sad-hearted mother devised a plan by which he

could rise an hour earlier, and while the father was sleeping, go out and explore the frosty woods for the treasures in which he so delighted. With a radiant face he clasped his arms about his mother's neck and then lay down to happy, glorious dreams. In that fair dream-land a golden future always rose before him.

The little plan worked well for a time. The mother rose two hours before her accustomed time, and prepared the great bowl of thick, hot porridge for her lad, then wrapped him snugly in his coarse, rough coat, and saw him set out with a glowing face for his stolen excursions. But, alas, the happy hours were soon blighted. The pastor rose one morning before his usual hour, to visit a sick parishioner, and found little Charles was absent. The stern man soon sifted the matter to the bottom, and then the dreaded threat was carried out, that the child should be torn from the mother, from whom he had never been separated a day, and sent to the Latin school in a distant town, which was under the iron rule of a severe master. Oh, the agony of that parting! but the lad of twelve strove to comfort his mother with the hope of future meetings and brighter days.

He studied hard and well, but one glorious day in spring, when the boys were allowed to take a walk in the fields, Charles separated himself from the rest, and reveled in the forbidden joys which the whole earth seemed opening up before him. He filled his pockets and bosom with rare beauties of the fields and rocks, and was ever pressing eagerly forward to seize some new jewel. Night-fall surprised him, and with it came quick thoughts of discipline, not tempered with any love, for his delinquency. He remained all night in a mossy glen—and as the result of his excursion was, by his father's command, apprenticed to a shoemaker. The humiliation of which was intended as a punishment for his disobedience. Though surrounded by coarse, rude associates, most uncongenial to his refined nature, he yet had his mornings for the field, and his evenings for study, and for writing out various treatises on his favorite topic. Such a system could not last long, and a severe illness brought to his bedside a most distinguished physician, who caught, in the ravings of the youth's disordered brain, the clue to his sickness. The beloved herbals on his table, and the open treatises, just as he had left them, gave a still fuller explanation. They were read with ever growing admiration, and when Charles had recovered, the doctor felt that such talent had bided long enough at the shoemaker's bench. His father at length consented to his again pursuing his studies, and through the aid of the good and learned physician he was sent to the university.

This was the beginning of a grand career, and not many years had passed before the whole land echoed with the praises of the youthful professor, Charles Linnæus. The kings of Sweden, France, Spain and England delighted to show him honor and his many works on science will long be read and admired by the learned in all lands.

J. E.

## ON OUR SIDE.

"TAIN'T no use tryin'. I can't please the Lord no how; and He's offended with me every hour in the day. I'm always doin' somethin' agin Him. I git up in the mornin', and I say, 'Now, Miss Blake, set a watch on your temper'—it's my weak pint, you know—'and don't have no idle talk with anybody; 'cause, if you do, you'll have to give an account of it in the day of judgment. And don't let your mind run on vain and foolish things. Death's solemn and awful, and may find you at any minit all unprepared. The Spirit will not always strive with us; and you've bin grievin' the Spirit long enough.' I say it all over and over to myself, and mean to do my best to be good and please the Lord. But 'tain't of no account. I'm hardly down-stairs before one thing and another goes wrong, and I fire up about it, and say somethin' that I'm sorry for all day. 'Tain't no use prayin'. I've prayed, mornin' after mornin', before I came down, that the Lord would help me to set a guard on my lips; but 'twasn't any use. Don't suppose He paid any attention to what I said. He's gittin' tired of such a miserable promisin' and not performin' old sinner as I am, and jist means to give me up."

The trouble which came into the dear old lady's face was something so real that I was touched by its expression. I saw how it was with her. An erroneous idea of God had shadowed her whole religious life. In her imagination, the Lord was a scrutinizing and exacting Judge, quick to be offended, and stern in His punishments; not a tender and loving Father, who knows all our weaknesses and infirmities, and who is always ready to pity, to help and to forgive.

"Is the physician angry with his patient because he is sick?" I asked.

"I don't see as how docterin's got anything to do with it," she returned, a hint of perplexity in her manner.

"God is the great Physician of souls," I said in a low but impressive tone.

There came a widening of her eyes, and I saw in them the faint gleam of a new impression.

"Sin is only a sickness of the soul, Mrs. Blake. It is a disorder, and the soul wants help and healing, not punishment. What would you think of a father if he should punish his child for being sick? If every time his head ached he were to frown? Or were to get angry with him because he had a fever?"

"I can't jest see it in that way," Mrs. Blake answered, her manner still more perplexed. "Sin is disobedience. It's a settin' of yourself agin God."

"Did you mean to set yourself against God when you lost your temper this morning?"

"Wasn't it a settin' of myself agin Him? He tells me that I must be patient, and long-sufferin', and meek, and gentle, and all that."

"And you meant to be, and would have been, but for a sickness of your soul. You had an attack of spiritual fever, and the heat of it was very intense

while it lasted. Your heavenly Father knows all about this. He is not angry with you. Why should He be?"

"Oh, dear sir! But it's a strange way that you're a talkin'!" There was a low thrill in her voice, and a half-surprised eagerness in her manner. "Indeed, and I did mean to do what was pleasin' in His sight. I'm always wantin' to do it; but, somehow, I never can. I'm such a poor, weak, forgettin' and sinful body."

"Like all the rest of us, Mrs. Blake; and if there's no chance for you, there isn't much for anybody; for we're all sick with one kind of spiritual disease or another; and there are worse diseases than a sudden fever, hot and consuming though it may be while it runs its course. If God didn't know about all this, the case might be different. But He does know. He sees into our hearts. He enters into our secret thoughts and hidden purposes. He watches over us with a care, and pity, and tender concern greater even than that of a mother watching over and caring for a sick and beloved child. It is a great mistake to suppose that God is ever angry with His wretched, sin-sick children. Love cannot change into anger; and you know that God is love."

How her face had softened already! What a light was breaking over it! And there was the shining of tears in her eyes.

"But isn't He angry with the wicked every day?" she said, with a catch in her breath, as though she felt that something upon which she had just taken hold was loosening itself already from her grasp.

"Not after the fashion of man's anger, which is too often vindictive and full of cruelty. Can love be cruel? Or divine compassion be moved to vengeance? Can He who makes His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and who sends His rain upon the just and the unjust, be angry with the wicked as an evil man is angry with some one who has wronged and offended him? No! That is simply impossible."

"But you see, sir," and the shadows fell again over her face, "the Bible's oncommon strong on this ere very pint about the Lord's wrath and fiery indignation, and fierce and terrible anger. It makes me shiver all over, and through and through sometimes, when I read about it. I've laid awake often and often in the dead o' night thinkin' what a dreadful God He was, and what a poor, weak, sinnin' creature I was. And it didn't seem as if there'd be any chance at all for a miserable good-for-nothin' like me."

"If you had two sons whom you dearly loved," I replied, "and one of them had grown to be wicked and disobedient, while the other had an infirmity of temper which was all the while getting him into trouble; what would you do about it?"

"Indeed, sir, and I don't know. There's many a poor mother's had all this heart-breakin' work to go through with; and I'm more thankful than I can tell that the Lord has kept the sorrow and shame of it from my door. There's poor Mrs. Franks. It's dreadful what a time she's had with some of her boys.

Tom's a turnin' out awfully; goin' jest as his Uncle Si went. It's in the blood, you see.'

"As consumption, or rheumatism, or cancer," I remarked.

"Somethin' like it, maybe; but then God doesn't hold us to account for gettin' sick; but He does for bein' wicked."

"Just as much for being sick as for being wicked," I replied. "It all comes under the same law; only, in one case the law applies to the body, and in the other case to the soul. There is a divine law of order in the body as well as in the soul. When this divine law is broken in the body, we call it disease; and when it is broken in the soul, we call it sin. If the sickness of the body be not healed, the body will die a natural death; and if the sickness of the soul be not healed, the soul will die a spiritual death. Now, if you will think for a moment, Mrs. Blake, you will see that God cannot be any more angry with a man for inheriting a disposition to lie, or steal, or to commit murder, than for having in him the seeds of consumption."

"Yes, sir; that's all plain enough," was her quick reply. "But then, havin' a disposition to steal's one thing; and stealin's quite another. It's for the stealin' that God's offended; and the stealin' for which He punishes."

"Just in the same way that He's offended with a man for breaking the laws of health; and in the same way that He punishes him for getting sick."

"You're puzzlin' me, sir, and mixin' things up so that I can't make out which is which."

"I'm sorry; for I want to make things plain. It's a wonderful help to us, Mrs. Blake, when we can see things plainly. Going to Heaven is just like traveling. It's easy enough to find our way to any place that we are desirous to reach, if we have clear directions about the road and follow them carefully. But if, with only vague notions in regard to the way, we start on our journey, there is no telling the difficulties, delays and mishaps which we may encounter, even though we reach our destination at last. Now, it must be the same with our spiritual journey. If we have mistaken ideas of God, and of what He requires of us, we shall find our journey toward Heaven a difficult one. We shall have to wander long in a wilderness of doubt, and be ready, often, to give up in despair. If we think of God as exacting and severe; as frowning upon us whenever we stumble by the way; as taking note of every failure, and short-coming, and holding us to a strict account therefor; as so jealous of His authority, and concerned about His honor and glory, that any violation of the one or disrespect for the other excites His displeasure—then will our heavenward journey, which is nothing less than going back to God, from whom we have wandered like lost sheep, be along a dark, and dreary, and sorrowful way. But, if we think of Him as a loving and compassionate Father, whose hands are stretched out all the day long to His wandering and disobedient children; as not so much taking note of the evil which separates us from Him, as of the good

on which He can take hold and draw us to Himself, then will not our way back to Him and to Heaven become so easy that we can run in it with eagerness and delight? If we think of God as the physician of our sin-sick souls, and not as the judge of our offenses, will not all dread of Him die in our hearts, and love take the place of fear? He knows all about our weaknesses, our infirmities, and our short-comings; and all about the spiritual diseases which, unless we permit Him to heal them, must end in eternal death; and even as a father loves and pities his sick and suffering children, so does He love and pity us—only with an infinite instead of a finite love, only with a divine instead of a human pity."

I saw light in her face again; though it was not free from shadows or uncertainty.

"O sir!" she spoke with a tremulous motion in her voice, "if I could be right sure that God didn't lay up things agin me; that He jest looked another way when I forgot myself and went wrong, as we look away from our children, sometimes, when they're naughty, and pretend not to see what they're doin', it would be such a comfort."

"The Lord never lays up anything against us, Mrs. Blake. Did the father in the parable lay up anything against his prodigal son? He'd been very wicked. His father had given him that part of the inheritance which fell to his share, as our heavenly Father gives to every one of us our proper share of talents and precious opportunities. His waste of all his living did not make his father angry; but only filled him with sorrow on account of his son's estrangement, and pity for his sufferings, and when he saw him coming back he ran out with joy to meet him, and made a feast in celebration of his return. Now, did you ever think what that parable was designed to teach? Who is meant by the father?"

"I've always thought the Lord was meant."

"And that the prodigal son represented the case of His wandering and disobedient children? The case of sinners; of the vast multitude of men and women who forget God, and do all manner of wickedness? There was no change in the father's heart. Bad as his boy had been, he loved him all the same."

Mrs. Blake thought for awhile.

"But you see, sir, there's this in it. Nothin's said about his father's lovin' him while he was wicked and disobedient; nor about his sendin' out to see where he was, and what had become of him, and tryin' to persuade him to come back home. He was displeased about it, and he'd a right to be; and left him to suffer as he deserved. But 'twas another thing when the boy repented, and came back of his own accord, and said he was sorry and wasn't worthy to be called his son, and was willin' to be as a hirelin'. He'd been a poor kind of a father if he hadn't forgiven him. And that's jest my way o' thinkin' about God. He'll punish us for bein' wicked, and reward us for bein' good."

"Did this father, in the parable, punish his son for doing wrong?" I asked.



"It doesn't say so."

"Does anything in the parable intimate that he did?"

"Not as I remember."

"And yet the poor prodigal did suffer dreadfully. Why? Not because his father punished him; but because he had gone away from him into a far country, and spent all his substance in riotous living. He had left the security, and comfort, and plenty of his father's house; and brought upon himself, because of his evil life, the bitterest suffering. His punishment was inflicted by his sin, and not by the hand of his father. And this is the case just as it stands with all of God's sinful and disobedient children. It is their sin that punishes them; not God. They have disobeyed the laws of spiritual health, and are sick; just as they will become diseased in body, if they disobey the laws of bodily health. If a man turns away from the sun, and shuts himself up in a cellar, does the sun punish him with cold and darkness? Does it hide itself from him in anger because of his folly? If he comes back into the open air, will it not shine upon him as brightly as before?—Nay, will not the brightness seem greater and the warmth more penetrating because of their brief intermission? The sun never hides away from any one; neither does the Sun of Righteousness. We come into cold and darkness because we turn away from them; but they shine on with undimmed lustre, ready to warm and bless us whenever we come back into their presence."

"Dear, dear, sir! It's all very comfortin' what you say, if a poor body could get right hold and make sure on it. But one preacher says this, and another says that; and the Bible says one thing here and another thing there—leastwise that's the way it 'pears to me—and I get all mixed up, as I said jest now, and don't know what to think."

"The world was dreadfully wicked at the time of our Lord's coming. From what the Bible tells us, and from what we read in history, we know that all true knowledge of God was lost, and that the nations of the earth were living in the open violation of things pure, and holy, and just, and merciful. Love of self and hatred of the neighbor reigned supreme. Now what did the Lord do about all this? Did He come in fierce anger, and with terrible judgments, to destroy His enemies, and sweep them from the face of the earth in a great and grand catastrophe? Not so. Love could not become wrath; nor pour itself out in vengeance. These were His children; His poor, lost, suffering children. They had gone away from Him and were following the devices of their own hearts. They had turned from the love of God and the neighbor to the love of self and the world; and now, moved by these loves, they were in hatred, and strife, and fierce conflict, one with the other. Every man's hand was, so to speak, against his neighbor, to rob, oppress and cruelly entreat him. As for God, they rejected Him, and trampled His laws under their feet; setting up gods of their own, the work of men's hands, and bowing down and worshipping them!

"Yes, these were His children; His suffering and unhappy children, whom no disobedience could alienate from His affection. How did He feel about it? and what did He do? 'God so loved the world, that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' This is the wonderful story! It was peace on earth and good-will; not indignation and wrath."

Light came breaking into my auditor's face, smoothing down the hard lines, and softening all the shadows.

"If God so loved the world then, Mrs. Blake, do you think that He can love it less now?" I asked.

"It does me good to hear you talk so about God," she answered, her voice tender and reverent. "I want Him to love me. I try to please Him. But I'm such a poor, weak body, and so prone to go wrong."

"And don't you suppose that He knows all about this?—Knows it just as well as you know all about the weaknesses, and infirmities, and short-comings of your children?"

"I s'pose so. He sees me all the while; and can look into my heart. And He knows that I don't never mean to set myself agin Him. It's my easily besettin' sins that's always gettin' me into trouble, and makin' Him hide His face from me."

"It isn't just that, Mrs. Blake. It isn't any hiding of His face from you. God never hides His face from any one. He is unchangeable. All the changing and the hiding are on our part. If we let any wrong temper or feeling kindle a fire in our hearts, then a smoke is sent up, and that's what comes between us and God and hides His face from us. As soon as we let this fire die out, so that the smoke can clear away, we may see again, if we will but look up, the tender, loving, pitying face of our Lord. There will be no coldness in it, no rebuke, no displeasure—only love!"

"O sir! If I could only be sure of this!" The tears were creeping into her eyes. "If I could only be sure!"

"Is not His word enough?"

She did not answer my question, but looked at me with an eager expectancy in her face.

"He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.' 'The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.' 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them that fear Him.' 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he shall sup with Me.' Not a word here about His getting offended and going away because the door is not opened! For those who are trying to serve Him, His Word is full of promise and assurance. He will be their 'helper,' their 'defender' and their 'comforter.' If they fall, they shall 'rise again.' If assaulted and overcome, He will 'deliver them out of the hands of their enemies.' He is 'on their side;' He 'taketh their part;' they 'shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed;'

He will 'cover them with His wings,' though they 'walk through the valley and the shadow of death,' they need 'fear no evil'; He 'forgiveth all their iniquities,' and 'healeth all their diseases,' their 'steps are ordered by the Lord'; He is their 'refuge,' their 'rock of defense,' their 'high tower.' Language is almost exhausted in the effort to tell of the Lord's goodness and mercy; of His patience and long-suffering; of His compassion and loving-kindness."

The eyes of Mrs. Blake had closed while I was speaking; and I could see the lines in her face growing smoother and smoother, and the shadows drifting off. As I closed the last sentence, she looked up and said: "O sir, if the preachers would only talk to us in that way more'n they do! It's all in the Bible. And not harp so much on our shortcomin's, and back-sidin's, and makin' it appear that God's as much put out with us for forgettin' or slippin' as He is for sinnin' on purpose. I never could see it clear, how sins of omission are as bad as sins of commission, as they call 'em. If my Peter gits a fit of laziness, and idles his time, or if he forgets to do what I tell him, do I count it as bad as if he'd gone and done on purpose somethin' I told him not to do? 'Twouldn't be reason and justice, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'."

"We sin against God only when we do evil willfully and knowingly. It is the intention to do wrong that makes the sin. If we intend to do right; if, in our secret heart, we mean to do the will of God, but fail often through infirmity, or forgetfulness, or from the sudden assaults upon us in unguarded moments of our spiritual enemies, God doesn't count it as sin. He knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust. There is no anger in His divine heart, but only love and pity. Then it is, seeing that we have come into darkness and danger, that He draws nearer, instead of going farther away, to help and to strengthen us. If we fall, He will raise us up speedily. If, in our trials and temptations, the very shadows of death and hell seem to gather about us, He will, in His good time, disperse them all, and bring us into the clear shining of His presence. Our stumbling and falling, our forgetfulness, the waywardness of our hearts, and the sorrow, and darkness, and repentance into which it so often brings us, only deepen the Lord's compassion and quicken His tenderness, and cause Him to gather more closely about us the arms of His infinite love. We need not turn from Him in dread of His anger; we need not fear to lift our eyes to His face lest He drive us with frowns away from His presence. No, no. If we look up, we shall see a tender and compassionate face, and arms stretched out to receive us; and because of our sincere repentance and desire to live a life of heavenly affections, He will give us a larger measure of His love."

"Jest as I'd stand over my self-willed boy, who loves me and means to do right, but is always doin' somethin' wrong and gittin' into trouble, if he'd gone off somewhere into danger agin my will, and got his leg broke. When they brought him home and laid him on the bed, and he looked up at me, sufferin',

and sorrowful, and pitiful, would I turn away, growlin' and angry! No, sir! It wouldn't be in me; 'cause I love him so, poor boy! if he is worryin' and disobedient sometimes. Wouldn't I jest put my arms about him, and lay my cheek down on his, and say all I could to comfort him? And wouldn't he love me more, after he'd got well, than if I'd been mad at him, and scolded, and never given him a kind word? And wouldn't he be more likely to try harder to mind me after he'd got well, 'cause I'd made him feel that I loved him so much better than he'd thought?"

"And so our love for God grows, Mrs. Blake, in the warmth of His forgiving love. We love Him because He first loved us."

"Things don't look jest like as they did when we began talkin'," the dear old lady said. "Ef 'twa'n't for them passages as speaks about His anger, and wrath, and jealousy—"

"Never mind about them passages," I interrupted her. "It's quite possible that we don't understand their true meaning, and that these expressions may only be the veils under which God's love lies hidden, just as you would veil your love for your boy when you saw him determined to go wrong, under a frowning face; and just as you would threaten him with your anger and with punishment if he continued in disobedience. And yet love would lie under it all; and if you had to punish him with the rod in order to save him from evil courses, would it not be a heart brimming over with love that threw into the arm which gave the strokes its smiting force? He would not think of you as loving him, but as angry because he had disobeyed you, and as punishing him not so much for his good as because he had done what you had told him not to do."

"Maybe there is somethin' in that. If God is love, I don't see as how it can be any other way. There's some people as wouldn't care what they did, if they wasn't afraid of God; and, I s'pose, when He speaks to that kind in the Bible, He has to threaten 'em, jest as we have to threaten our bad children, though we love 'em all the time, and, if we have to punish 'em, we do it for their good."

"Just as God does. Or, rather, just as He permits the evil which men do to punish them, in order to restrain them. You remember what the Bible says—'Evil shall slay the wicked.' Sin is a sickness of the soul, as I have said, and if not healed will destroy the souls of the wicked. God does not destroy them. He can neither hurt nor destroy anything. He creates, redeems and saves; for that is the work of infinite wisdom and goodness. It is evil that hurts and destroys; and the moment any one turns away from God, and disobeys His holy laws, evil begins to work in him, to curse him with disorder, and pain, and a sickness of the soul, which, if not healed, will end in eternal death."

"Dear! dear! How plain it's all a gettin'! It isn't God as makes us have fever, or rheumatiz, or consumption, any more than it is God who makes our souls sick. It's all our own fault, or the fault of them as went before. And it looks so different when

we call it sickness instead of sinnin', and think of God as a good doctor, and not as an awful judge."

"When He came down to the earth and walked among men, what did He do? He went about preaching and healing all manner of sickness. He did not condemn the poor, suffering ones, but touched them compassionately, and made them whole. He came to save, not to destroy; to draw men with the chords of love, not to drive them away from Him by stripes and punishments. And because He has ascended to the heavens, which bowed themselves that He might come down to save us, do you think His tender and pitying love has changed to sternness and exaction—that He has ceased to be a healer of the sick? Not so! That would be impossible. He went away that He might send the Comforter. That He might give to them that mourn in Zion beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

I met Mrs. Blake a few weeks afterward, and was struck with the change in her countenance. She had been sick, poor old lady, and one of her boys had given her considerable trouble. He was a good-hearted lad, but impulsive and heedless, and had his mother's quick temper. It was as natural for him to get into scrapes as for some boys to get dirt on their clothes. He didn't mean to worry and annoy other people; but, somehow, there was a commotion, or things got tangled up, whenever he was about, and this made him a source of constant anxiety to his mother, who was at her wit's end, sometimes, to know what to do with him.

I knew that she had been sick, and that she'd had trouble with her boy; and this was why the change I saw in her countenance struck me with some surprise. It was calmer and more peaceful than I had seen it for a long time. The old habitual knitting of the brows, and close, hard shutting of the lips, had given place to a serener aspect, and a softer expression in the mouth. Her face was like the face of one who had come out of some long sickness or some deep affliction, submissive and purified.

In answer to my question, "How is it with my friend to-day?" she said, speaking in a voice out of which the old, fretful, depressed and self-accusing spirit had entirely gone: "Better, thank you! Much better."

"Ah, I see. You have found the Good Physician. You thought of Him only as a judge, but know Him now as the Physician of souls."

"Yes, yes. Bless the Lord, who healeth all our diseases!"

"And delivereth us out of our distresses."

"And maketh our bed in sickness. Ah, sir, there's somethin' so tender and comfortin' in that. He don't jest give us medicine, and then go away like an earthly doctor, but He sees that our bed is made soft, and smooths our pillows, and tends on us like a nurse. I never seed things in the Bible as I sees 'em now, since we had that talk. I used to be so 'fraid of God. He seemed to be frownin' at me, and rebukin' me all the while. It was as though He was agin me;

but now I feel that He's on my side, and doin' all He can to help me. Oh, it's so comfortin'!" And she drew a deep, restful breath as she repeated the sentence: "It's so comfortin'!"

"You've had some trouble with Peter?" I remarked.

"Yes, sir;" a slight shadow dropping over her face. "Peter's a great trial; always gittin' into one scrape or another, and makin' it hard for me; but, somehow, 'tain't near as hard to get along with him as it was. I used to pounce down on him and give him a good shakin' and boxin', and tell him to clear out and not let me set eyes on him agin, I was so put out and angry! And then I'd be worried, sometimes, most out o' my life for fear he'd never come back. But since I've been thinkin' of sin as a sickness and a disorder, and of God as not angry with us because we're sick, but sorry for us, and wantin' to cure us, it's made Peter's badness seem different; and I've been tryin' to feel toward him as God feels toward us; not angry, but pitiful. And you don't know what a difference it makes. I can have so much more patience with the boy, and can talk to him in another sort o' way from what I used to; and he's so different, and seems so sorry because I'm troubled. Only this mornin', when I talked to him about somethin' he'd been doin' that wasn't right, he jest put his arms around my neck and burst out cryin'. And we had a good cry together. Oh! it's so different, sir, that I git to wonderin' sometimes what it all means."

"It means," I replied, "that you are learning to take God at His word; to believe that He's on your side to help you when you are in trouble, to cure you when you are sick, and to fill your life with blessings if you will only let Him do so. And because you feel that God is so good, and loving, and patient, and long-suffering toward you—never cross nor angry, never lifting His hand to strike you when you are disobedient, but always putting it forth gently, that He may lay it on you in healing—it makes you feel differently to your wayward, willful boy; and because you feel differently you act differently. For your love and patience, your boy gives you back love and obedience. He loves you because you first loved him."

"Dear! dear! It's gittin' plainer and plainer all the while."

"And will keep on growing plainer and plainer, I trust, until you come into the clear sunshine of the divine truth, which clothes and makes manifest the infinite divine love."

I did not meet my poor old friend again for many weeks; but when I did, it required but a glance at her tranquil face to tell me that she had drawn still nearer, in love and confidence, to her great Physician and Friend, and that He was assuaging her fears, and healing her infirmities, and filling her soul with His infinite peace.

RICHMOND.

A WOMAN hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterward told a neighbor they were not fit to eat, and she might as well have thrown her sugar away.

## SPRING AND SUMMER IN THE CALIFORNIA SIERRAS.

THE spring and summer of the vanishing year, following on the footsteps of an unusually wet winter, have been notably fruitful and prosperous. It is always the case that what we term a "wet winter," when rains are abundant and last till late in the spring, increases the prosperity of the State at large, and nowhere more visibly than in the Sierras where the yellow gold is washed out of the mines for circulation among the tradespeople.

Spring is thought by many to be the loveliest season of the California months—but it is of very short duration, melting insensibly into the hot, still heat of midsummer. It may generally be counted as beginning in April. In fact, between all the April storms, spring's smiling face looks forth. Down among the lace-leaved "tar-weed" (so called because its evergreen leaves are covered in summer with a glistening, transparent gum) the shy blossoms of pink-veined bells, spring's earliest flowers, are found by eager hunters after the season's first tokens. A little later and every hillside has a golden tinge from the myriad buttercups that spring up and blossom as in a single night.

By the opening of May, every cloud-flake has disappeared from the soft Italian skies, and the month of picnics and festivals is at hand. Sometimes there may come another storm of a day's duration—sometimes not. And as May melts into June, and the days lengthen, as the oak trees have put on their summer coat of vivid green and the pines have bathed in showers till they glisten like polished needles, as the air is full of the fluting of birds in the early dawn when the shy quail whistles on the hill, and the gray squirrel barks saucily from a tree, we know that summer has come.

The inhabitants of the valleys and cities find it so warm in June and July, that they make excursions to the Sierras, and camp in the cool shadow of the pines, by the side of some mountain-lake or artificial reservoir which holds speckled trout in abundance. The heat of the sun at midday is fierce, but not prostrating. Cases of sunstroke are almost unknown, yet the thermometer rises to one hundred and ten degrees frequently in the shade.

It is wearying to travel over mountain-roads when the sun beats down upon them. One may climb heavily through the dust and heat, a grade nine miles long, stopping the horses frequently to breathe. Arriving at the top, there is no level stretch, but one may have a wild spin down the mountain on the other side, looking over the road into cañons thousands of feet deep, when daylight loses itself in shadow before it reaches the narrow river foaming at the bottom of the gorge. It is an established fact that the ascent always follows the descent of a mountain over these winding roads, and it is not pleasant to reflect, that one may be three hours in climbing a mountain-side which took one only twenty minutes to go down. And in whatever direction one travels in

these Sierras, it always seems that the largest part of the road is up hill.

By the end of July the dust is something fearful to contemplate. No welcome shower ever sprinkles the thirsty land in summer, and the light powdered soil flies in yellow clouds and settles over everything. One must needs be muffled in duster and veil to travel through it with any degree of equanimity. Comfort there is none—and this vexed question of dust constitutes the chief drawback to California's otherwise admirable climate. But what would one have? If it does not rain there is no postponing of picnics and parties, no getting caught in sudden showers without an umbrella to protect one's best apparel, and no lowering skies to dishearten enthusiastic travelers. In short, we make a virtue of necessity, and infinitely prefer the dust to the disappointments.

This absence of rain necessitates the early blossoming of many of the floral species, chiefly remarkable among which are the dusky red bells, which grow plentifully among the tar-weed; the low azalea shrub, which bears clusters of fragrant, milky blossoms in profusion, and that rarer gem of the Sierras, a white lily, which lifts racemes of large waxen bells of the most exquisite perfume to the sun. This lily does not thrive under cultivation, and in most instances refuses to live when transplanted. It is averse to civilization and gradually dies away from those spots which become inhabited by man.

From the middle of August the distress increases. Everything on or near the roadside wears a grimy aspect, and the adjacent shrubbery is one monotonous, dusty, gray color. But to atone for this discomfort there is abundance of fruit ripening continually from the earliest April strawberries all through the summer. All the small fruits are successfully cultivated since mountain ranching came into existence. In the latter part of summer one is apt to become satiated with the delicious globes of grapes, the mellow pears, and the innumerable varieties of peaches, plums, nectarines and other fruits.

Late in September the weather begins to grow sultry, and clouds gather over the vivid azure skies, thickening day by day, till at length a few large drops of rain splash down, and presently they patter faster and heavier, and the dusty shrubs lift grateful leaves to the refreshing shower. Next day the sun shines down on a fresh, cool world, and the pearly sky, clear horizon and distinctly outlined mountain folds show a renewal of the vanished spring. But in October the leaves turn brown, a light frost is visible here and there in the early morning, the fruit has been gathered and stored away, and by unmistakable tokens we know that the beautiful autumn days are at hand, and the warm-hearted summer has faded from the earth.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home.

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

Not long after these lines in "Marmion" were published—

"O woman, in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!"

—some Cambridge scholar—who was a wag withal—wrote to Scott, inclosing certain alleged lines from a Latin poem which were identical in idea and expression with the final couplet, and taxing him with stealing them without acknowledgment. But the Cantab had obviously himself translated Scott into Latin, and Vida, the poet quoted, had no such lines in all his works. It was the same merry trick, without malice, that Father Prout, of the "Reliques," played Tom Moore, turning the Irish Melodies into the language and metres of Horace, and then charging Moore with having conveyed them from the Latin. Sir Walter sadly missed, in his dark days of insolvency and bereavement, the comfort he had, some twenty years earlier, so feelingly recognized in woman's bedside ministry. In his diary, with aching head and aching heart, he bewails "the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready, with lowered voice and stealthy pace, to smooth the pillow and offer condolence and assistance—gone—gone—forever—ever—ever!" Half a dozen years later, during his hopeless sojourn in Italy, prostrate with disease, it is a characteristic bit we read of his preferring the companionship of his physician's wife to that of his physician—for, "like most men when they are ill or unhappy, he preferred having womankind about him—said he would 'like Mrs. Davy better.'" His "Marmion" lines have their illustration in his "Woodstock" in the person of Alice Lee, when that light, joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. One of John Keat's poems begins:

"Woman, when I behold thee flippant, vain,  
Inconstant, childish, proud and full of fancies,  
Without that modest softening that enhances  
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain  
That its mild light creates to heal again—  
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances. \* \* \*  
But, when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender  
Heavens, how desperately do I adore  
Thy winning graces!"

Woman teases as well as consoles; woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Divers epigrammatic reflections to this effect occur in the writings, prose and verse, of the late Lord Lytton; but these contain a far more ample variety of passages bearing the other way. In his "Night and Morning" there is Mrs. Beaufort watching, tending, nursing her sick Arthur. "The fine lady was gone," and a ministering angel stood in her place. So, again,

in the case of Fanny tending Philip—with what patience, what fortitude, what unutterable thought and devotion she "fulfilled that best and holiest woman's duty, let the man whose struggle with life and death has been blessed with the vigil that wakes and saves imagine to himself." In "The Caxtons" when Uncle Roland is stricken down, his brother and nephew seem stricken with palsied helplessness too; till, "Pisistratus," the elder man whispers, as the younger draws near and holds his breath, "Pisistratus, if your mother were here?" A nod is the eager reply, for the same thought has struck them both—both felt their nothingness then and there. "In the sick chamber both turned helplessly to miss the woman." The utmost this author can say to indicate the intense devotedness of Maltravers to soothe the last hours of Florence Lancelles is that his forethought, his presence of mind, his care, his tenderness, went beyond the attributes of men, for they went into all the fine, the indescribable minutiae by which woman makes herself, in pain and anguish, the "ministering angel." The "New Timon" gives us a picture of feminine ministrations:

"Lo, as from care to care the soother glides,  
How the home brightens where the heart presides!  
To smooth the uneasy pillow with light hand,  
Or watch the eye, forestalling the demand!"

How many thousands of women there are, exclaims Thackeray, who—like his Amelia—are hospital nurses without wages, sisters of charity without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice! Amelia it was of whom Major Dobbin said, "She walks into the room as silently as a sunbeam"—a cheerful sweetness lighting up her face as she moved to and fro in the sick-room, graceful and noiseless. When women are thus busied with the ailing, "who has not seen in their faces those sweet beams of love and pity?" Elsewhere the same writer affirms the world to be full of Miss Nightingales, and that we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders. His sunbeam simile reminds us of Currer Bell's Polly in "Villette." "She grew at once stronger and tenderer as I grew worse in health. \* \* \* What a sunbeam she was in my sick-room \* \* \* as noiseless and as cheerful as light!" So, again, with Mr. Charles Reade's two *demoiselles de Beauvoir*, with their tender look of interest and pity for Dard, as they close in upon him, one a little to his right, the other to his left, while two pairs of sapphire eyes with the mild lustre of sympathy play down incessantly upon him. "Dear, holy and heroic woman," breaks forth William Carleton, "how frequently do we, who too often sneer at your harmless vanities and foibles, forget the light by which your love so often dispels the darkness of our affliction, and the tenderness with which your delicious sympathy charms our sorrows and our sufferings to rest!" Samuel Titmarsh, in trouble, records how sincerely he had loved his wife before those trials overtook him; and happy it is, he adds, to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; "but be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good



woman!" Barry Cornwall would tell us it is something to be loved by even

"A lost, a ruined one. She leaves him not at last, But soothes and serves about him, till the damps of death are past. His limbs she then composes—weeps, prays (they heed her not) Then glides away in silence, like a benefit forgot."

In one of his earlier works, Charles Dickens commemorates the sweet, soft voice, the light step, the delicate hand, the quiet, cheerful, noiseless discharge of those thousand little offices of kindness and relief which we feel so deeply when we are ill, and forget so lightly when we are well. In one of his later he shows us the doll's dressmaker, all softened compassion now, watching her patient with an earnestness that never relaxed, changing the dressing of a wound, or easing a ligature, or turning his face, or altering the pressure of the bedclothes on him, with an absolute certainty of doing right. Dr. Holmes half accredits women with the possession of a sixth sense, which tells them that others, whom they cannot see or hear, are suffering. "How surely we find them at the bedside of the dying! How strongly does nature plead for them, that we should draw our first breath in their arms, as we sigh away our last upon their faithful breasts!" Chateaubriand, in his autobiography, bears witness again and again to the timely help he received in extremity from foreigners of the other sex; and then he apostrophizes with an old man's benediction—"Women, who have assisted me in my distress, may God bless you in your old age, if you are still alive, and may He relieve you in your suffering!" Dean Swift, in more strains than one, pays homage to his Stella's exhaustless capacity for soothing him in fretful sickness, when he lay impatient of both day and night:

"Then Stella ran to my relief  
With cheerful face and inward grief;  
And, though by Heav'n's severe decree  
She suffers hourly more than me,  
No cruel master could require,  
From slaves employed for daily hire,  
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,  
With vigor and delight performed;  
My sinking spirits now supplies  
With cordials in her hands and eyes."

Three or four years later we find him confirming the testimony thus borne:

"She with soft speech my anguish cheers,  
Or melts my passion down with tears,  
Although 'tis easy to desery  
She wants assistance more than I,  
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,  
And is a Stoic in her own."

Real vampyrism the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table calls long illness, that involves prolonged nursing, whereby one that is dead may be said to live a year or two after by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside. Well, souls grow white, it is his comfort to think, as well as

cheeks, in these holy duties; and one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel. "God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last." In the final valediction of the stoical Kant, which recalls the "Kiss me, Hardy!" of the dying Nelson, De Quincey reads an indication that the last necessity is the necessity of love, is the call for some relenting caress, which may simulate for a moment some phantom image of female tenderness in an hour when the actual presence of women is impossible. Frederick Perthes used to say that a mother by the sick-bed of her child teaches us the full power which lies in human nature. The husband is appalled at his own comparative backwardness. In one of Sir Fowell Buxton's letters to his children, we read: "There is, and always has been to me, something very pleasant in illness, in having your mother nursing me all day and all night. \* \* \* Most women are capable of this devoted love; but there is often—be it spoken with reverence—a take-off, or a drawback," in Sir Walter's sense of "uncertain, coy and hard to please," before trial; or as the second Lord Lytton words it:

"Variable as the waves,  
More sharp than winds among the Hebrides,  
That shut the frozen spring in stormy clouds,  
As wayward as a child, and all unjust."

Landon, in his "Hellenics," starts the query:

"Even among the fondest of them all,  
What mortal or immortal maid is more  
Content with happiness than giving pain?"

And once, when Lord Melbourne was abusing the sex in Holland House, and her ladyship interposed, "But what nurses they are! What would you do without women in your illness?" the first minister replied: "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires very strong health to put up with women." But then his experience of them had been exceptional, as his language about them was exceptionable. Rolando is all in the dark when he makes light of woman's angel-ministries, as compared with the faculty that way of his supposed—but supposititious—Eugenio:

"Talk of women!  
Not all the rarest virtues of the sex,  
If any cunning chymist could compound them,  
Would make a tithe of his. \* \* \*  
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye  
To tell how for ten days, without sleep  
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;  
And, when my fest'ring body smarted most,  
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby  
Over her peevish child, he sang to me."

Rolando, in the "Honeymoon" is simply and egregiously out in his reckoning; for the seeming Eugenio is the disguised Zamora after all, and through it all.

If Mrs. Thrale sometimes provoked Dr. Johnson by her levity, he hailed in her, when he was diseased in body and mind, the most tender of nurses. The English Opium-eater, apostrophizing his "beloved M—," styles her his Electra, whose long-suffering

affection would not permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. "For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile ministrations of tenderest affection—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dew upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with thirst." Nor even, he goes on to bear grateful record, when her own peaceful slumbers had, by long sympathy, become infected with the spectacle of his dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade him "sleep no more"—not even then did she utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw her angelic smiles, nor shrink from any service of love more than Electra did of old. Cecile, in "Philip van Artevelde," hovers tenderly over Sir Fleurant, and bids him "put the cushion under your head," and is so changed from her flippant other self that the knight is quick to hail the transformation. "Ah, you are kind, wench, now—you're not so saucy as you were"—which is but the natural development of "uncertain, coy and hard to please" into "ministering angel," a sick man sufficing to effect the change. So in Sidney Walker's little poem:

"She sported round him, gay and light  
As summer breeze or fancy sprite,  
Exchanging meek endearments now,  
Now masking love in anger's brow.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Oh, prize her well; for who can know  
In what heart-pain, what stifling woe,  
Her looks, her soothing words may be  
The breath of inward life to thee?"

Such provisions Bishop Percy fostered in the instance of that Nannie who was to go with him, give up all for him, and be all in all to him. Should disease or pain befall, would she assume the nurse's care; nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall where she was fairest of the fair?

"And, when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay  
Strew flow'rs and drop the tender tear,  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

The fairest of the fair may sometimes also be, or seem, the flightiest of the flighty, the most frivolous of the frivolous, the most heedless madcap, the most provoking teaser. It is a comfort to reflect that under this semblance the ministering angel is present, and may become a very present help in time of trouble. To apply King Richard's logic, she is a woman, therefore to be won—won to tenderness and thoughtfulness by the touch of disaster and the needs of sympathy. Are they not all, potentially, we may ask, ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be the heirs of sorrow, and perhaps of salvation through sorrow? While we cherish them we feel that, although they chafe us, and we chide them, we may be entertaining angels—ministering angels—unawares.

## A TRILL OF SONG.

WHO hath not longed for morning—  
For morn whose silvery wings  
Alway to the lone watcher  
Something of healing brings—  
That wakes at least the voices  
We did not care to wake  
With moan that through the darkness  
Our waiting soul would make?

We counted off the hour-strokes  
Almost till break of day;  
But morn came herald to us  
In an unlooked-for way:  
There pulsed athrough the stillness  
A sudden trill of song,  
So sweet the time thereafter  
Of darkness seemed not long.

Yet it was but a quaver,  
We'd heard such trills for years,  
But, trembling through the darkness,  
It touched our soul to tears.  
Quivering athrough the silence,  
It touched the finest string  
In our poor, weary spirit,  
Perhaps its heralding.

The morn lent half the sweetness—  
But tell me, oh, mine own,  
Is it not quite as likely  
Some sweet, familiar tone  
Of child, or wife, or mother,  
May strike the key-note when  
There's naught to tell of morning  
To our poor earthly ken?

Some voice, whose silvery sweetness  
To earthly ears grew still  
Before the heavenly dawning  
Our listning soul may trill:  
Some voice may fill the darkness  
With pulses of sweet song;  
Thereafter till the "dawning,"  
O soul, 'twill not seem long.

Then, be thou very patient,  
O watcher for the light,  
There may come quick notes trilling  
The very heart of night!  
Trill soft, O voice familiar,  
That most we long to hear,  
Trill through the "dark" that lieth  
Between our souls and where

The full day brings the chorus  
Of all the angel host,  
And in that song the sweetness  
Of thy trill may be lost.  
And any soul is lonely,  
And every soul hath fears  
In that dread, awful stillness,  
"Before the dawn appears."

ADELAIDE STOUT.

## THE PRAIRIE-FIRE.

"DID you ever see a more beautiful extent of country?"

"Never," was the prompt reply, and the two young men, Robert Cornell and Homer Hudson, reined their horses upon an eminence, and sat gazing across the vast expanse of prairie, stretching out on every side around them. They were lately from the East, the sons of wealthy gentlemen who had embarked in the enterprise of buying Western lands several years before, and when the rumor of prospective railroads, and rapid rise of real estate gave promise of future greatness for the growing settlements, they had sent the young men upon a tour of inspection, with the intention of becoming pioneers themselves, if the country should offer sufficient inducements.

It was a pleasant October afternoon, and the hazy sunlight flooded the plain, which two months before lay unrolled in all the beauty of varying shades, from lightest emerald to the richest, darkest green, tinted with gorgeous autumn flowers, which waved and nodded their showy plumes in the passing breeze, or bent low over the reflecting waters of glassy lakes, which mirrored back the clear sky, a "basin of blue, in an emerald sea;" but October frosts had changed the robe to dull prosaic brown; yet, the scene was wild and new, and the young men found abundant resources of interest and amusement in watching the various forms of animal life, and contrasting this wilderness with the uncultivated regions of their native State, with its thickets of laurel, forests of pine and domes of rock.

Perhaps some of our readers have never seen the great prairies lying west of the Mississippi, and that they may better understand our story, we will give a short description of the country in which the incidents transpired.

As a general rule, the settlements cluster around the groves, which lie like dark green islands in the midst of the emerald hue of the prairie, at intervals ranging from five to twenty-five miles apart, leaving an uncultivated region between, over which one may travel for hours without seeing a house or a tree, and it was one of these tracts that our friends were crossing, when we first introduced them to our readers.

The wide, spreading prairie was covered with dry, inflammable grass, varying from the height of six inches, upon the hilltops, to as many feet in the moist places below, where canes and reeds grew in astonishing luxuriance, offering a hiding place for various animals which inhabited the region.

"We have never seen a prairie-fire, Robert," said Hudson. "How grandly the flames would sweep over this vast expanse, with nothing to head their course, or stay their flight, until checked by some clear stream, they perished on its borders!" and Hudson sprang from his horse and applied a match to the grass at his feet.

A sheet of flame like a crimson carpet crept down the hillside, growing broader and wider as it went,

and rapidly gaining strength as it was borne in advance of the breeze, while the young men stood watching its progress, now creeping slowly where the grass was shortest, and anon clearing fifty feet at a bound, obeying every impulse of the wind, which seemed to rise and lend its wings in answer to the call of the advancing flames.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by the sound of a short, quick bark, and a fox was seen to issue from among the canes nearly a mile away, and gallop off over the prairie with rapid bounds. Then came a prolonged and dismal howl, and a flock of wolves were observed scampering forth to a place of greater safety.

"We've made it warm for them," said Hudson. "But a prairie-fire is really beautiful."

"Wait till it gets to the tall grass and reeds on that swampy ground beyond, if you would see it in all its grandeur," said Cornell. "But what was that?"

They listened attentively, and a shriek of terror and distress, a child's voice, a wild, despairing wail, was borne with fearful distinctness across the burning waste.

Cornell's cheek blanched as he listened, and a moment later, the smoke lifted for an instant, and a couple of children, a boy apparently about twelve years of age, and a girl not more than ten, were discovered between the reeds and the fire.

A groan burst from Hudson's lips, as he looked helplessly toward his companion, who only exclaimed: "Merciful Heavens! What have we done?"

"Say, rather what *shall* we do," answered Hudson, excitedly. "Can we spur through the flames, rescue the children, and return? Why don't you answer? Don't you see that they are in danger of being burned alive? and my fault, too?" he exclaimed, wildly.

Cornell's inactivity was but momentary. He was revolving a plan of action in his mind with greater coolness than his impulsive companion could command.

"Not *through* the fire, but side by side with it. Come on!" shouted Cornell, dashing past the blackened ground from which the grass was already burned, and following the line along which the fire had passed.

The flames were now creeping slowly over a piece of upland, where the grass grew scantily, as if reserving strength for a furious descent upon the plain below.

The prairie fowls had scented danger, and flocks of noisy cranes, screaming geese and quacking ducks, rose from the adjacent ponds, and went sailing away through the smoky sky, uttering ominous cries as their rapid wings fanned the air above their heads.

Now is our only chance to gain time," said Cornell. "For as soon as it reaches the more luxuriant vegetation, it will be a race with the winds."

The young men made every effort to outspeed the flames, and soon came in full sight of the children. The brother was holding fast to his sister's hand, urging her to greater speed, but she seemed nearly exhausted. As soon as he discovered the horsemen,

he dropped her hand, and they stood still a moment as if in consultation, and then the girl came running toward them, while the boy bounded off in another direction.

"See, he is making straight for the canes! He has gone wild!" exclaimed Hudson.

"So it seems," said Cornell, but if we fail to overtake him before he reaches that dense mass of inflammable vegetation, the case is hopeless. You take care of the girl, and I will try to save the boy. Mind that you get well out of danger, as soon as you have her."

A few moments more of rapid riding, and Hudson bent low in the saddle, and lifted the girl to a seat upon the horse, and turned back toward the way from whence he came, while Cornell endeavored to keep on, but the flames were through with their dallying. A blinding gust of fire and smoke swept down the hill, and spurning all control, his horse wheeled about, and dashed after Hudson at a maddening rate, and when again he had obtained the mastery, the tall grass, reeds and canes were enveloped in a sheet of flame, and the boy was nowhere to be seen. The utter hopelessness of any further effort was only too apparent, and Cornell allowed his horse to return to the spot where Hudson was waiting.

"Willie! Oh, where is Willie?" shrieked the girl as he came up, and the pallid face sank back against Hudson's shoulder in a deathlike swoon.

The howl of a dog, issuing apparently from the very heart of the burning reeds, came dismally echoed above the noise of the fire, and Cornell, with cheek blanched to the very hue of death, groaned in agony, while Hudson fairly raved in the bitterness of his anguish and remorse for his thoughtlessness.

Meanwhile, the fire was rapidly changing the mass of vegetation to black and lifeless ashes, and as it burned away, a small pond of water, which had been completely obscured from view by the luxuriant growth around it, became visible from where they stood.

A sudden hope sprang up in Cornell's heart. "If the boy had been driven into the water, it had been but a few moments and it was barely possible that he might be revived."

He suddenly dashed forward over the blackened ground toward the pond, and as he neared it he discovered a dog, and what appeared to be a child's head just above the water.

He heard an impatient whine, and a moment later the dog came limping slowly and painfully to the shore, and Cornell observed that he was carrying a trap upon one of his feet.

"Git out, you ungrateful dog!" said a voice from the water, and the head rose higher, and the boy came wading toward the shore.

Cornell gazed in astonishment.

"How did you escape being burned to death?" he asked, as soon as he could recover from his surprise.

"I waded till the water was deep enough, and then sat down, with my head just above it," replied the boy.

"But what did you do, when the flames passed over you?" asked Cornell.

"Ducked my head under, and kept it there as long as I could hold my breath, and it was so wet that it couldn't singe much, and I could get a breath once in awhile—grass fire don't last long, you know."

"But what in the world possessed you to rush into this dangerous place?" asked Cornell.

"It was the dog. I had set a trap for a wolf, and I heard Poute howl this afternoon, and I knew he was there. When I saw you, I told Rose to run to meet you, and I went to take the dog out, but he wouldn't hold still for me to take the trap from his foot, so I loosened the stake and took him into the water with me, but he made me burn my hand in holding him, the ungrateful creature!"

"He was not worth risking your life to save," said Cornell.

"Well, I s'pose 'twould have hurt him about as bad as it would me. I tell you, stranger, it would be an awful thing to be held fast in a trap with the reeds all afire! I'm glad I saved him, if he don't appreciate it, poor fellow. I don't s'pose my hand hurts any worse than his foot."

"We've seen a prairie-fire, Hudson," said Cornell, as they rode thoughtfully along the wagon-road, after seeing the children safely home.

"Yes," replied his companion, with a shudder. "And God grant that we may never see another."

ISADORE ROGERS.

### ' "GETTING UP IN THE WORLD."

THIS phrase is often applied to those who, by dint of unwearying strivings and exertions, have succeeded in forcing themselves to a position far above that which they originally occupied.

But how many households have been wrecked by this perpetual aspiring after place and power. "Lived beyond their means," ah! that is the sad story of many a downfall, of many a criminal defalcation, of deceit and treachery unlimited, in the world around us.

But there is indeed a way of getting up in the world, which is most commendable. It is the path of persevering industry, and it is the only right path. If one is in an obscure position, and is lazy, he will be sure to remain there. But activity and energy will achieve success, and must necessarily raise one higher. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

Here in scriptural text, we have the way given us, the true way to "get up in the world."

EMILY SANBORN.

A NAUGHTY little New York girl looked at the flushed face of one of her young admirers the other day and asked: "Were you painted before you were baked, or are you one of those horrid cheap American *faiences*?"

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 3.

IF one wants to see how much of this life is mere surface, mere sham and make-believe, let her sit for half a day in a large waiting-room at a depot, as we did one day last summer. Now, we were not spying round to get something to go and talk or write about; we were so tired that we were glad to be amused, especially when it cost no one any sacrifice; so we doubled up in the chair, tucked our cold feet in, as a mother tucks her baby's pink toes away in its lengths of soft skirts, let our shawl fall, as if carelessly, to hide the comfortable position, and then we did the very thing that one should do under similar circumstances, took it coolly.

A great many people were waiting for the next train, for the noon train, for the afternoon express, for the night express; and one dear old couple from Indiana had missed connections, and were obliged to wait for the midnight express going east. We heard them talking low; it was easy to see what the chain of circumstances was that destiny had thrown about them. They did not tell me all; but it came to me little by little, in scraps of low conversation that drifted to my ears.

The poor old darlings! What a long, and toilsome, and industrious life! Their children gone—one dead, one killed in the army at the bloody battle of Stone River, one in business in his native town, three girls married and scattered around in good homes, and one son in Columbiana County, Ohio, to whose home they were wending their tedious way. Oh, the dear old hearts! Half a dozen times we felt the tears come into our eyes after we learned that they had disposed of the old home and were going to live out the remainder of their days with Tommy. The old home that they had known from the time it was a dense wilderness, a tangled wildwood, inhabited by beasts of prey and by the roaming Indians! Every inch of the land was familiar to them; they loved it all.

We looked tenderly upon the trembling hands of "papa"—old servants they had been—would hardly lie still on his lap, but moved, restless and uneasy, unaccustomed to idleness. The thin hands had felled the giant trees and made the stubborn forest to bloom and to blossom out into fertile lands, broad, flat acres, that yielded abundantly.

The old lady took out her knitting wisely, and the glinting of the needles, and the very sight of the quick motion of her fingers, was pleasurable, in that surging crowd among tawdry finery, and soiled laces, and dragging, mopping skirts, and the inevitable drawing, trifling conversation. She was so motherly, that we felt cared for, and safe, and beloved, when we sat near her. At noon she opened her lunch-basket, while "papa" took a large pint cup and went out to buy some of the best coffee he could find. She charged him to keep away from the "kears," even though they were not moving, for they might start up any minute, and "you know how tricky your leg

is, papa, since you had it broke the last time," she said. And then, while she spread a newspaper down on a chair for a table-cloth, she added, apologetically, to me, "He's gittin' old, papa is, and old people need watchin'; they become kind of heedless, and don't regard danger."

While they ate, little scraps of talk reached me. "I declare for it, mother," said he, "it's hard to b'l'ieve that we're not at home eating our reg'lar meals under the winder, with the mornin'-glories climbin' in and clusterin' about. Seems as if old Tabby ought to be puttin' her paw up for a mossel."

"Poor Tabby!" said mother. "I wonder if they'll feed her well and take good care of her? Betsey Ellen promised she would. But, papa, do taste the chicken—lots of it, you know. Poor old Speckey, little did she think her bones'd be picked away off in this strange depot!"

"No," he replied, "we don't none of us know what's waitin' in store for us; we may leave our bones somewhere, maybe; though I hope the good Lord'll allow us to be laid 'long side o' Janey and the rest of the kin in the old grave-yard back at home. I made that bargain with Hershey when I drew up the papers. Seems as if anything will be good enough for us now while we live; but, when we come to the last, we must lay down with the rest of 'em, all in the same bed ferment the old meetin'-house, where the locus may wave over us."

"Proper good coffee, papa; drink freely of it. You don't lay hold as you used to at home; I just b'l'ieve you're homesick, you old fellow!" said she; and really, to me, her laugh did seem like a little cry of pain, with a ring of hysteria in it.

"Oh, I'm sound as ever!" said he, with a low snort of a laugh; and then he drank noisily of the coffee, and took up in his shaky old hand a piece of apple-pie, daintily baked and fixed in pretty notches about the crisp edges. "Poor Mary Jane," said he, "she tried her very best, I s'pose, to make a nice pie for the long journey! W'y that creetur'd do anything in the world for us! I hope we may not miss her care. But if Tommy's wife is the woman we take her to be, it'll all be right. Her pictur' is 'mazin' handsome, though, with the short, tossy curls all over her forehead, and creepin' 'bout her temples and ears. My! what good butter! An' it has kep' so cool and sweet, and has the very drops o' moistur' all over it that it had in the old spring-house under the hill! Wonder if they'll keep the spring cleaned out like we allus did; and if they'll 'low the green moss to remain on the rock above it—the very patch o' moss that Janey used to call her 'saddle plush,' you mind, mother."

And so they talked on, the dear old couple who were leaving the old landmarks, perhaps forever—going to live with son Tommy, whom they had not seen for many years, and the young wife whom they had never seen, only in the "pictur'" with the tossy curls, fluffy, and like tendrils all over her forehead and temples. Alas! they ran a risk; but they dreamed not of the change that was very likely



awaiting them. They were so hopeful, so cheerful; and as they ate, they chirruped like swallows, and praised the chicken, and pie, and cookies, and drained the pint cup of its aromatic coffee. And papa toddled off and had it refilled, and they drank with infinite relish, and wiped the perspiration off their foreheads, and gave choice bits of lunch to all the babies; and then, while mother made a pretense of shaking the table-cloth out at the edge of the platform, papa took the juicy bits of bones out and fed them to the white spaniel that lay at the feet of the city lady in gray, with gray plumes on her white hat. She smiled languidly, and thanked him, and marvelled not at the freedom of the garrulous old man.

Then mother packed things back into the deep, brown basket, and with a caressing motion she smoothed down the folds of the old family newspaper that lay on top—the religious paper that they had taken for “nigh on to forty year,” she told me. She brushed up the crumbs with a stub of a broom that she got of the baggage-master, carried it back, thanked him, stood it with the brush end upward, remarked about the hills in the distance having a look like “the home hills over yonder,” and the clustering heaps of golden-rod in the fence corners reminded her of the days of coloring “flannen and yarn as good a yellor as the yellorrest of saffron.”

The blessed old lady! she seemed to carry an atmosphere of peace, and content, and good-will with her wherever she went. Her dress, of some brown stuff, was made the plain, sober way that they were made thirty-five years ago. A cape just like it, fitted snugly about the shoulders, and fell to the waist; an apron of brown gingham, long and wide, and gathered on to a belt, and a white lace cap tied with narrow white ribbon, completed her attire.

She resumed her knitting, while we dozed dreamily, and woke presently to see her in animated conversation with the old man and woman who were on their way to Hagerstown, Maryland. We had heard the old fellow ask more than a dozen different individuals whether they thought the train would be on time, and if “me an’ my ole woman would get home by to-morry night.”

How they puzzled the old fellow! The man who seemed to know all about it, declared that the shortest route to Hagerstown was through Pittsburg; he’d been over the ground lots of times, and if any man knowed he’d ought for to know.

Then “me an’ my ole woman” drew near, and the wise man tipped his hat back off his parchment-y forehead, and laid the forefinger of his right hand into the horny palm of his left hand, and enlightened this old pair to such a wonderful degree that they buzzed round like hornets in a garret, making “quories” of this one and that about the distance to “Hagerstown,” and the supposed length of time it would take to get there; and the stupidity of the railroad officials; and the special rascality of the ticket-agent, who will be bought and sold like dumb cattle for a few paltry shillings that he can pocket, and no man be any the wiser. Oh, the old fellow was com-

pletely at the mercy of every one with whom he came in contact!

Sitting on a short seat under the back window was a young man with a girl beside him. They seemed rather to enjoy the privacy of that quiet, low seat. The girl had a quick, nervous, bird-y look, that indicated she had not been away from home much. She was neat and rather pretty—as pretty as a shy, awkward girl could be—who thought “they” were all noticing her; that she was the “observed of all observers,” and that all the other girls in the room wished they were in her place, sitting close beside that “nice young man” in a white vest and a blue silk necktie.

He looked fast, and dashing, and reckless; and sometimes he scanned her countenance as though he thought, “She knows I am irresistible.” And her hands, poor little damsel, were honest, and industrious, and deft at making white loaves that burst with lightness; biscuit that bulged up and out, and opened like white roses; and butterpats cool, and sweet, and marrowy, tasting of cream, and clover-fields, and flowery banks; but they weren’t used to wearing kid gloves, and they made the satiny kid stretch, and sprawl, and show the grinning white stitches.

How pleased her little face was in under the jaunty hat trimmed with blue ribbons and pink roses, and the glittering buckle! How she tried to have her dress fall in soft, graceful folds like the city lady’s did—with never a thought, or an effort, but how scant it lay over her knees, and how it fell between her gaiters and exposed their broad, stubby toes, and the laces worn gray and grizzled! We thought of Maud Muller’s “long-lashed, hazel eyes,” and we seemed to see the fate of that barefoot beauty lying awaiting her in the dry, and dusty, and dreamless years of her wedded life.

And, perhaps the faded woman across the room, gleaming in jewels, and radiant in softest cashmere and dainty white cuffs and collar, and all the accessories of the traveling toilet, would have given everything she had, for the rosy-and-brown glow of health of the little country maid. For her freshness, and newness, and vivacity, and untaught innocence—even for her awkwardness, and for the young, blushing, pleased, verdancy, mayhap. It is so joyous to be young—to feel the thrill that comes with first impressions—to experience the new delights of girlhood and to see the roseate glow that dashes such a charm into those blessed years.

They all made fun of the “Hagerstown” pair; they tripped winks, and made cute grimaces, and essayed to appear interested in his story, and his possible dilemma, but we were all immensely amused. Whenever a train came, some one, or two, or a squad left, and others filled their places.

A young couple with two children attracted a good deal of attention. We thought of the new meaning of that passage in Scripture—“And a little child shall lead them.” It was verified most truly. “Did Myrtie Idellie want a drink?” She did. “Did Myrtie want an orange?” She did. And Myrtie wanted

papa's hat for a lunch-basket to put crust, and seeds, and cores in. She got it. Papa objected. He said lovey-dovey couldn't have it at all—at all! She said she would. Mamma and papa both held her hands, and reasoned, and coaxed, and scolded, and hired with more oranges, and threatened the "boo-man," but lovey-dovey said she would have it. She screamed and flung herself down in the dust, and mamma said the sash was ruined forever, and that her curls were in the spittle, but lovey-dovey knew very well she could gain her ends if she persevered. So she pitched her tune two octaves higher, and mauled her heels on the floor, and crushed her hat close in her arms, and shut her milk-teeth together, as viciously as a young tiger, and then papa and mamma yielded, and the victim doffed his silk hat, and the tyrannical little queen took possession. Papa said lovey-dovey must be very careful; and weakly did the flaxen-haired mamma reiterate his order, but the tangle of dusty embroidery, and snarling curls, and panting bosom only stuck out her red mouth daringly, and walked off with the immaculate hat, and sat down beside some distant traveler's parcel of odds and ends—remains of dinner. "Bump, bump!" went some cold boiled eggs down into the hat; then a little bag of crackers was tipped up and poured in; then a greasy paper containing some ragged slices of fat, boiled ham, was lifted up, with a wrinkled nose, and put in; but when she took up the wet pickles, the irate papa hurried and seized the hat, and tore it away from her, and strode out to the platform, leaving the young catamount quashing with fury. The flaxen-haired mamma, with a very red face, bore the screaming child away to wash her hands and pacify her.

Just then three young girls came rushing in at a side door, none of them more than sixteen years of age. They were bold girls. They talked loud and laughed incessantly, and paid no heed whatever to the presence of others. They conducted themselves with all the freedom that intimate girl friends would be supposed to manifest at home in their parlors. They went to the mirror frequently, and arranged the fringe of abused hair on their foreheads; tipped their bold, bad hats yet more rakishly, if possible; looked back at their dragging skirts with the utmost nonchalance; fixed the ties that held their fanciful dress-skirts *a la mode* and joked one another with the greatest freedom imaginable. All through their twaddling conversation the "he's," and "him's," and "gent's," and "fellows," and "lads," were the points, the staple of their idle, bantering, disgusting, low rattle of converse, if it could be called such.

When the train came in, these girls occupied prominent places at the doors, or windows, or out on the platform. They smiled to this one; nodded to that one; threw kisses; waved handkerchiefs; and some very fine-looking men responded in similar salutations, some men who were middle-aged with good appearing faces, finely chiseled and seemingly intellectual. Handsome, attractive, elderly men they were, too—men that women would presumably learn to love,

if surrounded by favoring circumstances and with no former tie intervening as an obstacle. This was a puzzle to us, and it is yet, and probably will be always. We do not know as we care to have any explanations, either; better remain a little bit puzzled and undecided and not informed. Some mysteries are better if left covered over, and never exposed to the light of revelation.

After the train left, a beautiful, shy country girl came, about three minutes too late for it; she would have to wait until the next train. We observed that the little creature was annoyed by young fellows, loafing, smoking, with red-rimmed, bleary eyes, peering in at the windows and loitering at the doors, and we "made friends" with her, and then she came and sat within our charmed circle, chief in which was the dear old lady with the gleaming knitting needles.

While we sat dozing, and hearing only the low, sweet voices of the knitter and the little maid in conversation, our thoughts traveled faster and faster. The old lady was telling the girl about the death of Janey, her household pet—the baby she was, and died in her seventeenth year, rosy and fair-haired and winsome, the light of their household. She told how the dog howled all night a week before the sickness came; how gloomy were her dreams; how more and more winning and loving grew her baby as the seal of angelhood began to shine like a crown on her soft white brow. And the little traveler wept. And then she took up the corner of her shawl, and while she talked so musically, she laid it in pleats, and frills, and braided an atom of the gay fringe; and she talked on, and told of her mother's death, and how the little ones were divided around with the relatives; one took Winny, and one took Kitty—and granny took the wee infant, and Harry went to learn the printer's trade, "cause he was the best speller in the whole district," and Lua learned the milliner's trade, and she herself, "Vine," they called her, would be ready to teach by next summer.

"So there!" said the old lady lovingly, and she looked at the girl as though she gave her all a mother's affection. Then when the accommodation train puffed up, and the little girl went out to resume her journey, we all went to the platform with her—for in those two hours we had become interested in the innocent little maiden. Old "papa" said something good to her about the Father who sees even a sparrow—and the old lady said: "Remember, dear, that you have a responsibility, and that your influence will work good or ill," and then she kissed her good-bye, and the little girl's eyes were wet with tears, and she hugged the motherly soul tightly about the neck for an instant, only, looking scared immediately after, as though she had done something she had no warrant for doing.

Then as we sat down again in the waiting-room, and the dear old lady resumed her knitting, she smoothed the border of her cap, saying: "I'llow a kind word will do no harm at any time. I allus try to have something clever to say to every one I meet.

Who knows, but a body might sow a handful of good seed when they are not thinking of it. My heart goes out so to motherless children, and to any one who has suffered and known sorrow. I mind when my boy was killed in the war, how consolin' people's talk was. I'd 'a' died time an' agin, if it hadn't been for the comfort that friends gave me, in my grief. It did no good for folks to say, 'he's better off;' 'he's gone to rest,' an' 'the troubles o' this world won't tech him;' an', 'oh, he died for his country!' What did I care for the honor of his death, for the parade, an' the shootin', an' the harangue, an' all that! It didn't tech me like it did when old Mis. Winter's came an' took my hand an' sot, an' never said a scrap o' talk; just cried, with me! If we feel for others it will show itself without a word."

Just here the express dashed up, and the "all aboard," made us fly and snatch up our satchel, and books, and rush out. The dear couple followed to give us the old hospitable "doorway greeting" of the days of old. Of course, we bade them both a gracious good-bye, and we have their promise of a long letter, to tell how they like Tommy, and Tommy's wife and the new home. Our heart goes out to them in pity, poor old dears, and may the Lord make smooth the rest of their way down the sunset slope. We hope to tell of them again.

PIPEY POTTS.

### "THINK AGAIN, I PRAY YOU."

QUEEN VICTORIA was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. On a bright, beautiful morning she was waited upon at her palace of Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial, pronounced against a soldier of the Line—that sentence that he be shot dead! "What has this man done?" she asked. The duke looked at the paper, and replied: "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible! He has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh, think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, gallant and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence!" "Influence!" cried Victoria. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case; and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper, and wrote, with a bold, firm hand—"Pardoned!" The duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

## LENOX DARE:

### THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

#### CHAPTER V.

LATE in the forenoon of the following day, Ben Mavis drew up his light wagon at the toll-gate. He had come most reluctantly on his errand, and he was in no mood to deliver it gently to Mrs. Crane when he stood on her door-step.

Perhaps Mrs. Crane had never been quite so angry with Lenox as she was when, on going to her room the morning of her departure, she first discovered her absence. She took it for granted that the girl had, at last, set her authority utterly at defiance, and gone off into the woods for the day in order to escape any preparations for leaving home. She fancied Lenox hoped by this means to escape going to the factory at the appointed time, and was more than ever convinced of her general artfulness and perversity.

As the day wore on and Lenox did not appear, Mrs. Crane packed the little hair-cloth trunk with the girl's small wardrobe, resolved that no human power should prevent her setting out early the next morning for Factory Forks.

The night closed down at last, the big drops of rain began to fall, and Lenox did not appear.

At last Abijah began to grow anxious. He had had a most uncomfortable day of it. In some mysterious way his wife seemed to hold him responsible for Lenox's absence, and had visited her displeasure on him by snappish rejoinders, by sudden explosions of temper, or by fits of grim silence that seemed to fill the domestic atmosphere like a lowering thunder-cloud.

It was not, therefore, until he had stood at the door, and gazed for some time up the road in the hope that he should see a small, swift figure emerge from the growing darkness, that the toll-keeper mustered courage to turn into the sitting-room, where his wife, seated in her chair of state, was nursing her wrath, and say: "You don't s'pose anything can have happened to Lenox, do you?"

"What do you s'pose can have happened to her?" was the very tart rejoinder. "That girl knows enough to look out for herself when she's where she ought not to be."

"Tain't like Lenox to run off and stay like this," answered Abijah, taking no notice of his wife's stricture. "It's goin' to rain hard, too. I hope she'll get in afore the storm comes down." Then, without waiting for a reply, he shuffled back to his seat at the front door, and gazed with unwinking eyes into the gray darkness.

He had sat in this way for more than an hour. The wind was rising, and the big drops had become a heavy shower. At last Mrs. Crane came out to him.

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"What can that girl think of herself staying out in such weather?" she exclaimed.

Her voice was not quite so tart this time. One might fancy there was a touch of secret uneasiness in it.

"That's what I've been asking myself for the last hour," replied Abijah. "'Tain't like Lenox to act like this," he repeated, significantly.

"One can never tell what is like that girl," replied Mrs. Crane, but the secret uneasiness was still in her voice, and she came to the front door and listened to the rising wind and the patter of the rain. They had an eerie kind of sound, and the blackness outside added to their effect.

At last Mrs. Crane turned to Abijah, making no attempt this time to conceal her growing nervousness.

"What did you mean when you asked me just now if I supposed anything could have happened to Lenox?"

"Well, I meant to say," replied the toll-gate keeper, his anxiety raising him at last into a grand indifference to the consequences that might follow this speech, "that I ain't been stone-blind o' late!"

This dark ambiguity, and her increasing nervousness, came near throwing Mrs. Crane into hysterics. With an effort she controlled herself.

"Abijah Crane," she said once more, with a slow, desperate emphasis on his name, "will you speak this time so that a sensible woman can understand you?"

The man rose to his feet. He had something on his mind which he could not deliver sitting in his chair.

"Well, then," he said, and his deliberate, solemn tone was sufficiently effective, "I've seen that Lenox Dare wasn't herself these days. I've watched her. I ain't liked the look in her eyes. But a man sometimes learns by experience it ain't safe for him to tell all he sees."

This was a home-thrust. He had made lighter ones, and had to pay the penalty. The fact that Mrs. Crane did not at once apply the general remark, was strong proof of her anxiety.

"What have you seen in Lenox Dare's eyes?" she asked, and her voice was low, and there was a scared tone in it.

"I've seen that girl was wild, and desperate, and half-mad!" answered Abijah, quite reckless now of where his adjectives might strike. "And when folks reach that pass, and are driven to bay, there's no tellin' what they may do to others, or—THEMSELVES!"

Mrs. Crane shuddered. She had had a blow! The force of it was in that last word. She went back into the kitchen, where a light was burning, and sat down all of a tremble.

It was a sleepless night to the man and woman under the roof of the toll-house. The wind came down from the hills, and rushed with loud, angry growls through the valley of Cherry Hollows. The two listened through all the stormy night-watches for a sound at the door of feet that never came.

Mrs. Crane's conscience awoke under her anxiety, and she began to see her conduct in a new light. In her secret soul she felt that she had dealt very harshly

by the orphan. In some faint degree she entered into her feeling about the factory, and in her new frame of mind could find many things to explain or palliate Lenox's late singular behavior. She had never willfully disobeyed her, and the woman knew that nothing short of desperation could have kept the young, timid girl from her home in that wild, stormy night. "What if she had gone suddenly mad, and—"

Mrs. Crane would not finish the sentence, even in her secret thought, but a cold shudder went all over her. She knew the same thought had crossed her husband's mind.

Toward morning Mrs. Crane lay down on the lounge, and, worn out with nervous excitement, fell into a light doze. Suddenly she sat up, her face wild and scared, a cold sweat starting all over her. She had dreamed that old Colonel Marvell stood before her. She saw the glistening of his gray beard, of his white hair, as Lenox had seen them in her dream the night before. He looked at her with stern, solemn eyes. "What have you been doing to my little girl?" he asked.

In her agitation, on awaking, Mrs. Crane related this dream to her husband. His sole comment was: "Well, I never did approve of sendin' off Lenox Dare to that factory to work. 'Twa'n't the place for her. That's what I should have said if my opinion had been asked."

So the dead husband and the living one seemed to conspire against Mrs. Crane.

She burst into a long fit of hysterical sobbing at that, and it took two or three cups of strong green tea to quiet her.

Soon after dawn the rain lulled, and early in the morning Abijah started off in quest of Lenox. He knew most of her favorite haunts in the woods; but his first course was to go straight to the bank whose narrow footpath led down to the deepest point in the creek. When he had nearly reached the brink, however, a sudden sick faintness seized his large, stolid frame. He grew very white. He feared to gaze down into the dark depths of the swollen creek, lest a shape lying there should confirm the horrible fear that had brought him straight to this spot. At last, with a shudder, he forced himself to look down. He could see into the depths of the black, hurrying water. Nothing was there. In his sudden relief he gasped for breath, and the strong man was as weak for joy as he had been a moment before for terror.

He returned home at once, and told his wife where he had been. When he named the creek, Mrs. Crane turned white as a ghost, and sat down.

The man and woman looked at each other a moment without speaking. Then they knew that the same unspoken fear had been in the minds of both.

The toll-gate keeper fortified himself with a much-needed breakfast, and set out once more on his search for the missing girl. His wife remained at home to receive the toll, and to watch with intent, strained senses for the slight figure that never came.

It was almost dark when Abijah returned for the last time. He had been home occasionally through

the day, and the same question and the same hopeless answer had been in the face of the man and woman when they met.

Mrs. Abijah Crane's worst enemy could hardly have desired a sharper punishment for her than the night that followed.

Benjamin Mavis had arrived in the nick of time. Early that morning the fact that Lenox was missing had first got abroad in Cherry Hollows. It had already made a sensation in the secluded little valley-town. Men and boys were searching the woods, and others were talking of dragging the river below the dam. Before sunset the story, with all the excitement of the search, would have spread like wild-fire through the country. Several of the neighbors, from various motives of curiosity or sympathy, had come in to offer their services to Mrs. Crane. Nobody who looked at the woman, as she sat among the group, could doubt that she had suffered terribly during the last two days and nights.

At the sound of the wheels, the toll-gate keeper presented himself at the door. He was always on the look-out for Lenox. His solemn face did not brighten on seeing young Mavis, who, he fancied, would be the last person to have any knowledge of her.

"We are in great trouble here," was his salutation.

He was sure to avail himself of any opportunity of confiding his griefs to a listener.

"I expected as much," answered Ben, in a not very sympathetic tone.

The reply startled Abijah. It was anything but the sort he had looked for. He stood still, staring in silence a moment, then grasped the young man's arm and burst out: "Do you know anything about our lost girl?"

"I will answer that question to your wife first," answered Ben. "She is, I believe, the sole authority under this roof!"

It was hard on Abijah, but he was rather pachyderm at best. In his surprise and eagerness, a sharper thrust would not have cut very deeply. Ben Mavis had a very young man's supreme contempt for a hen-pecked husband.

It created quite a sensation when the stalwart-limbed, handsome youth presented himself among the half dozen women in Mrs. Crane's sitting-room.

In his excitement, Abijah presented the stranger to his wife in the abruptest fashion: "Here's a young man wants to see you, Abigail."

The woman was on her feet in an instant. There was a ghostly look on her thin, dark-skinned face; her black eyes, with the yellow rings around them, which two sleepless nights and an awful dread had planted there, seemed ready to start from their sockets as she gasped out between hope and dread: "Have you come to bring me any tidings of Lenox Dare?"

Her look, her tone, would have touched most people; but Ben Mavis's soft heart was just now hard as a nether mill-stone toward the trembling woman before him.

"I have come to tell you, Mrs. Crane," he said, in

the breathless silence that followed, "that I left Lenox Dare this morning under my mother's roof. She is very ill, and threatened with brain-fever, from all she has gone through. But she is with friends who have the power and the will to take every care of her."

As he said this, the youth looked strong enough and brave enough to defend anything lonely and helpless. The women grouped around Mrs. Crane felt a strong access of respect for Lenox Dare. The fact that one has somebody to take one's part will have an immense influence on minds of a certain type.

In the sudden relief from her worst fears, Mrs. Crane sank down on a chair, her trembling lips unable to utter a word.

Abijah and the neighbors crowded around the young man with questions. He told them, in his simple, straightforward fashion, how Lenox had come to them two nights before.

There was nothing strange in her doing this, he said. His grandfather had been Colonel Marvell's friend, and he himself had told her this in his late visit. It was natural that the old man's niece, hunted and driven from her home, should go where friends and pity awaited her, though she had to drag herself thirty miles on foot to find them.

This speech brought Mrs. Crane, white and shaking, to her feet.

She had never driven Lenox from her door, she asserted. She had always been good to her. All her neighbors would bear witness to that, and she looked from one to another, expecting they would corroborate her words.

In the little group of women were several who, at her late tea-drinking, had been loudest in their denunciations of Lenox; but not one of these had now the courage to say a word for Mrs. Crane. The tide of opinion had set strongly in favor of the absent girl.

Ben's time had come now. He had been waiting for it.

"Do you call it kindness, Mrs. Crane," he asked, looking steadily into the eyes of the trembling woman, "to drive a young, delicate girl like Lenox Dare into a great, noisy, crowded factory, to toil from morning till night? Do you call your cruelty kindness, when you saw the torture you were inflicting, and refused to listen, though she begged you to take pity on her; and though you knew all the time she would have inherited a little fortune from her uncle had you not beguiled the old man in his dotage into marrying you?"

This peroration was like the crash of a thunder-bolt. Nothing but the thought of Lenox Dare's pitiful little face could have made Ben Mavis talk like that to a woman! There was a dead silence as he turned and left the room.

Before he had started off, the toll-gate keeper shuffled up to the wagon.

"Give my love to Lenox," he said, "and tell her I'm glad if she's got into clover! She knows I al'ays

was her friend at heart. Hadn't you better stop and take some of her clothes along?"

"No, thank you," answered Ben. His wrath had spent itself in his last charge. "Lenox Dare's friends will see that she has everything she wants. Good-day, sir." He wheeled his light wagon round, and was out of sight in a few moments.

## CHAPTER VI.

IT was late in the forenoon when Lenox Dare awoke from her long sleep. Mrs. Mavis, in her own room, on the watch for the slightest movement, was at the bedside in a moment. The great, dark eyes stared at her out of the little shadowy face. It was worth while for any desperate, hunted creature, spent in the flight, beaten down by the storms, to be welcomed back to life and hope with such a smile, with such a tender, cheery voice.

"Well, my dear, you have been doing bravely! Fifteen hours of good, steady, honest sleep! At this rate we shall soon have you on your feet again and as good as new!"

Lenox seemed in no hurry to answer. Her brain coming out of that long, dreamless sleep in which it had been drowned for hours, was doubtful and bewildered at first. Her eyes went with a languid sort of wonder around the room; took in all its pretty, simple belongings, its pink chintz and white draperies, and then came back to Mrs. Mavis, on whom they rested with a curious, wistful, probing glance.

"Well, my child, you know who it is?" asked again that bright, tender voice.

"Yes, you are Ben Mavis's mother." It was a low, fluttering tone, as though it cost an effort.

"That is true. But I want to be something to you, too, my child," and the cheery voice faltered a little.

"What do you want to be to me?" asked Lenox, with a quiet wonder in her weary tones.

"Oh, something nice, and tender, and good that will take care of you, and make you happy, and see that your heart is as light as the robins that sings away the summer in our orchard. Isn't that something you would like me to be?"

Mrs. Mavis saw again that curious, wistful, probing glance. Then a sudden tremor went over Lenox's face. "Is that *mothering*?" she cried out sharply. "He told me you said that was what I needed—what you wanted to do to me!"

"My poor little lambkin," said Mrs. Mavis, with the tears running down her cheeks now, "that is just what it means. Now you have come to me, and given me a chance to show you, you shall find out what it is like."

Then all of a sudden, Lenox burst out into a wild, wailing cry: "I never had any mothering!" she sobbed. "Nobody ever showed me what it was like!"

Mrs. Mavis did not answer with any words. She could not. Her very soul was wrung with pity, as

she stood there by the bedside stroking Lenox's hair, with her soft mother-touch, while that wild crying had its way, wore itself out from the girl's heart in sobs that shook her like a leaf in summer gales.

The storm did the girl good. It was the breaking-up of great winter-locked fountains in her soul. During the last week she had hardly shed a tear. After a long time, she grew quieter. Mrs. Mavis seized her first chance. Her instincts taught her not to interfere with this wild weeping. They also showed her at this critical juncture that it would be wisest to treat recent events in a simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact fashion. Lenox's mind and nerves had been through a terrible strain. Her imagination would have a strong tendency to live over the harrowing scenes through which she had just passed. Until all morbid fancies were dispelled, her recovery would be hopeless.

With this feeling uppermost, Mrs. Mavis spoke now: "You have shown yourself the wisest, bravest girl in the world, Lenox! You knew who were your friends; you came straight to them in your trouble. It was a long, terrible way, I know, but that is to be thought of no more; indeed, we are all of us now to have but one thought about this whole matter."

Lenox asked with her eyes only what Mrs. Mavis meant. The girl lay with her flushed, wet cheeks on the pillow, utterly worn out with her long sobbing.

"That thought is that you were coming home!" answered Mrs. Mavis, with tender solemnity. "And what the home is—you are to make haste and get well, and find out."

"Am I never to go back to Cherry Hollows—to Mrs. Crane—to that dreadful factory?" asked Lenox, and again the terror was in the poor child's eyes and voice.

Mrs. Mavis took the thin little fingers in her own. "Lenox," she said, her voice thrilled all through with solemn earnestness, "I promise you before God that you shall never leave us so long as you live!"

There was a little silence between them. In the stillness they could hear the robins singing outside.

When Mrs. Mavis spoke again, it was with her usual cheery, hearty tones. "And now, Lenox, you have but one thing to do. All the rest you may safely leave to us."

"What is that?" asked Lenox.

"You are to help yourself get well. That will not be very hard work, will it?" and she smiled, and her smile was like a burst of sunbeams.

"I will try," said Lenox, softly.

Mrs. Mavis wished the little, sad face would have ever so faintly reflected her smile, but she thought to herself, "That will come in time."

Then she brought water and bathed the flushed face, and the girl came up, with a little waiter that held the most tempting breakfast, and Lenox, propped up on her pillows, ate daintily from the old-fashioned china, and the doctor came in with something about his gray hair, and shrewd old face that made her think of Colonel Marvell. She liked his brisk, pleasant air, and she would have laughed at his



jokes, if she could have laughed at anything in the world. He told Mrs. Mavis, privately, that the child was tiding over the danger. She was in the right hands, and as for the look on her face which hurt Mrs. Mavis, she must have patience—and some day, all of a sudden, she would see it break up, and clear away forever!

A little before night-fall, Benjamin Mavis reached home. His gray mare, with the light buggy, had made wonderful time from Cherry Hollows. Ben related the whole scene at the toll-keeper's to his much interested mother. She secretly exulted over his terrible charge on Mrs. Crane, and said, with a little, half-amazed, half-triumphant laugh, as she surveyed her big, frank-faced boy: "Well, Ben, she deserved every word, but I never supposed it was in you to say all that to a woman."

"A fellow doesn't know what is in him, mother, until he's tried by such a sight as I was, when that girl staggered on our threshold, but," added Ben, getting up and throwing down his horse-whip, and striding fiercely about the room, "I devoutly hope the next time I take up swords in anybody's defense, I shall have a .

'Foeman worthy of my steel.'

instead of a narrow-minded, miserable skinflint of an old woman! A fellow likes his game to be worth the shot!"

In a little while he went up to Lenox. Her face brightened when he came in! She did not know where he had been that day, but again his mother had insisted that a simple, straightforward relation of the facts, would in the end prove best for Lenox; and in this instance, too, she had carried her point rather in the teeth of her son's wishes.

Lenox gave a little scared cry when she learned that Ben had just returned from the toll-keeper's.

"Why, my dear," said the voice, whose softness might have soothed a startled infant, and, as she spoke, Mrs. Mavis seated herself on the edge of the bed, "nothing has happened to give you an anxious thought. Ben went to Cherry Hollows for your sake; and he has shown everybody there that you have a brave knight to defend you. I really am proud of him! Come, Ben, tell our little girl your story!"

Ben told it. Lenox drank in every word. She could understand a little better than anybody else the terrible blow Ben Mavis's last remark to Mrs. Crane must have been. When he had finished, the girl found it was a relief to know that her fate was no longer a mystery at the toll-gate.

Not that Lenox would ever have felt that she owed Mrs. Crane any apologies for her secret flight. The woman, in her ill-tempered moods, had often told the girl the only possible favor she could do her would be to take herself out of her sight forever.

But Lenox could see now that Mrs. Mavis had, in this whole matter, acted wisely for her.

She had a peaceful night, and peaceful, restful days and nights followed. Sheltered in that happy, soft-lined nest of a home, Lenox Dare's life-forces slowly

rallied. The threatened brain-fever was averted. The change was very gradual, proving how long and terrible the strain had been on the poor girl's mind and body.

She saw no one outside the family except the doctor, and slept a great deal of the time, which, he frankly owned, did her vastly more good than all his remedies, but the shadow and the pathos did not leave her eyes under all the loving care that was lavished on her. Those eyes made Mrs. Mavis's heart ache every time she looked at the girl. Long afterward, Lenox Dare said to her, speaking of that time: "I suspect it would take a poor, tired, sorrow-beaten soul a little while to get used even to Heaven. Everything at first would be so new and strange!"

Just a week from the day on which she had come to them, Ben took the girl down-stairs in his arms, and laid her on a lounge under the wide-roofed piazza. Flowering creepers and fragrant honeysuckle wound about the slender columns, but between the green leaves were wide openings, which commanded a magnificent view of the landscape.

The Mavis cottage, wide and low, and gray and gabled, stood on the summit of a long, sloping hill. Below it the old town of Briarswild led its peaceful life among the hills and valleys of one of the finest old agricultural counties in the heart of New York State. No railroad branch from the Central or the Erie had thus far penetrated its quiet. The principal street of Briarawild was almost a mile from the great Mavis farm. It seemed to Lenox, as her wondering eyes took in the wide, beautiful landscape, as though the whole world could be seen from that piazza. The rich meadow-lands, the river shining brown between its low banks, the solitary farm-houses, the villages gleaming white among the summer-greenery, the noble and beautiful forms of the hills on the horizon with all the bewitching gray and silver mists that shone, and dazzled, and clung around their sides, made up the varied picture on which the girl gazed for the first time, on which her eyes were to dwell for years with ever fresh delight.

It was a sultry, breezeless morning in the valleys, but a soft wind blew upon the hills. Lenox lay upon the lounge and gazed away into the distance, and a still brightness grew upon her face like light from behind a cloud, and the two—the mother and son—watched the girl silently. That was the first light Mrs. Mavis had ever seen in her face.

Lenox lay a long time, not speaking a word, but drinking, with lips a little apart, the varied features of the landscape. At last she turned to Ben Mavis, who was watching her as intently as his mother, a little, pleased smile unbent her mouth, and made her face look more childish than ever.

"Well, what do you think of it, Lenox?" he asked, answering her bit of smile with his own bright, frank one.

He had paid her each day a brief visit. That was all the doctor or his mother, fearing the effect of the smallest excitement on the girl, would permit.

"I hardly know what I think—I can only tell you

what I feel?" said Lenox. "I seem to see before me the Gardens of Shiraz, the Delectable Mountains, the Happy Islands that lay on the horizon, and lured the sailors at sunset!"

"Those are wonderfully pretty fancies, my dear," said Mrs. Mavis. "I have had this view before my eyes for more than twenty years, yet I never thought of such things in connection with it."

While his mother was saying this Ben suddenly started off as though a new thought had struck him. He returned in a little while, leading Dainty close to the piazza.

As soon as Lenox caught sight of the creature, a new life and gladness sprang into her face, she lifted her head from the pillows, and stretched out her hands. "Oh, beautiful pony, have you come to see me again?" she cried.

Dainty seemed to know the voice. She bent forward her small, graceful head, her quivering ears, and gave a low neigh.

"O Ben, how could you!" said his mother, remonstratingly. "She isn't strong enough yet."

"Let me have my own way; I know what I'm about, mother," answered the youth, good-naturedly. Then he turned to Lenox. "You are to be Dainty's mistress from this hour," he said. "She is your sole property. I've been training her of late. I'd trust you for a twenty miles ride on her back as soon as you are able to sit there! Now, isn't that a present worth making haste to get well for, Lenox Dare?"

The next instant she was off the lounge—she had rushed across the piazza—she who for the last week had only walked feebly from her bed to her chair, her arms were around Dainty's neck, she was talking to her, stroking her, calling her her own beautiful darling, her gallant steed, fair and fleet as some wild courser of the desert.

"Oh, if I could only mount her again—if I could only ride a little way!" she said to Ben, and her eyes actually seemed to ray out light.

"Well, you shall!" he exclaimed, catching the infection of her excitement.

"Ben, are you gone insane, too?" cried his appalled mother.

"If I am, there's method in my madness," he rejoined, gayly, and the next instant he had lifted the girl and set her on the colt's back. The slight figure swayed a moment, and then sat erect in the soft, pink robe that had been made long ago for a little, rosy-cheeked maiden years younger than Lenox.

As Dainty stepped lightly off under Ben's careful guiding, Lenox laughed. What a glad, gay, ringing laugh it was! It was not like the song of birds, not like the voice of winds, nor the shout of leaping waters; but it had something of all these in its bright, joyous quality.

Mrs. Mavis stood and watched the pair like one spell-bound. This sudden change in Lenox seemed to her like a miracle. She was so astonished that she could hardly tell whether she was glad or frightened.

They went up the road at least half a mile before

they turned back. Dainty behaved admirably. She seemed to understand the situation, to accept her new mistress, as she stepped proudly along, her eyes glancing brightly, her neck arching proudly under that light weight.

"To think it is my very own horse!" said Lenox to Ben, as he walked by her side, with one hand in Dainty's great cloud of gray mane. "What made you think of giving her to me?"

"Oh, I thought you had fairly earned her by that wonderful talk of yours the day you first saw her."

The next instant Ben could have bitten his tongue out for that speech. He saw the cloud darken Lenox's face; he knew what old, harrowing associations had revived in her mind.

"If it had not been for Dainty, I should not be here to-day!" she said, gravely.

"You're not once to think of that, Lenox," he said. "You're only to think about the glorious times you are to have with her."

She smiled at him then. Her smile reflected a great many things in her heart and brain at that moment.

"How good you are! What am I to call you?" she ended, abruptly.

"Why, Ben, of course. As though there could be any other name for you to call me, Lenox!"

"Well, then, how good you are, Ben!"

Lenox came back with her face in a very sunrise of light and gladness. It did not seem as though she could be the same girl they had brought down-stairs that morning. When she alighted, she went straight to Mrs. Mavis, and put her arms around the woman's neck and clung there.

"Oh, I am so happy—so fully, perfectly happy!" she cried. "I am going to get well. I am almost that now. It has all come to me at once."

It was the first time Lenox Dare had caressed anybody since old Colonel Marvell died.

Just such soft arms had once clung about Mrs. Mavis's neck, while a girlish voice murmured happy, tender words in her ear. The touch, the speech, went now to her heart of hearts. She folded her arms about the orphan.

"You shall be happy, my child," she said, and her tender voice faltered. "You shall be—my little girl, Lenox!"

After this, Lenox Dare took her place quietly and naturally in the household. The lonely, misjudged orphan soon grew used to kindest care, to daily love and petting.

In this new, blessed home-atmosphere, in the warmth and light about her, her chilled, half-stunted girlhood sent out vigorous shoots on every side. She thrived in this finer air, like some plant long removed from its native soil, which here waved its gay young blossoms joyfully, for the sun and the soft winds lay about its roots.

Lenox Dare was no longer the silent, absorbed girl she had been at Cherry Hollows. She was full of eager, bounding life, of joyful interest in the things about her. Many of her little oddities and pecu-

liarities slipped lightly off her as the calyx slips off from the expanding flower. Her individual ways of saying and doing things amused and interested those about her. Her swift, variable moods, falling into gravity, or flashing into gayety; her quaintness and freshness were a perpetual surprise and delight to Mrs. Mavis.

The years that followed were for Lenox Dare a time of quiet growth and development. She lived to be thankful long afterward that the change in her fortune had not been at this time of a more ambitious kind. A long, peaceful, sunny period intervened between her past and a future of which she could have no faint anticipations.

She could not perceive, either, except in the dimmest way, what life and brightness she brought with her to the gray-gabled cottage that crowned the great Mavis farm, the largest in the county.

The owner had died suddenly in his prime, six years before. Three years later, Janet, his one little daughter, had followed her father; so there was a vacant place awaiting Lenox by the hearthstone and in the hearts of those to whom she had come.

Ben had been quite too young when his father died to take his place, and assume the charge of the great farm, with its vast orchards, and meadows, and pastures, and grain-fields. He had, even now, only a general supervision of the land and laborers, and was kept sufficiently busy; but his mother insisted that his young manhood should not be burdened with care and toil.

"Better the land should never yield another harvest, Ben, than that you should grow old before your time," she said, gazing with tender eyes on her stalwart boy.

Mrs. Mavis was endowed in a remarkable degree with all those practical qualities which make a comfortable, attractive home. Her *cuisine* had long enjoyed a reputation throughout the country. Every room in the house showed in all its simple appointments her tasteful handiwork, her fine eye for pretty, harmonious colors.

The flower-beds in her front yard were all summer one sea of varied, glowing bloom; and flowers, and birds, and twining vines, and mosses, and leaves that had lost no tint of their autumn-flames, gave to the interior of the cottage an air of summer through the longest winter day.

Mrs. Mavis found a great satisfaction in arranging Lenox's new wardrobe. It was strangely like her old habit of preparing the dead Janet's garments. It seemed as though the new clothes had almost as much effect on the girl's looks as her new happiness. But both wrought an immense change. In a short time, very few people would have recognized Lenox Dare for the girl who went that hot July morning to gather blackberries in the pastures of Cherry Hollows. She began to see company, to meet girls of her own age. Her shyness gradually wore off. She found, to her immense surprise, that people listened, interested and amused, to all she said.

One of Mrs. Crane's persistent charges against

Lenox had been, that she did not talk like other girls—that she spoke in a strained, affected fashion.

This charge always troubled Lenox. The woman, however, was honest in her criticism. She could not perceive that the child's habits of speech were unconsciously modeled after the forms of the pure old English over which she had pored from childhood, and that this fact, added to a wonderfully fine sense for simple, picturesque words, were at the bottom of what she called Lenox's "stilted talk."

In reality, no lisping infant could be freer from affectation.

In one thing, however, Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Mavis agreed. Each thought Lenox unlike other girls. The first time Mrs. Mavis expressed that opinion, Lenox looked up with a doubtful, questioning glance; but the smile in the woman's eyes took all sting out of her words.

That day, when Lenox and Ben had gone to gather pears in the orchard, she repeated to him what his mother had said.

"It was quite true, Lenox," he replied, looking at her with his frank eyes. "I supposed you must know that."

"But your mother said it as though it were a compliment, Ben."

"Of course she did, Lenox. In what other way could she say it?"

"Mrs. Crane said the same thing a great many times," replied the girl. "But she always spoke of it as a fault—as something to be ashamed of."

Ben ground his boot-heel into the orchard grass.

"The mildest thing one can possibly say of Mrs. Crane is, that she was a fool!" he exclaimed.

Of course people were curious about Lenox's sudden advent at the Mavis farm; but the story of the old friendship between the families explained matters as easily at Briarswild as at Cherry Hollows.

It seemed that a queen might lay off her crown, and turn her back on all her palace-splendors to dwell in that warm, bright, restful home-atmosphere; and there, in a little while, sheltered and happy, loving and beloved, Lenox Dare took the place of the dead, and became the young daughter of the house.

(To be continued.)

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In choosing a profession or trade, it is of the utmost importance to select one congenial to the taste, and, having so chosen, to stick to it; for there is a wonderful element of success in the stamina that enables men to stick. "Is this a good trade?" "Is that a good profession?" are questions that may be always answered by "Yes, for those with the ability necessary for its pursuit, and who possess the perseverance which success demands."

AS THE tree is fertilized by its own unbroken branches and falling leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

##### No. 3.

IRENE S. asks if my girls can make wax flowers, to which we reply, "Yea." In vacations, when they have time, and need rest and recreation from their studies, and sewing, and household duties, they often take up fancy work. The making of wax flowers is no great task, provided one has taste, and tact, and perseverance, and really loves the beautiful.

The best guide in the construction of a flower is to take one, say a pansy, or a pink, or a wild rose, and, noting it carefully, go to work and pick it to pieces, laying the petals down in the exact order in which they are taken from the flower. Pay particular attention to their relative positions; then go to work and cut out white paper patterns of them, and number them one, two, three, four, etc., and they will serve as correct guides ever after. Clip your sheet-wax carefully over these. It is a good plan to have a natural flower, in the season of flowers, to look at as a model, and a perfect artificial one if you are making wax flowers in the season when there are none in bloom.

After clipping your wax sheet into the different sized petals which form the body of the flower, pick them up one by one, beginning with the innermost centre of the flower; you have only to press the petals gently, as the adhesiveness of the wax will make them stick together. When the flower is formed, it is pierced by a wire. Very simple instruments are needed—only a large pin and a pair of scissors. In cutting the wax, dip the scissors in cold water and cut each sheet singly. Sheets of wax can be obtained in every known color, and at wonderfully low prices, at some of the large wholesale stores in the cities. My girls sent to New York, and in just five days received a box by mail, postage paid—for a mere trifle, too.

If Irene S. is deft of fingers, and had the material before her, we'll warrant she could shape roses, and lilies, and pansies, and daisies to perfection, with a very little practice. Even if she did spoil a flower or two, she need waste nothing, for the clippings of wax, and all the pretty mistakes, could be melted over and poured upon a large plate, and a new sheet formed ready for another trial.

Last winter, Josie wore a wax flower in her hair on one of the evenings of public society, and it was most beautiful indeed. There were three of them—white—the Star of Bethlehem. It was during the holiday season, and we thought it very charming and appropriate.

We very much admire the way she wears her hair of late. It is parted in the middle, and combed back loosely at the sides, and wound into a large, soft, pretty coil behind. There are about three waves or large crimps at the sides; and as we were in her bedroom one night, in consultation, just before Christmas, we found the secret of those large, natural-looking waves. She combed and brushed her hair long and well, coiled it up loosely, and then put three side-combs in each side after merely dampening the hair a little. These were pressed down snugly, and remained all night, and until she was ready to care for

her hair the next morning. When taken out, the brush was run over very gently, and the waves were beautiful and permanent.

The old style of side combs are not very common, but a very good substitute is found in pieces of the circular comb that little girls wear. They are about every home nearly in the land, and are generally useless and in one's way. So any woman can indulge in waved hair without trouble, or expense, or danger to her carefully-tended tresses. Just these humble little waves are sometimes really bewitching; and in a case we think of now they were one of the chief attractions that won the affection of as stubborn an old bachelor as we ever saw. He said: "What lovely hair Theresa has! It is all the charm she possesses." But he found out better when, one rainy day, he brought her home from the city in his carriage. Theresa was just as lovely, through and through her exquisite woman's nature, as was her

"Waving hair that clustered o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and high and smooth."

This reminds me of the woman who sits across from us in church, the wife of the village gunsmith. She is not an intellectual nor a bit of an attractive woman. Her voice is fine, and squeaks like a fiddle; and though she don't understand half the meaning of the sermons she hears in church, nor does she comprehend the excellence of the lectures we have, yet she is the finest appearing lady inside the house. And this is the secret. Her hair is beautiful—soft, lustrous, silky, a nutty-brown, with the glinting of gold on it; her neck is white as a baby's; the curve of cheek and chin is lovely, admirable, and—here comes the feminine device that brings the charm—she always wears a fresh, crisp ruche high about her neck, and it gives a pearly, pinky glow to her complexion, pure as the tint of the sea-shell. Then she is well-bred. No step in the broad aisle attracts her attention; no unusual stir turns her head; she is a lady, and, though poor, and brought up without educational opportunities, and her life disappointed and incomplete, she is beautiful, and attractive, and interesting. But, after all, between us—the girls and myself—we do say that the pearl-white ruche gives the finishing touch, is the charm that makes her lady-like, neat, pretty, and as fresh as the mountain dew in the heart of the sweet white flower hidden among the ferns.

The woman who sits in front of her—the wife of the banker—always looks fluffy and mussed-up, and her apparel creased, and broken, and illy put on. I tell the girls I know that Mrs. Emmons don't fold her shawl and lay it away when she goes home from service, else why those diagonal folds and wrinkles? Her dress, too, is not carefully shaken and hung up as it should be, else that lank, slinky look would not be there. The freshness of one's clothing adds a great deal to their appearance.

The gunsmith's wife knows that, if she don't know how to conjugate Latin verbs, or give the correct pronunciation to French phrases; and we'll warrant, too, that the odors from the kitchen do not penetrate into her clothes-closets and bed-rooms, and settle among her snowy ruches and her well-kept, cheap cashmeres.

It is not a little thing, this caring for what we eat and wherewithal we are clothed. An influence goes

out from a tidy, neat, fresh, active woman's appearance that no richly-clad slattern carries about her, no matter if one is the wife of the village guntinker and the other the spouse of the lordly banker, glittering with silver and rustling in royal brocades and velvets.

*Thursday Morning.*—What idle remarks girls do make sometimes! Now, only last evening, we heard one of them say, in regard to a very innocent, polite, ingenious young man, who had seen but little of the world beyond the limits of his own town: "Why, I'd rather marry an intellectual man, of whose talents and gifts I had reason to be proud, even if he whipped me three times a day, than that spooney who blushes if a girl looks at him."

This was certainly a very unguarded speech, very unladylike and unwise, and we took occasion right there before all the girl to reprimand Miss Alice severely. Once in our own life had we heard a like remark made of a modest, fair-faced, feminine young man—downright sport made of him by a flippant, laughing, silly girl, and the stinging words were carried to him, and they wounded him sorely, for he admired the pretty pink-and-white creature, and desired to find favor in her sight.

She, the thoughtless young thing, married a stupid village doctor whose eyes were black and sparkling, whose hands were white and slender, and whose rapid nonsense was flattery to her vanity. Her life was a round of toil and drudgery, ministering to his love for dainty cuffs and collars and immaculate shirt-bosoms, and the epicurean tastes, that might, in common parlance, have stamped him a gourmand. All this with an inordinate admiration of himself—Dr. L. Don Fernando Jones, and the selfish opinion that she was not his equal, and that he had wedded beneath himself, and bestowed upon her an honor which was out of her power to reciprocate.

And in the end—to make a long story short—this man for whom the poor girl had bartered all, eloped with the wife of another—one younger and fairer of face than she, one who could appreciate his exalted worth, who looked up to him as a god, and who flattered his vanity most acceptably and with most soothing grace. All that sentimental twaddle about "kindred spirits," and, "a love that never dies," and a "beautiful affinity," and that "rare degree of comprehension," and, "fated for each other's happiness," was in the note left on the desk by this Adonis, this priest without a peer—L. Don Fernando Jones. What a severe retribution for the words and the choice of this inexperienced girl! And to-day she takes in washing, and sewing, and knitting, and goes out to clean house, and make garden, and nurse the sick, glad to do anything to earn an honest living.

How like a made-up story it is, and the girls remarked it when we told them the whole incident in full, dwelling with unction on the fact that the shy young man, modest and blushing, and so unassuming that rude girls made fun of him, many a time, is now the member of Congress from the — district. And he is as pure minded and feminine as ever, but no woman would laugh at him now—no good woman whose intuitions are correct and whose perceptions are womanly and true, would ever have done so.

We never like to listen to light words in badinage on this subject. Appearances are not always to be believed. The young man who blushes when addressed by a woman, and twists his hands, and locks and interlocks his uneasy, troublesome fingers; who is so thrown into confusion that he says: "yes, sir" to a lady—who gets his chair on the window-curtain, and surveys a flower in the carpet with all

the intenseness of a star-gazer looking skyward, is very often the purest Christian gentleman, and will in time overcome all this timidity which is to him greater than the fire of fever, or the pain of severe sickness. We like bashful boys, and sometimes we invite some of the shyest to take tea with us, and by a little adroit managing we generally succeed in making them enjoy the occasion, and brush off the annoying diffidence, so that they wonder at their own boldness.

Ten years ago we were surprised on receiving a note from one of the boys of this class, apologizing for the freedom which he had exercised the evening before, at our house at one of these social teas. The poor fellow! his note was so sincere. He said he woke in the night and began thinking of what he had said and done, how freely he had conversed, and passed his opinion, and been betrayed into criticisms, and he was so astounded that he could not sleep for very shame and mortification at his boldness. You may be sure our answer set all his fears at rest.

How he grew! His mind expanded like a flower in the warm sunshine; his was the ripest promise of rare fulfillment we ever knew. We loved him as with the love of mother and elder sister, and we watched eagerly and with pride the unfolding of his grand and gracious nature—but,

"The rose that climbed our garden wall,  
Has blossomed on the other side."

In the strength and beauty of his early young manhood he died suddenly. We said: "He will not die; God will not call him now just as he is entering the ministry—just when he is ripe for usefulness—when his pure record is open before us all, and he is known of all men as one of the noblest, and worthiest, and best." But, He moves in a mysterious way, and the prophecy that uprose like a beautiful vision in our imagination went out like the light of a taper, and left us in tears and wonderment. And yet after all these years, in which the violets have budded, and bloomed, and faded on that grassy mound in the secluded corner of the church-yard, do we often sit alone with listless hands lying limp, and we gaze into space and think of that beautiful bud of promise transplanted to the Gardens of God, to bloom forever more. And sometimes we smile, and think of the meeting and the greeting in that sinless land with a joy that is pleasureable and delightful. And because he was a shy boy with modest, retiring ways, a boy that was plastic in the hands of a woman, kind of heart, do we speak of that class especially, and commend them with all their virtues, their hopes and aspirations to the tender and affectionate consideration of the matrons, and the grave, and kind, and motherly woman readers of this article. Instead of passing by a young man, with a dignified air or a stately bow, it is better to think that he is some woman's son, and treat him graciously; to think of the time that he lay a sweet baby against his mother's bosom looking up so satisfied into her face—the sweetest face in all the world to him. This thought will warm the heart and kindle a lively interest when no other one would do so.

We often think about this, and sometimes we wonder if women could not do a good work, a very great work, for the young men of the land whose home ties are severed, perhaps for all time, if they only manifested a more marked interest in their welfare, were not so chary of kind words and deeds—and cultivated aims higher, and wider, and more unselfish—more Christ-like.

CHATTY BROOKS.

## LOU'S LETTER.

"WHERE are you going, Louise?"

Mrs. Benson looked up from her sewing, and Louise paused, with her hand on the door-knob.

"To the office to post my letter," Louise answered, sullenly.

"To whom are your writing, dear?"

"To Dan."

"To Dannie? Why, I would like to read your answer to him. And then I have some word of my own to add."

"You can write again," said Louise, turning to leave the room. "My letter is sealed now."

"You can put it in another envelope, Louise. I have but a few words to add. It will not detain you long."

"I really cannot wait, mamma. I am afraid that I shall be too late as it is."

"Louise!" Mrs. Benson spoke sternly, and Louise knew there was no use for further parleying. "Louise, I must see your letter before you send it!"

The girl tossed the letter into the mother's lap, and sat in moody silence while Mrs. Benson broke the seal and read the bitter, cruel lines intended for the absent brother. The mother read slowly, and Louise thought she must be committing the letter to memory, she was so long in reading it.

At last, when the noisy clock on the mantel seemed to have ticked off hours instead of minutes, Mrs. Benson broke the silence with a deep sigh; and Louise, looking up, saw a white face bathed in tears. Frightened out of her anger, the girl threw her arms about her mother's neck and cried: "O mamma, mamma! what have I done? What is the matter?"

There was no answer for a moment; and then the mother, smoothing the hair back from the girl's forehead, and gazing sadly down into the young face, replied: "Your letter reminds me of one which I wrote to your Aunt Clara years ago, Louise, when I was a girl at home, and she was away teaching school. I was as touchy and high-tempered then as you are now, and every bit as ready to take offense. I was invited to a party, and wrote to Clara to send me some little article of finery. I forget just what it was, but remember that it did not amount to much. But I had my heart set on having it for that party; and when day after day went by and brought no letter from Clara, until the party-day arrived, and I knew all hope was over for my finery I just sat down and wrote the bitterest, most cruel letter that I could write. And, Louise, *that letter was the last word that Clara received from home.* She had been ill for some time; but, thinking lightly of her illness, and not wishing to disturb and worry us with bad news, she had suffered on, still hoping to be well soon, until the day on which my letter reached her. The woman with whom she was boarding said that Clara had seemed depressed and homesick all day; and when the noon mail brought a letter from home she had seized it eagerly; 'For now I will talk to my home-folks, and that will make me feel better,' she said. 'But,' the woman added, when telling me of Clara's illness, 'the letter did not seem to cheer her up any, and I thought maybe she had got bad news. Her fever grew worse, and we sent for you folks; but it was too late then. We ought to have sent sooner.' When we reached Clara she was dead. That is my story, dear; and now, if you want to send this letter to your brother, you may do so; but remember that the remorse of a whole lifetime cannot undo an unkindness."

Louise left her mother and stole quietly to her own room; and there, on her knees, she prayed the Father to remove all anger and bitterness from her heart. Then she wrote to her brother a kind, cheery letter, full of encouragement, home news, and home fun. It comforted the mother's heart with the thought that her bitter lesson had not been in vain, that through her suffering Louise was spared. And to Dannie, away at school, longing unspeakably for his home, it carried the pure, joyous breath of home, and was a kind hand leading upward.

FANNY FULLER.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 36.

RAGGED, gray clouds, trooping across a wintry sky; stormy wind, accompanied by occasional dashes of rain, which patter loudly on the window-panes, almost like the fall of sleet. Tall trees waving their brown arms to and fro, and shrubs and saplings bowing before the fitful blast.

This is the picture I look out upon whenever I turn my eyes toward the window this morning, and I soon turn them away again, with a corresponding feeling of cheerlessness and gloom. Through my brain are constantly passing two verses from a poem of Adelaide Proctor's:

"Why do the flowers die?  
Lifeless they lie  
In the cold earth, heedless of tears or rain.  
'O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The warm, white, winter snow,  
Till spring shall call them into bloom again.'  
  
"Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night.  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?"

I forget the exact ending of this verse, but it is to the effect that the stormy clouds only veil the same sunny sky that will smile upon us when spring returns. How natural these thoughts are. A cloud drifts over our sky, and we feel as if the sun would never shine again for us; but presently, when reason and faith whisper to us, and we listen, we know full well that the sky is just as bright beyond our cloud, and that ere long it will smile on us again.

I came into the family sitting-room an hour ago to escape from my own thoughts and get brightened up a little, and the scene here is a more cheering one. Near the glowing grate Lizzie sits, knitting a pair of red mittens for Jessie to wear when she goes out in the cold or snow. Jessie, with a piece of card-board and some scarlet zephyr in her lap, is just learning to work mottoes, and is quite delighted with the employment. She comes to me every little while for some instruction. She is growing to be such a large girl, I can hardly call her *little* Jessie any longer. I do not like to see her grow out of the little child-ways that were so sweet and entertaining, and can hardly conquer a feeling of regret; but it will soon be compensated for in the companionship she can give us in a few more years. Even now she is sagely old in some of her ideas and remarks.

The plants in their old place in the bay-window brighten that part of the room. The few geraniums and verbenas that have withstood the bitter cold, look green and flourishing, and the sweet violets show their brave little heads once more, sending out such sweet perfume whenever we stir the leaves. My beautiful crimson foliage plant, larger than ever this season, was frozen during the first cold snap, and the heliotrope and salvia soon followed. Many of



the tenderest plants out of doors, I suppose, are killed entirely. Oh, how I long for the cold, dreary winter to depart, and spring to smile again.

To-day is as bright without as yesterday was dark and gloomy. The sun shines warm and clear, and the snow-birds and sparrows flit about the yard, picking up what they can find, and chirping cheerily. The sunlight streams into my room and lights up the walls, which have been further ornamented by a few new pictures hung up during the winter. One is a cabinet-sized photograph of a dearly loved cousin not seen for years, who sent me last fall this reminder of himself. The first thing the sunlight falls upon in the morning, as it peeps in the east window, is this picture, casting a radiance about the head which I like to think is prophetic. Almost opposite my bed, where I look at them each morning before rising, are two companion-pictures, which I framed myself with walnut splints, fitting them so carefully and closely that they look at a little distance like the rustic frames which we buy. One is a little cluster of scarlet begonias and green leaves, sent me by Earnest months ago. The other was Edna's gift—a cross twined with flowers, which are trying to hide its brown, crumbling arms by covering them with beauty. It speaks a language sweet and typical. The flowers, with their loveliness, robbing the cross of much of its sharpness and unsightliness, even as the flowers of love and patience do our real crosses. Sweet Edna! many a flower is placed by her hand in garlands that are precious.

Between these two, on a bracket, lies a most beautiful specimen of nature's curious handiwork, given me not long ago by a gentleman who is a geologist, and an ardent lover of all such things. It is a thin slab of dark slate-rock, about as large as my two hands, with flat sides, on which are stamped vividly and perfectly the impress of long, slender ferns lying in every direction. It is the fern itself—stem and tiny leaflet, with all its delicate veinings turned into stone. And close beside it are the shapes of the broad flag-leaves which grew in the same marshy bed where the fern lived its little life centuries ago. Before the foot of man ever trod this country, perhaps before man lived at all on our earth, these ferns, so small and seemingly insignificant, grew here by the margin of some lake or stream, and were swallowed up in the soft, black mud, hidden away from life and outer air, dead to all appearance, while nature went on in her grand march, upheaving and revolutionizing, changing river-beds into mountain-slopes, and lakes into grassy plains. At last this man, intent on finding earth's hidden secrets, taught by science where to search for them, dug this piece of rock out of the side of the hill not far from here, and disclosed these fairy-like wonders. I never tire of looking at it and hunting new beauties. The slate is in thin layers, the edges of it broken unevenly, and wherever one layer comes out beyond another, I can see the end of a fern leaf. If these layers were split apart, I would find the same mark of ferns between them all, just as on the outside.

So this resurrected life speaks to us a silent lesson, which all can interpret for themselves. I have a beautiful little poem, written on a petrified fern—its authorship unknown—which the writer finishes up by saying:

"So, I think, God hides some lives away,  
Sweetly to surprise us at the last day."

And now, Fred comes in, and he and Jessie, and little Snap must have a romp. Then comes dinner,

and after that I have a letter to write; so I will not linger any longer over this chat, which I fear has been such an uninteresting one. LICHEN.

## GIRLS' EPIDEMICS.

SOME one in the "Home Circle" once wrote about boys' epidemics. Not mumps, or measles, or scarlet fever; but marbles, tops, kites and ball epidemics. Observation has shown me that epidemics are not confined to boys, but are very common among the little girls also. Not developing themselves under any of the above-named diseases, but attacking the victim in the same manner. We have had them at our house this year. First it was painting. Every spare penny went for the little, long boxes containing the necessary articles for daubing. Boxes of paints were on every window-sill, every table and everywhere. Wood-cuts in the old superannuated school-books were freely embellished; and, I regret to say, some of the more modern ones were similarly adorned. The neighbor's girls caught the disease too, and for awhile it seemed as though a new order of artists was about to be given to the world. Animals, birds and flowers were grouped indiscriminately together and stared at you from every direction. But just as they were reaching a degree of perfection in the art, here another disease breaks out. This time it was making picture-frames of splints, straws or shavings. Every decent almanac cut, every prize-package chromo, every illuminated advertisement was adorned with a frame of some sort, and was soon dangling on the wall. Baskets, card-racks, photograph-holders, and dear knows what all, met the eye at every turn. One was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear of waking up with one's head in a splint-frame.

After this came the scrap-book mania; and, oh, the ransacking among old newspapers and magazines that took place then! And, oh, the paste that lay in white lines over everything! And, oh, the old blank-books that were resurrected, only to be poked away, half scrap-book and half blank-book, to be called out when the fever should rage again! I think this mania would have lasted longer only a little girl from another neighborhood came one day and brought her crocheting. She called it crocheting, the dear little busy five-year-old, but she did it with a spool and four pins. Straightway every little girl in our neighborhood caught the contagion. Yards of rainbow-looking strings hung from the tables and work-baskets, or lay in meshes upon the floor. This epidemic was of short duration. There was not variety enough to please or entertain very long. A lamp-mat or two was the result of this; then the card-board fever set in. This raged for a long time, say ten or twelve days. At any time during the day one might see the victims with their little boxes going to "visit." More card-receivers and photograph-holders sprang into existence; while match-boxes with scratch-my-backs dangling to their sides hung in every room. Air-castles, and fairy pagodas swung in every corner, and there were more watch-cases than there were watches to put into them. How the little fingers worked, and how the bright eyes sparkled over their labors of love! Do not think that these epidemics followed each other in very quick succession. There were intervals of weeks when they were free to clamber up the grape-arbor, or swing from the apple-boughs, or chase butterflies by day and fire-flies by evening's twilight. Sometimes the poor, neglected dollies would be taken up

and tended while their mamma's played "lady" with their pin-backs and trails.

Oh, happy, careless days! And oh, mothers, what rich times are these for creeping right into your little girls' hearts. Let us get our card-board and worsted, or splints, or whatever else it may be, and nurse them right through these epidemics. How tenderly we would care for them if it were measles or any other disease peculiar to childhood. Why not care for them through these bursts of childish fancies? Why not work with them, suggesting, teaching and guiding? Let the new dress, or the baking, or the ironing wait. It will be all the same the next year. But it will not be the same with these little girls. Every year lessens their interest and enthusiasm in these little fancies, and also lessens our chances for catching the little bursts of confidences, and tender-nesses, and endearments. Then when the years shall have transformed these our little daughters into women, they will seek for no better confidante than that mother, who shared their childish joys, and was herself interested in all that pertained to their happiness.

S. M. H.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 2.

I AM sitting in the glow of the fire-light to-night, thinking, thinking—trying to realize the sweet truth that I am again in the dear home of my girlhood here in the "sunny South;" trying to believe that it is not all a happy dream—this home-coming for which I have waited and to which I have looked through so many months of hopes and fears. Can it be true that I have rested once more in my mother's arms, and felt her warm kisses upon my lips? That again the proud, gray-haired father greets me, and loving brothers and sisters gather around? Like a dream it seems, yet I know it to be all true. The waiting is over, and I am home again! I wander through the familiar rooms of old; I watch the sun-sets come and go from the same old windows, and see the distant gleaming of the "wide, rolling river" where, in days ago, I walked and dreamed as only a happy girl can dream. I wonder if the flowers are not already springing through the gray mould along its banks just as they used to do? It is early yet for them, but the birds are calling in sweetest notes, and they must awaken and come with bright faces to greet them ere long.

It was here in this little room, with the dear ones all around me, the happy birds sang my marriage chimes, while the sunlight came in golden glory to bless me, and all the flowers wafted congratulations and tender perfumes. The years have been many since then. Five times the spring breezes have melted the snows of winter, and brought freshness and beauty to the waiting earth; five times the summer has ripened into autumn, and turned again to winter since the good-byes were said, the last fervent "God bless you," and I went to find a new home among rugged Northern hills—a blessed home it has ever been to me, yet my heart clings fondly to the scenes it knew earliest, and with joy I come again among them—come to visit and rest.

The years bring new friends, new firesides, and we love them; yet, in the heart's "holy of holies," side by side with the dear companions God grants to our maturer years, we cherish our parents and the homes that once were ours. Yet there are some who, when the new love comes, let the old love grow cold. That touching ballad of Will Carlton's "Over the Hill to the Poor-house," mingles strangely with my thoughts to-night:

"Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones. I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;

And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,  
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way."

Many a poor heart feels the truth of the homely words as, with trembling feet, they go the way of life alone, uncared for because of the selfishness and indifference of the children whose dearest duty it should be to cheer and sustain the aged ones. How can it be that this blessed "rule of love" does not always "work the other way?"

Something must be terribly wrong when children, grown to manhood and womanhood, can forget the wonderful devotion and patience of their parents.

There is no love so near like the love of God as that which the true parent feels for the child. Through all the changes of time, this love is unchanging and constant. The child can never fall so low, but father and mother have hope for him. Through the dark mazes of sin, their prayers follow him, their faith pleads with the merciful One for his redemption and safety. Yet how often this love is unappreciated; how often, when the years have crowned the devoted heads with silver, and taken the strength from the patient hands, the parents look in vain to their children for a measure of the loving care so freely given. The dear old father and mother have so bravely buffetted the storms of years, they have watched with such tender care the feeble feet of infancy, the wayward feet of youth, and now, when their care is over and they are waiting,

"Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," it is a cruel heart that fails to give them measure for measure the tender cherishing so freely given by them. In a little while we who now rejoice in youth and health will be bowed with the weight of years, and the Father Himself decrees in loving justice that "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again." How shall we dare ask for loving care then if we refuse it now to those who need it as we shall need it soon?

All the best years of their life, the parents spend in loving, thankful service for the little ones intrusted to their care. Then let us give them the cheeriest room in the house, the coziest chair by the fireside. It will be only for a little time we can have them with us, only for a little time they will need our care. Already the angels are preparing a home for them in the better world; already the flowers are springing that shall blossom above their quiet resting-place. Let us gather them close to our hearts, make everything bright and warm around them, and see how beautiful old age may be. We like to watch the ripening of the leaves in autumn, to note the color deepening day by day; we exhaust all adjectives in praise of these things, but what is all this compared with the beauty and glory of the soul ripening for eternity? Nothing in life or nature can be more beautiful than serene old age when cared for and appreciated as it should be.

Let us have a watchful care over our words and actions that no look or tone may lead the aged ones to feel their days of usefulness are over. No wonder the soul grows sick and weary with waiting if it must feel this. It is so untrue! What though the feet obey no longer the mandate of the will, though the hands be no longer active, who that ever sat in loving communion with peaceful old age, even if but for an hour, but goes on his way stronger and purer for that communion? They have come so far, and

through so many differing experiences, and bring such rich stores of knowledge gleaned by the wayside. Sometimes they walked upon beautiful hills, where rested the sure smile of God, sometimes through deep valleys where, if the light was less bright, they still felt the Everlasting Arms around them. The fragrance of a good life follows them wherever they go, they give abundantly of the riches they have gathered. And now that they have reached life's summit, and are apart from its turmoil and strife, do not angels meet with them and grant them sweet glimpses of the home awaiting them just beyond the sunset-clouds? Their eyes are "holden" and they see what others may not see. What to us, who must give so much time and strength to the life of the body, are but sweet hopes, to them seem blissful realities. This world is the shadow, the world beyond the substance. Of all this they tell us when we sit in reverent love at their feet. They help us to be cheerful amid the darkness; thankful amid the sunshine; to "hope on and hope ever" whatever befalls. They warn us of the quicksands and dangers along the way; they help us to shun the evil and choose the good. Whatever we may be to them they are much more to us; whatever we may do for them they do much more for us even unto the end.

When all is over here, when we have closed the sightless eyes for the final sleep, and folded the dear hands above the pulseless breast, what memories, rich and precious, are left us! If, in that hour, we can feel we did what we could to smooth the pathway to the grave, we go back to our duties with new courage and hope, seeing always before us the beckoning hand of our loved ones as they wait in joy for the reunion coming by and by for us all.

Ten o'clock! How my thoughts have wandered! The fire burns dim upon the hearth and little Paul calls for "mamma." Good-night, old world, good-night. Heaven above is sleepless and vigilant. We leave all to the care of the loving One, and rest without fear.

EARNEST.

**M**R. EDITOR: Permit me, a stranger, to enter your sanctum for a short time, not that I want to disturb your reveries, but to express my gratitude for the many pure and elevating thoughts I find each month in your HOME MAGAZINE. Would that a copy could be placed in every home in America!

I have ordered it for the fourth year, and find the January number presenting even more than the usual attractions. I thank "Chatty" for her hints and

suggestions about church work, and purpose adopting some of her plans to raise money for the benefit of our church. It may not be amiss right here to tell "Chatty," "Lichen," "Pipsey," and the rest, that I am the wife of a young minister, desiring to be a true helpmeet; to labor with him heart and hand in the Master's vineyard. Suggestions from any of them will be most thankfully received.

How I long to know personally the patient sufferer, "Lichen," good old-fashioned "Pipsey," who so kindly tells us her way of doing things; "Chatty," the girls' best friend; "Earnest," the occasional visitor; and in fact all those who monthly visit us with "kind words that can never die;" but whose influence will be felt, long after they have crossed "the river."

LILLIE.

## THE SOCIAL TONIC.

**O**NE most excellent way of keeping the mind from growing rusty, in the midst of daily drudgery, is to sometimes go out from all sight and sound of it, if only for one half-hour.

Now, fifty women who read this, say, instantly: "I cannot get away from it, my cares tie me to my home." So the late pope used to call himself "a prisoner in Rome," and possibly, in time, began to believe it, as fully as his people did all over the earth. Surely twenty-five of the fifty women might go out if they would not blind themselves to their privileges, and would open their eyes to see their opportunities. Little children are the greatest home anchors, but even here older ones may be taught to take good care of little ones, or a little one may be dressed and taken along, to its great delight and real advantage. Where it is work alone that hinders, try and condense and lop off excrescences, and so save time for your own good. When brain, as well as hands, seem overburdened, you must take time for rest and change, or you may soon have more idle time than you like.

Said a working woman to me one afternoon, as she sat in my house: "When I have been working hard, as I have to-day, nothing rests me so much as to dress and run out for a little call. The walk refreshes, and the few minutes of chat enlivens my spirits so that I go back feeling a great deal better."

It is this social medicine that many want, far more than any drugs, to give tone and cheer to the whole system. It is a tonic easy to take and may impart a like benefit to others as well as one's self. ELSIE.

## Mother's Department.

### SAVED BY A SONG.

**S**ITTING in the twilight, a mother sang her child to sleep—sang low and softly, as mothers do when the hour is full of thoughts about the days to be. Her song was sweet with the love she bore for the little one whose feet had found none of the briars in the path of life; and as it stirred the echoes in the room, I think some unseen line of God's mysterious telegraph transmitted it from earth to Heaven, and in the great message-book of God another mother's prayer for her child was written down by the recording angel. What a book that must be!

Perhaps, when we go in beyond the gates, some angel of the heavenly courts will let us look into its pages, and then we shall know, as never before, the infinite depth and tenderness of a mother's love.

This is the song she sang, rocking her baby while the day died, and the vesper star shone softly in the west as if it were a lamp hung out from some window up in Heaven to guide the feet of weary wanderers home at nightfall:

"Hush, my baby, rock and rest,  
Folded in thy mother's arms,  
On the heart that loves thee best,  
And would shield thee from all harms.

With the twilight angels near,  
Pleasant may thy slumber be,  
And, while thou art sleeping, dear,  
Mother breathes a prayer for thee.

"Child, be true for mother's sake!  
Looking down the coming years,  
How the hearts of mothers ache,  
Haunted by so many fears.  
There's a prayer in every kiss,  
As they think of *what may be!*  
Always, child, remember this—  
Mother loves and prays for thee!

"Baby, when my feet shall climb  
Upon the golden stairs of God,  
I shall see thee all the time—  
Know the pathways thou hast trod.  
When the way grows dark and wild,  
Sorely tempted thou mayst be,  
Oh, remember then, my child,  
Mother sees and prays for thee."

The blue eyes of the baby closed, as blossoms do at nightfall. As he slept upon her breast, she wondered if he was to falter and fall in the march of life, as so many had. Was this baby, who was fairest in her eyes of any in the wide world, to wander from the right way, and get lost in the night of sin, as so many had? Not if a mother's prayers could keep his feet where they ought to go.

The years went by, and brought life to some and death to many. And the mother who had sung her babe to sleep in the twilight was one to whom the years brought the great change of death.

Her boy was grown to man's estate now, and his heart was like a book upon whose pages the record of life was to be written. Would the record be one of good or evil?

After his mother died, he went out into the world, knowing little of the ways of men. Ignorant as he was of the sin and evil in the world, and trusting in the honor and manhood of those he met, it is not to be wondered at that he fell in with those whose habits unfitted them to be his companions.

His friends were young men who lacked the true nobility of manhood—that vital principle of honor which leads a man to *do* right because it is right. They were gay, merry fellows, whose creed was, that life was short and a man must make the most of it. But they never paused to consider what it was to make the most of life. They fancied, I suppose, that they were solving the problem by the way in which they lived. But their way of living was really making the least of life, for it was a reckless squandering of the grand possibilities God had put before them.

When the boy began this kind of life, he felt in a vague way that he was losing something. It was the purity of his soul. He was staining it with the grime of sin and folly, whose stains are so hard to get rid of. He never meant to be bad. Only he did not stop to think.

It seems, sometimes, as if God puts out His hand to keep us back from the danger our own folly would lead us into. It was so in this case. I do not know just what it was that one of his companions proposed to do, but it was something that his better nature fought against before he consented to join the party. But they persuaded, and he consented.

He set out for the place of meeting. He knew that he was doing wrong; but, despite this knowledge and the feeling of reproach it gave him, he lacked moral courage to turn square about and retrace the steps already taken.

He passed a house where some one was singing. He stopped and listened. There must have been joy in Heaven when he did that, for it was the voice of his good angel that he heard; and so many of us hear these voices and pass on unheeding. What a thrill went over him when he heard the sweet, low voice of the woman he could see rocking her baby to sleep, singing the song his mother had sung so often. Like an echo out of vanished years the refrain came to him:

"Mother loves and prays for thee."

Was his mother praying for him then? Something asked the question of his soul in a way that startled him. He had not thought much about that old song of late.

The woman sang on, and he listened as if it were *her* voice that he heard:

"When the way grows dark and wild,  
Sorely tempted thou mayst be,  
Then remember this, my child,  
Mother loves and prays for thee."

He dropped his head upon his hands and thought. Could it be that his dead mother saw the steps he had taken in the downward road? If she could, how her heart must ache!

"Mother!" he cried. "*I am* sorely tempted. Help me!"

He stood then for many minutes. It was the turning-point of his life. Two roads were before him. One led up the hills of true manhood; the other into the valley of shame. He must choose.

"Child, be true for mother's sake,"

sang the woman over and over to the baby at her breast. It seemed like the voice of *his* mother out of Heaven.

"I will begin a better life," he cried, and the words were a vow.

Who shall say that his mother did not hear him, and weep for gladness? But they have no tears in Heaven. To tell her joy, then, she must have sung. I can fancy what rapture was in the strain. I think the angels at the throne heard it, and listened, and smiled softly, and that because of his choice there was "gladness in all Heaven."

"Mother, your song has saved your boy!" he cried, with his face toward the stars. Somehow he felt that he was looking Heaven and motherward.

That was years ago. He has never broken his promise to lead a better life. To-day he thinks of her who rocked him to sleep upon her breast so long ago, and believes that she sees and loves him as of old, and that she prays for him, and that her prayers prevail with Him who sits upon the Great White Throne. And I believe it.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

RIGHT OR WRONG?—It is not necessary that you should ask whether a thing is right for other people. It is more important that you should ask whether it is right for you. The thing which is right for you is that which makes you more a man; and, though other things make other men more men, if to you they are hindrances and not helps, then to you they are wrong. There are some pleasures which some men may take innocently and beneficially, but which their next-door neighbor cannot take without guilt and positive injury. Things are to be judged as right or wrong by their effect on the moral character and destiny of a person. If observation teaches that a given line of conduct hurts any individual, no matter how many natural laws say it is right, it is wrong for him.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### GRANDMA'S SERMON.

THE supper is over, the hearth is swept,  
And in the wood-fire's glow  
The children cluster to hear a tale  
Of that time so long ago,  
When grandma's hair was golden brown,  
And the warm blood came and went  
O'er the face that scarce was sweeter then  
Than now, in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,  
And the golden hair is gray,  
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes  
Has never gone away;  
And the needles catch the fire's bright light  
As in and out they go,  
With the clicking music that grandma loves,  
Shaping the stocking-toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,  
For they know the stocking-song  
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind  
Which they shall hear ere long.  
But it brings no story of olden time  
To grandma's heart to-night;  
Only a sermon, quaint and short,  
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,  
"And yours is just begun,  
And I am knitting the toe of mine  
And my work is almost done.  
With merry hearts we begin to knit,  
And the ribbing is almost play;  
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,  
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many a hue,  
With many a stitch set wrong,  
And many a row to be sadly ripped  
Ere the whole is fair and strong.  
There are long, plain spaces without a break,  
That in youth are so hard to bear;  
And many a weary tear is dropped  
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that  
Which we count, and yet would shun,  
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,  
And says that our work is done."  
The children came to say "Good-night,"  
With tears in their bright, young eyes,  
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,  
The finished stocking lies.

### COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them;  
be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy  
and life of it."

WHAT can I do for thee, beloved,  
Whose feet so little while ago  
Trode the same wayside dust with mine,  
And now up paths I do not know  
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life,  
All fresh, and fair, and beautiful,  
Has opened its wide arms to thee;

Thy cup is over-brimmed and full;  
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things:  
Love thee and chide thee and caress;  
Brush little straws from off thy way,  
Tempering with my poor tenderness  
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;  
And it is grief of griefs to bear  
That all these ministries are o'er,  
And thou, so happy, love, elsewhere,  
Dost need me never more.

And I can do for thee but this:  
(Working on blindly, knowing not  
If I may give thee pleasure so;)  
Out of my own dull, shadowed lot  
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,  
A messenger, dear heart, from thee  
Who wast on earth a comforter;  
And say to those who welcome me,  
I am sent forth by her:

Feeling the while how good it is  
To do thy errands thus, and think  
It may be, in the blue, far space,  
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,  
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,  
And star-eyed evening, stealing in,  
Waves her cool hand in flying noon,  
And restless, surging thoughts begin,  
Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray, "Dear Lord, to whose great love  
Nor bound nor limit-line is set,  
Give to my darling, I implore,  
Some new, sweet joy not tasted yet,  
For I can give no more."

And, with the words my thoughts shall climb  
With following feet the heavenly stair  
Up which thy steps so lately sped,  
And seeing thee so happy there,  
Come back half comforted.

SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

### SHE WAS A BEAUTY.

SHE was a beauty in the days  
When Madison was president;  
And quite coquettish in her ways—  
On cardiac conquests much intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,  
Wooded her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—  
She was a beauty in the days  
When Madison was president.

And when your roses where hers went  
Shall go, my Lill, who date from Hayes,  
I hope you'll wear her sweet content  
Of whom tradition lightly says,  
She was a beauty in the days  
When Madison was president.

H. C. BUNNER, in *Scribner*.

## Life and Character.

### LETTER FROM MRS. STARKEY.

THIS has been a lonely winter at the X Roads. Business was dull, and my partner and I sat and read, and chatted, and patched, and cut carpet-rags many a day. A handy man like my Samuel is a comfort in lonesome hours. He and I sit with our feet on the same footstool, and work together like mated doves; and then when meal-time comes we make a cup of tea, and fry a bit of sausage, and spread our bread with jelly, and we sit and sip and chat so cozy-like. Our boarder, Ben Curtis, took his lunch with him during the coldest days, and that left us more to ourselves.

Ben is a good deal of company when he is well and not ugly disposed; but let him catch a cold, or a change in the weather make tender his corns, and he is the very old scratch. He is doctoring his corns now; wets them every evening with acetic acid. He says that will eat them out with no pain whatever. If it cures them, I will remember and tell you readers about it, for nearly every man you meet has his mouth set with the pain that he is trying to master.

Yesterday I mended a coat for Samuel, which won the richest praise and eulogium of my consort. The sleeves were awfully worn, and all down the front the buttons were gone and the button-holes tore out. It did seem, to look at it, that Sam had walked like a snake; but he said he did it lifting heavy burdens the easiest way he could. I took the back of another coat and cut the good front and the sleeves out of it, and made new cuffs, and new button-holes, and new collar. He looked like a little gem when he tried it on. Many a woman will take a coat for carpet-rags or rugs when the sleeves and front give way; but Becky Starkey is not the woman to do that. She will make the face of her husband shine with the oil of rejoicing. She will make his feet to travel in the highway of prosperity, and his heart to bound like the heels of the roe upon the mountains. Her duty to her wedded consort is paraphrase with all the laws and principles of the government of this Union.

Samuel! long may he wave in the land of his birth!  
Rebecca! long may she wave the priest at his hearth!

Ben Curtis, our boarder, does extenuate my patience somewhat. But he is good-natured, and never gets angry; and if we do have little tiffs occasionally, they will not be serious. I must confess, though, that I have been mad at Ben three or four times. Once when he laughed at me for making combination-trousers for my Sam. I thought it was all right, sure. Women wear combination-dresses, and no one ever thinks of laughing about them, even though they are made of three different colors. I know I had a dress made of seal-brown and snuff and cinnamon, and people admired it so much that even ladies in the street would smile and remark on the harmony of the three shades of brown. So one time when there was two yards of jeans and two yards of kersey, one blue and the other gray, and I made a nice roomy pair of pantaloons for my partner, I really thought that middlesome Curtis would go into ecstacy over it. He just spread his hands out over his cadaverous breast and doubled over in a prolonged, cackling laugh, swaying from side to side, with his mouth stretched to its very uttermost. He made fun of them, and that was what hurt me. He even went so

far as to repeat some poetry about the blue and the gray. But Samuel comforted me, and said there wa'n't such a managing, planning woman as Becky Starkey amongst the whole tribe of the shiftless Curtises; that if there had been they'd never let their farm in the bottom go, and be content to rent land, a field here and a field there, just as they could find one.

Another time that he laughed was one day in July, when we had cherry-pie for supper, and I said I was glad we had it, for it kind of held in sweet remembrance the death of Mother Starkey, who died in cherry-time. Somehow I never eat a round, ripe, purple cherry that I do not think of that saintless woman, my diseased mother-in-law. She came to her death in a very tragic manner. She was gathering cherries. She was proper fond of this deliciously acid fruit. She used to preserve cherries, and can cherries, and pickle cherries, and crystallize cherries, and make cherry-bounce, and cherry-jam, and jelly, and marmalade, and nobler cherry-pies I never tasted. If she had a weakness for any two things, it was cherries and stocking-yarn. It seemed that she never could get a fill of either. Bags of dried cherries and bundles of yarn adorned the walls, and the pegs, and the joists, and the mantel, and the spare corners. She was a thrifty, well-to-do, presuming female, and a kinder mother-in-law "no sun e'er shone upon," as the poet says. The day she came to her death she did up all her chores in the forenoon, such as scalding the pans, sweeping back of the wood-box, sunning her bedticks, looking after the dried apples, and getting up a number one boiled dinner, to which she was most devotedly attracted. Then she sat down on the back stoop to darn their every-day stockings, when she noticed the robins, great, saucy, full-bosomed, yelping things, flitting round hither and thither, picking off the choicest of the cherries. It was more than she could stand, to be bantered by the very birds in her own door-yard, so she up and said: "It's too bad! I do begretch them robins the finest cherries; and if my stren'th holds out I'll show 'em!"

The dear old mother-in-law of mine! she clomb a tree and got a few nice cherries, and that enticed her to try to get a few more. Alas! when in the top-most limb, stretched out her very longest, lying full length, as it were, with the captivating fruit just at the tips of her grabbing fingers, the deceitful limb broke short off, and the benighted mother of my lawful Samuel fell, full twenty feet, right down upon the hard clay bank. She never breathed again. The fatal cherry that cost such a fitful price was clutched in her fingers, mashed and broken in the grasp of death.

So, when I ate of the cherry-pie that evening, my thoughts strayed afar. I seemed to see the old woman in the tip-top of the cherry-tree. I seemed to see her arm reaching out to the utmost ends of the fascinating branches. I seemed to hear the crack of the overloaded limb, the swish of muslin through the leaves, and my husband's mother lying prone upon the ground, the thread of life broken short off, and the robins trilling and rejoicing in their glee and their freedom to cull the fruit henceforth unmolested and at peace. And when I spoke aloud of the sad thoughts that filled my mind, too full for expression, I was angered at the sneering laugh of Curtis. He said he couldn't see the point; for his part, he



couldn't see where the connection was. Some people are so dull, they have no imagination at all.

Another time that I was mad at Ben was for making fun of me and Samuel. He said we were like foolish lovers, and that I petted Sam too much, and set too much store by him. Now, I hold that there would be a power of trouble saved married folks if they did make more fuss over one another, and showed more attention to the little things that they are apt to overlook and consider beneath their notice. Now, if I wake in the night, I reach over to see if my partner is covered up warm if the weather is cool, and if it is hot weather I see that the covers are not all bundled up about his mouth. If I find any nice bit of poetry in the paper, I read it aloud to my husband. He is proper fond of poetry, and always turns to the death notices and reads the little squibs of poetry mournfully enough. He reads all the good murders out loud to me, too, and the sheriff's sales and advertisements.

If we would be lovely in our lives, we must be kind to all, not so selfish, and grasping, and stony-hearted like.

I was reminded of this at a funeral lately—that of an old lady whose life had been sordid and niggardly, and not loving. When the preacher, after the funeral service, said, "The friends will now walk up and look upon the remains of their old crony, whose face they will behold for the last time on this mundane spear," why people rose as cheerily and clattered along up the aisle like a flock of sheep, and slapped their heads this way and that, as though they rather enjoyed the novelty of the treat. When they went out, they leaned up against the locust-trees and the picket-fence, and discussed the dead after this manner—cold, and cruel, and coarse—but just, for all I know.

Tom Laughlin said to Jeph Beveridge: "Wonder if the old woman took that five dollars with her that she cheated me out of?"

A red-headed, sixteen-year-old boy said to another boy: "I thought of the time she had me arrested for hooking melons, when never a melon o' hern did I touch in all my born days."

And little Joe Horner whispered to his twin sister: "Eh, she looked just like she did that time she wouldn't loan us her copper kettle."

Mrs. Coehen said to her next-door neighbor: "Well, death is a great leveler. I forgive the poor old soul all the trouble she ever caused me and my family. She was so meddlesome and so hateful; but it is all over now, and I have nothing agin her, poor thing. But how her evil natur' did show in the clinched teeth, and the puckered lips, and the lines that were furrered in her cheeks. She did nobody any good, an' the world is none the poorer for her leavin' it in this manner."

And the widow with the five little ones stood apart, and though her heart was kind and forgiving, she could not help thinking of the time three of her children were sick with diphtheria, and the well-to-do, "crony" woman, now in her coffin, never came nigh, nor even sent the comforting and neighborly words of, "I'm sorry."

Samuel and I were speaking of this circumstance, and comparing this funeral with that of old Mrs. Bodley, who was buried the week after. Why, when they all looked on the cretur's face, there wa'n't a dry eye in the whole house! We all sorrowed. She was one of the confidingest, motherly women that ever was. She nursed the sick, comforted the mourning, cheered the down-hearted, counseled the ignorant, gave yarn to the needy, helped folks make apple-butter, and was no ways stingy of her things if neighbors wanted to borrow.

We talked a long while about her after we had gone to bed one night. The moonshine streamed in beautifully, and a screech-owl hooted from the hollow in the side of the sycamore stub across the swamp. The lantern swinging in the hand of the night-watch in the curve of the railroad twinkled like the glow-worm's tail, and the pines in the door-yard seemed to bow over like nodding watchers. Long after my partner was asleep and snoring, did I lie awake in musing and thinking of the wonderful reality of living and dying, of our proneness to do wrong, of the past years of Sam's and mine, and of our many chances for doing better. The evening of every day does not always show good work accomplished; does not show patience, prudence, love, or any sacrifice of our own. Sometimes I think my partner might find serious fault with his wife Becky, far more than she finds with him. Still, we have our ups and downs like other people.

MRS. SAM STARKEY.

## Health Department.

### LYING FALLOW.

ELEANOR KIRK, in the *Phrenological Journal*, gives the following as a literal report of a conversation, taken down stenographically, between two ladies, both of them intellectually above the average, wide awake, and one a literary woman:

"O Mrs. Hill, how comfortable you look! I wish I could find time to lounge as you do."

"Well, there is another couch, Mrs. Vale, and I should be delighted to have you spend the morning with me."

"Oh, you're very kind! but I have run over now in a great hurry to see if you will be kind enough to loan me the pattern of your new wrapper. I have a dressmaker."

"Mary"—this to a servant dusting the bureau—"open the lower drawer and give Mrs. Vale the package marked 2." Mary produced it.

"You don't seem to have as much writing to do as you used, Mrs. Hill."

"Oh, yes! quite as much."

"Are you ill, then?"

"Never was better in my life. I am simply lazy."

"I don't write, to be sure; but if I should lie down in the forenoon I should expect everything to go to destruction. I don't find any time to be lazy."

"I make time for that especial purpose, calculating as much for the idle hours as the busy ones."

"But don't you constantly feel as if you ought to be at work?"

"Not at all. I feel I ought to be indolent because I want to be indolent."

"That is a very pleasant theory, surely; but what if my husband, instead of going to his business in the morning, should say, 'I think I won't go to work to-day. I feel like being lazy?'"

"It might mean temporary disaster to your hus-

band's affairs, because he had not previously made arrangements for such relaxation. A half hour spent in preparing for the rest he stands so much in need of, would enable him to take it; and an occasional day of uninterrupted quiet and freedom from the strain of business would give him firmer muscles, better digestion, and, my dear Mrs. Vale, a longer life."

"Why, if my husband is obliged to stay home from the office a single day on account of illness, he is the most nervous man you can imagine. He knows things won't go on properly. Why, I'd rather take care of a whole orphan asylum than him at such times."

"Precisely. Your husband has made himself a pivot round which the complicated machinery of his business must revolve. Possessed with the idea that no one else can do his work or take his place in an emergency, it is quite natural he should be nervous; but, Mrs. Vale, this nervous apprehension is entirely the result of your husband's egotism."

"What! You are quite mistaken. Mr. Vale hasn't sufficient self-esteem to keep him comfortable."

"Except in his business. There he is the all-competent and the all-powerful. Had your husband begun by training his clerks and subordinates to assume the responsibilities belonging to their several positions, his routine labor—that which wears the nerves and undermines the brain—would have been materially simplified. Now he is the frictional part of the machinery. Like two-thirds of our business men—yes, seven-eighths—he's a bundle of screws, levers, over-shot wheels, valves, clamps, stocks, briefs, red tape and a million other things representing care and nerve drain. Do you know how common that dreadful disease, softening of the brain, is becoming among business men? It is attributable to no other fact than the ones I have just mentioned, and can be summed up in two words, nerve tapping."

"What is the remedy?"

"Education. I teach my children to be industrious, and I also instruct them how to be restful, or lazy, as my neighbors would doubtless call it. If business men could be made to see the error of their ways, and induced to turn round and begin anew, not only would they reap the physical and spiritual benefits, but their children and grandchildren would step into an inheritance of nerves which would redeem the race. I mean, my dear Mrs. Vale, if the mothers of the race do their part also."

"Oh, dear! It is so hard to tell what one's duty really is. I don't see how I could possibly shirk one bit of my work or do a stroke less. You talk about making time to be lazy. I infer from that, that you have finished your engagements and have no especial literary work for to-day."

"On the contrary, I have an unpostponable engagement. It is now eleven o'clock, and by to-morrow morning at eight I must have at least two columns of matter ready for the printer. After you go, I shall doubtless sleep till lunch-time, for I am in the extreme of laziness to-day. After lunch I shall read Dickens and laugh till my oat-meal is digested. Then I shall take a bath, and if my matter is not safely tucked into an envelope by dinner-time, I shall be greatly mistaken."

"What will you do this evening?"

"Play some game with my husband, or read aloud to him while he lounges, or entertain company, or something equally agreeable."

"When do you darn your stockings?"

"That don't belong to my department. My chambermaid is perfectly trained to all such work."

"When do you make your cake and fine pastry?"

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"Never, unless I am expecting a guest addicted to such stuff. Then I do my best to give her what she's accustomed to."

"But why, if you think such things injurious, do you not make a stand against them, and give your guest what you think would be good for her?"

"Possibly, because I haven't sufficient moral courage, and possibly because it is easier to make a lemon meringue or a rich cake than to preach to my guest with the probability of being entirely misunderstood."

"You will pardon me, I hope, but I'm trying to discover where you get so much time for recuperation. Your children are always well dressed, and you all look as if you had enough to eat. Now, it honestly takes me all my time to make, mend, pick up and cook."

"And yet you have two servants?" "Yes."

"Then it is your own fault."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me your ordinary bill of fare? I do not mean this as an impertinence, but just to see where the difference lies."

"This morning we had for breakfast a sirloin steak, roast potatoes, boiled hominy and milk. This noon we eat oat-meal and milk, perhaps some bread and butter. For dinner we are to have boiled mutton with egg sauce, potatoes, peas, with bread and butter, and apple and quince marmalade, and plenty of milk for the children."

"And dessert?" "No dessert."

"We are to have vermicelli soup, roast beef, chicken salad, oyster patties, batter pudding and cream meringue. It will take me at least two hours this afternoon to do my part of the work in the kitchen. And you will have nothing to do there?"

"Absolutely nothing; and with all the added expense and added labor of your most elaborate dinner, I wouldn't change my plain and inexpensive one for a dozen such."

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Whatever seemeth to you wisest and most desirable. You began elaborately. I began plainly; first for hygienic reasons, next for economical ones—the economy both of time and money. I want to live and be a comfort to my husband and children, and I want them to live to be a comfort to each other and to me. No other way of living would accomplish this, therefore a plain table and plain clothes, and plenty of time to lie fallow."

**STARVATION IN THE NURSERY.**—In an article headed "Starvation in the Nursery," the *Lancet* calls attention to what it says is a fact established by daily experience—that large numbers of persons occupying decent positions in society systematically starve their children in respect of that article of food which is the most essential to their nutrition. Even to very young and fast-growing children they give cocoa with water, and not always even a suspicion of milk, corn-flour with water just clouded with milk, tea, oat-meal, baked flour, all sorts of materials indeed as vehicles of milk, but so very lightly laden with it that the term is a sham. The consequence of this misplaced economy is that there are thousands of households in which the children are pale, slight, unwholesome-looking, and, as their parents say in something like a tone of remonstrance, "always delicate." Ignorance, no doubt, is often the cause. The parents do not know that, supposing there were no other reason, their wisest economy is to let their growing young ones have their unstinted fill of milk, even though the dairyman's bill should come to nearly as much as the wine-merchant's in the course of the week.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### A CHAPTER ON HOUSEKEEPING.

"The blanc mange refused to congeal, the kisses declined rising, the sponge-cake contradicted its name."  
—"Story of Mrs. Washington Potts"—LESLIE.

"The only difference between Timmins's dinner and his neighbor's was, that he had hired, as we have said, the greater part of the plate, and that his cowardly conscience magnified faults and disasters of which no one else probably took heed."—"Timmins's little dinner"—THACKERAY.

**A**CCEPT thanks, dearest Julia, for your letter, so interesting in all of its details. I was surprised to learn that so young a housekeeper as yourself should have attempted to give a dinner-party, and I sympathize with you in all of your failures and disappointments, particularly that of the total wreck of your English plum-pudding. We may here quote the remark of our cook, old Uncle Billy, about the failure of his large fruit-cake: "It is a very conditional thing, old miss, to bake a fruit-cake. One cannot always be sentimental." I am really pleased to hear of the great self-command shown by yourself, on the occasion of the downfall of our sable friend, Uncle Cæsar, who so carelessly destroyed your elegant tureen, and I am glad to think that "you were mistress of yourself, though China fell." In a short time all these now tragic things will have lost their sting, and they will be naught but sources of amusement to John and yourself. But, in the meantime, let me beg you to be more patient about the unexpected company your husband so often brings home to dinner. He thus expresses not only his confidence in you as a skillful housekeeper, but in your kind feelings to those friends he so much values. So I trust you will always have your table neatly set, and receive his friends with a sweet smile of welcome. The plainest meal thus served is far more palatable than would be the richest viands, presided over by a wife with a sour, perplexed face, and an ungracious manner. A distinguished Episcopal clergyman vindicates the memory of the famous Xanthippe by advancing the idea that Socrates the wise, was in the constant habit of bringing students in unexpectedly to the midday repast, which so irritated and unnerved Mrs. Socrates, that losing all command of her temper, she publicly delivered those lectures, not "*à la Caudle curtain ones*," so that she has been handed down to posterity as the greatest of shrews, and the philosopher, with all his wisdom and goodness, as the greatest of hen pecked husbands.

I must here give you a gentle reproof, for your saying that you find the arrangement of your house and furniture an irksome task. Let me quote from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, hoping that I may inspire you with her ideas on this subject: "The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment, and they are truly ennobled when we do them either from a sense of duty or consideration to a parent, or love to a husband."

"To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers, it is decorating the place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner, is not merely arranging a meal with my cook, it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These neces-

sary occupations viewed in this light, by a person capable of strong attachment, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."

I shall comply with your request, and from time to time will send you some recipes, many of them obtained from my mother's grandmother in those good old days when full of good cheer were

"The squire's wide hall and the cottage small."

Along with them, will be found many plain, simple recipes, more in accordance with the changed fortunes of the Old Dominion. As you live in a remote district, often "twelve miles from a lemon," I shall occasionally, in these letters, suggest many substitutes for unobtainable articles, answering quite as well as did the four-legged table to the prisoner, whom Pickwick found lying there, who said that having been always accustomed to a four-post bedstead, he found that lying under the table answered equally as well.

Nothing but experience can teach you the proper proportions of spices and flavoring, so important an item in housekeeping, though not every one can hope to arrive at the acuteness of taste of the woman in the Arabian Nights, who fainted on tasting cheese-cake, recognizing immediately by the peculiar flavoring, her long lost son, disguised then as a baker, whom she had taught to make cheese-cake by that recipe. Although we agree with "Autocrat of Breakfast-table," as well as the old gentleman so affected by the odor of bruised blue buds, in thinking there is much more of memory in scent and sound, than in taste, still we must say there is a small degree in taste. A nice well-cooked dish of which we have in childhood partaken, when now presented to us, carries a pleasant memory, which even extends to the recipes of which we then knew. So that along with the pleasure it gives me to comply with your request, I have that of the pleasant memories, which are revived by each recipe I write for you, each one recalling to me some memory of the past, when with those gone before, we joyfully surrounded the family hearth, enlivening it with innocent mirth. I send you to-day some recipes for present use, hoping they may be serviceable. When next I write, I shall take a wider range, and I trust you may prove to be so fine a housekeeper, that you may, with perfect confidence, invite your friends to dinner, securing the success of all your arrangements, so that not a wave of trouble shall at all mar the enjoyment of their society either before or after dinner. Hoping to hear from you soon, and with best love to your husband, I remain,

Most cordially your friend,

ELIZABETH SANFORD.

**FRENCH ROLLS.**—Three pints of flour, three tablespoons of yeast, a lump of butter, one of lard, four eggs, one tablespoon of sugar; make the dough up with sweet milk. Set it by to rise; when light, make in small rolls, wetting the tops with milk or a small portion of lard.

**VELVET ROLLS.**—Sift one quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, a lump of butter, and one of lard the size of a pullet's egg. Beat three eggs, mix up with small teacup of yeast and sweet milk. Beat the dough till it blisters. Make up at five o'clock for breakfast next morning. Let the rolls be somewhat in the form of biscuit. About twenty minutes will bake them.

**OLD VIRGINIA BATTER-BREAD.**—Sift a pint and a half of corn-meal; add a teaspoon of salt. Beat four eggs light, and make a tolerably thick batter with sweet milk. Add a large tablespoon of butter, melted. Bake in a batter-bread small oven, well greased with lard.

**MODERN BATTER-BREAD.**—Two eggs, batter made of corn-meal with buttermilk, a teaspoon of soda dissolved, a large spoonful of lard melted, and four tablespoons of flour. Mix smoothly, and bake in a batter-bread oven, well greased with lard.

**WAFFLES** (Very nice).—Boil in a quart of water a half teaspoon of rice, with a teaspoon of salt. Let it be of the consistency of soup, and be about a pint and a half of the rice and liquid when done. Whilst hot, add a large spoonful of butter or lard. Beat two eggs, and when the rice is cold make a batter with them, adding a pint and a half of flour, and sweet milk sufficient for the batter. Have a hot fire, and grease the waffle-irons with lard; before baking, add two teaspoons of cream of tartar dissolved in warm water, two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda dissolved in water or sweet milk.

**BEATEN BISCUIT.**—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, a large lump of lard, a stiff dough made with sweet milk. Beat a half hour with an iron pestle; make out in biscuit, or roll out and stick with a fork. Bake thoroughly.

**EXACT RECIPE FOR YEAST-POWDERS.**—This will save much trouble and expense, and they will be found equal to Dooley's or Horsford's yeast-powders. The exact proportions for one quart of flour are two teaspoons of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda.

**FOR BISCUIT.**—Sift one quart of flour, add one teaspoon of salt, a large lump of lard. Rub the two teaspoons of soda dry in the flour, dissolve the two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda in a small quantity of water, mix up with sweet milk, and bake at once. If buttermilk is not very acid, it may be used, the proportion of soda being made a very little more.

**FOR MUFFINS.**—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, three eggs, a lump of butter melted, and sweet milk for a batter not too thick. Just before baking in muffin-rings, dissolve in lukewarm water two teaspoons of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda; add them to the batter and bake immediately.

**SALLY LUNN.**—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, four eggs, a large lump of butter, sweet milk for a tolerably thin batter, two teaspoons of cream of tartar dissolved in water, and two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda. Butter a mould and bake quite quickly.

**RICH FRUIT-CAKE.**—One pound of flour, two pounds of raisins stoned, two pounds of currants washed, picked and dried, a quarter pound of citron in thin pieces, twelve eggs, one pound of butter and one of sugar. Rub the fruit in flour, and add just before baking in a large mould.

**NEW ENGLAND WEDDING-CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, eight eggs, two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda dissolved in a teacup of sour cream, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, a half pound of citron, a teaspoon of ground cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoon of ground cloves, a teaspoon of powdered mace, a tablespoon of molasses to darken the color. Bake in large mould, and ice the cake with boiled icing.

**BOILED ICING.**—Put into a saucepan three teacups of best white sugar, powdered; add a wine glass and a half of water, and let it boil till the syrup begins to rope or to candy. Beat the whites of three fresh eggs to a stiff froth, and pour the boiling syrup to the whites of eggs, beating them all the time it is being poured in; afterwards till the icing is cold. Flavor with lemon-juice or rose-water or vanilla; pour the icing over the cake with a large spoon, and then smooth it with a knife.

**CITRON-CAKE.**—Twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, the rind and juice of a lemon, one pound of flour, a grated nutmeg. Cut two pounds of citron into small, thin pieces, rub them in flour, and just before baking add the citron to the cake-batter.

**A RICH FRUIT-CAKE** (a less expensive one).—Five teacups of flour, three of sugar, two of butter, eight eggs, a grated nutmeg, two teaspoons of ground cinnamon, two pounds of raisins, two of currants, a quarter pound of citron, an even teaspoon of carbonate of soda dissolved in a teacup of sour milk. Bake in a mould.

**SPONGE-CAKE** (an easy and simple recipe).—Two teacups of flour, two full teacups of powdered white sugar, the rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the whites and yellows of eggs separately and light; just before baking, stir in the flour; bake at once, without stirring the cake after the flour is added.

**A BAKED PUDDING WITH SAUCE.**—Four eggs, four teacups of flour, two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda dissolved in a teacup of sour milk, half a grated nutmeg. Bake in a mould, and serve hot with rich sauce. A pound of raisins and the same of currants may be added. It may be boiled instead of being baked, and is very nice.

**BOSTON GINGER-BREAD.**—Three pints of flour, one pint of sugar, one pint of molasses, three-quarters of a pound of butter, seven eggs, a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of very sour milk, three tablespoons of ginger finely powdered, one tablespoon of ground cinnamon, one of powdered cloves, and a grated nutmeg. Bake in a mould.

**A SIMPLE RECIPE.**—Four teacups of flour, one of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, two-thirds teacup of soda in sour milk; ginger to taste.

**OLD-FASHIONED PASTRY.**—Sift one quart of flour, make into a stiff dough with cold water, add one teaspoon of salt. Have a pound of good butter, divided into five parts. Roll out the dough, and put one portion of the butter over it in small parts. Fold it up, roll it out again, repeating this till all the butter is thus disposed of. Bake in patty-pans, cutting off the edges of dough with a sharp knife.

**DELICIOUS PASTRY, FROM INDIANA RECIPE.**—Sift one quart of flour, adding a teaspoon of salt, one teacup of best lard, and one of butter; mix both smoothly into the flour with a strong knife, adding then one teacup of ice-water. Do not work it at all with the hands. Break off pieces the size wanted, roll quickly, and cut tolerably thick. It is excellent for puffs. Cut square, and fill with jam of any sort.

**CHEESE-CAKES.**—The yolks of sixteen eggs, sixteen heaping tablespoons of powdered sugar, one pound of butter, the grated rinds and juice of four lemons, some powdered crackers. This is excellent, either baked in pastry or without it, in a deep dish.

**PLAINER CHEESE-CAKES.**—Make pastry by the Indiana recipe. Beat lightly the yolks and whites of four eggs, melt a small teacup of butter, a heaping teacup of sugar, rind grated and juice of one lemon. Bake in pastry.

**BREAD-PUDDING.**—Boil in a quart of milk the crumbs of a large loaf of bread, with a half pound of cut raisins, half pound of dried currants. Whilst hot, add a large spoonful of good butter. Beat six eggs with a cup and a half of sugar, add half a nutmeg, a teaspoon of cinnamon. Butter baking-dishes, and bake thoroughly. This is excellent made of stale pound-cake or sponge-cake, or Naples biscuit. By putting a layer of jam on the top of the puddings when done, and making a meringue, they are much improved.

**BOILED VALISE PUDDING** (excellent and economical).—Sift one quart of flour, add one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, two-thirds of a teaspoon of car-

bonate of soda, a large spoonful of nice lard. Make up the dough with water or sweet milk, roll it out moderately thick, spread over it a thick layer of raspberry jam or peach marmalade. Roll it up, boil in a towel for three-quarters of an hour, and serve hot with rich sauce.

**ROASTED TURKEY.**—Get a fat, young turkey, and keep it a day or two. Scald it well several times, and rub with salt and pepper. Make a stuffing of a loaf of bread, a large lump of butter, the yolks of three eggs, a half nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, a spoonful of mustard, a small piece of onion chopped fine. Put the turkey down to roast, covering the breast with slices of sweet, good, fat bacon. Baste it well whilst roasting with good butter or lard.

**ITALIAN SOUP** (Recipe given by a native Italian).—Cut up some cold beef or mutton, or the remains of a cold fowl; put it on an hour before dinner in two quarts of boiling water. Add one quart of tomatoes chopped finely, seasoned with pepper and salt, one teaspoonful of rice, three ears of grated corn, four potatoes cut small, a handful of young, tender lima beans, a large spoonful of butter. Fry four onions in lard or with good bacon, put gray and onions both into the soup, and add salt and pepper to the taste. Very excellent and nourishing. Be sure to have the onions fried; it makes a great difference.

**"RISOTTA"** (an Italian dish; most excellent).—Have one pint of skinned tomatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt and onion, one teaspoonful of rice, large spoonful of butter, two spoonfuls of grated cheese, some finely-chopped ham. Put all in saucepan; add three onions, fried brown, gravy in which they have been fried. Fill up half full of boiling water the saucepan, stirring the mixture whilst it cooks; when it begins to dry away, fill up again with boiling water; let it boil away again, adding boiling water a third time, if necessary. Do not let it burn or stick to the saucepan. It requires constant stirring when it gets nearly done. Add more seasoning if necessary.

**ITALIAN MODE OF DRESSING MACCARONI.**—Boil half pound of macaroni with two blades of mace and an onion. Put on with it a sweetbread, and let all boil till tender. Add a pint of tomatoes, a large lump of butter, pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of mustard. Put into a deep dish alternate layers of macaroni and thick layers of grated cheese, till the dish is full, putting cheese on the top. Serve hot, with a small bowl of the finest cheese grated, so that each one may add cheese if preferred.

**BAKED RICE.**—A nice dish may be served of boiled rice seasoned like macaroni, and baked in deep dish.

## Scientific, Useful and Curious.

THE microphone as a thief-catcher has proved very useful to an English resident in India who found his store of oil rapidly and mysteriously diminishing. He fixed a microphone to the oil cans, carried the wire up to his bed-room, and, after the house had been closed for the night, sat up to await the result. Very shortly he heard the clinking of bottles, followed by the gurgling sound of liquid being poured out, and, running down-stairs, he caught his bearer in the act of filling small bottles for easy conveyance from the premises.

**BIRDS** build their nests in the seaweed which grows and floats with the Gulf Stream, and in many instances are found one thousand miles from any land. This weed is sustained by pods grown upon it which act as air-floats.

A **GERMAN** paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine.

**ROSES** are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon Midsummer Eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas Day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water, that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose-leaves upon a coal-fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

THE docility of the reindeer, so carefully impressed on us in childhood, is declared to be a myth. It seems that he is remarkably difficult to break, and always exceedingly troublesome to catch; while in temperament he is apt to be a dangerous compound of vice, ferocity and hypocrisy. While apparently going pleasantly in harness, he will turn sharply

round and make a savage assault on his driver. His master knows him too well to trust him. The Lap is always on the outlook to tumble out of the sledge and turn it over on top of him as a protection against the animal's horns. When the deer is tired of butting the timber, the driver picks himself up, replaces the sledge on its runners, and the pair proceed.

**SO-CALLED "fairy rings"** in meadows are simply produced by the growth of various kinds of fungi. The fungi start from a centre, owing to some peculiarity of the soil and decaying vegetable matter in it, and, when they have exhausted the spot on which they originally sprang up, they enlarge their borders as it were, and thus form circles, giving a darker tinge to the herbage affected by them. These rings increase in size annually, and thus they vary considerably in circumference.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS** in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes, like the old English yew-trees, in the forms of peacocks, etc. In Tokio there are gardens filled with life-sized figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent court ladies, warriors, children and animals, one of the favorite characters being a young lady with a fox's tail peering from under her dress, and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into Reynard's head.

A **WOVEN** book has been manufactured at Lyons, the whole of the letterpress being executed in silken thread. Portraits, verses and brief addresses have often been reproduced by the loom, but an entire volume from the weaver's hand is a novelty.

THE deleterious effect of tobacco smoking on the brain is shown in Bartillon's statistics of the Ecole Polytechnique for 1855. Out of a hundred and sixty scholars, one hundred and eight smoked. Of the first twenty who obtained honors at the school, fourteen were non-smokers and six smokers. This fact arrested the attention of the Minister of Public Instruction in France, and caused him in 1861 to prohibit the use of cigars and pipes among young students.

## The Temperance Cause.

### THE LOSS OF WILL-POWER IN INEBRIATES.

**D**R. WIDNEY, of the St. Louis Sanitarium, states the following case in the September number of the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*:

An example that illustrates the slavery to alcohol, in some men, who do not seem to be much under its power, is that of a lawyer who came to the Sanitarium about a year ago; he was not much intoxicated; to hear him converse in the dark, no one would have supposed him to have been at all under the influence of liquor. Soon after entering the institution, he made this statement (that I know now to be correct):

"I am not much under the influence of alcohol to-day, and could attend to my business as well as usual, but in three days I have a case that I must win or be ruined; it is a suit for three thousand dollars. I am now embarrassed, and must raise some funds to return a sum of money that I used while guardian for some minor heirs; the guardianship has been taken from me very properly, but I must make a settlement this week, and the only possible chance to secure the funds is to gain this suit. Now, if I am not controlled, I will be very drunk on the day of the trial, and must inevitably lose the case, and be ruined professionally, and disgrace my family. It is one of my peculiarities, that when there is an important time for me to remain sober, and I am particularly anxious to do so, I am certain to be drunk on that day; if I could be as sober on next Thursday as I am to-day, and have been for three weeks, I would be satisfied; but this is impossible, unless I am under restraint. I will pay the institution liberally if you will keep me sober, and have me sent down to the court-house under guard of a firm man, in three days, and keep him there to prevent my drinking until this case is completed."

I, of course, consented, and at the proper time sent

a man with him. HE WAS SOBER, AND GAINED THE SUIT.

Now, this man understood the principles of Christianity, and believed them; loved his family and felt his responsibility; knew the value of money, and was keenly conscious of the fact that financial and professional ruin was inevitable if he was drunk on the day of the trial of that case; and, notwithstanding all these facts, he would have been drunk, lost his three thousand dollars, destroyed his future prospects as a professional man, and disgraced his family, for he would have appeared as defaulter in the matter of his guardianship; the very reason why he should have remained sober on that court-day was actually the exciting cause that would have forced him to get drunk. This phenomenon may be explained in several ways; the only one that I will mention here is this: he had been partially under the influence of alcohol for a long time; the blood-vessels of the brain would not contract promptly without their accustomed stimulant; the excitement of the occasion would cause more blood to go to the brain than usual, therefore there was a greater demand for alcohol to enable the blood-vessels to contract with more than ordinary force to prevent that fullness of the head and confusion of thought which invariably accompany this condition; but freedom from excitement and temptation, and the substitution of non-alcoholic stimulants for a time, and the presence of a man of strong will to help him carry out his desire to abstain from the use of his accustomed stimulant, accomplished its purpose. A prolonged use of the same helps, followed by rest, good nerve-tonics and religious encouragement, gave the same lawyer a start on the road of sobriety that he has followed faithfully, until he can now stand the excitement and the trials of life with but little temptation to drink, and no help save that which he receives from on high and from a will-power.

## Pleasant Readings.

THE London *World* recites how revenge was had by one of the most eminent pianists in that city. He had suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of drawing-room audiences, and devised the other day a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest, that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece, at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear and distinct, above them all, rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lady —. These words of hers were ringing upon the startled air: "We always fry ours in lard!"

Among the "funny rules" adopted at the hilarious meeting with which some of the members of the Philadelphia bar closed the old year, was the following: "When you have emptied your client's pockets, hand him enough money to pay his car-fare home. This is an innovation on the established practice, but it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"A SPLENDID girl, isn't she?" remarked a young man to his friend at an evening party."

"Yes," was the reply, "she certainly is very highly cultivated. She is stylish, plays well, sings well, talks well, dances well and rides well, and succeeds admirably in private theatricals. In fact," he added, "she's just the kind of a girl you'd like one of your friends to marry."

"Then you wouldn't care to marry her?"

"By no means, my dear fellow. What I'm looking for is a *real nice* girl."

"THE way it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see somethin' and you give a half a dollar for a chance to win it; another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back."

A NOTED operator in stocks declined an invitation to take a glass of wine. "Why," remarked his friend, "you used to drink." "I did when I was in the dry-goods business," was the reply; "but since I've gone into Wall Street, I find that I must keep my head clear, and I can't do that and drink."



"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as pretty as ever I do, and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish anti-America, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

At a private party given in Vienna by a banker, Wilhelmj was engaged to play from seven to ten o'clock. The host had no knowledge whatever of music. Wilhelmj began to play the andante of a Mendelssohn concerto. The banker was dumfounded, and, turning to his guest, said in a semi-whisper: "Excuse me, you see how these musicians are. I engaged him to play by the hour, and he plays slow."

A LITTLE four-year old startled her mother, after praying for all her friends one night, by adding: "And, God, please to bless the great big butcher-boy who brings us our meat." At another time, "Please to bless the grass that grows in the gardening"—loving to play with the long, slender blades as she gathered and laid them on her dainty little hand and then blew them gleefully away. Grateful, loving little soul, she wanted a blessing on what gave her joy.

A LITTLE girl in Hartford, Conn., was sent to a store the other day to buy some lace. The clerk, after putting up the packages, said: "Well, there is one and a half yards of lace at ten cents a yard. How much does it come to?" To which the miss pertly replied: "Well, I'm not going to tell; I have to study arithmetic all the rest of the week, and I'm not going to bother my head with it on Saturdays."

## Literary and Personal.

THE *Youth's Companion*, in some sketches of famous authors gives these reminiscences of Macaulay's boyhood:

He seems to have been a great reader from the start, and used, when a child of three years old, to lie on the rug before the fire with a book in his hand. His memory from the cradle onward was prodigious. His quaint little manners in childhood amused all who came near him.

Being taken out on one occasion to see the collection of wonderful things at Strawberry Hill, a servant who was waiting on the company accidentally spilled some hot coffee on his legs, scalding him sorely no doubt. After a while the hostess, who was all compassion and kindness, asked him how he was feeling.

"Thank you, madam," said the little man, most gallantly, "the agony is abated."

He was fond of cultivating a minute plot of ground at the back of the house where he lived when a five-year-old stripling, and it is remembered that when the maid threw away as rubbish the oyster-shells with which little Tom had marked the garden as his own, he marched straight into the drawing-room where his mother was entertaining some visitors, and solemnly exclaimed: "Cursed be Sally! for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!'" He astonished his mother one day by announcing this sentiment: "Industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter."

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY, famous twenty years ago for his pithy and effective style, used to tell with great glee how he acquired it. When he was a student in Williams College, he thought he could write well, and took a composition to Dr. Griffin, the president, expecting commendation for its eloquence. President Griffin glanced through the first sentence, and said: "Murray, what do you mean by this sentence?"

He answered modestly: "I mean so and so, sir."

"Then say so, Murray," and across line after line went the broad pen, erasing what Murray thought the most eloquent passages. Passing to other sentences, "Murray, what do you mean by this?" again asked the merciless critic.

With a trembling voice the answer came: "Doctor, I mean so and so."

"Please just to say so," was the quick reply.

When the reading was ended, the beautiful manuscript was spoiled, and the erased portions nearly equaled what was left unmarked. Dr. Murray always maintained that those simple words "Say so," made him a writer.

THE home of Mrs. Maxwell, the "Colorado hunter and naturalist" is at Boulder twenty miles from Denver. During the past year she has spent much of her time at the East, perfecting herself in the technical knowledge and science of her art. She has one daughter just grown to womanhood, who does the honors of the house with something of her mother's grace and dignity, during that lady's self-enforced absence. Personally, Mrs. Maxwell is a retiring, modest little woman, whose hardy, well-knit figure, rosy cheeks, and keen bright eyes indicate a healthy and buoyant spirit that is typical of the sterling pioneer woman in every grade of our advancing civilization.

THIS story is told of Madame Sontag, the singer. During her visit to this country fifteen or twenty years ago she was not pleased with the pitch of her piano. She sent for a tuner, gave him the tuning-fork and told him to tune the piano down to that. The man bethought himself of a labor-saving device. He raised the pitch of the fork by filing it off a little at the ends, and when he presented it again to Madame Sontag she found the piano in perfect accord with it, and was exceedingly delighted.

IT is a singular fact that fifteen of the ladies connected with the present Diplomatic Corps at Washington are American girls whose beauty and diplomacy captured distinguished husbands. Among the number are wives of the French, Italian, Guatemalan and Turkish Ministers, and many others of lesser rank, including Mrs. Yung Wing, of the Chinese Legation, who was a Miss Bartlett, of Connecticut.

ELIZABETH GOOSE, the "Mother Goose" of the nursery, born in Charlestown, in 1635, was a veritable matron of Boston, the second wife of Isaac Goose, her maiden name being Elizabeth Foster. She was admitted to the Old South Church in Boston, in 1698. Her daughter, Elizabeth, married Thomas Fleet, the printer. To her children Mother Goose sang these songs, and the printer collected them, and gave them to the world. The author became a widow in 1710, and died in 1727, aged ninety-two years.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

WE have little new to offer in the way of winter fashions. Perhaps a more decided liking for fur trimmings on cloaks and suits is noticeable. By those who can afford it, bands of sable, blue, silver or white fox, mink, chinchilla and *grèbe*, are used lavishly as ornamentation. Around the collars and cuffs, they are arranged in large masses, while along the edges, they appear in very narrow widths, suggesting an entire lining of the same costly material. Long wraps very often are indeed lined with warm skins, but in this case, it is only the very extravagant who have them of other than ordinary grades. The bordering strip, however, is very rich and beautiful, and adds greatly to the effect of a handsome coat. Many admire it also as a garniture for costumes, in combination with the fashionable shades of garnet, plum and the various greens and browns.

Speaking of out-door garments, we must not omit a mention of the stylish circular of Scotch plaid, an exceedingly comfortable, warm-looking garment, appropriate for school-girls and young ladies. It falls nearly to the edge of the dress, it is made with a bias seam in the back, straight edges in front, and it is finished with a peaked hood at the neck. It is simply fastened in front by hooks and eyes, and may be trimmed by a band of rather narrow velvet ribbon all round, with bows at the throat and upon the hood.

Considerable space is now given to descriptions of very elaborate toilettes for evening wear. Any lady of taste could, we think, form for herself a beautiful party or ball dress, from the varied materials of silk, brocade, satin, tulle and gauze. She need only remember that here, if ever, low necks and short sleeves and long trains are *de rigueur*; that a plentiful array of lace and flowers is almost invariably found with such costumes; that a combination of fabrics—as, for instance, satin and tulle, satin and gauze—are often, though by no means invariably seen; and that gloves are very long, coming well up over the arms. She can also remember that a dazzling effect can often be gained by very simple materials, and that anything tawdry is vulgar. A daintily-made white Swiss, with accessories few and perfect of their kind—white kid gloves and slippers, natural flowers, and if any lace at all, that, little and good—is always in correct taste. And for any lady, but especially one for whom the muslin would be too youthful, a well-fitting black silk, with ample, *crepe tissue* ruchings, a

white illusion tie, a little spray of flowers, and, of course, white or tinted kid gloves, is suitable for any occasion, except one superlatively dressy. Further than this we have nothing to say as regards fancy costumes, except that there is observable a more decided individuality than ever. For masquerade balls, historical dresses and the fashions of every land are copied with artistic accuracy. Thus, the styles of the times of Queen Elizabeth, and the array of Turkish and Japanese ladies take the place of the old-time night and morning, and peasant-girl and shepherdess.

Grenadine veils for cold days come now in colors to match the suit—as deep maroon and olive green, as well as light shades like those seen in the serviceable gray and brown woolen goods. But the preference still seems to be for the old dark blues and green. Cravat-bows are taking the place of neckties, a large part of which must be hidden by the high, standing collar, though white muslin scarfs, embroidered at the ends, are still chosen for every-day wear. Handsome dresses are ornamented with many loops of narrow satin ribbon of various colors, bright and dark, massed together so as to suggest clusters of flowers.

Various little modifications in the methods employed in dressmaking creep in from time to time. Ladies who do their own sewing should always bear in mind the fact that if we double the stuff before cutting, so as to be able to shape two sides at once, we will make no mistake, such as getting the right and wrong faces, or the grain, or the pattern, or the nap transposed. The linings should be cut first, and then basted upon the uncut material. The best dress-makers at present make the button-holes and sew on the buttons before trying on and adapting a waist for the last time, as it is difficult to pin a hem so as to insure a perfect fit. In preparing a front for the buttons and button-holes, the button-hole side only is turned back, and the button side is left open, the buttons being placed on the line of the reversed edge, if it were reversed, so as to form a facing and a background for the button-holes. A tape is put inside a body exactly at the waist-line, caught fast at the seams, and furnished with a hook and eye, so that it may pass round the form, and, being adjusted, keep the garment in place. The two edges of seams are no longer overcast together, nor are whalebones placed between them, as these practices have been found to make the dress draw; the former are completed separately, and pressed flat, and then a casing for the latter is placed directly upon them.

## New Publications.

FROM SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Spiritual Songs, with Music, for the Church and Choir. By Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D. This is a very judicious and tasteful selection of hymns, comprising both the old standard tunes and verses which have grown dear to the whole church, and many of the familiar, beautiful compositions of a later day. Among the former class may be mentioned "Coronation," with the words nearly always

accompanying it, "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" among the latter, "The Ninety and Nine." The arrangement of the music will commend itself alike to those who prefer plain airs and congregational singing, and those who favor artistic effects by trained choirs. The book is intended for all denominations, but the publishers will make special adaptations to meet any particular needs. One such edition, suitable for Baptist churches, has been

arranged under the title of the "Calvary Selection of Spiritual Songs," by Rev. Robert S. McArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, in connection with the compiler, Dr. Robinson. A novelty in bookbinding appears in the gros-grain silk cover, while the fly-leaves are adorned with illuminated texts in Anglo-Saxon letters.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO.

**The Temperaments.** By D. H. Jacques, M.D. This discourses at length upon the physiological characteristics of different persons, eminent or otherwise, from a phrenologist's standpoint, taking into consideration their surroundings, their education and their nationality. Good judgment is observable throughout the observations, and the hints as to hygiene are excellent.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

**Juvenile Temperance Manual.** By Julia Colmans. The plan of this work is as novel as it is interesting. Its design is to encourage the good citizens of every community to start a Temperance

School, on the model of the Sunday-School, in which shall be taught all about alcohol, in whatever form it may appear—its history, chemistry and physiological effects. Whether such a school can be organized and sustained, we do not know; but one kept in successful operation for as short a period as six months would diminish enormously the prevalent ignorance on the subject, and graduate a host of effective temperance workers. The book, as it is, is exceedingly valuable, the excellent addresses containing a rich fund of information. We hope the little manual will circulate widely.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Jarl's Daughter, and other Stories.** By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." These are some of Mrs. Burnett's earlier efforts, republished from the columns of *Peter-son's Magazine*, for which they were originally written. Simple as they are, it is easy to discern in them the promise of her future power, for here are displayed, though not fully developed, the same knowledge of life and skill in portraiture for which she has become especially noted.

## Notes and Comments.

### A Typical Funeral.

UNDER this head a correspondent refers to the custom in many rural districts of making a feast at funerals, and condemns it as unseemly, and a wrong to the bereaved families, and especially where they are poor. She also refers to the morbid curiosity of some women, who take advantage of these occasions to pry into a neighbor's household affairs, and to criticise what they find out of order, or not in harmony with their particular notions of good house-keeping.

Reciting an instance in point, our correspondent says:

A poor, hard-working mother, taxed well-nigh beyond her strength with the care of a house and six little ones, was in the midst of her morning's toil suddenly overwhelmed by the news that one of her tiny, toddling prattlers had wandered off and fallen into the creek, and that they were now bringing home to her a baby form, strangely still; a sweet innocent face, around which ripple the clinging, wet curls. We remember how she sank down on the dusty floor with the broom in her hands, never to recover full consciousness until one of her heart's dearest treasures was hidden away from her sight forever. We recall, too, how long and how pitifully the helpless brood called for her when she could not answer them. And how the many tearful eyes and choking voices among the gathered friends and neighbors, testified to their sincere sympathy.

But is this all? Far from it. At the funeral we overheard many little colloquies in hall, and closet, and stairway. This between the same two ladies who, with the greatest amount of trouble to themselves, had brought the most beautiful flowers they could find.

"I'm going to slip into the kitchen if I can, and see how they live."

"I'd give something to know, for they say she was awfully extravagant."

Two more matrons had something to say, the very

ones who had generously cooked a large quantity of food, and hurried up the needed sewing, and lent mourning, and made the bereaved little brothers and sisters presentable for the occasion.

"I want to get near the coffin to see how he takes it."

"She ought to have tried to exert herself. I believe this staying in bed is more than half put on."

And in a tolerably large group of women, one seems to be the principal speaker, the one who, as will appear from her own words, was the first to come to the stricken mother, and who really rendered the most valuable aid.

"I had to put the whole house in order, from garret to cellar. It was a sight! Everything at sixes and sevens! The very kitchen wasn't swept! And any poor man's wife so extravagant! She had fruit-cake, and preserves, and pies, and pickles, and oysters in the pantry! And jewelry and kid gloves in the bureau-drawer! And the children only three pairs of stockings apiece! And fire in all the bed-rooms! And—" but we forbear.

And, oh! the supper that followed the return from the cemetery! Turkey, and oysters, and chicken-salad, and cakes, and jellies, such as would have done credit to any country merry-making. And droves of hungry relatives, to the fifth degree, many of whom had not seen the child in life, and acquaintances, who had never taken a morsel in the house before, sat down and ate of them, all most heartily. If they had met for a dance, they would scarce have deported themselves differently around the board.

So, in the terrible days that followed, the afflicted man found that, in addition to the heavy burden of a little face missing and a prostrated wife suffering, all the private domestic affairs of his household were discussed and criticised on every hand, and the expenses which might have been avoided had made such serious inroads upon his scanty savings, that it would be a long time before he could recover from the embarrassment so caused.

Throughout our rural and suburban districts, we

know of no more crying shame than this. It is thoughtlessness, not deliberate unkindness. But certainly it is neither humane nor Christian.

Let the neighbors continue their sympathetic acts. Let them, as they really desire, save the sorrowing family all the pain and trouble they can. But let them keep charitably silent regarding anything of which they disapprove; let them make due allowances for the suddenness of the paralyzing blow; let them scorn to make use of any disparaging information thrust upon them at such a season. And they should not stop here. Let them do all they can to break up that barbarous practice of setting out sumptuous repasts in the house of death, suggesting to any sensitive mind the idea of feasting upon the occasion of a dear one's last departure.

How much better it would be if there were no table spread at all. If some kind woman would prepare a simple lunch for the immediate family and most intimate friends. If all who had houses within ten miles would quietly go to them after the services. And if the near neighbors who desired to be of use would each take home and accommodate one or two of the relatives from a distance during the very few days necessary.

We have heard a great deal lately about reform in funeral customs—curtailing the expense of horses, carriages and trappings of mourning. This is well; but we believe that in many places the real work of reform must begin, not in the undertaker's office, but in our home circles.

### Sermons to Young Men.

REV. WALTER D. NICHOLAS, of Temple Presbyterian Church in this city, has given an admirable series of discourses to young men, intended to warn them of the dangers that lie along the paths of early manhood. In the opening discourse which was from the text in John ix, 21, "He is o, age," the speaker painted in glowing colors, under the figure of the launch of a noble ship, the bright anticipations of a youth nearing his majority, and the earnest solicitude of loving friends concerning his future career. The striking image reached a conclusion in the following fine paragraph:

"One command of the Divine Master, and Old Time, with his swinging pendulum, knocks away the last hours of boyhood; another, and the clock ticks the last second that binds him to youth. There he goes! Voices from home cry, God speed him! Voices from the world cry, God speed him! Voices from Heaven cry, God speed him! As he glides swiftly down the imperceptible ways that lie across this life line, and plunges into manhood, a father's hand grasps his in congratulation, and a mother's kiss christens him, 'twenty-one.'"

Mr. Nicholas went on to consider the young man in his changed attitude to his home. "For a score of years he has been under the support and restraint of a father, under the unselfish care and loving counsel of a mother, under the genial sunshine of a sister's companionship. Henceforth the paternal support and restraint legally cease; practically he has outgrown maternal care, and moved beyond maternal counsel; now business and not a sister is his playmate."

"Let the young man take the first steps of mature life unaided, and the consciousness that he must be self-reliant will help him to walk alone." "The Galilean who, amid the dying agonies of crucifixion, pointed to the woman who bore Him, and said to his nearest companion: 'Behold thy mother,' taught

the world a lesson that should bring the blush of shame to the unfilial son. Once more let the young man remember that when he ceases to be his sister's playmate, he is still his sister's brother. A little attention now and then may make her life as glad as when, in childhood days, they sauntered hand in hand to school, or gathered berries on the hill. A little attention now and then may shield her from a villain's love."

"Observe again how at 'twenty-one' a young man's attitude is changed toward his Government. He has become a citizen; and that word means here practically more than it does in any nation under the sun. It means that every man is the political peer of every other man." "There is a mutual relationship between the citizen and the Republic." "The citizens of to-day have forgotten this common interest, and their neglect and perversion of the freeman's privilege has re-acted upon themselves. If we have had corruption it is the fault of the people." "But a better day will dawn—is dawning. I believe the Republic of the twentieth century will be better than the Republic of the nineteenth century, because I believe intelligence and morality will prevail among our young men. Never lose faith in the destiny of your country."

"Lastly, observe how the young man's attitude is changed toward the church at 'twenty-one.' There is no more interested spectator at the launch of manhood than the representative of Christ. In infancy she sprinkled the baptismal water on his brow; in childhood she gave the 'Our Father' his mother taught him at her knee; in youth she opened her Bible and read him, along with precepts for his life, the story of the Cross; and now if he be not already a soldier of Christ, she longs to clothe him with an armor that can resist the stroke of every pirate temptation, and aid him to capture many a prize for God upon the sea of life."

### "Our Deadly Friend."

MRS. ELIZA SPROAT TURNER, of Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, in her paper read before the Woman's Congress of 1878, held at Providence, Rhode Island, applied this forcible term to our modern system of education. It is a friend, inasmuch as the mental improvement of our growing youth must soon give elevation of tone and breadth of culture to society. But it has been made to carry in its train a series of consequences far more deleterious than its direct good effects are beneficial. Long hours, strict discipline, difficult lessons, with the resulting care and nerve strain, and the depressing effect of crowded school-rooms, defective heating, light and ventilation, as well as the subtle, silent, yet crushing influence of driven, overworked teachers, must slowly and surely sap away the strength of the most rugged constitution.

Yet it has been justly said that parents can have what they want if they determined to heed the warnings so often given them, and by one common impulse demanded a reform in our public school system, it would soon come. They raise often complaints long and loud against the teachers—but in cities at least, these are the greatest victims of all—they are completely powerless to remedy the matter, for an irresistible force in the shape of Boards and Committees pushes them onward, beyond escape. Besides, in many cases, their expression of a desire for improvement would be indignantly resented by directors and parents both. We know of a teacher

who thought one daily session from nine until one o'clock sufficient.

"Why," exclaimed a committee-man, "teachers get four hundred dollars a year now to sit in chairs and do nothing."

"Yes," replied a father, "they don't want to work any more than they can help—they'd like to get the money just the same and teach half the time."

This feeling is far more widespread among the community than its members would like to acknowledge—certain it is that those who see the evil most plainly are the very ones who feel that their lips are hopelessly sealed.

Let every one upon whom devolves the care of children ponder over this subject. Let each ask what can be done to bring about a new order of things. Surely, it is not natural that a weak, immature body and a young, undeveloped mind should be bowed beneath diurnal tasks and necessities whose aggregate amounts to as much as many a vigorous man's daily labor. He is not guiltless who, knowing the truth, neglects to utter his protest.

### Temperance and Woman Suffrage.

**M**ANY earnest women throughout our land believe that if they were armed with the ballot they could gain the victory over alcohol. They have reason for their belief, and neither individual nor organization should desire to interfere with their exercise of it. But, as a large proportion of these same women are members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, or are interested in its workings, considerable misunderstanding as regards themselves, their opinions, and their relation to the society, has been lately manifested on the part of the public generally.

In view of this fact, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, President of the association, has issued a circular embodying a resolution passed at the last annual meeting, held in Baltimore, November 6th to 11th. We copy it entire.

*Resolved*, "That while we would not trammel our members in the exercise of their private views, yet we believe that as a society we can best subserve the interest of God and humanity by going before the public with one issue, and therefore we deprecate the introduction of any side question, and recommend the presentation of our cause from a Gospel standpoint that will command the sympathy and co-operation of the Christian church."

It is pertinently added that women cannot vote until men enfranchise them, which the men upholding the liquor traffic will not do as it would be giving away their own weapon, and strengthening those arrayed against them. Temperance men alone cannot confer a power which they do not, as yet, possess. So, it really seems evident, that, as a whole organization, the work, which professes to be simply for the Temperance cause, can be carried on, at present, more effectively without the introduction of any subordinate considerations. In passing this resolution, the ladies have done wisely.

REID'S FLORAL TRIBUTE, a most beautiful Seed Catalogue, advertised in another column, is new in design, full of exquisitely colored plates and in fact very complete in every particular. The publisher offers great inducements to purchasers, send for circulars.

## Publishers' Department.

### NOTICE TO CLUB-GETTERS.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

One or more names can be sent in as fast as obtained, and when the club is as large as the club-getter wishes to make it, the premium to which it is entitled can be ordered.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

We do not select the Butterick Patterns we offer as premiums for clubs. Club-getters have the privilege of doing so at any time during the year 1879.

### AN IMPERATIVE DEMAND OF THE AGE.

In view of the fact that neither of the great schools of medicine, with all the science and skill which they so honorably represent, is able to cure, except in rare cases, certain forms of disease, such as consumption, chronic catarrh, ozæna, asthma, and the wide range of neuralgic affections under the tortures of which so many are suffering, every observant and reflective person feels that some new system of medicine, or some new agent of cure, is the imperative demand of the age. That in "Compound Oxygen" such an agent, acting in perfect harmony with science and pathology, has been discovered, it is now confidently declared. After many years experience in its use, covering a wide range of the most difficult cases, a record of brilliant cures—every one of which can be fully authenticated—can now be offered, which, while taking the profession by surprise, cannot fail to give new hope to thousands of half-despairing invalids.

Taking the unquestioned results of an experience in the administration of "Compound Oxygen," extending over more than twelve years, it is confidently believed that its use in any community would not only give relief in nearly all cases where other treatments have failed, and cure a large proportion of these, but so raise the general standard of health and vitality as to lessen the individual tendency to disease.

Drs. Starkey & Palen desire it to be especially understood, that they give their patients the most careful professional attention, either in office consultation or by correspondence. They ask of every one who applies for the Compound Oxygen as full a history of his case as it is possible to give; and if they should be satisfied that his condition is such as to leave little or no hope in the new Treatment, they will honestly say so. If, on the contrary, from their wide experience in its action and effects, they see a reasonable hope of relief or restoration, they will encourage the patient to give the Oxygen a trial. In all cases, they wish to keep in correspondence with their patients while they are using the Treatment; and to get regular reports from them in order that they may give them the benefit of all the professional skill and advice in their power to offer.

See fourth page cover this number of HOME MAGAZINE.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.







"I WONDER IF IT'S TRUE."—Page 234.







# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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## HOW HE WAS CURED.

**H**E ought to have me to deal with! I'd cure him! I could take my own part, anyway, and you never would do that, you know, you poor little pigeon! I'd give him reason to be jealous if I were his wife! He is too unreasonable, and foolish, and absurd, to be borne with, I do declare!"

"Just about this one thing, he is, I'll own, but in everything else he is absolutely perfect—humanly speaking. But then, he is not altogether to blame, either," the sweet, tremulous lips of the young wife went on, anxious to make excuses for her idol, even at her own expense. "For, somehow, appearances always seem to sustain him. I don't know how it is, but it does seem as though I am continually getting into disagreeable positions, lately, and, oh, dear! I do believe there is no such thing as real happiness in this whole world;" and the grieved and flushed face went down upon the lounge pillow, in a fit of unrestrained sobbing.

Grant Sherburne was the "he," and the "him," referred to in the above remarks, and although it was scarce a year since he had taken sweet Jessie Varney from the loving home circle, of which she was the pet and pride, to his own home among strangers, many hundreds of miles away, this was not the first time by more than one, that he had caused her bitter, scalding tears, by his cruel and unreasoning jealousy.

It was just as Jessie said. It did seem as though some evil influence were always on the watch, to seize every opportunity for placing her in some disagreeable and suspicious situation—suspicious, however, only to a mind ripe for mistrust, and ever ready to suspect wrong where none exists. For instance, one occasion she had been out riding alone, and her horse, usually gentle and kind, had become frightened and unmanageable, and she had gladly accepted the offer of a young gentleman friend of her husband's to drive her home. It was a woeful surprise to poor Jessie, when, instead of expressing pleasure at his friend's kindness, Grant frowned when she recounted the incident to him, and said, no doubt Ben Bowen was only too glad of the chance to ride with her, and he should not be surprised if he were to call around

soon, with his own horse and carriage and invite her to ride with *him*. Another time she had gone rowing with an acquaintance, when, quite unexpectedly to her, and rather to her annoyance, though from his extreme youth she had no thought of her husband's displeasure in consequence, the brother of the young lady accompanied them—very providentially, too, as it turned out, for the wind increased to such a degree, that with their own unaided efforts the two ladies could never have rowed home in the face of it. Notwithstanding this fact, Grant took occasion to say some very unkind things about her always having the good fortune to secure the company of some handsome young gallant, whenever she went out without him. Again, and it was this occasion, or the time immediately following it, which I have chosen as an introduction to my story, she had been out shopping, when a sudden shower caught her just as she had nearly reached home. The luckless and ever present Ben Bowen happening to meet her, turned and walked beside her, protecting her with his umbrella. As it was raining heavily when they reached the house, she could do no less than invite him in. Grant was almost insultingly cool to his friend, during his stay, and after his departure unmistakably so to his wife, not sparing her some very cutting flings, who suffered doubly now from the fact of her sister's presence, and her mortification that she should witness this exhibition of his "one weak point," as she charitably regarded it.

After Grant had gone out, which he did soon after, the elder sister, with a few shrewd questions, drew from the grieved young wife a confession of this one drawback to her wedded happiness, though she shielded him, and took just as much blame upon herself—her inexperience and thoughtlessness—as she possibly could, and ended, as we have seen, in a fit of crying.

Laura Wood's bright blue eyes grew brighter with angry tears. She was far from indorsing her sister's estimate of her husband's character. Setting jealousy aside, she considered him a good way from perfection, just then. In fact, she could not very well understand how any one could encourage so vile a passion of the mind as jealousy, without its being backed up by some other undesirable traits, but she

did not deem it either kind or judicious to say this to her sister, taking her recompense, however, for her forbearance, in unlimited condemnation of the one admitted fault.

"The best wish I can wish him," she said, at last, when Jessie's sobs had grown fainter and farther between, and her own indignation had correspondingly cooled, "the best wish I can wish for him, is, that he may be placed in some situation himself, so very peculiar and suspicious, that it will overtop everything that he chooses to consider so in your case."

"Oh, but he never will be," replied Jessie, sitting up and wiping her swollen eyes, while the sobs still came at intervals, like those of a grieved child. "He prides himself upon his circumspectness, and that is why he cannot understand how it is that others are drawn into false positions accidentally or unawares. When I tell him it was a mere chance, and that the same thing might have happened to any one else, he says it is very singular, then, that such accidents never happen to him, exposed as he is, and always has been, so much more than I am."

"Well, your immaculate people are caught sometimes, and his turn may come yet—I sincerely hope it may," returned her sister, and then the subject was dropped.

Well, Laura Wood got her wish at last, though not for more than a year, and not until poor Jessie had suffered so bitterly, that life seemed shorn of half its charms for her. She hardly ever went out, except in company with her husband, and then her manner had become shy and frightened to such an extent that people noticed and commented upon it; even Grant wondered what had changed her so. Her fresh and delicate beauty which had once been the source of so much innocent pride and satisfaction to herself and her friends, she grew to regret, exposing her, as it did, to the admiring glances and flattering attentions of gentlemen, and she even at times seriously meditated exposing herself to the small-pox, as a sure way of removing the main incentive to her husband's blind jealousy. So many times, during this period, in reply to her piteous plea that it was all an accident, that she was not to blame, had Grant used his stereotyped queller, "*I'm not subject to such accidents!* Why is it that I have always escaped?" that she dreaded to hear it repeated, and ceased, finally, to attempt excusing herself. But she sometimes remembered her sister's wish regarding him, and echoed it from the bottom of her heart. And they had it, as I said, and it came about in this way: It was over a year from her sister's visit, that Grant and Jessie set out to return it, and also to spend a few weeks at Jessie's old home. On the afternoon of the second day of their journey, which, by the way, was a long one—over a thousand miles—at one of the way-side stations, two ladies came on board the train, into the same car with them. They were both pretty, one, the younger, extremely so, and dressed in exquisite taste, and Jessie was surprised to notice that this one, as the two passed them, to find

a seat at the back of the car, colored with a quick conscious blush as her eye fell upon her husband, and that she bowed, though rather reservedly, and that he returned the greeting and with equal coolness.

"You know them? Who are they?" whispered Jessie, after they had passed.

He seemed annoyed, but answered: "The one with the blue veil, is a Miss Manners, or was, when I knew her—probably she is married before this time. She spent a few weeks in our place, visiting her cousins, the Whaleys."

"Oh!" said Jessie, twisting about to get another look at the lady's face, "is that she? No, she isn't married, I heard May Whaley speaking of her only a day or two ago. She's lovely, isn't she?"

Grant's only answer was a shrug and a "humph" as he took a paper from his pocket and began to read.

Now Jessie had often heard this Mabel Manners spoken of; and it was known to her, also, that Grant had been very attentive to her, during that same visit to which he had referred—"Quite smitten, indeed," a gossiping friend had the goodness to inform her; but it is due to her to say, that not the smallest twinge of jealousy agitated her breast upon this account, either then or now. On the contrary, it would have suited her to see them more cordial, and to make the acquaintance of the lady herself. And although it was an unusual thing for her to attempt to direct his movements in the least degree, she did venture to say: "Oughtn't you to go and speak to her? It would be so pleasant to have their company, for awhile, and then we could tell the Whaleys that we met her."

"How do you know she wants to be bothered with us?" he replied, and went on with his reading.

Weary with her journey, Jessie arranged her shawl for a pillow, and spent the next hour in a succession of short naps, from the last of which she was awakened by the violent screeching of the whistle, a good deal of shaking up, and then a sudden stoppage, followed by a confusion of voices, opening of windows, and a hurrying about of the passengers.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, clinging to her husband's arm.

"Nothing serious, I think," he replied, calmly. "We'd best be quiet where we are, and keep out of the way. We'll find out quite as soon, I dare say."

In a few moments the conductor came through, careless and smiling.

"There's nothing at all the matter," said he, "only a little delay, that's all. It might have been a good deal worse; but a miss is as good as a mile, if not better. We shall be delayed here perhaps half an hour, and then we'll be all right again."

"There!" said Grant to Jessie, "you can resume your nap, and not be annoyed by the motion of the car. It is rather kind of them to stop awhile, don't you think? As for me, I feel like stretching my limbs a little, and believe I shall take a run up that slope and see what I can find, new and strange."

Jessie begged him to come back quickly.

"It would be dreadful if you were left," she added, "for we seem to be in a veritable wilderness; and I almost know there are snakes up there, besides."

"Snakes! Nonsense!" was the laughing reply. "As for being left, I'm not going to sleep."

With an inward tremor, Jessie watched him spring up the bank, and then disappear among the trees and underbrush that covered the hill against which the train had stopped; and then—well, that was the last she saw of him for many anxious hours; for, the trifling damage being repaired in rather less than the allotted time, the whistle screamed, the bell rang and the conductor shouted, and still he did not appear. Jessie was nearly wild. So nearly, that she did not notice, for some little time, that there was another lady in the same car in quite as much trouble as herself, and for the same, or a similar reason. Finding that they were beginning to move, she flew frantically through the cars until she found the conductor. Clinging to his arm, she begged him to stop the train and wait a few minutes longer until her husband returned.

"Who is it that is left?" asked the conductor, looking rather bewildered.

"My husband!" wailed poor Jessie; and "My sister!" sobbed another woman, who Jessie now noticed was clasping his other arm, and whom she instantly recognized as the companion of Miss Manners.

The train was stopped, though the conductor was not at all gracious about it.

"I will wait until the half hour is up, and, at a pinch, I may wait five minutes over, and then I must go. The eastern express is waiting now at S—for me to meet it there."

Several ladies and gentlemen gathered about the two frightened women, eager with proffers of sympathy and comforting suggestions, and, neither last nor least, questions. Jessie, never forward to converse with strangers, left the other woman to do most of the talking; and though she was not conscious of the act of listening, so great was her agony of suspense at the time, she did catch snatches of what she was saying in explanation of her sister's absence.

"She would go." "I did my best to dissuade her." "She is just wild on natural history." "She would go to the moon if she could to get a new plant or a strange bug." "She said she knew there were ferns up that ravine—"

"Time's up," said the conductor, reluctantly. "Ladies, I am sorry for you, but I can't wait any longer. We're about half way between two stations, and the down express waiting, as I said. But I will see the conductor of that train and get him to stop here and take your friends aboard, if they are here, and they can get off at the station back, and then come on from there on the next western-bound train. That's the best we can do now. They're all right, no doubt. You both go right on to your destinations, and they'll be there only a few hours behind you. Probably you'll get a telegram from them at C—."

The circle of listeners unanimously agreed with the conductor's decision, and several of them assured the two distressed women that there was not the slightest reason for alarm in the whole matter. Some of them even went so far as to look upon it as almost a joke. It was unpleasant, of course, and they were extremely sorry, and all that, but there was nothing to fret about. Oh, yes, without doubt, they would find telegrams awaiting them at C—the next station but one ahead. No use to worry at all.

Who has not noticed and admired the cheerful fortitude with which such people habitually bear the troubles of others. They can eat, sleep, read, enjoy a pleasant landscape, a fine sunset, music, conversation, while some one at their very elbow, perhaps, less happily constituted—or is it more nearly touched by the catastrophe, whatever it may be?—is racked to the verge of madness with grief and terror.

Mutual distress made the two ladies friends; and though Jessie was not in a condition of mind to talk much, the other—Mrs. Shaw, she said, was her name—kept up an excited sort of monologue, without seeming to expect replies to most of her remarks.

"How fortunate that your husband is an old acquaintance of Mabel's! Of course they'll meet with each other, and he will know what is best to do—though, for that matter, Mabel is quite capable of taking care of herself under ordinary circumstances. But, dear me! this is not an ordinary circumstance at all—very extraordinary, certainly. It seems incredible that such a thing should happen to any of our family—people who have been about the world as much as we all have." And then, after a pause, "It is almost laughable! I'm sure if it were some one else, instead of my own sister, I should feel inclined to laugh." Another pause, and then, "You don't know what a comfort it is to know that Mabel is not alone in that howling wilderness, but that Mr. Sherburne is with her. Yes, I perfectly remember his name—have heard it frequently, though I never met him."

It was after a prolonged half-soliloquy of this kind, but little of which Jessie comprehended, and to none of which she replied, that all at once Mrs. Shaw caught her breath as with a sudden thought, seized Jessie's arm, and in a frightened whisper said: "You don't suppose—it isn't possible—that they—that there—that it was—that there was an—understanding between—"

"No! it is not possible!" was Jessie's indignant reply, the blood mounting to her face in a crimson wave at the bare hint conveyed in her companion's unfinished question. "My husband is absolutely above suspicion," she added, coldly, the other continuing to stare at her, as though unable to withdraw her mind from this new solution of the puzzle. "My husband is absolutely above suspicion," repeated Jessie.

"Oh, certainly! Beg your pardon!" returned Mrs. Shaw, recollecting herself. "So I may say of my sister. I had not the slightest reason for the—the thought, only the strangeness of the whole thing



—and knowing that they were old—acquaintances; and Mabel is so very impulsive and headstrong—though she is truthful and honest as the day, always. No, I wronged them both with my momentary suspicion. But what could have kept them both?"

"I am convinced that nothing but a very serious accident could have kept my husband," said Jessie—she was sitting back in the corner of the seat, crying quietly—choking back her sobs, and forcing herself to speak calmly. "He is never careless, or rash, or forgetful. He has met with some accident—some foul play—been robbed, and maybe killed. I can think of nothing else. And it was cruel and selfish in me to come on without him. We ought both to have got off the train and sought them. I am so sorry I didn't. But I never thought until it was too late."

Poor Jessie! It was a night of keen anguish to her: At every station she insisted upon inquiring personally for a message, but none came from either of the missing ones. Sometimes she would determine to step and go back on the first eastern-bound train, but was as often prevented by the conductor or some one to whom her trouble was known, they assuring her she would only complicate the difficulty by so doing, and that her best way was to keep on to her original destination.

Mrs. Shaw left the train at daylight, and at nine A. M. they reached the station at T—, where Jessie's sister awaited her. Laura Wood's bright, expectant face suddenly paled at sight of the lone traveler, for, without denial, it was a very limp, spiritless form which she drew into her loving arms, and a very pale, agonized face upon which she pressed the kiss of welcome. However, she had no time to ask a question before a boy was pressing a telegram upon her notice.

"A 'spatch for ye, Mis' Wood."

Mechanically she glanced it over.

"Am all right. Will be with you this evening."

"GRANT."

"What has been the matter, and what does this mean?" she demanded.

Jessie snatched the telegram, gave it one hasty glance, and then further distressed and mystified, not to say mortified, her rather strong-minded sister, by going off into a genuine fit of hysterical laughing and crying. She got at the bottom of the mystery, however, before they reached her home, and by the time the forenoon was over she had got to the bottom of much more—much that Jessie had firmly intended to keep from her.

To say that she was grieved and indignant, would hardly express what she felt at seeing the change that two short years had wrought in her formerly healthy, happy, beautiful sister. Instead of the rosy, laughing girl she ought to have been, she found her pale, broken-spirited, sad eyed and listless.

"Why, I really believe you look older than I!" she said, and then felt like shaking herself for the hasty speech.

"Yes, I think I do," replied languid Jessie, and

there was satisfaction instead of regret in the soft, silvery tones.

"But it is because you are tired out with travel and anxiety, you poor little darling," hastily corrected Laura; "and here I am keeping you up talking while you ought to be in bed resting. Come, now you have had a little dinner, you shall go to your room, and I will leave you to yourself for three, yes, four hours; and then I am coming to sit by your bed and talk to you, for I don't intend you shall come down again to-night, but take your tea in bed."

It was a long afternoon to Laura Wood, for her active mind had already decided upon a plan which, if her sister could be induced to approve and assist in carrying through, she felt would be a fitting finale to the occasion, and give Grant an opportunity of testing on his own person the justice of his own mode of dealing with the mistakes of others. She anticipated some difficulty in persuading Jessie to take part in the scheme, and so she was eager to broach the subject and have it settled.

The allotted four hours had barely passed, when she entered her sister's room and found her just awakened from a refreshing sleep.

"You look improved already," said she, sitting down by the bed and smoothing back her sister's soft, wavy hair; and then with a few adroit remarks, edging nearer and nearer the point, she finally came naturally to the subject in hand.

"Don't you remember, Jessie, what I said when I was visiting you—that I wished Grant might sometime find himself in some disagreeably, suspicious position, just to show him how unjust he was to you? Well, now I've got my wish, haven't I?"

"Why, so you have! I never thought of it till now," Jessie replied, looking the picture of astonishment.

"Of course you never thought of it, but what do you suppose he would be thinking now, if it were you instead of him?" asked Laura.

"Oh, don't ask me, Laura!" Jessie answered, in a voice full of pain, and then added: "Of course he would think everything dreadful. I doubt whether he would ever speak to me again."

"Well, now it is your chance, don't you see?"

Jessie looked her inquiry, and her sister went on: "Your chance to give him a lesson. To help him to see how unjust he has been to you, all this time. To see himself as others see him."

Jessie's consent was won much easier than her sister had anticipated. "Only," she stipulated "you must stand by me, Laura. You must say all the most unpleasant things for me. I never could carry it out alone; because, you see, I haven't the very faintest suspicion that he is guilty of anything wrong; and that makes it so different."

Laura was nothing loth to assume the task of saying the "unpleasant things." She thought she should rather enjoy it. "Very well," she replied, "it is all settled, then. And now you shall have your tea, and another good nap, and then you must get up

and dress, and be ready for your part in the—farce, I think it will be.”

The scream of the whistle on the arrival of the 9.20 train at the distant station threw both the sisters into a lively state of expectation. As the minutes passed Jessie grew remorseful. “Who knows what he has suffered!” she plead, looking appealingly into her sister’s eager and determined face.

“Nonsense! Suffered! I’ll risk him! What have you suffered!” was the unsympathetic reply. “Now, Jessie, if you go to showing the white feather—” but Jessie protested, and promised anew, and set her teeth hard and waited; but when she heard her husband’s well-known step upon the gravel walk, and his quick, strong ring at the door, it tried her self-command more than it had ever been tried before in the world to refrain from rushing down-stairs and throwing herself into his arms, without a word.

Her sister went instead. “What, *you*?” she sternly demanded.

“Where is Jessie?” Grant asked, ignoring both the words and manner.

“I hardly expected you would come to ask, so soon,” she replied, with cutting sarcasm.

“So soon? Did you not get my telegram?”

“I did receive a telegraphic dispatch from you this morning, but we thought that as you had been so tardy in sending it, you might also neglect to follow, at the specified time; and so, to guard against being disappointed, we concluded it best not to look for you.”

Grant colored high during this lengthy answer to his simple question—she could see his face by the light of the hall lamp—but for some reason, he forbore to notice the implied charge of insincerity, saying quietly: “You say ‘*we*,’ do you mean Jessie and yourself?”

“I mean myself and Jessie,” she replied, stiffly.

“I wish to see Jessie,” he said, making a motion as though he would enter.

“Excuse me,” she answered, still stopping the way.

“Excuse me if I seem inhospitable, but Jessie declines to see you, at present.”

“Declines to see me!” he repeated, in mingled astonishment and anger. “For what reason?”

“I could tell you the reason if I were not well aware that you know it already.”

“I know of no reason! Good Heavens! You are not insane enough to be making all this fuss about that miserable accident of my being left behind on the road? An accident for which I was not to blame.”

“Oh, an accident! Yes, of course!” she sneered.

“What do you mean?” he demanded fiercely. “You insult me!”

“I mean that, happily, such accidents seldom occur. There is too much method in them,” she answered, pointedly.

He turned and walked hastily up and down the porch, too angry to speak, and she watched him with grim satisfaction. Suddenly he stopped before her and said, with forced calmness: “I do not feel obligated to enter into explanations to you, Mrs. Wood, but I demand to see my wife. I cannot believe that

she is a willing party to this outrage. I can explain everything which the circumstances demand to her, but I do not choose to be further insulted by you, if I can avoid it.”

It was not Laura’s purpose to carry matters too far, and drive him away, as she foresaw she should do, if she persisted, so with pretended reluctance she said: “Well, you can come into the parlor, and I will speak to Jessie, and if she consents to see you, why, I shall not object; though I think she should wait until she has consulted father and mother.”

Inwardly raging, but scorning to reply, Grant followed his sister-in-law into the parlor, where she left him. Returning after some five minutes’ absence, by which time he had become so impatient of this mere child’s play, as he looked upon it, that he was upon the point of making his own way to his wife’s room, she told him that Jessie would see him, provided that she, Laura, could be present at the interview.

He made a gesture of impatient scorn, and said: “What matter! Have the whole town, if you wish!” and strode past her toward the stairs. But she contrived to reach the room before him, and place herself by her sister’s side. She dreaded the effect of his first appearance upon her firmness without the support of her own magnetic presence.

Grant paused just inside the door, arrested by the cold look of inquiry which his wife bent upon him, so unlike anything he had ever seen before in her face or manner, that he could scarce believe it could be her. Neither spoke for the space of half a minute, and then Grant said: “For Heaven’s sake, Jessie, what is the meaning of all this? Explain.”

“It strikes me that the explanation should come from you,” she answered, haughtily, and Laura felt like hugging her for behaving so admirably.

“Very well!” Grant answered, with a half laugh of angry disgust. “Very well. Where shall I begin?”

“At the time of your leaving the cars, if you please—you and Mabel Manners,” was Jessie’s calm reply.

“Very well!” he repeated, “but I must request you to bear in mind that Miss Manners had nothing to do with the matter of my leaving the cars. You are quite aware of that, I know.”

Jessie essayed a mocking smile, but it was rather a faint and fleeting affair. Her sister, however could not refrain from saying: “Nor with your staying behind, I presume.”

A withering glance was all the notice he took of her, as he addressed himself to his task.

“In the first place, then,” said he, “the train started some ten minutes sooner than the blundering fool of a conductor said, and in consequence I was much farther away when the whistle sounded than I should otherwise have been.”

“But we stopped again,” said Jessie. “The conductor kindly stopped the train, and waited the full time, and sounded the whistle, and did all he could.”

"Yes, I heard the whistle, of course," Grant went on—by the way, it seemed very awkward for him to be thus giving an account of his acts—apologizing and excusing—and all the harder for Laura Wood's presence, but he submitted with as good a grace as he could, having, to help him, the memory of his wife's distressed face, on the many occasions when she had been forced to go through the same trying ordeal. "Yes, I heard the whistle, and might easily have caught up, but something unexpected—I was detained."

A question now would have helped him amazingly, and this none knew better than his two listeners, and so for that very reason they remained silent, waiting with calm expectancy.

"Confound it!" at last he burst out, striding up and down the room. "Yes, I was detained. That precious little idiot, Miss Manners, about whom you have taken the crazy fancy to make all this fuss, she, it seems, had the uncommonly good taste to go scrambling about the woods, over bogs, and logs, and stumps, and rocks, in search of 'specimens,' and had contrived to get a fall and sprain her ankle—couldn't take a step upon it. I heard her cries for help, at the same time that the whistle blew, and of course could do no otherwise than to go to her assistance."

"How very romantic!" commented Laura Wood. "One could found a love story upon it."

"Well?" questioned Jessie, with her features drawn into the nearest approach to a sneer of which they were capable.

"Well!" echoed Grant, nearly wild with rage at both the taunt and the sneer; "of course we were left. I did all that I could—all that any one could have done. I shouted myself hoarse, and when I found that she really could not step, ran myself into a state of utter exhaustion to try and attract the attention of some one on board the train, but all to no purpose, it was out of sight and gone."

"It is a very singular affair altogether," mused Jessie. "I can't understand how such an accident could happen, to *you*. If it had been *me*, now, it would have been all perfectly natural—quite in character. But nothing of the kind—nothing half as bad, ever *did* happen to me, and so you must excuse me if I can't—understand it. Suppose, now, it had been *me*," she added, as though it were a sudden thought—suppose I had been Miss Manners and you some other gentleman, what would you have thought of it?"

He looked at her keenly, a suspicion of the meaning of the whole thing flashing across his mind. In truth, he had asked himself the same question several times during the last twenty-four hours; but he was not in a frame of mind just now to make concessions, so he muttered some unintelligible reply, and then asked if there were anything else she wished to know before she decided whether she could believe him or not.

"I should like to know," she said, "why you did not telegraph sooner, and also why you were till this

time in getting here. Of course the next down train stopped for you—the conductor promised—"

"Of course nothing of the kind!" Grant interrupted fiercely. "No train stopped for us, until this morning, and then the milk train saw our signal and took us back to — where we waited for the through express."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Jessie, with a look and tone of horror and amazement, while her sister's face was indescribable, "do you mean to tell me that you spent the whole night there in the woods—you and Mabel Manners?"

"Your early love?" supplemented Laura.

"I do mean to say so—all except the last and that you know is false," Grant answered, white and red by turns. "What else could I do? What else could any man have done? She could not walk a step, and was suffering terrible pain besides; and besides, we kept thinking that some train would see our signal and stop for us."

The two sisters glanced at each other. This was better even than they had bargained for. Beyond anything they had anticipated. An irrepressible peal of laughter burst from both of them.

It was not down in the programme—that peal. Neither of them had dreamed of ending their little drama in this undignified manner, but there was no help for it now, and besides they were both getting tired of it, so they gave free rein to their merriment.

Grant surveyed them with grim resentment for awhile, but the conviction that the whole thing had been a farce from the beginning, gradually possessed his mind, and finally, almost against his will, his own features were relaxing into a smile.

"Well, is the play over?" he asked, at length.

"There is not much more," laughed Jessie. "I would like to know where Miss Manners is—she seems to have fared the worst of us all. We were cruel to laugh. Where did you leave her?"

"With her friends, I am thankful to say," replied Grant; "and I sincerely hope she will remain with them, and they with her, to the end of her natural life."

"Then there is only one thing more," said Jessie, rising and approaching him, while her sister wisely left them to themselves; "you have only to acknowledge that people may be forced into very suspicious circumstances, and still be perfectly innocent of any wrong."

"Do you suppose, that if I had not been willing to admit that, and that I had not felt that it was my own weapons you were turning against me, that I would have submitted to the treatment I have received from you two to-night? I was on the point of leaving the house several times."

Now we will follow Laura Wood's example and leave them to themselves, merely saying, that Jessie always remembered Mabel Manners with gratitude and affection, and regarded her sprained ankle as a striking example of the efficacy of vicarious suffering, as her husband was completely cured, and her own life made happy in consequence. SUSAN B. LONG.

## LENOX DARE:

## THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

## CHAPTER VII.

IT was more than two years since Robert Beresford painted his picture in Cherry Hollows Glen. It was more than two months since his marriage with Stacey Meredith. Her father's illness, which so abruptly summoned her from her lover's side, proved a long and at last a fatal one.

The dead banker had been regarded by all the world as a very rich man. To everybody's immense surprise, he died insolvent. Stacey was his only daughter. She had been brought up with the habits and tastes of a great heiress. She came a portionless bride to Robert Beresford. He and his young sister had inherited a handsome fortune from their dead father. At the time of the elder man's death, his son was a mere stripling at college. The orphans were the last of their race. They had been tenderly brought up—nested in the clover, feasted on the honey-dew of life. After he had graduated at Harvard, young Beresford went abroad and studied awhile in Germany, but his artistic tastes, of which he had given evidence in early boyhood, soon drew him to Italy, where he spent the best part of three happy years in his studies and his work.

Meanwhile, the family property, the inheritance of several generations, was rapidly melting away. Guardians and trustees had the management of it, while the young owner spent his time over his canvases, or studied in the famous picture-galleries of the world the works of the masters. Robert Beresford had no concern about his fortune, which he took for granted was in good hands so long as his dividends reached him promptly. Even after his return home he had no suspicion of the real state of his affairs. He had fallen in love; he had courted and at last married the woman of his choice; he had taken her to the Beresford homestead—the old, square, stone house, in the midst of its ample, cultivated grounds where he had spent his happy boyhood.

He had all this time no suspicion that the foundations of his fortune were crumbling beneath him. The thunderbolt fell in a moment out of a clear sky. The newly-married pair had returned only the week before from their bridal tour to their home. This was in one of the picturesque old towns that cluster around Boston, so near that they feel the pulsation of the mighty city's heart, so far off that an air of Eden-like repose and peace forever invests them.

Here young Beresford learned one day that the two men who had had for years the principal control of his fortune, whom he and his father had trusted with absolute confidence, were bankrupts. Then the whole ghastly truth came to light. These men had betrayed his interests, and used his funds to advance their own fortunes. A large part of the property had

been swallowed up in rash and ruinous speculations. The managers had sought in these desperate ventures to retrieve themselves, and to conceal the real nature of their transactions from young Beresford. The story is quite too long, and, alas! quite too common, to enlarge on here. The dullest imagination can supply all the details. They involved not only the principal managers, but others who, in various ways having some interest in young Beresford's affairs, had tampered with their trust. Some had only been weak where others had been dishonest; but the result was that Robert Beresford was awakened suddenly from his dreams of young love and his ardent ambitions to find himself at twenty-eight years old, with the habits which a life of wealth and ease had made second nature, with his luxuriously-reared wife and young sister on his hands, and with his fortunes in such ruinous plight that it was doubtful whether he could save even the old Beresford homestead from the general wreck.

Before young Beresford could fully realize his changed fortunes, an old friend and distant connection of his father's—a shrewd, prosperous business man—came to his rescue. The old man was at the head of a vast iron importing and manufacturing concern, which had extensive branches in South America and wide commercial relations in Europe. He offered young Beresford, whom he had always known, and for whom he had a fatherly liking, the place which his own son, about to take charge of the house in South America, would leave vacant. This would involve a partnership in the business, a steady devotion of time and thought to its interests. The position would secure young Beresford an income that would relieve him from all pecuniary anxieties for the present. It would probably in the next twenty years insure him a fortune equal to the one which he had lost.

Young Beresford understood all the advantages of this offer; he knew that it was one that does not come, in crises like this, to one man in a million.

"Come, my dear boy," said his father's old friend, arguing with the true commercial genius, "throw your paint-boxes and your pictures, and all that sort of thing, to the dogs, and settle down to some real work in life. Make money, instead of idling and dreaming. You've got the true Beresford grit in you, and it only needed a few hard knocks to bring it to the surface."

The young man looked at the older one as he said this. He took in, with his artist instinct, the hard business head, the shrewd, worldly-wise face, lighted up now by some unusual kindness.

Would he be one of these days just such a shrewd, cool-headed old Philistine? he wondered. But he answered: "Give me until to-morrow to think over your offer, Mr. Wentworth. You shall have my answer at that time. As for my thanks, the man who has just proposed to me all you have will wait for those, too."

"I see; the young fellow has a hankering after his foolish paint-boxes and canvases," said the old man,

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after the younger had left his office. "But there's sound stuff at bottom. I'll trust that to bring him out right at last. Of course it will be tough on him at first; but he's a fine fellow and a lucky young dog, and he'll soon have the nonsense taken out of him."

Robert Beresford went out that night to his home, less than a dozen miles from Boston, with a feeling that a great crisis had come in his life, that his future would be shaped and colored by the decision at which he should now arrive. He did not go as usual to his young wife on his return; he went up a single flight of stairs in the large, old fashioned mansion, and turned to a room on the right. It was his studio.

The young man paced up and down this room with feelings into which, I suppose, an artist could alone fully enter. Since he returned from Italy, three years ago, this room had been to him the dearest place in the world. Its ample space, its fine light, its stores of old, rare and beautiful things, made it the beau ideal of an artist's studio. The young owner had gathered here a world of treasures—things that in his wide travels had struck his fancy, or held some old historic association in his thoughts.

Persian rugs lay on the floor, and rare mediæval tapestries hung on the walls or in the corners; Venetian mirrors flashed out of heavy, carved frames, and ebony cabinets were set with lovely Florentine mosaics. Rich fabrics, gorgeous stuffs, blazed on chairs and lounges. Antiques, vases, rare and precious specimens of pottery from all schools, bore witness to their owner's culture and taste. Between these walls, in the midst of these treasures which kindled his imagination and inspired his thoughts, Robert Beresford had hoped to spend the best years—to do the real work of his life. The portfolios that lay on an old carved table of black wood were full of memoranda, to be worked up afterward into noble form and beautiful color. These had been gathered everywhere, with the patient, loving temper of the artist. Work in water-color, in oils, and in all sorts of stages, lay around. In one place hung an almost completed study of restless, flashing sea-waves, and wet, brown rocks, and dripping weeds, and crumbling pier. Close by it was a more ambitious study of a mountain-slope, with the glitter of sunlight on its mighty pines, and the glow of a crimson sunset on its crest. There were some pretty, half-finished pictures in *genre* lying about. These had cost Robert Beresford that something which work always cost any true artist—which pen cannot write nor tongue utter. In the middle of the room stood a large, new, oak easel, only a few days before the present of a friend. He had never used it yet. Was he never to use it, after all?

Robert Beresford asked himself this question as he paced up and down the room, and heard the low, dreary cry of the autumn winds outside. It seemed to the young man that he should hear the cry of that wind at times through all his life. He had come here as the fittest place to make the resolve on which his future hinged. Should he close with his old friend's offer? Should he turn his back on all the

hopes and dreams of his young manhood? Could he force himself to settle down, like most of his kind, into a mere money-grubber? Could he spend his life in an ignoble struggle after the poor prizes and ambitions of the world?

In this way Robert Beresford put the question to his soul that night. For himself there could have been but one answer. He would have counted no sacrifice too great for his precious art.

A Bohemian life had certain attractions for a temperament like his. In his young pride and strength he would not have regarded the loss of his property as a very serious misfortune. He would have taken the chances with his art.

It was only the thought of his wife that made Robert Beresford hesitate. Could he ask the beautiful, delicately-reared woman to share his struggle and his poverty? He knew enough of the awards of art to see that the sacrifice must be a long one; that it would involve all sorts of limitations and economies for the woman who had bound up her fate with his. Could he lay such burdens on her slight shoulders? All his manhood, all his high, knightly spirit recoiled at the thought.

Young Beresford had won praise for his work in high quarters, both at home and abroad. In Paris exhibitions, in London academies, his pictures had been studied and admired for their depth of sentiment, their vigorous conceptions and delicate treatment. This might have intoxicated weaker brains. But Robert Beresford was wise enough to see that all these things did not prove him a great artist. Perhaps, he reasoned, the world would not lose anything if he never painted another picture. Could he have been assured in that hour of doubt and wavering that he had the birthright, the baptism of genius, his way would have been plain before him. He would have owed himself to the world. In that case, even those he loved must take their chances with his art. Robert Beresford told himself what a good many critics would have disputed, that he had thus far shown himself only a clever artist. If he were more than this, it would take years to prove it; and, meanwhile, there was his wife, there was his young sister also, whose fortunes had been wrecked with his own.

He stopped in his walk when he heard a soft knock at the door. He turned, and saw a lovely vision standing there with a smile on its lips, and a bewitching archness in its eyes.

"Am I getting to be an old story, Robert," asked the young wife, half-gayly, half seriously, "that you come first to your studio instead of to me?"

"No, my dear, you are a fresh, beautiful wonder to me always," he said, going to her and leading her into the room.

"Well, then, must I be jealous of your pictures?"

"Not though they outshine the fairest dream that ever man caught on canvas. Guess again, Stacey."

"Is there any more of that same trouble you told me about yesterday?"

He had hinted lightly and rapidly as possible of some disturbance in his business affairs; but he had

left her mostly in the dark regarding his fallen fortunes. Now the truth must come.

"There is more of that trouble. Look at me, Stacey, my wife. Your husband is a poor man."

She was standing close by his side, with one little, soft hand on his arm. She looked startled, bewildered.

"O Robert, what do you mean? What dreadful thing has happened to you?" she cried out.

"It is a long story, Stacey; so long that we will not go into its details now. I have been the victim of weakness and wickedness, of selfishness and fraud. My fortune has melted away in dishonest hands as though it had never been."

"Is poverty a very bad thing, Robert?" asked the young wife, gravely.

"Very bad, you ignorant little woman. Of course it has different stages, and very different meanings to different people; but it involves at best limitations and privations, perpetual small worries and wearing economies. I must honestly tell you, Stacey, I think poverty would be to you and to me, because of you, a very bad thing."

Stacey Beresford lifted her golden-lashed, azure eyes to her husband, and looked steadily in his face.

"Robert, my husband," she said, "I am not afraid of this poverty. I would rather share it with you, bear its burdens and make its sacrifices, than be the wife of any other man, though he had the wealth of princes."

As she said this her eyes, gazing at him with proud tenderness, and the soft pink in her cheeks deepening to the reddest rose, Robert Beresford made up his mind.

"Stacey, my wife," he said, in his tone a solemn, tender depth which she had never heard there before, "please God, you shall never know what this poverty is. I have not taken a maid from her mother, to be my wife, not to shield her from the winds, not to guard her from the rough ways of the world. I have a man's stout arm, a man's strong brain. You may trust them, Stacey!"

"But what are you going to do, Robert?" and as she asked the question, her look said that she believed there was nothing in the world that this man, so grand in his courage, so gentle in his tenderness, so great above all other men, could not do!

"This am I going to do!" and then Robert Beresford told his wife of the offer Josiah Wentworth had made him that afternoon.

She drank in every word. When he had ceased speaking her gaze went slowly about the studio. "But, Robert," she said, with a woman's quick intuition, "will you have to give up your pictures if you go into this business? I know what your painting is to you."

"Whatever it is to me, I am not sure it could ever have made me a great artist, Stacey." He tried to speak lightly, but, despite himself, his voice broke a little.

Stacey's quick ear caught the sound. "I see how it is," she said, with quivering lips and eyes suddenly

dimmed with tears. "You are going to sacrifice yourself, your dearest work, your noblest hopes, for my sake, Robert!"

"I am going to take care of the woman I married," said Robert Beresford, and though his voice was tender, there was a ring of fixed purpose in it, and he set his jaws sternly.

"I never cared much when poor papa lost his money," said Stacey, very seriously. "I knew I had you, Robert. Now I wish, for your sake, I had the fortune."

When she said that, Robert Beresford put out his arms and drew his wife close to his strong heart.

"It was for better or for worse you promised," he said. "You shall not find it was for the worse, my Stacey!"

That night Robert Beresford gathered up his unfinished pictures, and his crowded portfolios, and carried them, with the great oak easel, into a small room that opened out of his studio. There were tears in the brave fellow's eyes as he did this. I suppose that no one but an artist could enter into the bitterness of his feeling at that moment. When his work was done it seemed to him that he had buried a part of himself.

It was ten years before Robert Beresford sat down again before the oak easel. He knew then that it was too late for him ever to paint a great picture.

The next day young Beresford went into the private office of Josiah Wentworth and said to him, quietly: "I have made up my mind to accept your offer."

The words, few, and to the point, pleased the old man's keen business instincts. "Bravo!" he said, grasping the younger's hand, while his shrewd face actually beamed on him. "I knew you'd see where your interests lay, and let the pictures go. True Beresford grit!"

But the young man was not so sure of that. Indeed, it seemed to him at that moment that he was not sure of anything in the world except the shining in Stacey's eyes last night.

When his brother painters learned that Robert Beresford had entered into partnership with the great iron concern, they said a true artist had been spoiled.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IT was now almost three years since Lenox Dare came to Briarswild. Nothing very remarkable had happened during this time. It had been to her one of quiet home-happiness, of rest and harmonious development. Long before this she had grown quite accustomed to being cared for and petted, to finding herself a central object of interest to those about her. It is wonderful how naturally and easily the saddest of us take our happiness when it comes—as though it were, after all, the human creature's birthright. In the bright, healthful atmosphere of her new home the girl's real nature opened itself. What a joyous, magnetic creature she was! How full of youth, of



life, of intense enjoyment, of bright, inspiring presence! If she were gone from the cottage for a few hours they missed her as though half the life had vanished. She still had her old passion for nature, her love of books; but she no longer indulged these to the exclusion of everything else. Mrs. Mavis could not conceive that a young girl was properly brought up who had never been to school. It was a miracle, she said to Ben, that that girl had managed to glean such an amount of knowledge from old Colonel Marvell's library; but, for all that, and for all her unquestionable superiority to other girls of her age, Mrs. Mavis set her heart on Lenox's attending Briarswild Academy.

There was something to be learned in school outside of books, the sensible little woman averred, and so Lenox went to the morning recitations for more than a year.

This surrounding her with young life and with girls of her own age was a wholesome experience for her. She shrank from her school-life at first, but, in a little while, she enjoyed it immensely. It was wonderful how soon she overtook and outstripped her school-fellows in the studies where she had been far behind them. Her wide range of knowledge in general literature was to them something marvelous. She was extremely popular with her young companions. There was a charm, an original something in her ways and speech which powerfully attracted them.

During these years, Ben Mavis and Lenox Dare had been thrown constantly together, not only under the home-roof, but in all their varied out-door expeditions. They had here the deepest likings in common, and the pure-souled, frank-hearted youth, and the fresh, joyous maiden were off almost every day on some adventure.

Ben taught Lenox a world of things in which young girls are apt to be sadly deficient; taught her to ride, to drive, to row, to swim, to aim an arrow or shoot a pistol. They searched the woods and hills for all sorts of rare, beautiful wild growths, and brought these treasures home to the mother; mosses and ferns, barks of marvelous hues and curious roots which her tasteful fingers arranged in all lovely harmonies of color, and shaped into all curious and graceful forms for household decoration.

It was late in the afternoon of a lovely June day when Dainty brought her young mistress, at a smart trot, across the old creek-bridge from which the road led up through half a mile of pine woods to the lane at the back of the Mavis farm.

Lenox had been down into the town that afternoon on some errand, and then, beguiled by the beauty of the day, had spurred off among the hills and made a wide detour on her return. As she came dashing across the creek, rider and horse made a striking picture. Lenox had profited by Ben's training, but, then, he often assured her, she was a born horsewoman. She sat her young mare admirably. Her slight, girlish figure harmonized with Dainty's small, graceful build, with the arching neck and the proudly borne head.

The folds of Lenox's dark green riding-skirt floated against Dainty's gray mane. She wore the dress and the little velvet cap with the solitary black plume for the first time. They were a present from Mrs. Mavis the day before. She took delight in seeing the girl prettily dressed.

Nobody could have suspected Lenox was the girl who, three years ago that summer, had leaned over the fence and gazed into the depths of Cherry Hollows Glen. Her cheeks had rounded and the little, peaked face had changed its shy, wistful look, and flashed with vivid life and happiness. Her great, dark eyes shone like suns that afternoon with the thoughts that had come to quicken heart and brain in her long, solitary ride. She had only crossed the bridge, and struck into the shadows of the pine road, when a voice called her. She drew Dainty up, and in an instant the creature stood quite still, though her eyes flashed, and her small limbs quivered.

The next moment, Ben Mavis came out from the shadow of the pines with a laugh. He, too, had grown a little stouter and taller in these years, and the face under his broad-brimmed straw hat had grown handsomer and manlier, without losing any of its bright frankness.

"Ah, Lenox," he said, coming up to the saddle, with a merry look in his eyes, "I know your tricks, you see. I was sure to find you on this road."

"I couldn't help it, Ben," replied Lenox, with a bird-like flutter of her restless head. "I had the best intentions of coming straight home when I set out, but it was just impossible. There never was quite such a day before. It drew me away into the hills. Such a ride as I and Dainty have had around by Moose Bend, and through Berry Gap. It was"—hesitating a moment—"indescribable!"

"Your eyes describe it all," said Ben, gazing at the glowing face as he stroked Dainty's mane. "They flash like flames."

"Do they? It must be because I have had such thoughts. But how curious that you should have expected I would come this way! How long have you been waiting for me, Ben?"

"Oh, a quarter of an hour, perhaps. I knew, you see, however good your intentions might be, that when you once got on Dainty's back, the air and the light, and the out-doors in general, would run away with you. I've learned to count on your doings by this time pretty well, Lenox."

"You've had a good while now to learn them," she said; and then, with a swift change in her face, she flung her arms around Dainty's neck. She never forgot what she owed that young horse. Had it not been for Dainty, she would never have known Ben Mavis or his mother.

The young man knew perfectly what was in her thoughts. Lenox's past was not a subject often alluded to now. It was partly for the sake of diverting her from all painful memories that he asked: "So you had grand thoughts, did you, skylarking away off there among the hills?"

"Yes," she said, sitting erect in her saddle once more, and looking at him with a bright face, touched with a little seriousness, "such thoughts as come to me only at rare times, and in beautiful, solitary places, when I am so free and joyous that the joy seems almost a burden—something that I cannot bear. You know what I mean, Ben?"

"Not precisely, Lenox. I enjoy a beautiful day—I love all beautiful things; but not in your way, not with your enthusiasms, your passion of happiness. I suspect I was cut out for a slow-going, common-place old fogey."

"You were cut out for the dearest, best fellow in all the world!" said Lenox, looking into his eyes with her own wide open and frank as the daylight. "You shall not call yourself such names."

"Well," answered Ben with his native wit and his sturdily common sense, "I don't give myself much trouble about it. It strikes me a man would be a terrible fool who made himself miserable because he couldn't write a grand poem, or paint a great picture, or do anything else the Lord who made him didn't intend he should. His only concern is to make the best he can out of his own raw material; and he will find that sufficiently tough work sometimes."

"Why, Ben," exclaimed Lenox, looking at him with delighted eyes, "that is precisely what Robert Browning says, in a little different words:

"My business is not to remake myself,  
But make the absolute best of what God made."

"I thought before," replied Ben, "that idea was only common sense; but now Robert Browning has made it poetry. What were you thinking about up in the woods, Lenox?"

"Perhaps the thinking would not sound common sense, if I were to put it in words, Ben," she answered, rather doubtfully.

"Yes it would, at bottom, Lenox. What a light there was in your face as you and Dainty came rushing across the bridge just now. Your look then made me think to know what thoughts lay behind it."

"It all came of Julius Cæsar," answered Lenox, with a gay little laugh. "I read half of the noble old play to your mother last night while you were down town at the lyceum. In the stillness and gladness of the woods it all came back to me. And then I fell to thinking what a life, what a soul there was in words! I felt as I never did before what a power, and beauty, and glory there must be in them, to go on living and flaming through the centuries. I wondered who it was that read Shakespeare for the first time in our own land. That must have been a long time ago, you see."

"I should imagine," answered Ben, in a half-serious, half-amused tone, "not long after the sailing of the Mayflower."

"Not so very. But," continued Lenox, with solemn, kindling eyes, "think what a moment that must have been when those mighty words broke for the first time the awful solitudes of the wilderness—

solitudes that had never echoed to anything but the cry of wild beasts, the war-whoops and chants of the Indians! It seems as though the very air must have been thrilled and conscious as though a wind of life, a new soul had passed into it."

"I see all that is very grand, very beautiful," said Ben, after a little pause, "though I cannot hold myself to the level of your thought, your enthusiasms, Lenox. But I am positive about one thing."

"What is that, Ben?"

"That Shakespeare was not the first book the voices of men read in these Western solitudes."

"Yes. I see you must be right there," replied Lenox, with a flash of intelligence in her face. "The first book must have been the best—God's own book come at last to explain and supplement His other great Green-Book of the new world. I wonder why I never thought of all this before."

"The wonder, rather, seems to me," rejoined Ben, "that you should ever have thought of it at all. What other girl would have such thoughts because she had gone off on a lark all by herself in the woods?"

"That means, I suppose, that I am not just like other girls," answered Lenox, with the grave look which this suggestion still had power to bring up in her face.

"It means that precisely. What kind of woman are you going to make one of these days, Lenox Dare?" inquired Ben, abruptly.

"You are talking of a time which is a long way off," answered Lenox, gayly. "At least I try to think so, though I am dreadfully deep in seventeen."

While the youth and the maiden held this talk in the old bridle-path among the deep pine-woods, the light of the summer afternoon flickered over Lenox's slight figure, and touched Dainty's gray mane into silver, and shone on Ben's fine, honest face, and made wonderful tapestry with the waving shadows and brown pine-needles on the ground.

Ben Mavis spoke suddenly. "I have some news for you, Lenox. It was partly that which brought me out here to find you. We are going somewhere—you and mother and I. We are to start within three days. It was all settled while you were up in the woods this afternoon. I have written to engage rooms. Now where is it we are going, Lenox?"

As he propounded this riddle, Ben folded his arms, and looked into the girl's face with eyes that danced merrily over the secret.

"Your mother going, too?" exclaimed Lenox. "And she is always so reluctant to leave home. Where can it be we are going?"

"But that is precisely what you are to tell me, Lenox!"

"I see by your looks you think it will be good news to me, Ben?"

"Oh, splendid—glorious—all a girl's adjectives."

"Oh, I have it!" exclaimed Lenox, bringing her gauntleted palms together. "We are going to Watkins's Glen."

The Mavis farm lay less than twenty miles from

this famous locality. Lenox, with Mrs. Mavis and her son, had visited the Glen the summer before. She had heard the voice of the tumbling waters as they broke, with joyful shout, the solemn gloom of the vast ravines. She had watched the sunlight glancing on the gray cliffs and among the shimmering cascades; she had climbed the lofty staircases, and lingered on the picturesque bridges; she had stood on the dark edge of the sea-green pools, and gazed up at the awful heights, whose summits were fringed with quivering hemlocks and frescoed with mosses and climbing vines. Shut in by those gray walls, she had passed from nature's moods of sullen, savage grandeur to her tenderest dreams of smiling loveliness. Lenox had never seen anything before which so excited and captivated her imagination. And it was with radiant face and exultant voice that she now named Watkins's Glen.

Ben shook his head. "It is ten times farther off than Watkins's Glen. Try again, Lenox."

She mused a moment. The plume of her little riding-cap waved jauntily in the breeze, the shadows of the pines flickered over her young, thoughtful face. Suddenly she turned, and laid her hand coaxingly on Ben's shoulder.

"It is useless for me to try. Tell me, Ben," she said.

He looked straight in her eyes. He said it slowly, with a little pause between each syllable, as though he liked to mark the effect. "We are going day after to-morrow—to the sea!"

"To the sea! To the sea!" repeated Lenox, in a low, half-awed tone. She had been reading about it all her life; her hope of seeing it sometime had been next to her hope of getting to Heaven.

"It is true, Lenox," answered Ben, slightly disappointed at the quiet, half-dazed way in which she took his tidings, and then he went on to explain how naturally the suddenness of it all had come about.

His mother had, just after Lenox left the house, received a letter from her sister's husband, who lived in a small village among the Berkshire Hills. The letter told a sad story of broken health. The writer had not, since the year her brother died, seen his wife or his son. She wrote now, entreating them to come to her in the lovely June weather.

They had decided to go, and take Lenox with them; but they had arranged to spend a week at Hampton Beach before going into the interior. How simple and matter-of-fact it all sounded as Ben related the programme, whose consummation would have appeared to Lenox, an hour ago, as remote as going to the moon.

"It is a grand old coast," Ben concluded. "I was there with my father when I was a boy. The beach for miles at low tide is smooth as a marble floor. You'll have the ocean in all its glory close to your door. If anything could have made a poet of me, that sight would. You'll be fascinated, too, with the old rocks, where you can gather shells, and sea-weed, and all sorts of curious things the tides have left there. In fine weather, you can see from Boar's Head

the Isles of Shoals, like huge black monsters, lifting themselves just above the waves. You must carry your Longfellow and Whittier along, Lenox. There's no place for reading them like those old sands, when the ocean comes in with a grand chorus."

"And I am going to see, to hear it all in three days!" said Lenox, still quietly; but there was a vibration in her voice which this time satisfied Ben.

"Within three days," he repeated; and then he took hold of Dainty's saddle and walked by her side through the forest-ways.

When they reached the big gate they saw Mrs. Mavis on the side piazzas.

A moment later, Lenox sprang lightly from her horse and bounded up to the woman.

"O Mrs. Mavis," she said, putting her arms around the woman's neck; "Ben has told me all about it!"

This demonstration was very rare with Lenox—so rare that it always reminded Mrs. Mavis of the time the girl had caressed her that day they brought her out on the piazza for the first time.

"I thought, my dear," she said, laughing, and glancing at the great manly fellow, "he wouldn't be able to keep the news until you got home."

"And we are really going day after to-morrow, Mrs. Mavis?"

"We are really going, Lenox!"

## CHAPTER IX.

ONE morning Lenox Dare sat alone on the highest point of a ledge of low, ragged, brown rocks at Hampton Beach, and watched the tide come in. It was just a week since she and Ben Mavis had had their talk in the pine-woods. She had been at Hampton three days, and now she was quite alone, except for the slight acquaintances she had made since her arrival.

Mrs. Mavis's nice little programme had all been broken up the day before by a telegram announcing that her sister-in-law was seriously ill, and desired her presence immediately.

Mother and son had set off a few hours later, leaving Lenox behind at the beach. Her soul and senses were possessed by the novel scenes, the fresh, joyous life around her. It would have been cruel to drag the girl from all these into a strange house, darkened by illness. She had pleaded to be left behind. Loneliness, she insisted, could have no terrors for her with that great, new volume of the sea spread open for her reading.

They had chosen, for greater freedom, a private boarding-house close by the sea. Lenox would be left in kindly hands for the few days of her friends' absence. Ben was to return for her as soon as his aunt's improved health would make the visit agreeable.

Lenox could hardly understand the reluctance with which her friends left her to herself for this brief interval. "If I were a baby, instead of seventeen, you could not have a more hopeless opinion of my incapacity!" she said, with her gayest laugh.

"Do you suppose anybody is going to try to run away with me?"

Something happened before the three met again which made that light question of Lenox's seem prophetic.

The girl had been sitting on the rocks more than an hour, absorbed in the scene before her. Behind her the gray beach stretched for miles. Before her lay the blue, trembling sea. No cloud dimmed the deep azure overhead. The wind blew the girl's hair about her face, as she sat there, motionless as a statue, in her white dress, her shade hat and her shawl of scarlet wool gathered about her shoulders, the bright color showing finely against the dark background of the rocks. She made a picture there, just on the edge of the sea, of which she little dreamed. It struck a young man who had been out for an hour's row and was bringing his small boat in shore, with the strong, lusty strokes of a trained oarsman. Lenox never glanced at him. She had eyes, though, for the pretty little sail-boats which were darting about in the light wind with the sunlight glittering on their sails; eyes, too, for the larger craft—sloops and schooners that were standing out to sea, rising slowly into view, and then vanishing into the beauty and mystery of the distance.

But the motion and marvel of the incoming tide, more than anything else, held Lenox Dare spell-bound on the ledge of rocks that morning. Every nerve thrilled joyfully to the life and motion going on around her. She saw great sweeping waves whose green crests broke suddenly into beautiful masses of spray that fell in glittering heaps upon the sand. She heard the song that breaks forever from the deep heart of the sea; she heard the laughter of happy waves on the shore. Her soul, too, was like a song within her. The majesty of the Psalms, the roll of old Homer, the solemn sweetness of Spenser awoke by turns in her memory. Meanwhile the waves were creeping stealthily around the low ledge of rocks where Lenox sat. At high tide only a few points stood above the water.

"Does she see how the tide is getting behind her? Has the creature a notion to drown herself?" thought the young oarsman, as he brought his boat on the sands and sprang lightly ashore.

At the same moment the dashing of some spray in Lenox's face aroused her. She was on her feet in a moment. She saw, at a glance below her, that she was being rapidly cut off from the shore. The waves had already slipped around the rocks up whose sides, slippery with sea-weed, she had scrambled that morning. The girl was in no peril, certainly. The point where she stood would not be submerged in so calm a day, but it would not be pleasant to wait, cut off from the shore, on that solitary headland, for the tide to go out.

Once awakened to an emergency, Lenox Dare usually proved equal to it. She came down the rocks now, light and swift as bounding chamois. The oddness of her position, and the touch of adventure about it strongly excited her. But she suddenly stood still,

with a little perplexed look coming into the brightness of her face. The water had wound itself in among the rocks, and rolled a wide stream between her and the next point to which she must pass on her descent. There was no time to be lost. Lenox had just made up her mind to leap the chasm when a voice at her right and just below her called out: "Take care, miss! You will make that leap at your peril. Won't you allow me to assist you?"

Lenox turned and saw the speaker. He had just come around a sharp angle of the rocks which he had climbed from the opposite side. He was a rather tall, ruddy-skinned, yellowish-haired and whiskered young fellow, about twenty-two. He was well, but not foppishly dressed, in a light traveling suit, and he had altogether a pleasant, gentlemanly air as he stood there lifting his hat to the girl as he spoke.

The stranger's address had been perfectly natural and respectful. Any young girl in Lenox's plight would have accepted his service. She gave him her hands in the frankest, simplest fashion. "Thank you," she said, with a merry laugh. "I little suspected what a march the ocean was stealing on me while I sat up there thinking of nothing but those grand old waves!"

As Lenox said this she sprang lightly across the stream with the stranger's aid. There were steep, slippery places still between them and the sand. Lenox would have made nothing of them, still she could not decline the young man's aid.

"You must have enjoyed the sight immensely," he remarked.

"Nobody could help doing that," answered Lenox, and she flashed up one of her vivid glances into the stranger's face, and he said to himself: "By Jove! What magnificent eyes the creature has!"

"I saw you sitting on the rocks when I was out in my sail-boat," he continued. "I was half-inclined to think you were some ocean nymph come up from the depths to sun yourself and watch the sea awhile before you darted back into your native waves."

Again Lenox's laugh rang out clear and sweet as a flute. "Did I make you think of that?" she asked. "It is curious how the sea brings up all sorts of lovely old myths and legends that one has not thought of for years. While I was sitting there I half-expected to see some huge Triton riding on the back of a green wave, or the sea-horses rise up with their manes glittering like the spray. How real the sight of the sea makes all those delightful old stories!"

Again the young man looked at Lenox with curious, amused eyes. The sea air had stung her cheeks into a vivid color. The life and glow at her soul were in her face now.

Mrs. Mavis had often been puzzled to decide in her own mind whether Lenox was pretty or even good-looking. Her eyes were something wonderful, but when it came to the rest of the face, the little woman was in doubt. It lacked the soft bloom of the dead Janet's, the pretty pink and white of the

young girl's at Briarswild. It had been dark and and thin when she came to them, although the lines had been growing softer and finer each year. Mrs. Mavis, however, could not perceive—what perhaps an artist might have done—that whatever beauty Lenox might have, it would develop slowly, after a law of its own, and that the young girl's face must wait for its soul, for its womanhood. The spring has its own time—its perfect blossoming. So also has the summer!

The question which had puzzled Mrs. Mavis a good many times, puzzled the young man that morning. Amid his other conceits, he plumed himself on being a good judge of young girls, but he was at a loss how to classify the one whom he had helped over the rocks that morning. For they had reached the sands by this time. He had now only to lift his hat and take leave of his companion, but he felt more than half-inclined to pursue the acquaintance begun so informally.

Lenox turned toward her boarding-house, half a mile up the beach. She was about to say good-morning to her companion.

"I am just going up to the hotel," he said. "As our paths seem to lie in the same direction, I will walk with you, if you have no objection."

"Oh, certainly, I have no objection," answered Lenox, with perfect transparency of speech and tone.

The walk over the beach was full of charm and novelty to the young girl. Her first wonder and delight over the new world around her had not yet worn off. The prints which the waves had left on the sand, the dried sea-weed, the shells, and all the curious things which the tides had tossed along the beach were a fresh marvel to her. One moment she seemed to the young man like a child lost in delight and wonder over a world of fresh toys, and the next some bright, quaint speech would take him wholly by surprise, and pique his curiosity regarding her.

"You are not, then, familiar with sea-views?" he said, as they walked along, in answer to some remark of Lenox's.

"This is my first visit to the ocean," she replied. "It seems the more wonderful to be left here all alone with it."

"All alone?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Lenox. "Of course you do not understand, and I believe I was speaking half to myself." And then, in a few words, she related how her friends had been suddenly summoned away, and how very odd it seemed to find herself all alone in the quaint old town on the edge of the sea.

"You must find it very lonely, I imagine?"

"Lonely!" repeated Lenox, with her happy incredulous laugh. "That is what Mrs. Mavis and Ben were all the time insisting on. But how could one be lonely with this sea and shore?"

This was a part of the talk as the young strangers walked slowly up the sands at Hampton Beach, with the June heats, cooled by the incoming tide, and all

the blue, flashing ocean on their right. Other talk was suggested by the time and place, and still Lenox, fresh, and quaint, and artless, puzzled and attracted the stranger who walked by her side.

At last the gate of the square, two-storied, white house where she was staying came in sight.

Then the stranger said, in his half-careless, half-gallant way, a way which young ladies as a rule thought very fascinating: "As you have allowed me to walk up with you, I shall take the liberty to present myself," and he offered his card.

Lenox received it cordially enough, but with a little glance of surprise. She read the name written in a large, clear hand with a good many flourishes, "GUY FOSDICK."

"Now, may I be bold enough to ask your name, also?" said the young man, as Lenox looked up from the card.

"My name," said the girl, with her great eyes gazing quietly at him, "is Lenox Dare."

"I should expect the creature would have an odd name!" thought young Fosdick, but he said in his subtly flattering, yet wholly respectful manner: "I like this introduction vastly better than a more formal one. As you are quite alone, and in a strange world, and I happen to be stopping at Boar's Head for a few days, can I not be of some service to you?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Fosdick," answered the girl. "But, really, I can think of nothing which—which you can do for me."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Miss Dare," answered the young man. The girl's indifference to his attempts at farther acquaintance had the last effect she intended, and only piqued him into making farther advances.

He broached the subject of croquet, he described the fascinating sport on the beach, he told her that a party of young people was coming down that very afternoon to have a game. He asked if Miss Dare would join them if he called for her.

She thanked him in her bright, frank way, as far from any thought of fascinating him as though the accomplished young cavalier by her side had been her own grandfather, but she said there were so many other things to see and do, that she found no time for croquet, and though she sometimes played, she had no special skill at the game.

He made another trial. Would she allow him, he asked, the privilege of a properly introduced acquaintance to call on her?

"Certainly," she answered. But if he gave himself the trouble to call, it was quite doubtful whether he would find her at home. She was outdoors most of the time in this enchanting weather, and this wonderful scenery.

Guy Fosdick knew the ways of girls. Was this one, after all, only trying to play her rôle in a little more artful fashion than the others? But a glance at Lenox's face answered that question. There was nothing for him to do, but lift his hat and bid her good-morning. Guy Fosdick went up to his hotel

that morning conscious that he had absolutely failed to make the impression he intended. It was a new experience to him.

Unlike as were the two women who had the shaping of Lenox Dare's childhood and youth, their influence had in one respect been identical. There was a side of the world of which Lenox was as ignorant as a baby. Mrs. Crane had a narrow-minded notion that the less a young girl knew about the world the better and safer it was for her. Mrs. Mavis had found Lenox's *naïveté* and innocence so charming that she could never make up her mind to disturb it with any worldly-wise maxims or cautions. Such ignorance always has its perils. No harm, however, was likely to come to Lenox so long as she remained sheltered under the love-guarded roof at Briarswild.

But Mrs. Mavis very naturally did not reflect that Lenox's life, like all others, was liable to sudden changes. Some event might happen which would launch the young, innocent girl into the great world, among men and women where her child-like ignorance might lead her into great mistakes, into terrible dangers.

Guy Fosdick, who had run up to Boar's Head with some young friends for a few days boating and fishing, was a man of the world; a very young one, it is true, and therein lay his best hope, for he was barely twenty-three. He had graduated at Harvard, with moderate honors, the year before. He had not yet settled himself to any work in life. There was no need that he should be in a hurry about choosing his profession, he reasoned. A young fellow with a comfortable fortune in prospect might as well have a jolly time and see something of the world before he went into harness for life.

Young Fosdick's father was a rich man, a Beacon Street magnate. Guy was the only son among half a dozen sisters. He had been a good deal spoiled from his boyhood. He had plenty of personal conceits and vanities besides the familiar one of pluming himself on his old name and high position.

In his family Guy had always been regarded as a prodigy. His parents, his handsome, dashing sisters scolded, and petted, and idolized him. His classmates regarded him as a good fellow, bright and jolly, while he was an immense favorite with all young ladies. He had the gift of bright surface talk, the tact and grace of manner which make the ideal carpet knight. It was his secret conviction that no young woman on whom he chose to exert his fascinations would be able to resist them. He meant to be a gentleman, he would have been extremely mortified had any one regarded him otherwise, yet his standards were no more elevated than the world in which he moved. His life had been thus far what he regarded as open and honorable, although he had of late "sowed some wild oats," and been drawn into some associations which he would not for worlds have mentioned at home.

Had fate, one might wonder, in some mood of utmost irony brought these two together in that old town by the sea—the man of the world, with his fine

manners, and his drawing-room gallantries, and this girl with her young enthusiasms, her ignorance of the world, her simple, child-like, transparent soul?

Young Fosdick was quite right in his opinion. Lenox hardly gave him a thought after he was out of sight. His manners seemed to her very graceful, but the first impressions—those which are oftenest keenest and most trustworthy—were not altogether favorable. She did not reason about it, but she felt, rather than perceived, something lacking under all the polish and gallantry. Those were very elegant manners, no doubt, she thought. But, after all, she liked Ben Mavis's frank, simple ways a good deal better.

The next day, Lenox went down all alone on the beach when the tide was out. The stones, over which the waves had been swinging and flashing a few hours before, were now netted and draped all over with wonderful brown sea-weed, and strange mosses, and all curious sea-growths which the tide had left clinging among the ledges and stones.

Lenox was down among these, with a little basket, searching for shells and sea-weed, and all other treasures of the deep, which the waves in their swift retreat had forgotten. The light, lithe figure moving about amid the rocks and stones could be seen at a long distance on that wide, open coast, but Lenox no more dreamed of any one's watching her than the waves far out on the beach and singing to each other their secret of eternal joy thought who might be listening.

A step near at hand made her look up suddenly from under the deep rim of her sun-hat. There stood Guy Fosdick only a few feet from her. He lifted his cap and approached at once. "This is a most lucky accident for me, Miss Dare," he said, very gallantly. "How long have you been here?" and he gave her his hand.

There was nothing for Lenox to do, but give hers in turn. It was a little, ungloved hand, the soft fingers wet and rather soiled by contact with sand and rock. The truth was, Guy Fosdick's appearance on the scene was anything but agreeable to her. Lenox had her moods of liking to be alone. That wide beach, with all its wonders laid here by the outgoing tide was sufficient companionship for her. Fine manners and gallant speeches would come like a discord into that time and place.

Lenox had no more art than a child. Young Fosdick detected her real feeling in her first half-dimmed glance. "She's anything but glad to see me," he said to himself, and the man of the world was a good deal nettled.

"I have no idea how long I have been here," replied Lenox, very gravely, as she stood before him, with her basket in one hand. "It must be a good while, I think. I came down to hunt for—all kinds of sea things."

"And I wandered down here for no reason in the world that I could give to myself. How could I have any suspicion that the sea-nymph of the rocks was flitting among the stones at low tide?"



"I suppose people who come to the beach can hardly help occasionally stumbling upon each other," answered Lenox, with the quaint, old-fashioned air that belonged to her infancy.

Young Fosdick had a keen sense of humor. "That tone and look would not have misbecome my venerable grandmother," he said to himself. "But what a hopeless simpleton it must be! She actually believes our meeting here is a pure accident!"

He could not imagine another girl existed who would not have perceived at once that he had contrived to bring about this interview. But he kept up his rôle admirably. The fact that Lenox wished him away made him only more bent on remaining. He did his best to be useful and agreeable. It was not strange that he succeeded. He set to work helping Lenox in her hunt for all the curious treasures of the beach, and soon became interested himself, and rendered her immense assistance, for which she was heartily grateful. In this eager search, in this wide, out-door life, the acquaintance grew naturally and easily. Young Fosdick had no idea of spending an hour in a young lady's society without attempting to carry on a flirtation; but significant looks and subtle flatteries glanced away from Lenox like arrows from charmed armor. She either could not or would not understand, he thought. But the more he talked with her the more interested young Fosdick became. That was almost invariably the case when people conversed with Lenox Dare. In her companionship, the young man's best self came more and more to the surface. The two were very merry over their hunt for rare shells and specimens of sea-weed. It was not easy work to clamber around the wet boulders and among the tangled, slippery weed, and Lenox, light and agile as she was, met with a good many small catastrophes, and the merriment that followed only gave new zest to the toil and the pleasure, and brought the two into closer acquaintance.

In a little while Lenox's first shyness with strangers wore off, and she was as much at her ease with young Fosdick as she would have been with Ben Mavis or one of her school-fellows. She flashed into all sorts of moods; she made the gayest, cleverest, quaintest speeches. She even, without dreaming of it, put Guy Fosdick on his mettle. If she surprised him one moment by her ignorance and simplicity, she startled him the next by her swift intelligence, by a knowledge of books, which, at her age, seemed simply incredible.

When, late in the afternoon, the tide turned, Lenox's basket was filled with all sorts of curious moss and shells, of beach-weed and fungi. By this time the young people were on a most friendly footing. Slightly wearied by their sharp exercise, the two climbed up the rocks and sat down in the shelter of a little arbor built just above the highest tide-mark.

"One does not forage in vain in that wonderful world of the sea. I should have missed the best of my treasures if you had not appeared at the right moment, Mr. Fosdick," said Lenox, glancing with

delighted eyes at the basket he set down at her feet.

"You are not sorry, then, Miss Dare, that we met accidentally this afternoon?" inquired Guy; and then he thought what a perfectly arranged accident it was, when he had been watching her at least half an hour from the bluffs at Boar's Head.

"Sorry!" repeated Lenox. Then she added, in her simple, cordial fashion, "I am heartily glad you appeared just as you did, Mr. Fosdick."

"But you were not that at first. I saw with a glance that I was *de trop*, Miss Dare."

He said this half for the purpose of testing her. He was curious to see how far this girl's simple, limpid truthfulness would carry her. Would she have the courage to own to his face that she had been sorry to see him?

The red which the salt breeze had stung in Lenox's cheeks deepened a shade.

"I beg you will excuse me, Mr. Fosdick," she said. "I did not mean to be rude."

"You were not in the least, Miss Dare. It was not your fault, certainly, if you were not glad to see me."

"But I was," answered Lenox, looking at him with bright, steady eyes, "*in a little while*."

"That bit of feminine frankness was heroic!" thought the young man. "What a puzzling little specimen it is—refreshing, too, after a fellow has been pretty thoroughly bored with the cut-and-dried patterns!"

They walked home in the sunset; they heard the voices of the returning tide; they watched the glories of color in the west, the burning crimson, the soft lilacs with primrose edges.

"Oh, I wish I had Dainty here!" suddenly cried Lenox, turning to her companion with eyes that radiated light. "How we would scamper over those sands and down into that surf!"

"Who is Dainty?" asked the young man, with a good deal of interest.

"Oh, I forgot! Of course you do not know!" she exclaimed, and then she went on to describe, as nobody else could, the handsome, gentle, little thoroughbred, fleet as the wind, yet docile to her voice and hand as a pet fawn.

"No doubt you and Dainty would enjoy the scene vastly; but what would become of *me*?"

Guy contrived to get some very subtle meanings into his glance and tone as he asked this question.

"In any case you would find a thousand ways to amuse you in this glorious place," answered Lenox.

The most finished coquette could not have rivaled the light indifference of her tone.

"She would actually prefer her horse this moment to my society," thought Guy Fosdick, and afterward he redoubled his efforts to be agreeable.

When the two parted at the gate he had won a promise from Lenox, that she would allow him to call the next morning, and accompany her in her walk on the beach.

That very night sad tidings came from the Berkshire Hills. Ben Mavis's aunt had grown worse and neither he nor his mother could leave the invalid for the present.

The Fates seemed to conspire to throw Lenox into young Fosdick's society at this juncture. A breezy, merry walk on the beach and among the rocks consumed the forenoon. Lenox's companion was familiar with the coast, and prided himself on being a good oarsman. He waxed quite eloquent, dilating on the fascinations of rocking out on the blue waves in a little row-boat. Lenox was eager to enjoy the novel sensation for herself, and when Guy proposed to take her out for a little sail next day, she at once accepted his offer.

For the first time, Lenox Dare found herself gliding over blue, tumbling waves in a fairy craft. The delicious motion, the mystery of the glancing, heaving world below, fairly intoxicated her with delight. She sat still most of the time watching the waves or gazing like one in a blissful dream on young Fosdick who managed the small craft admirably. They were out for a couple of hours. As the young man brought his boat in shore, Lenox, her cheeks stung by the sea-air into the reddest bloom, looked at him with happy, grateful eyes and said she should never forget that he had given her her first sail on the sea.

In days that followed, the young people saw more and more of each other. They had walks on the shingle and rambles in the woods. In the absence of her friends, Guy took on himself, naturally and gracefully, the office of Lenox's escort around the coast. He was familiar with it for miles, and in his company she visited many an interesting and picturesque point to which she could never have gone by herself. Guy repeated wonderful old legends and ballads which haunt the shores, he related some of the family traditions which the farmers and fishermen talk over in winter nights when the wild storms beat around Hampton Beach. In a thousand ways he made that waiting by the sea something delightful and vivid to Lenox Dare—something which it could never have been without him.

The charm of her fresh, guileless nature gained a stronger hold upon him every day. He had never been so simple and manly in his life. He forgot, sometimes for hours together, in this girl's bright, frank companionship, in her quaintness, her playfulness, her cleverness, the flirtations and the flatteries that had thus far been Guy Fosdick's principal rôle with young women.

And Lenox Dare, in a very passion of delight with the new world around her, talked and jested, was grave or gay with this elegant young man of the world, with no more thought of feminine arts and airs—no more notion of making him fall in love with her than the birds who were singing away the June in the green Hampton woods.

And Guy Fosdick knew that perfectly; and sometimes the knowledge nettled him.

(To be continued.)

VOL. XLVII.—14.

MY SWEETHEART.

WOULD you see my little sweetheart?  
Would you hold her in your arms?  
And you will not try to steal her?  
Love is quick to sound alarms.

Oh, my sweetheart! She's the sweetest,  
And the fairest ever seen;  
She is queen of baby-angels,  
And she bears a queenly mien.

Little sweetheart coos and nestles  
Close upon my pulsing heart;  
May the warmth to-day refreshing  
Nevermore from it depart.

Sweetheart's tiny hand, and dimpled,  
Presseth on my glowing cheek;  
Oh, the thrill the small touch giveth,  
Making glad and strong the weak.

The blue eyes of little sweetheart  
Utter to me royal things;  
And the rosy mouth, though silent,  
Blissful airs forever sings.

In my circling arms dwells sweetheart,  
And my bosom is her home;  
Happy breast! With such a tenant,  
Happier, if it never roam.

Thanks to God for little sweetheart,  
There's no dearer one than she,  
And I wonder daily, hourly,  
How she ever came to me.

Oh, to grow more like my sweetheart,  
Purer, truer, nobler-souled,  
I, the mother, am aspiring,  
I, a wee one in Christ's fold.

Yes, I love my little sweetheart,  
And I love the Lord of love;  
Heart to heart we live in rapture  
By and by to live above.

K12.

A MISTAKE.

LITTLE Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover:  
"Flower! why were you made?  
I was made for mother,  
She hasn't any other;  
But you were made for no one, I'm afraid."

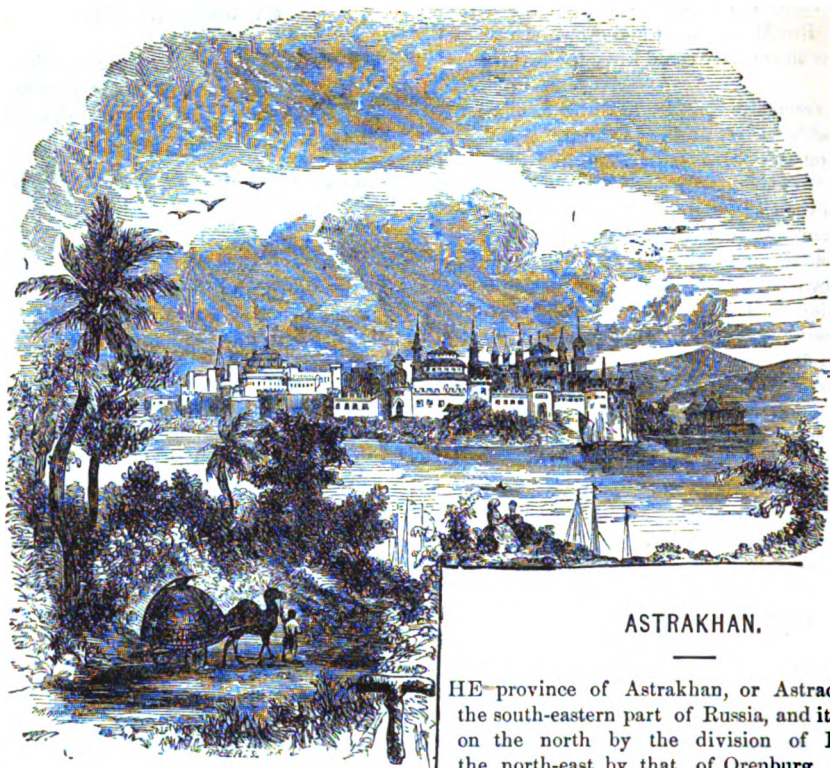
Then the clover softly unto Red-cheek whispered:  
"Pluck me, ere you go."

Red-cheek, little dreaming,  
Pulled, and ran off screaming,  
"Oh, naughty, naughty flower; to sting me so!"

"Foolish child!" the startled bee buzzed crossly,  
"Foolish not to see

That I make my honey  
While the day is sunny;  
That the pretty little clover lives for me!"

Mary Mapes Dodge, in *St. Nicholas*.



ASTRAKHAN.

### LOST AT SEA.

THE years have slowly rolled away,  
 Since o'er the sullen waters gray,  
 Your ship went out at sea,  
 With bitter wintry wind and waves  
 Howling, from depths of waiting graves,  
 A wail of agony.

A waste of raging sea before,  
 Behind, a waste of frozen shore;  
 The strain of sail and spar,  
 The dash of angry storm and tide  
 Against the trembling vessel's side,  
 All hope and help afar!

This tells the story of your fate,  
 O love, that through that dreadful gate  
 Passed o'er the harbor bar!  
 For you no more the bleak winds blow,  
 For you no treacherous waters flow,  
 You need no pilot star!

But, ah, for us that start from sleep  
 At sound of winds and waters deep,  
 And watch the beacon light—  
 And know that never—nevermore—  
 Will come our ship to sight or shore—  
 Ours is the wreck and night!

FAUSTINE.

THE province of Astrakhan, or Astrachan, lies in the south-eastern part of Russia, and it is bounded on the north by the division of Lavator, on the north-east by that of Orenburg, on the east by the Ural River, which separates it from Asia, on the south-east by the Caspian Sea, on the south and south-west by the territory of the Caucasus, and on the west and north-west by the country of the Cossacks. Its surface is far below the level of the ocean, and from its great depression, as well as from the character of the soil, it is believed to have once been covered by the waters of the ancient inland sea, of which the Caspian is supposed to be the largest remnant. The area of Astrakhan is given as eighty-four thousand square miles. The great river Volga, flowing through it in a south-easterly direction, divides it into two nearly equal steppes. And these are among the most dreary and desolate regions on the face of the earth. Vast plateaus, undiversified by rock, or hill, or grove, the soil encrusted with saline formations, broken only by brackish lakes, pain the eye by their monotony, their sole noteworthy feature being their power of producing at times, in common with most deserts, strange optical illusions. Small bushes driven before the winds appear like huge trees torn up by the roots; human beings in the distance seem looming obelisks; and animals are frequently frightened by seeing their own reflections, many times magnified, hovering in the air.

The camel is as much at home in this part of Europe as in the similar portions of Asia and Africa with which we associate him. Wild asses and antelopes range freely throughout the domain. As one might argue from the character of the country, the

birds are mainly those of prey, songsters abounding in very small numbers. Accordingly, we discover the kite, the falcon, the pheasant, the bustard and the snipe. Troublesome creatures are not wanting, as the venomous tarantula and scorpion are seen here as well as within the Tropics, while scarce a summer passes in which the crops are not materially damaged by immense swarms of locusts. Apropos of animals, we may state that remains of fossil elephants have been unearthed.

The climate is one of great extremes, varying from seventy degrees Fahrenheit in summer, to thirteen in winter, owing to widely diverse causes—the periodical overflowing of the Volga, the flat plains, the multitude of salt lakes, the strong winds, and the proximity of the country to the Caspian Sea. As might be expected, this variable atmosphere is very unwholesome to strangers. Barren as the soil is, districts of rock-salt alternating with deep morasses destitute of any vegetation whatever, there is, however, along the banks of the river, a narrow strip of arable land rendered productive only by the greatest of care and a judicious system of irrigation. Here, early in the spring, after the snows have dissolved, the earth appears clothed in deep verdure mingled with gay flowers, and here flourishes luxuriantly an indigenous species of wormwood highly valued in commerce. Other native plants greatly esteemed are capers, onions, horseradish, asparagus and licorice, the two last being the finest of their kind known, the former having often an esculent stalk twenty inches in length, the latter, a root as thick as a man's arm. Wheat, rye, madder, grapes and cotton are cultivated, besides a limited quantity of maize and tobacco. But, however the description may sound, this fertile section is very different in appearance from the farming districts to which our American eyes, so richly dowered with beauty of sight as to have become well-nigh unappreciative, are accustomed. The vision, in this distant land, takes in one tiresome expanse of sky overhanging a dreary waste of rushes along the river-bank, and a stretch of uninteresting green plains. A piece of woodland is a thing unknown. Out in the salty, grassless, desolate steppes, miles upon miles spread afar in all directions, destitute of a single tree; within the cultivated territory are, here and there, a few poor specimens of oaks, elms, poplars, birches and mulberries. One of our ordinary picnic-woods, spread out thinly, would do duty for a whole county, as we estimate it.

While we are considering the vegetable productions, we must not omit to mention the pond-lilies. About five miles from the city of Astrakhan is almost the only place in Europe in which these superb flowers grow. They are the magnificent sacred beans, or *Nymphæa nelumbo*, of Linnaeus. The rich, dark, glossy leaves floating out upon the surface of the water are two feet in diameter, and among them rise the large, odorous, rose-colored blossoms whose perfume can be perceived for a long distance. From the earliest ages, these have been held by the people in the deepest reverence, being believed by them to

be the abode of the departed spirits of the good, and the matured capsules, from time immemorial, have been preserved by them as holy relics.

We have spoken of the strong winds which sweep over this dreary land. But their intensity is so remarkable as to deserve more than a brief allusion. We have stated that the Volga divides the country into two equal parts. But we did not say that the western and eastern banks are out of all proportion to each other. Yet such is the fact, the former being quite elevated in comparison with the latter. So that when one of these tempestuous currents of air, with its characteristic force, sweeps toward the east, it often drives before it vast volumes of water from the mighty river, which submerge the low barren level for leagues inland, frequently carrying with them an unfortunate vessel whose strange fate is to find itself at last stranded upon the plain as far as fifty miles from the great stream. The only resource of its owners, then, is to break it to pieces. A more sad sight can scarce be imagined than that of a stanch craft in perfectly good condition, yet hopelessly wrecked, with a boundless canopy of blue sky above, and a limitless reach of glittering sand spread all around, with not a vestige of smiling earth or rushing water within sight. Joaquin Miller's "Ship in the Desert" is not all imagination.

The general aridity of the soil tells us that agriculture is not the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Astrakhan, though there is sufficient work for a considerable number of farmers and graziers. Stock-raisers form an appreciable part of the population, their employment being the care of horses, goats and sheep; of the first animal, they have a peculiar breed, very small and ill-favored in appearance, but exceedingly fiery and at the same time completely tractable—these are the life, the home, and the riches of the many nomad tribes who rove within and about the borders of the territory; of the second, they keep them not so much for the milk as for the hides, a superior quality of goat's-leather being one of the principal exports; of the third, there is also a peculiar kind resembling the Cashmere, the wool of which is famous—the highly-esteemed Astrakhan fur is the fleece of the lambs. The mineral productions of the country—its salt, its gypsum, its magnesia and its saltpetre—add greatly to its resources, the average yield of the one last-named being a thousand tons a year. The manufactures are very extensive, there existing a hundred establishments in the city of Astrakhan, in which are made Cashmere shawls, silk, woolen, leather and linen goods, dyes, powder, soap and tallow, and in which are prepared for the market immense quantities of salt, caviar and isinglass. Commerce with the interior of Russia and with Persia and India is very great, as this capital is the principal depot of the trade between Asia and Eastern Europe, and as the articles interchanged are exceedingly valuable, this trade employs above five thousand vessels upon the Volga alone, besides the immense numbers plying upon the Caspian Sea between the Russian city and the Persian ports upon

its borders. But the principal source of the state's wealth is in its fisheries, which, next to those of Newfoundland, are the largest in the world. The amount derived from sturgeon-fishing exceeds two million dollars per annum.

It is estimated that the population of the metropolis is increased thirty thousand during the fishing-season. Along the outskirts may be seen numberless picturesque groups of huts made of felt, each with its little church in the midst, which temporary villages are inhabited by the fishermen. The mode of taking the fish is interesting. Several thousand Cossacks, duly licensed, hasten out upon the frozen river in their sledges, and then, with their pikes and instruments in hand, form a line, not daring to advance a step one beyond the other, for if they do, they will be struck by the guards employed to keep them in place. While awaiting their signal, they are importuned by clamorous customers, to whom the fish are sold before they are caught, the first fruits being reserved for the emperor. The word is given, the ice cut, countless prizes are taken, countless bargains are concluded, and great numbers find themselves that day many roubles richer. But not always does everything go on well. Sometimes one of those treacherous, those terrific winds, springs up suddenly, detaching and sweeping down the river and out to sea great cakes of ice with the fishermen upon it, and their only hope of escape is that the blast will just as suddenly change its direction, as it sometimes does, and blow them quite as impetuously back again. In case of such a disaster, the horses usually give foreboding signs of fear, and their owners, far from disregarding such premonitions, unquestioningly leave all their booty and hurry over the quivering ice back to shore as fast as their steeds can take them, the animals needing no urging.

The only city of much importance in Astrakhan is its capital of the same name. This lies upon an island in the Volga, about thirty miles from the mouth. From afar, the large domes and tall minarets, outlined against the azure sky and contrasted with the flat land spreading all around, give it the appearance of a very handsome town. But upon a nearer approach, it is found to be rambling and decayed, built mainly of wood, with its streets crooked, unpaved and dirty, its most striking features presenting a grotesque mixture of European and Asiatic taste. It has been tersely described as being "dusty in summer, windy in autumn, frozen up in winter, and knee-deep in mud in spring." It is divided into three districts, namely: *The Kremlin*, or Citadel, founded in 1550, which contains the Cathedral of the Assumption, the convent of the Trinity, and the palace of the archbishop; *Belogorod*, or the White Town, the place of the bazaars and government buildings; and the *Lloboda*, or suburbs, in which the bulk of the population live. Poorly constructed as are most of the buildings, we find some spacious edifices of brick and stone. The Cathedral of the Assumption, dating from 1582, is very elegant in its way, being a large, square structure of the

former material, having four small towers at the corners, and a larger one in the centre, through which the interior is lighted; within, it is gaudily adorned, more with reference to the devotion of the semi-barbarous worshippers than to the principles of correct taste. Besides this, there are thirty-six Greek, two Armenian, two Catholic, and one Lutheran churches, several Greek and Armenian convents, fifteen Mohammedan mosques, one Hindoo temple, and we may speak, too, of a Scotch mission. The town also boasts a botanic garden, a theatre, a gymnasium, an ecclesiastical seminary, several schools, and, most remarkable of all perhaps, a printing-office for Kalmuck, the language of the tribes wandering about the neighboring wastes. One very beautiful street, or arcade, is the residence of the Persian merchants. We have already alluded to the extensive manufactories and bazaars as well as the numerous buildings connected with the commercial interests. Astrakhan, although its harbor is much obstructed with sand, also has an arsenal and dockyard for the Russian ships of war cruising in the Caspian.

The dwellers here are of many races—Russians, Georgians, Armenians, Tartars and Persians, with a small proportion of residents from Western Europe. We find among this motley assemblage a strange combination of enlightenment and barbarism, of the new and the old system of things. The Christian and the Pagan jostle each other in their every-day pursuits; the courtly scholar may hold converse with the sojourner in tents. This remarkable contrast and union is seen even in the dress of the people—the men appear in the same costume as they do everywhere throughout the civilized world; the women still go abroad in the traditional Oriental attire of loose, flowing robes and shrouding veil. The old-time Russians remain enemies to progress, and live as did their fathers centuries ago; the Georgian mechanics are bright, neat and industrious, exhibiting much taste in the decoration of their houses; the Persian merchants, luxurious as they are, conduct their affairs with great enterprise and profit; and the Hindoo tradesmen seem to have but two passions, a love of money and a love of flowers, their wealth steadily increasing, and their shops, without exception, being embellished by gardens in front and bouquets along the shelves, while the masters are never seen without nosegays in their hands. The Western European element is composed mainly of government officials, manufacturers, artists and teachers. There is little real poverty here, as the opportunities for accumulation are abundant, and as the cost of living is very cheap, one hundred dollars a year being sufficient to support an ordinary family. The population of the city of Astrakhan is about sixty thousand, and of the whole territory, six hundred thousand.

This province was first known to history as a part of the Great Mogul empire, founded by Ghengis Khan. It was wrested from it by his grandson Batu, prince of the Golden Horde, and remained independent until 1554, when it was conquered and attached to Russia by Ivan the Terrible. In 1569, the capital

was besieged by the Turks under Selim, but they were defeated by the Russians with great slaughter. In 1670, it was seized by Stenko, but he was dispossessed of it in 1671, by his uncle Jacolof, who had remained faithful to the czar. In 1722, it was the head-quarters of the operations of Peter the Great, in South-eastern Russia. It was nearly destroyed by conflagrations in 102, 1718 and 1767, it was plundered by the Persians in 1719, and devastated by the cholera in 1830.

Some doubt exists as to the site of the ancient capital, there being two extensive ruins, evidently of Tartar origin, one near the present metropolis, the other about fifty miles further up the river, either of which might well lay claim to this distinction, and from both of which great quantities of stone have been taken for the foundations of the modern city. The sepulchral mound near Prishibinski is the most interesting of the country's ancient remains. It is raised upon a quadrangular structure of earth, and consists of six flat vaults built against each other, the whole eighteen feet in height, and nine hundred feet in circumference. The stones are massive, and the mortar with which they are cemented has become quite as hard, firmly resisting any impression. From the ornaments and vases found within, this seems to have been built as the burial-place of some royal family.

And thus we have endeavored to give, within a small compass, a correct idea of the location, soil, climate, animals, vegetable and mineral productions, industries, natural features, people, history and antiquities of this one small portion of the vast dominions embraced within the bounds of Russia—a country which, how strange the thought! sweeping half-way around the world, was only recently almost our next-door neighbor. We should feel a great interest in every part of it, for it was from this same government to which Astrakhan owes allegiance—the warrior government, founded, extended and upheld by the power of the sword—that we, professedly a nation of peace, gained our only territorial possession unsealed by the shedding of blood. H.

### UNLESS.

UNLESS the sunset faded from the west,  
The gold, the purple, crimson, amethyst,  
In gloaming's somber shadows laid to rest,  
Who could behold the myriad jewels bright  
Relieved against the velvet robe of night?  
Unless the year grew old, and went to sleep  
'Mid requiem music, dolorous and deep,  
And half-breathed sighs from woes too sad to weep,  
Who then could pass the greeting glad and true,  
Who with quick pulses welcome in the new?  
Unless the night of sorrow, pain and care  
Waved its black wings and shadowed all the air,  
'Till darkness felt were round us everywhere;  
Who to the east would turn and prayerful wait  
The glorious op'ning of the morning gate?

S. J. JONES.

### NINA'S MISSION.

"I CAN'T give it up. Oh, I can't!" exclaimed Nina Atwood, passionately, as she threw herself upon the green turf in the old orchard and wept bitter, disappointed tears. Birds twittered and squirrels scolded in the boughs above her; the air was filled with the balmy fragrance of an August afternoon, but Nina heeded not the "summer sights and sounds;" and so wholly unconscious was she of her surroundings, that she did not notice the light footsteps approaching, nor see the tender face of Aunt Ruth bending over her. A soft hand smoothed her curls, and the head of the weeping girl was drawn tenderly into Aunt Ruth's lap.

"O auntie! why did you come? I was trying to fight the battle out alone," sobbed Nina. "It is so hard, so hard."

"What is it, dear? Tell auntie all about it," she urged, in the soft, soothing tone she used to comfort Nina with long ago.

When but a little child, Nina always went to Aunt Ruth with her troubles, sure of sympathy. Now her calm, loving presence soothed her, and she replied: "Yes, Aunt Ruth, I can tell you, for you always understand me. I sometimes think you are the only one that does," added Nina, wearily.

"Don't say that, dear. There is One who knows and loves you far better than I can."

A shade of self-reproach crossed the girl's face as she said: "I fear I almost forgot Him in my grief. But, after all, my sorrow is because I am disappointed in the work I was to do for Him. And now I am to tell you all about it. Well, Aunt Ruth, you know how I always longed to devote my life to teaching; and recently, while having a talk with my old teacher on the subject, he told me that after two or three terms at the State Normal, he thought he could easily obtain a position for me. Two or three terms at the State Normal! I hardly dared think of it, much less to mention it to father; but Mr. Bates, my dear old teacher, plead my cause faithfully, and at length father gave his consent; and, Aunt Ruth, it was the very happiest day of my life when I learned that I might really go. You know how I feel about this. While teaching is to some merely a means of gaining a living, to me it seems a high and holy mission. What to some is tiresome drudgery, would, to me, be delightful service. O auntie! don't you think it a grand thing to be a teacher?"

"Yes, dear niece, a teacher's is indeed a labor of love, or, at least, it should be. Her influence is only second to the mother's."

"I fully realize it," replied Nina, eagerly, "and I have lain awake far into the night thinking of the little ones who would cluster around me, and how I would win their love and teach them to be noble men and women; and, most of all, I have thought of how I would teach them sweet lessons of Jesus and His love, and win their young hearts to Him. Oh, how sweet it would be to work in His vineyard!"

Nina's eyes were bright with tears as she ceased



speaking. This was a long-cherished dream of hers; but a sudden thought of the present caused her to bury her face in her hands and sob: "Oh, must I give it all up?"

"Why must you, child?" questioned her aunt.

"Father has changed his mind. He says he cannot spare the money to send me to school; and, besides, mother needs my help; so I must give up my 'whim,' as he calls it, and settle down to work, for he has discharged Mary. Oh dear, and I was to start for school next week!"

Aunt Ruth wisely restrained all words of counsel until Nina had recovered somewhat from the tempest of sobs which followed this indignant outburst. She only held her close in the loving clasp that means so much.

Aunt Ruth's own girlhood had been dwarfed and blighted, and she had not forgotten it. Some people are so prone to forget that they were ever young, and, becoming wrapped up in their own interests and the cares and burdens of the present, they too often neglect the young hearts around them longing for sympathy and encouragement. Some people would have smiled at Nina's "girlish whim," but Aunt Ruth knew something of the bitter disappointment that was felt by the sensitive yet ambitious heart of her niece. She knew of the cold, selfish father, the sickly, fault-finding mother, and the petty cares of every-day life on a farm that galled and fretted such a nature as Nina's. She knew of the longing for culture and refinement that was now denied in a great degree. Impulsive and warm-hearted, Nina longed to do some great good; to accomplish her "mission," which she fondly deemed to be—teaching. Although she was striving to be a follower of the Master, she had not yet learned the lesson of patience. She was willing and anxious to work; but it must be in that part of the vineyard *she* had chosen. She was sincere when she thought she had laid her all on the altar of consecration; but I fear there was some rebellious self-will remaining which needed strong discipline to uproot.

"Well, Aunt Ruth," said Nina at length, with a sigh, "I suppose I must give up my mission, and settle down to the humdrum life I have lived heretofore, with never an idea above housework."

"On the contrary, my dear, I think your mission has come to you."

Nina opened her eyes in surprise. "What do you mean, Aunt Ruth?"

"The highest mission any one can have is to do God's will; and it seems to be His will that at present you should take up the household duties and do them patiently and cheerfully for His sake; and yet you rebel. Ah, Nina, I fear it is your will instead of His that you are following."

"I fear you are right," said Nina, humbly; "but I did think it was all for Him, this work that I long to do."

"I know your feelings, Nina dear; but you must learn to love duty in every place and form. If you are to do some great work, you can be fitted for it

only by taking up present duty and doing it faithfully. And," continued Aunt Ruth, in her low, sweet voice, "I am not sure but the work you are called to do now is far greater than the other. God does not look at these things as we do. He must have a reason for wishing you to do this. Do not imagine that because you cannot choose your own work you must be idle. There is work around you to busy heart and hands all the time. Think of your position as an only daughter. You can be the light and joy of your father's old age. And think how much comfort you can bring to your sick mother. She needs your sympathy sadly. Nina, you must not judge your mother too harshly; remember the weary years of pain that have driven nearly all the brightness out of her life. The one warm spot in her heart is for you, for she does love you dearly. Ah, Nina, mother-love is very precious, and when your dear mother is taken from you, you will thank God that you did not leave her in her declining years. Stranger hands can care for the bodily wants; but just now she needs the warm, tender love of a daughter."

"I have not done my duty by her," said Nina; "but from this day I will strive to be a truer daughter to her."

"May God help you," said Aunt Ruth, reverently.

"You have set me to thinking, auntie. I mean to follow out your suggestions, and perhaps my humble service may prove acceptable to the Master. But, oh, what an infinite amount of patience I shall need."

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me," quoted Aunt Ruth. "If your cross is to give up your cherished plan and devote yourself to these humble duties, then take it up *cheerfully*; do not let it make you sad and fretful; remember that 'even Christ pleased not Himself,' and 'the servant is not greater than his lord.' Your way will not be all sunshine; but if you only ~~are~~ steadfast, you may accomplish much good."

"Perhaps you are right," said Nina, with a little sigh; "but this is all so different from the life I had planned. Speaking of trials," she went on, "do you know that my greatest trials are with brother Dick?"

"Yes, I know," said Aunt Ruth, "and I am glad for his sake that you are to stay at home. But, Nina, in all kindness let me suggest that your influence over Dick is not what it should be."

Nina flushed at these words. She knew she was too impatient with her wayward brother, but he was so trying.

"Well, auntie," said she, "I have almost given up ever trying to make anything of Dick. I've lectured him by the hour, and you can see how little good it does. He knows well enough how I disapprove of his bad habits; but he grows worse and worse; and with his vulgar language, late hours and bad companions, he is growing almost unbearable. Indeed, father has threatened to turn him off if he doesn't give up his rough ways. I am afraid he will disgrace us all some time."

"Nina, Nina!" said Aunt Ruth, reproachfully, "would Dick turn away from home for pleasure if it

was as attractive as you might make it? Nina, Dick has been lectured too much. Have you tried to love him back to the right path? I am afraid my little niece is sadly neglecting the duty which lies nearest her."

This was a new thought to Nina. Was not this a "mission" worth striving for—to win an only brother from the ways of sin that he was fast entering upon?

Aunt Ruth saw she had made an impression upon Nina, and long and lovingly did she talk with her of her duty toward her erring brother. When, at last, Nina returned to the house, it was with brighter hopes and nobler purposes than when she left it.

"Dick shall *not* go to the tavern to-night," said she to herself, as she went about to lay a cheerful little tea to welcome him when he came in.

That night her mother's heart was made glad by the tender attention of her daughter, and even father was constrained to join in the cheerful tea-table talk.

"Dick," said Nina, suddenly, "what do you say to going calling with me this evening?"

"If you are going my way, all right; if you are going to Wiltons, not for Jo; they are too tony for this chile."

Now this was just where Nina was going, and she was tempted to go alone, as she had often done, and leave Dick to go his way; but a thought of Aunt Ruth's counsel decided her, and she answered good-humoredly: "I'm sure I don't wish to frustrate any of your plans; perhaps I can make mine coincide with them. Where were you going?"

"To the village."

"I thought so," was Nina's mental comment; then aloud: "Well, that is lucky. I do want to get a new book from the library, and don't fancy walking a mile alone after dark."

"So you think poor company better than none," put in Dick, roughly.

"No such thing, sir; and for that saucy speech you are condemned to be your sister's gallant for the evening."

The tea-things were soon washed and set away. Nina donned her pretty walking-suit, for, thought she, Dick must not be ashamed of his sister.

"Now, Master Dick, are you ready for your task?" she called out, gayly.

"At your service, Miss Atwood," and they started out together chatting merrily.

Nina was determined to make herself agreeable, and Dick was compelled to acknowledge to himself that Nina was "something of a girl after all."

The library reached, Dick's taste was consulted in the choice of books. "For," said Nina, "you know you are to read to me while I sew."

"Don't be too sure," growled Dick; but inwardly he felt somewhat flattered, for he was a good reader, and knew it, and was pleased to have his sister appreciate him.

The book was selected, and, after a call at the post-office, Dick proposed that Nina should call at Brown's while he "kept an engagement" at the tavern.

"O Dick, don't go there to-night! You are sure to

get into bad company. And only last night you came home your breath smelling of liquor!" exclaimed Nina, hastily.

"Pretty baby am I, if I can't choose my own company! I allow you the same privilege."

Nina saw she must change her tactics, so with an arch smile she said: "You forget you are Miss Atwood's attendant. I never had an escort before who would leave me to go home alone in the dark."

Dick half relented. "But why can't you step in at Brown's?" he asked.

"Five reasons," she retorted. "Are they enough?" "Name them."

"First, I prefer your company; second, I have some mending to do before I go to bed; third, father will want his paper; fourth, mother must have her letters; fifth, I must hear a chapter from that new book to-night. Now, after such an array of reasons, can you resist?"

"I suppose I'll have to give in; but it's mighty mean that a fellow must break an engagement just to please his sister."

Nina took no notice of this surly speech, for she had gained the day, and was well pleased. She little knew what she had accomplished that night.

The next day, news came of a drunken quarrel which had taken place at the tavern the night before.

"'Twas whisky did it," said the neighbor who told them. "Whisky and cards. Some one accused another of cheating in the game; words were followed by blows, and two fellows are badly hurt. But one other is hurt worse, I fear, for they have lodged him in jail. When a boy of young Lincoln's age gets to that, he is pretty sure to go on from bad to worse."

"Fred Lincoln!" exclaimed Nina and Dick in a breath, for he was Dick's most intimate friend.

In a moment the neighbor left, and Nina, from the fullness of her heart, hid her face and wept.

"Why, sis, what are you crying for?" asked Dick.

"O Dick, let us thank God you were not there!" was all she said; but her emotion touched Dick, and with a quick movement he touched his lips to her hand and left the room.

Impulsive, hot-headed Dick! If he had been there, he would have sided with his friend, and doubtless shared in his disgrace.

"O merciful Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast spared him from this!" murmured Nina, and from the depths of her full heart went up a cry of thanksgiving that she had been the means used by God to keep her brother from temptation.

As for Dick, the events of the evening had startled him, and for a time he turned his back upon his old ways; but habit is strong, and he soon would have broken his good resolutions had not the gentle, patient sister used her influence to the utmost to keep him from evil.

Often did she give up in despair; but with Aunt Ruth's kindly counsel, and with help from on high, she would take new courage to persevere in her labor of love, until at last her brother was quite won over.

"O Aunt Ruth!" she exclaimed, when, a few years

later, she was talking of her past life, "I am sure I am not conceited in thinking that I have been the means used by God to make my brother what he now is."

"Yes, Nina," responded her aunt, "he well merits that noblest of all titles—Christian gentleman; and I am sure that under God he owes a great deal of it to you."

"Yes, auntie, and the thought makes me feel very humble. Oh, what am I that God should intrust so great a work in my hands! I have been living over the past, Aunt Ruth, and I see so much to be thankful for. I am so thankful that I found my mission to be at home with my own loved ones."

And so Aunt Ruth looked into the happy face, and thought of the little home that was made bright by her presence; of the feeble parents and fond, manly brother, who depended so much upon Nina; and then thought of what might have been. She replied from a full heart: "Yes, my niece, yours is indeed a blessed mission, and you are far happier than you would be if you had followed your own inclinations in your choice of a life-work."

And Nina acknowledged that it was even so.

LUELLA HEATH.

#### BY THE HEDGES.

I AM waiting for you, Ailie, I am waiting by the hedges,

Where the hawthorn bloom is dropping off and the early roses blow;

The misty light is gathering on the hilly crags and ledges,

And yonder in the cloud-lined west the sun is sinking low.

I am waiting for you, Ailie, and the crescent moon is beaming;

One little star is shining now all faintly through the blue;

A bird trills out an evening song, it mingles with my dreaming,

And even as I wait and dream it seems to sing of you.

And, "Ailie, Ailie, Ailie," I think I hear it calling,

"The evening shadows lengthening on the hills and valley play;

On the fields and by the river-bank the dew of night is falling,

And the roses send their perfume out to meet you on your way."

Hush, my heart! I hear her footstep now just where the woods are ended;

Ah, the air is full of sweetness as she comes, my only dear,

And the sweetness and the singing and the evening light are blended;

The bird, the roses and the stars are waiting with me here.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

#### FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 4.

LAST evening, after the lamps were lighted, father and I were sitting quietly by the stove speaking never a word. Everything seemed unusually lonely for that hour. I was leaning back watching Charlie in his cage in the window, thinking how like the life of a dear little canary are the lives of some women. A small round of gayety, and that is all.

Suddenly I remembered why the evening was one of unusual quiet; we'd had no supper, no cheery tea-table with its white cloth, and glistening china, and steaming urn. Just to see how it would look and taste, we'd had mush and milk, and never from my own earliest childhood had we regarded that as supper—nothing like it at all; for it was, as our old widowed neighbor said after the death of her husband, "So lonely! Oh, so lonely!" This she had wailed out through her nose two years after his death, over the doleful prospect that his place would in all probability never be filled.

Finally I said: "O father, I don't see how you ever did live through your supperless childhood, and grow up to man's estate robust and hearty, and with such a compact, well-knit frame! Didn't you nearly starve? Come, now, own up!"

But the old Spartan wouldn't do it. He said in a soft, slow voice, as though feeling his way, lest he commit himself: "Mush made of corn-meal was good when we had salt in it; but when we couldn't get the salt it went a little hard. And my mother made butter, so that the milk was always skimmed that we ate. But when our mush and corn-bread was made of pounded corn, it was so tasteless that a full meal of it seemed to contain no nourishment whatever. It was so unlike corn-meal, more like the pasty, starchy grits which we buy at the grocery nowadays. Without salt it was intolerable; but it was that or nothing at all.

"I was just thinking," father continued, "that it was sixty-nine years ago to-day since we landed in this part of the State. We started from Newark, Ohio, on the first day of February, and reached our destination on the evening of the fourth. It required several blocks then in which to pound corn to make bread for four or five families. The blocks were made by building a small fire in the centre of a solid stump or log, and burning out a round hole, then hollowing it out into the shape of a deep bowl. The corn was placed in this and pounded with a maul and iron wedge until it was all broken up fit to make into mush and bread. For a rare meal, or for lunch before retiring, we often pounded parched corn and ate it."

Our talk drifted on from one topic to another in pioneer life, when suddenly, with a burst of laughter, I said: "O father, if you'd only been at that golden wedding with me last week! It was so good, and we had so much fun! While I was reading my address,

one old man in the corner of the crowded parlor whooped out with all the joyous abandon of frolicsome boyhood, and laughed as cheerily as a robin. It was where I told how the children used to sleep when the preacher came to stay all night. And at dinner we sat at the table among the old folks—the kind whose childhood was full of privations like yours—and you cannot think how our heart went out toward them. One man, one of the soundest, cheeriest, sweetest old souls, told us when he was a boy they lived in a cabin so small that they could not spare the room in the corner for the ladder to stand, and so they entered the loft from the outside of the house. A square hole was cut through for an entrance, and the ladder leaned up to it beside the chimney. When the boys went to bed at night, they often waded knee-deep in the snow to reach the ladder."

At this father laughed immoderately. We thought it serious, and told him so.

"I wa'n't laughing at the idea of poor bare-legged boys skipping round the outside of the cabin on their way to bed," said he, "but I was reminded of the Lanebarger's, long ago. That was the way they lived; hadn't room inside to put up a ladder, and the entrance was outside. Dave, the oldest boy, became enamored of one of the Goosvelt girls; and though his mother said all she could to keep Dave away from old man Goosvelt's, it did no good. The girls were very handsome—that is, handsome for those days—stout-limbed, full-bosomed, sunburned, muscular, red-cheeked, and with teeth gleaming white as any shark's. But they'd rather shoot at a mark than get a good dinner; rather ride bare-backed and on the keen jump than to set up stitches in knittin' work, or hackle flax or spin tow. They could row a canoe like an Indian, and fleetier girls on foot I never saw. But that was neither here nor there, for if they had no appetite for housework and home-keepin', they wouldn't amount to much in those days.

"One night, what does Dave do but sneak off after his stent was done and marry Ruth. Now they were as poor as the law allowed at old man Goosvelt's, only had three beds all told, and two of them had three lodgers apiece, and the other one four. They had no accommodations for any more; and when the family retired early, Dave and Ruth were left sitting there on one of the little benches. Dave said, 'S'posin' we move to-night?' And so they 'moved.' Ruth took her linen dress, and handkerchief, and apron, and some dried plums, and the candle-moulds that she found—lost out of a mover's wagon—and tied them up in a rag, and they started for his home. The family were all in bed, and the house was dark. Now the Lanebargers were no richer in this world's goods—excepting the land they had squatted on—than were the other family; and the mother divined the truth, but she kept her counsel to herself, and said nothing, and pretended she was asleep when the movers stopped and came to the door. Dave didn't knock, of course, because he was at home; he just gave the latch a quiet pull with the leather string,

and stood inside. The situation was a leetle queer for Ruth, and she stood close up to Dave, her heart stirred like, and beatin' fast enough.

"Mamma," said Dave. No answer. The mother, young and healthy, and full of fun, pretended to sleep soundly and hear not. 'Mamma, I say!' piped Dave, a sense of shame creeping over him, no doubt. No answer. 'Mamma, mamma, I say! I'm here!' he spoke out several octaves higher than before.

"The loud breathing was stilled, and the mother said: 'Is that you, David?'

"To which he replied, sheepishly: 'We've moved.'

"The mother coughed, and that was all the answer she gave.

"Where'll we sleep, mamma?" he whined out.

"Why, sleep where you allus did, in with Tom and Nathan," was the sweeping reply.

"Was there ever a cooler reception for bridegroom and bride? There they stood. Life was all before them, but what a beginning! The cabin was dark as pitch. Poor Dave, who had rushed blindly into matrimony, married without reckoning, moved without consultation, reached out his hand to take that of the sanguine Ruth, and in a dazed way caught hold of the knob on top of the post of a big spinning-wheel, and stood there, convicted. Finally he said: 'Mamma, we're here; we've moved.'

"'Yes,' said she, curtly, 'and I think it's time that all honest folks were abed. You must be a real owl of a youth to stand there sight-seeing in the dark. Why don't you go to bed?'

"'She's here, too; we've moved,' was the reply, 'and I don't know where to sleep.'

"'Tom and Nate sleep in the bunk in the fur corner o' the loft, an' you ought to know by this time where your lodging place is. You are aware that we don't keep a public house with lodgings to let,' and the mother turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes.

"Now, the ladder stood on the outside of the cabin, and the mode of ingress was a square hole cut through the building. It was the first ladder Mr. Lanebarger ever made, and it was done by guess-work. He had no rule of measurement, and instead, he stepped off on the ground the length from one round to another. This was a poor rule. The whole length of the ladder, according to this measure, required only four rounds. When Dave essayed to escort his wife up the ladder he found that she couldn't ascend. Here was another dilemma. Could she pull herself up by one of his legs left dangling? No, she couldn't do that. Could she clamber along if he held one arm down? No, her weight was too much avoirdupois.

"The matter was serious, it was nothing to laugh over. So they didn't laugh. And she was too stolid to indulge in tears. Dave said 'Ding it all!' more than a dozen times, but that let no light into the darkness. Finally, by some strategy, or system of management, they both got up the ladder, and they slept, somehow.

"A daughter-in-law nowadays who met no kindlier greeting when she moved home to her husband's relatives would be very apt to shed tears in secret."

Then father told who were the descendants of Dave and Ruth, the great grandsons and daughters, and we were surprised to know that Ada Brooks, the pretty schoolma'am that the little ones all love so dearly, was a great-granddaughter of the gawky pair who packed up their dried plums and candle moulds, and moved one night under such unfavorable circumstances. But Ada has more pluck than Ruth had, for she could catch on the round of a ladder above her bonnie curls and swing herself up as lightly as a squirrel.

Then I said, musing: "Sixty-nine years ago to-night; and you were all very poor, father, weren't you?"

"Yes," he replied, "we owned nothing except the few house'old goods, a couple of cows, a span of old crow-bait creatures, two dogs and a tolerable wagon. The cows gave good milk, and we men and boys did fair, full day's work on three meals of mush and milk—morning, noon and night. Beats all how many nice things a woman can contrive out of corn-meal nowadays when she has plenty to do with, but in those times she couldn't do much with such scanty means. I can hardly taste turnips," he continued, "without feeling myself to be a boy again working in these bottom fields among the roots and stumps, hoeing corn. My mother used to send our dinners out to the field, and it was nearly always turnips with a plentiful dressing of butter, and corn pone or fried mush. Hunger made the humble repast taste good."

"Didn't you boys enjoy gathering nuts every fall?" I asked.

"That was about all the recreation and fun we had," was the reply. "We would work hard and gain time so as to gather nuts on Saturdays. The finest hazelnuts grew over on the hill-sides, yonder, and beyond Black's over at the wind-fall. We could load up both creatures with them. There was no road then, but we followed the Indian trail—let one horse walk behind the other until we came to where the one traveled highway was. Walnuts and butternuts grew in the valley, and chestnuts on the ridges. It was not like it is now, a boy to every chestnut-tree. One could go out and gather and leave the heap lying on the ground until he was ready to take it home."

"Those were good times even if we did feel the pinchings of poverty and endure the privations incident to life in the far West. I wouldn't like to live them over again," said father, as he smoothed one hand down the other in a comforting way, "not now, since all these blessings and luxuries have come to me in my old age. But it's 'mazin' strange that I feel, when I stand on the railroad bridge and watch the train whiz by, and think of the times when its track through the valley was a forest and a thicket almost impenetrable. Its tread makes the very graves of the old pioneers tremble."

ROSELLA RICE.

## THE PROVERBIAL SKELETON.

**T**IS said we each and every one have such a thing, and looking around among our friends and neighbors we cannot but admit it. Still, I do not know of anything harder to look pleased with, than to have one take out his or her skeleton and rattle it before our defenseless eyes.

I went yesterday up to neighbor Grant's for a "soaking" of dry yeast. And such nice dry yeast as she always keeps! She gave it cheerfully, and then I sat down to rest awhile. Poor, little woman! Her special skeleton is a stout, hearty step-son of sixteen, or thereabout. She told me, while the tears rolled over her rosy cheeks, of how, just that morning, when she checked him for spilling some water on her clean kitchen floor, he had tipped over the whole bucket, and to her remonstrance, had answered that he wasn't going to be "nagged at by any old step-mother." And a fresh burst of tears concluded. I asked if his father would permit such conduct.

"Oh, well, he's easy set against me, too, and ever since his aunt has lived on the next farm, Harry has never been the same boy. And I've brought him up, ever since he was four years old, and I loved him, and still love him as if he were my own. And to call me a *step-mother*!"

I comforted her, telling her that even own mothers had to endure a great deal in rearing their families, and that although Harry might be led astray by bad counsel, still his better nature would assert itself and he would yet, as she fondly hoped, be the stay and support of her old age. And as we talked, she grew more cheerful, and I left her in her snug little kitchen, looking so much in place among the bright tinware, with a perfectly clean floor and a stove in which everything else was reflected, and thought: "How sad that a dreadful skeleton is hidden there."

On my way home, remembering that I had heard that little Tommy Jones was ill, I stopped at Widow Jones's. The prettiest little nest for a home! In summer a perfect bower of green vines and sweet flowers, and now, in winter, sweet with the perfume of house-plants, and merry with the songs of two well-kept canaries. Before John, the widow's son, married pretty Matty Gordon, I used to think the place just perfect—after that, I thought that Matty was just the one thing wanted to make it so. And the two sweet little children just seemed companions for the birds. As I entered, I detected immediately that feeling in the air which shows a storm burst and not yet past. Matty's bright face was clouded, widow's eyes were red, and an air of constraint was visible, instead of the bright, cheery welcome which was usually accorded to all comers. Tommy was much better, Matty said he had been very ill for two or three days. I inquired for Widow Jones, who sat apart with an air of isolation. She replied that she was quite well, and her manner said, much better than I wish to be.

Presently Matty said: "You'll excuse me if I run over to the grocery while you are here."

I said: "Certainly," and Matty was off.

Widow looked relieved; then, after a glance through the window, after Matty's retreating form, she uncovered her skeleton, first bestowing a loving kiss upon Tommy, who lay so snugly asleep on the lounge, and drawing up the cradle beside her, the only notice she had given to the children.

"You'd never know unless you were here," she began, in a low tone, "the times I put in with that lady. Oh, dear, little I thought when John and I were so happy together, that I would see the day when I'd have no say in my own house. That even he'd turn against me."

"What may the trouble be?" said I, scarcely knowing what I ought to say.

"It's been coming on from the first. Matty's very set in all of her ways. She wants this new and that new, and this morning she was telling John that she'd like a new carpet for the front room. I just told her I thought the carpet good enough. It's not as much worn as Mrs. Baxter's, and they were got at the same time. John said he thought it would have to do awhile yet. Then you ought to have seen her—not a word she said till he was gone—then when I went to the kitchen, there she was crying like a baby. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself—if Tommy'd died it would have been something to cry about. And maybe, if she took on so, Providence might give her something to fret about. Then she flared right up, and said she wished she'd died before she ever came into the house with an old Tartar that just took pleasure in thwarting her in everything. She wished she'd never seen John, and I couldn't tell you the half. It beat all. Just to think, John that could have married any girl in the country."

"And who did marry the very pick of them," I replied, "as no one knows better than you, widow. Matty is the prettiest girl in the village, and John is the handsomest man, and two such children you might travel the country for. Matty has just been feeling out of sorts. Of course, if John cannot afford the carpet she will not want it."

"He can afford it just as well as another," declared the old lady, testily, "he knows her temper—he daren't refuse. After he'd gone to the store, he sent up a note for her to go and select the carpet, and she wouldn't go. She said she didn't care for it now. I guess if he'd heard her after he went away, he'd not been so ready to please her."

"Well, of course he will not hear it, for we both know that we often say a great deal more than we mean when we are put out a little, and Matty is young. Dear widow, you have had much to be thankful for, and still have; as you grow older, your children will be your pleasure, and I've no doubt one of your greatest comforts will be, that you never in any way put anything between John and his wife. The thought will brighten many an hour, and bind both your children to you with bonds stronger than death. Oh, my old friend, life is far too short to darken one single day or hour with needless sorrow! The pleasure of seeing John and Matty happy will

far exceed the pleasure to be derived from knowing that *your* way of things, even if better, was taken. A son should love mother and wife, best of anything on earth, and it is cruel to make him choose between them. Too often it causes indifference to both. If they make themselves unlovely quarreling about who shall be first in his affection, when both should feel assured that his love is broad and deep enough for both." As I left, I said: "Now, tell Matty I am coming to tea soon."

I felt sad. Here were two imaginary skeletons that from being constantly rattled bade fair to make as gloomy companions as the real one. "Yes," mused I, "I decidedly prefer the old Egyptian plan. They draped the skeleton which sat at the feast so that its gasty visage might not destroy the pleasure of their quests."

And on my way, I stopped with a friend who had a *real* skeleton. But in her household they all seem quite as anxious to conceal their sorrow as others to parade it. No place can you see more cheerful faces—cheerful, not joyous. Music lends its charms, and in no way could you judge that the eldest son, the hope of the house, in his youth, the beloved of all who knew him, fell through evil companions, into evil ways. The wine-cup did its work. In a distant State, he committed, under its influence, a crime which consigned him to State's prison. And the hearts which were crushed, and well-nigh broken, had to toil on with their weary burden. But they bravely draped their skeleton with patient hope and faithful love. The ever-present sorrow only makes them pitiful to the misfortunes of others, and the one hope of their lives is, that when the end comes for their lost one, God may call him, like a wanderer, home. RUTH.

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.—Dr. Clarke, describing the Cyprian women, says: "The features, particularly of the women of Nicosia, are regular and dignified, exhibiting that elevated cast of countenance so universally admired in the works of the Greek artists. At present this kind of beauty seems peculiar to the women of Cyprus. \* \* \* They possess the valuable secret of giving a brown color to the whitest locks, and also tinge the eyebrows the same hue, an act that would be highly prized in London or Paris. The most splendid colors are displayed in their habits, and are very becoming to the girls of the island. The upper robe is always of scarlet, crimson, or green silk, embroidered with gold. Like other Greek women, they wear long scarlet pantaloons, fastened round the ankle, and yellow boots, with slippers of the same color. Around the neck, and from the head, are suspended a profusion of gold coins, chains and other trinkets."

EXAMINE your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others. Be harsh in your judgment of self; be tender in your judgment of others.



## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

WE found ourselves established in Virginia for the winter, in one of the counties near the Blue Ridge, where the roads, bad in summer, are almost impassable in winter. Nor was the neighborhood a thickly-settled one; on the contrary, the farm-houses were built far apart, and a visitor was the more warmly welcomed because one was reminded at his coming of the bad weather, length of way, and other obstacles, which had to be encountered and overcome before he reached our own glowing fire and friendly circle.

The question then arose, what should we do—or, rather, as Katherine, our most practical member, altered its form, what *could* we do to make the winter a bright and profitable one? Society we must do without; nor could we depend on leaving the boundaries for three or four months; books we had, it is true, but how to suit the varied tastes of all our party?

"A traveling club," I proposed, meekly.

My suggestion was received with shouts of derisive laughter.

"With sledges and reindeer, or Arctic dogs when the snow begins?" asked one.

"Or paddle our own canoes when it thaws?" inquired another.

"Or send for a corps of engineers and have a new railroad laid out, perhaps," suggested a third, scornfully.

"If it had been a 'stay-at-home club,' now," said the hostess, with a smile, "it would have been more akin to reality, and very agreeable to me."

I took advantage of the first pause in the hubbub to claim an uninterrupted hearing.

"Miss Antice has the floor," declared our host, Dr. Kent.

"There were once some girls who wanted to go traveling very badly—"

"Like me," interpolated Katherine.

"But," I resumed, "they were very poor—"

"The likeness is still more striking," murmured Katherine from her corner; though Dr. Kent tapped on the table, and called for order in the house.

"So as they could not go in reality, they concluded to travel in imagination, and every evening the different girls met together, bringing sketches, pictures, travels, anything, in short, which would illustrate the place they were visiting in fancy. Finally, one of the girls did cross the ocean really, and through her whole journey her enjoyment was increased tenfold by the accurate knowledge she had gained of the beauty and meaning of the Old World in the quiet little up-stairs room at home."

"That sounds like Mrs. Whitney," said again the irrepressible Katherine.

"It is from Mrs. Whitney," I assented. "Now, with that authority for the plan's being a good one, will you try it?"

A general clamor of approval arose.

"I should be delighted," said Mrs. Kent, "it

would be so improving to Rosamond, for she cannot possibly attend school this winter."

"But shall we keep all its benefits to ourselves?" asked Dr. Kent. "There are the Elmores, neighbors who are quite near enough to meet us every week. Frederic goes to school there, and it would be an excellent stimulus to him and his companions in their studies."

We all agreed to this, and the next bright day sent over a committee—composed of Katherine and myself—to open our scheme.

It was received with cordial interest, and we decided that the best arrangement would be to meet at one of the two houses alternately every Friday afternoon.

The traveling club was to be composed of Dr. and Mrs. Kent, their two children, Frederic and Rosamond, Katherine and myself from the one house, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, Mrs. Elmore's mother, a charming and bright old lady, Miss Alice Fomaine, the pretty, dark-eyed young teacher, and her three pupils, Charlie and George Elmore, and Harry Halstead.

The result of our plan proved rather different from our original intention, which had been simply to brighten the seclusion of a winter in the mountains, for the club continued through all the fresh springing loveliness of April and May, and the long, warm summer, and did not cease when riding-parties and walking-excursions became a daily routine.

But I am running too far ahead of my little history, which may, perhaps, prove suggestive to other country neighborhoods, and prove the source of as much innocent pleasure to them as to us.

Our first meeting was on a bright, breezy afternoon, when our walk over the hills in the fresh air had sent a charming glow and invigoration through us all.

After the first friendly greetings and mutual congratulations on the lovely weather that smiled propitious on our journey, Mrs. Stacy (Mrs. Elmore's mother) called our noisy party to order, and we proceeded to organize ourselves in due form.

The president, we unanimously agreed, should be Mrs. Stacy as long as we met here, and Mrs. Dr. Kent should fill the same office at "Mountain Retreat," the appropriate name of Dr. Kent's home.

Treasurer there was no need for, as we again agreed with unanimity that money was no object whatever, and that special trains might be engaged or yachts purchased regardless of expense.

The offices of secretary and chairman were united in one, the duties appertaining to each office being simple, and conferred on George Elmore.

So far we had proceeded without a dissenting voice, save a modest protest, speedily overruled, from the members of our circle elected to office.

But on the question being proposed, "Where shall we travel?" a serious division at once took place.

"I think," said Mrs. Elmore, "it would be wiser to inform ourselves first in regard to our own country."

"But travel abroad is so much more picturesque and entertaining," pleaded a weak-minded member—myself.

Many arguments were urged on either side, and at last the question was put to the vote, the appropriate method of deciding vexed questions in a democratic country.

Our libraries, like most old-fashioned collections of books, abounded in European travels and histories, while the works on America were few—a consideration which I am compelled to say probably influenced the majority on the side of a tour in Europe.

"It is decided that we visit the Old World," announced our president from her arm-chair.

With a comparatively mild discussion, we then agreed, on our next meeting, to take a steamer for Liverpool, England. In order that there might not be a monotony of sea-voyages and "first impressions of the grand old ocean," one was appointed to chronicle the events, if any, of the voyage, with sole and exclusive right to mention the weather. The others were allowed to describe Liverpool itself, its objects of interest, and even to ramble into its suburbs and environs.

The traveling club then adjourned until the next Friday; and so merry an afternoon had we passed together, that we were all ready to vote our plan a brilliant success, and parted with many an anticipation of mutual enjoyment, which we mean to share with the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE.

E. F. M.

**THE VALUE OF A BOOK.**—In a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Mather, son of the author, dated Passy (in France), November 10th, 1779, we have the following paragraph. Referring to a paper of "Advice to the People of the United States," just published by Dr. M., he says: "Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

In all the circumstances of life we reap as we sow; and, if we reap peril for foolhardiness, so do we garner desertion for ill-nature, and the gradual loss of friends—best known as the process called "being cut"—as the reward of evil speaking and slander.

## NOT LOST.

**A** QUAIN, old-fashioned country house of gray stone, with many a pointed gable and small, latticed window; cozy, low-ceiled rooms, made fragrant in summer-time by the pure white jasmine and crimson roses that came nodding in through the open casements. A large, trim garden, where old-time flowers bloomed, sweet-williams, tulips with gorgeous hue, queen lilies with golden hearts, rich carnations, sweet-scented heliotrope and mignonnette, huge bushes of laburnum and lilac, where the birds built their homes and made glad melody; sloping clover-meadows on either side, bounded on the one hand by the little church, on the other by a thick grove of linden-trees.

This was Clovernook, my home, where the first twenty years of my life were spent, calmly and uneventfully, with my father and sister Mira, knowing nothing of the great world lying beyond our quiet village, neither desiring to know—never experiencing any passionate, throbbing joy, any deep, bitter sorrow. We had no great riches, nor was there any fear of poverty.

I never knew my mother. The sweet young life had ebbed and flowed for many a day, and when I was born it closed. A quiet, reserved man was my father. All his interest centred in his garden and books; so long as he knew Mira and I were well and needed for nothing, he troubled little about us. But Barbara, our one servant, could tell of a time, before my mother's death, when none were more merry and glad than he; but, when her life went out, so did all his joyousness. So Mira and I were left much to ourselves, and were inexpressibly dear to each other.

'And Mira was blind—had been stone-blind from her birth—although, looking at the sweet, refined face, one would never have thought so—never have thought that the blue eyes had in them no light, that they had never looked upon this fair earth of ours and beheld its fairness. Very cheerful and gentle she was. I never heard from her one murmur, one repining word.

Only two years older than myself, and blind, yet it was to her I carried all my petty, childish joys and sorrows; there was never a joy but was made greater by her loving sympathy, never a fancied sorrow but was charmed away by her gentle voice and soothing words.

Separated from us only by the meadow and grove of linden-trees was Lindenhurst—a large farm, where lived Maurice Hunter and his widowed mother. They were old and valued friends, and from the time of my mother's death Mrs. Hunter had shown a warm, kindly interest in us; while Maurice—well, for many a day it had been arranged that when I had attained my twenty-first birthday I should become the wife of Maurice and mistress of Lindenhurst. The arrangement pleased my father; it was satisfactory in every way.

I should be twenty-one in September; and it was

one evening in the March preceding it that Maurice came in with some news.

"Jean," he said, when the usual greetings had been exchanged, "I have had a letter from Grace Warrington; she is coming to Lindenhurst."

I looked up in surprise. Grace Warrington was his cousin, and I had heard much of her beauty, her accomplishments, her gayety, but had never seen her. She had been brought up in a distant city, and I wondered much to hear of her coming to the country in the chill, early spring-time.

"Your Cousin Grace coming?" I echoed. "When?"

"To-morrow," said Maurice. "And, Jean, I want you for my sake to try to make her visit pleasant."

"But I wonder she chooses this time of the year for a visit to the country," I could not help saying. "I wonder she does not wait for summer fruit, summer flowers."

"You must read her letter, Jean; and then you will wonder no longer. Poor girl! So tired she says she is of the gay, frivolous life she has been leading, longing intently for rest and quiet—anxious, too," he added, softly, "to make the acquaintance of her future cousin."

I had nothing to say against her coming, of course. I could only smile and tell him I would do all he wished; but a vague feeling of unrest, for which I could not account, oppressed me.

"I shall come for you to-morrow evening," Maurice said, as he lingered beside me in the porch for a few moments as he was leaving. "Once see Grace, and you cannot help loving her; she is so beautiful, Jean."

I watched him down the garden-walk. A brave, stalwart figure he looked in the moonlight, with a certain amount of easy grace; and, watching there, I seemed to realize for the first time how dear he had become to me. At the gate he paused and looked back, and then an impulse seized me.

"Maurice, Maurice!" I cried, running down the path after him.

"Why, Jean," he cried, regarding me with surprise, "what is it?"

"Grace Warrington is very beautiful," I said, breathlessly. "And, Maurice, you so admire everything beautiful. Do not fall in love with her and forget me."

"You silly little woman!" he cried. "As though the world, for me, could hold another Jean! And is that all? Run in out of the chill air."

Feeling a little ashamed, I turned away then and entered the house.

Maurice came for me the next evening, and I went with him to Lindenhurst. On the way he could talk of nothing but his cousin; and when I saw her I could not wonder. I had always thought Mira beautiful; but her touching, delicate loveliness was nothing in comparison with the full womanly beauty of this cousin of Maurice. She arose and came forward to meet us as we entered, her long, rich draperies trailing around her.

"A queenly woman," I thought, as I noted the

splendor of the dark eyes, the masses of rich chestnut hair crowning the well-formed head; and my heart sank with jealous, envious fear, as I thought how plain, how awkward, I must appear to Maurice beside her.

"I have heard so much of you from aunt and Maurice," she said, her dark eyes regarding me curiously, "that I cannot think of you as a stranger. I hope we shall become great friends."

The words were kind, her manner was polished and winning; yet there was something in the musical voice from which I instinctively shrank.

I shall never forget that evening; in spite of myself I was charmed. She talked fluently and well-spoke of foreign lands, fair cities, of which we, in our quiet, retired lives, knew nothing save from books. I could not but notice how evidently Maurice admired her, how intently he listened, how eagerly he drank in every word that fell from her lips.

Once during the evening she and I were left alone.

"I have so wished to see you," she said, speaking very slowly, her great, wondering eyes never removing their gaze from my face—"so wished to see the lady who had won my Cousin Maurice's heart and who would call Lindenhurst 'home.'"

"You could not desire a fairer one," she said again presently, finding I had no reply to give her save a vivid blush. "You should esteem yourself happy."

"I do," I stammered, scarcely knowing, in my embarrassment, what I said, only feeling some remark from me was expected—"indeed I do; I think no place in England can be more beautiful, and I shall always be near my sister."

To my great relief, Mrs. Hunter came in just then, and the conversation was dropped.

That evening was but the commencement of many other such. Miss Warrington came to Clovernook with Maurice, and the ready grace with which she adapted herself to my father's simple, reserved habits completely won his heart. I had never seen him unbend to any one as he did to her.

But between Maurice and myself a little cloud was arising—very small at first, scarcely perceptible, but growing gradually larger and larger. One by one the little attentions I had been wont to receive from him were discontinued; little by little he withdrew himself from my society and devoted himself to Grace. I was too proud to complain, but it was hard to bear—hard to see the attentions which by right were mine given to another—hard to find the love which had been so precious to me, and which I had expected would cheer my life through, growing cold, dying away.

And so passed April with its sunshine and showers, May with its blossoms and birds. June, the month of roses, came, and still Grace Warrington lingered at Lindenhurst.

For some time I had been experiencing considerable anxiety on Mira's account. She had been extremely delicate during the winter, and, as spring advanced, it appeared to me as though the slight form grew yet more fragile, the sweet face more wan,

the slow step yet more halting. Deeply immersed in his books and flowers, my father failed to remark how this, his choicest flower, was fading before his eyes, and I dreaded to awaken him to the knowledge of it. But a day came when he could remain in ignorance no longer—when doctors, hastily summoned, told him that earthly skill, human love, could avail nothing—that we must lose Mira.

There was no violent outburst of grief. A dazed, agonized expression crossed his face and rested on his eyes as he listened to the doctors; then, without a word, he turned away and fastened himself in his study.

Oh, the slow dreariness of that day! A hush—as though the shadow of death hovered over it—fell upon the house. In its stillness I could hear the low of the cattle from the farm, the hum of insects from the garden. In my sorrow I longed to see Maurice, to hear from him a few comforting words; but the day waned and he came not. It was a week now since he had been at Clovernook.

I had avoided Mira all day. I feared to trust myself for long together in her presence until I had gained some little command over myself. I dreaded lest, at the first gentle word, all my pain and sorrow should find vent in a passionate outburst, and grieve and disturb her. But at sunset Barbara came to me and told me she had been asking for me, so I went then to her. She turned her sightless blue eyes in my direction as I entered.

"Is that you, Jean?" she questioned.

"Yes, dear; Barbara said you wanted me."

"Come and sit beside me, Jean, and tell me why you have kept from me all the afternoon."

I took a cushion and knelt beside her, and, for reply, pressed a lingering kiss upon her face.

"Have you been grieving for me?" she asked presently. "Ah, Jean, never do that! Only a little while, and then you will come to me."

But my tears fell fast at this. I could not keep them back.

"Dear," she said again, finding I had no words to give her, "I have felt for some time that it must be so; and to me the doctor's words this morning were but a confirmation of my own long-formed opinion."

There was utter silence then—utter silence, save for the ticking of the clock in the room beneath.

"I have thought much lately," she resumed, dreamily, "how poor and useless my whole life has been, how very little I could ever do to repay you for all the love and care you have lavished upon me, how fitting it seems that I should be taken early! You will mourn for me awhile," she went on, after a pause; "you will miss the sister who has been so dependent upon your care; but the days will pass on and the sorrow will grow lighter. Then you will go to Maurice; and at Lindenhurst new loves, new duties, new cares, will await you; and by and by you will rejoice to feel assured that I am where care and sorrow can never reach me."

There was silence again now—no sound save the tick, tick of the clock.

"I have often longed to look upon the trees, and fields, and flowers," the gentle voice resumed—"to see the beautiful earth you have never wearied of describing; but, when I awake some golden, eternal morning, and find myself in the land where fadeless flowers bloom, I shall be more than satisfied. I have often longed—oh, how intently!—to see your face, dear. Shall I recognize it in the land where partings never come, I wonder?"

A peculiar, far-away expression came into the wide-open, sightless eyes. Were they striving to pierce through the darkness which had ever bound them, and catch a glimpse of the glories so soon to be revealed to them?

I could bear no more just then. I went hurriedly down-stairs, opened the door and looked out. It was a lovely night. Numberless stars glittered in the sky; the moon—like a pale, fair queen—had arisen; and garden, meadow and linden grove beyond lay bathed in her silvery, shimmering radiance. As I gazed, some of the calm repose of the night stole over me.

I stepped out into the bright moonshine, passed through the garden and into the meadow. So light was it that I could distinctly see the great tufts of yellow buttercups and white, meek-eyed daisies that starred the grass, the few late violets half hidden beneath the hedge—so still that the chirp of the grasshopper sounded loud and shrill; and sweetly sang the nightingale.

Sweet indeed were the notes, beautiful was the moonlight; but the sorrow weighing so heavily upon my heart was not to be charmed away. I thought, as I walked mechanically onward, of the changes the last few months had wrought—of the love which had been mine, but was mine no longer—of the sister whose life had been so pure, so gentle, and who was about to be called away; sorrow and change, pain and care, were everywhere.

The bird's full song burst forth as I reached the grove. There was nothing sad in that; it spoke of nothing save hope and joy; and my thoughts went out then to the land where sorrow never enters, to the home where partings are unknown.

I had stood musing some time, when the sound of voices aroused me. Wondering much who it could be, and desirous not to be seen, I hastily drew back within the friendly shelter of the lime-trees. There was no need to wonder long; the moonlight fell full upon the faces of Grace and Maurice. They were talking low and earnestly, but I heard every word.

"And so," Maurice was saying, "you leave us next week?"

"Yes," she replied, stopping short in her walk and leaning negligently against a tree, "unless you have some strong inducement to hold out. But I have stayed too long already; I am sure you must be tired of me. Is not the song of that nightingale delicious?"

"Never that!" he cried, taking no heed of her last words. "You know you are speaking that which

you do not believe. I dread to think how lonely Lindenhurst will be when you are gone."

"You will have Jean," she said, with a light, mocking laugh. "Surely she will have power to console you?"

He did not reply immediately, and she continued: "Seriously, Maurice, when I say I have been here too long, I speak but the truth; for, since my arrival, you have grown dissatisfied with the lady you once thought perfection."

"Because in those days, Grace, I believed her faithful and true of heart, not mercenary and calculating, as you have shown me."

"Such a mistake your engagement has been all along, Maurice! How you became so infatuated with a stupid, commonplace little body I cannot comprehend. She is not so stupid, however, as to be unmindful of the advantage of possessing a home like Lindenhurst!"

"I could never have believed it of Jean from any one but you, Grace."

"Just fancy, as one day succeeds another, how you will weary of her, and of the tie that binds you?" the false, mocking voice went on. "You and your position, Maurice, should command a wife whose accomplishments and beauty would be your pride, and make Lindenhurst a home of refinement. But a woman who has not a single idea in her head save as regards her blind sister, who will be studied and considered before you in everything, until she becomes a perpetual source of discomfort to you—Maurice, I pity you from my heart!"

"Hush, hush!" began Maurice; but I waited not to hear what he would say, for I came out from my shelter amongst the lindens and stood before them.

All the pride and passion and wounded love of the past weeks broke forth. I could have borne her insulting words about myself, but not her coarse allusion to Mira. I forget all I said. I only know my words were stinging, bitter, passionate—the words of a slighted, injured woman.

All the time she stood regarding me with an air of cool, negligent grace which maddened me. Maurice once or twice attempted to speak, but I would not hear him.

"Have you done?" Grace asked, when I paused. "Maurice, I find I underrated this lady's abilities; she appears to number eavesdropping and declamation amongst her accomplishments. Come—as the entertainment is at an end, we will go."

She swept me a low mocking bow and turned away. Not so Maurice—he came nearer to me.

"I was no intentional listener," I cried passionately. "But I have something more to say. Maurice, you are free. Lindenhurst is not so desirable that I should wish to call it home now that its owner has become indifferent to me."

"I am not indifferent, Jean," he said, "and, if I have appeared so, your own conduct has caused it. No man cares to know that the woman he is about to marry is sufficiently unwomanly to boast that she

accepts him merely for the home he offers her, as you did to Grace on the very evening of her arrival."

"Grace is false and untrue!" I exclaimed vehemently. "I never said such a thing. Take back your freedom, Maurice—take it. Grace thinks me too common and plain to be mistress of Lindenhurst. You must hold the same opinion, for her words passed without rebuke from you."

"Jean," he said—and I could see by the moonlight that his face was white and agitated—"I have been cruel and unjust ever to doubt you, but I believe you now. Forgive the last few weeks; forgive and forget."

"Forgive, yes," I said; "but I cannot forget. I could never again trust the man who gave ready credence to a slanderous, insulting story about me because the narrator possessed a beautiful face and winning manner."

"Jean," he cried, as I turned to go, "listen to me only one moment."

"Never again," I replied, as I walked out of the grove.

There was no nightingale's song now. It was hushed. Affrighted by my stormy, passionate tones, the bird had ceased. I saw not now the sweet summer flowers; I regarded not the clear, bright moonlight. In my heart surged bitter passions, jealousy strong as death, cruel as the grave.

"Jean, Jean!"

The cry was but low and indistinct, yet it reached me; but I kept on my way, never glancing behind, and entered the house.

In the morning I sought my father and told him that all was at an end between Maurice and myself. He must have wondered much at my quiet composed manner—have felt some disappointment at the abrupt termination of an arrangement that had pleased him; but he said little. Mira was much worse, and grief and anxiety for her absorbed every other emotion.

Then came a letter from Maurice, but I returned it unopened. Hard and cold I felt.

"Nothing," I repeated again and again to myself, "could ever efface the remembrance of the wrong done me."

And when the glad June sun reached the meridian, and the bright summer day was in the zenith of its beauty, I went up to Mira's room. I read a while sweet soothing words of hope and comfort from the Book of books. Then she spoke to me.

"Put down the book, dear," she said; "put it aside, and tell me what is wrong with you; there is something more than grief for me, I think."

"You mistake, Mira," I answered; and my voice, even to my own ears, sounded harsh and strained. "Nothing ails me."

"Nothing, Jean? Why, there is a sound in your voice which contradicts your words. Tell me, dear—what is it?"

But I could not. When I tried to speak, the words choked me.

"Jean," she said again, presently, "what has come

between Maurice and you? I have not heard his voice these last few days."

I could not resist the loving voice, the gentle questioning. With many a sob, many a tear—kneeling beside her—I told her all.

"Poor little sister! Poor little Jean!" she said, softly. "But, dear, the cloud will pass away, and all will come right in the end."

"It cannot—it cannot!" I cried. "Maurice is cruel and unjust, and Grace—O Mira, I wish she had never come to Lindenhurst!"

The thin, wasted fingers rested now upon my head with a gentle caressing touch; the face turned toward me wore an expression of tenderest pity.

"I shall never forget the wrong!" I burst forth again with a passionate cry. "It is too cruel, too hard to bear. Heaven has dealt very bitterly with me."

"Very sure am I," murmured Mira, softly, "that Infinite Goodness, Infinite Mercy, orders and directs for our own good the most trifling events that befall us. Ah, Jean, believe it too; see that your faith fail not! I am sorry, too, for Maurice," she said, presently,—"Maurice, who has shown me so many acts of thoughtful kindness. It would make me happier, dear, to know that, when he asks for your forgiveness again, you will not refuse it."

But I put aside the clinging arms, turned away from the loving kisses, and walked to the window, gazing out with tear-dimmed, aching eyes upon the sun-kissed trees and flowers in the garden, I could find no words for the promise she waited to bear; the passion was not gone yet.

"Jean," she said, after a time "will you sing, dear, my old favorite?"

With quivering lips and voice which strove in vain to steady itself, I endeavored to comply. But my voice failed utterly.

"Never mind, dear," she said—"never mind, if you cannot. I feel tired. Kiss me good-night, love."

I bent over the poor thin face with its hectic flush, and perceived with pain how short and labored was her breathing.

"It is not night, Mira," I said, softly. "The sun is not even near setting."

"I suppose not, dear, but, you know, day and night are alike to me, and I am very tired."

The days sped swiftly by, and the end came. One night, worn out with watching and sorrowing, I lay down to get some rest; but, at the hour which follows the one when night and morning meet, when rosy and purple tints of dawn flush the eastern sky, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and, starting up, I beheld Barbara. There was no need to question her—no need of the one word "Come." Looking into her face, I knew Mira was worse.

Ah me, shall I ever forget it—the calm, restful face? Did she recognize me, I wonder? I bent over her in silent, wordless grief. Who can say? There was a movement of the lips, a flickering of the eyelids; faintly, brokenly, came the words, "See that

your faith fail not." Then the gentle life closed—closed on earth. But faith bridged the gulf that separated and saw beyond light and joy unspeakable. Not lost! Oh, no—only gone before!

I never looked upon my sister's face again. Brain-fever set in, and for many a day I lay unmindful of all that was passing around me. It was Mrs. Hunter who tended me with gentlest care; it was upon her kind motherly face that my eyes rested when I first awoke to consciousness; and, when the first hazy, languid wonderment as to what had happened was succeeded by full remembrance, it was her kind words that soothed my bitter outburst of grief, that spoke of the better country, that told of the hope that I may one day rejoin my darling, though she should never return to me. She spoke, too, of the grief that pressed so heavily upon my father, of the thankfulness that should fill my heart that Heaven had spared me to him—all that a thoughtful mind, a loving heart, could dictate—but never a word of Maurice. And, as the weary, sad days slowly passed, I longed to ask after him, but pride kept me silent.

It was September now. The summer flowers had all faded, and autumn tints tinged the foliage of the trees and shrubs. Sickles gleamed amongst the golden grain; men gathered and garnered in the fruits of the bounteous earth, and my twenty-first birthday drew near. I could walk now in the garden, with steps that were still feeble—could read to my father, and talk to him of the one we had loved and who had gone a little before.

I had never yet seen where they had laid her; so, one evening, feeling unusually well, and tempted by its beauty, I crossed the meadow and entered the quiet little church-yard. On I went till I paused under the shadow of some great old yew. The small marble cross, with its new, vivid whiteness, revealed all too plainly that which I sought.

"MIRA.

*"There shall the eyes of the blind be opened."*

That was all; but there was no bitterness in the tears which fell so fast. Death was swallowed up in victory.

I sat on, forgetful of everything save my own thoughts; and the stars came out one by one in the dark blue heavens, and a pale, fair moon arose; yet still I lingered. Sweet was the song of the thrush. Very faint, very far off it sounded, but it was like the song of the nightingale in the linden grove. One in a yew-tree close beside me took up an answering strain. Both sang together now, and a flood of rich mellow music floated around me. Their melody brought back my thoughts to earth—back to the night when I had last seen Maurice. Very close were their voices, but not so close as was the one which breathed—

"Jean, dear Jean, am I forgiven?"

And there, standing beside me, was Maurice.

"Jean," he said, "forget the past; let me help you to bear the sorrow which has fallen upon you."



I could not answer him—I was too deeply agitated.

"Have you no word for me, Jean—no words to give me the assurance I long to hear?"

No, I had no words even then; but I stretched out both of my hands to him.

"You shall never have cause to repent, dear," he said, eagerly clasping them in his own. "I blush to think how weak and unjust I have been, Jean. Grace went from Lindenhurst on the day after we met in the grove; let us try to forget her—let her name never be mentioned between us."

"There will be no need," I said simply.

"When I knew Mira was dead, and you ill and alone, Jean, I felt as though I could never forgive myself; but, when mother told me you would recover, then my joy was greater than I can express."

"Mira asked me," I began—but I could say no more; the thought of the sweet face the grave hid, the gentle voice death had stilled, overcame me.

"Mother will be so pleased," Maurice said presently; "she has so grieved, Jean, for the shadow that came between us. But come—the night-air will not be good for you."

Through the church-yard we went, and across the meadow; and the harvest-moon shone down upon us and lighted home two hearts filled with a calm, chastened happiness.

Lindenhurst has been my home now for many happy years. Dear little children call me "Mother"—two boys, the pride of Mrs. Hunter's heart, and a little girl on whom my father's gaze ever lingers lovingly, who seem nearer and dearer to him even than his two grandsons, who can divert him at all times from his books and garden.

I know! Golden-hair, delicate, rosebud face, sweet blue eyes—but not sightless—all these call to his remembrance the one he loved and lost!

Oh, no, no! Not that word—not lost! Faith whispers, "Gone before."

**CONSCIENCE AND HEALTH.**—Old Isaak Walton says that "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it." Health is indeed worth preserving; it is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.

Be assured that there is very little luck in business success. The man who achieves a fortune, a good name, and a serene old age, in pointing out to you the chart of his life, will show that his way has led through the toilsome, dusty road of economy, self-denial, and diligent, persevering, persistent painstaking, so as to insure that everything should be well done, and at the time and the price promised.

## "FETCH ME THAT FLOWER."

My favorite? How shall I answer,  
Unless—it's the one I now see.  
Buttercup, pansy, or rose-bud,  
That is the flower for me.

LATTERLY there seems to be a general waking up on the subject of floriculture; a manifest desire for information, stimulated by a healthful spirit of rivalry, in the matter of floral ornamentation. Formerly it was too much the custom to sacrifice the beautiful to the useful. Especially was this disposition apparent in rural districts. True, very few farmers' wives omitted their annual display, yet there was no particular department assigned it. Self-asserting colors, or tints delicate as mist-born rainbows availed nothing. All were huddled together in some obscure corner, or doomed to take their place among the prosaic denizens of the kitchen garden.

Red-capped hollyhocks garrisoned the medicine-bed; ragged sailors cast anchor among cabbages; squads of four-o'clocks kept step with marrow-fats; while pansy gold and violet dew sprinkled the ground everywhere.

In very many sections such a condition of affairs is no longer tolerated. The line of demarkation is being gradually, if not, as yet, quite distinctly drawn. Old-fashioned as well as new-fashioned flowers are coming to the front. A determination to fix up the "door-yard" is clearly manifest. Were it not so sweet and healthful a token, some of these attempts at ornamentation would be laughable in the extreme. They are so suggestive of Boffin's Bower, where the glowing vegetation stopped beyond the footstool of the "high-flier at fashion," to give place to a region of sand and saw-dust. To be sure, cabinet-maker, upholsterer and taxidermist, contributed the "Bower's" incongruous decorations, while those of our rural gardens are the result of undertaking too much, and knowing too little about plant life and growth.

However—welcome be every improvement in this or any similar direction, no matter how slow its march. Blessed be every hand that plants seed or flowered bulb, whether regardless of fitness, color or not. It is a good start, a grand step, and eventually leads to glad surprises along these lower paths—trodden sometimes so wearily. Since we cannot all do the best, let us endeavor to do the best we can. If we prefer our roses and ruta-bagas together, we can have them, but let us also have one little spot devoted to bloom and fragrance, and see that the doors and windows of the house open out upon it. I would rejoice to know that mignonette and all her train gathered around the kitchen, as well as the parlor door.

There is nothing more soothing, more elevating, than groups of well-kept plants, mingling their drifts of color. I am writing principally for busy women; for tired daughters as well as mothers. I long to reach this great multitude, and tell them what joy and comfort there is in the culture, the companionship of flowers. I want them, every one, to hear the

secrets of melody the lily-bells hold; what revelry prevails at the portulacas' banquet of color, and where the scarlet geranium hangs her gorgeous banners. I want them to share the delight of the pansies' answering smiles, and bend to the whisper of the white rose, whose fragrance

"Comes like the benediction that follows after prayer."

Where there are ample means, information on the subject of what, and when to plant, is, perhaps, very naturally considered of little or no importance. It is best, however, not to leave the choice entirely with the florist or gardener, else one's grounds are so exact a copy of one's neighbors, it is difficult to distinguish between them.

In his illustrated monthly magazine, James Vick, of Rochester, opens to all a most delightful way of obtaining individual instruction in this matter of floriculture. This is a newer, fresher publication than the *Guide*, with which so many are familiar. Coming to subscribers, as it does, twelve times a year, it will be found full freighted with such valuable hints and directions as the inexperienced require from month to month. The colored plates alone are worth double the price of the magazine, which is but one dollar and twenty-five cents a year. A group of roses in the January number is so charmingly natural that they seem to open up whole avenues of their fragrant sisterhood. Like poor, little Jenny Wren, in "Our Mutual Friend," I fancied, looking at these, "I smelled miles of flowers."

Just here I want to mention a bunch of colored pansies in D. M. Ferry's seed catalogue. A very attractive pamphlet, by the way, containing names of seeds and price list. The dear, familiar flowers were so real, I almost felt their velvet petals slipping between my fingers.

At present there seems to be developing a rage for everlasting flowers. No one having the opportunity should fail to raise at least some half dozen varieties for winter decorations. They can be charmingly worked up into wreaths, crosses, mottoes, monograms and baskets, for funerals, church ornamentations, fairs or festivals.

They will be found extremely useful for mourning purposes at a season when fresh flowers are costly, and in localities where it is impossible to obtain these at any price.

Indeed, there is scarcely any limit to the manner in which they can be employed for artistic purposes. Together with pressed ferns and autumn leaves, they will prove acceptable presents to friends in cities, or the sick in hospitals.

Our familiar, old-fashioned "bachelor's button," is one of the most reliable of everlastings. It is recommended that the cotton covering be removed and seed sown in a warm frame, or in the house. It is best, of course, to follow directions, still, I have found no difficulty in raising them out of doors, in ordinary soil, and without extraordinary care. Indeed, their growth is so sure, an old lady who buried her Christmas bouquet, saw it reproduced in

vigorous plants, capped with magnificent globes of color.

*Helichrysum* is worthy of praise as a strong, easy-growing, free-blooming plant. It succeeds admirably sown in open ground. The colors are white, yellow, rose, purple and red, of very many rich brownish shades. Flowers should be gathered before they fully expand, and hung in a dry place where there is no dust.

*Gypsophila* is also a hardy annual, which, although not strictly an everlasting, will be found to dry satisfactorily, and add a dainty touch of color to your bouquet.

There are others recommended as hardy, and some of delicate growth, but to name all would be to go outside the limits of this article. *Vick's Magazine* furnishes complete lists, and also abounds in illustrations, consequently no subscriber can go far astray in her selections, and may enjoy the advantage of knowing in just what shape they are coming.

Now a word of warning in reference to ornamental grasses. In taking the initiatory step toward their cultivation, it is best to seek information from purely reliable sources. Some American catalogues quote lists of European grasses, which are not desirable in our climate. Of course, where professional gardeners are employed, this difficulty may be obviated; but, as the greater number of purchasers cultivate their own grounds, and have no time to waste in experimenting, the subjoined list may prove serviceable.

*Stipa pennata* and *Bromus* are rated as perfectly hardy. Since neither arrive at perfection the first season, and bear close resemblance to our grass of the field, it will be advisable to mark them in some way. Painted stakes, or a circle of pebbles answers this purpose. These, as well as all their species, must be cut and dried in the shade as soon as the flowers, tufts, barbs, or whatever ornamental shape they may take, arrive at their maturity.

Both should be planted early, and with proper care prove very attractive. *Stipa pennata* is the feather grass, delicate as sea foam; and, whether colored or in its natural state, is as tender as a morning cloud. *Bromus* has pendant cones, which, when dyed, droop like tassels, and are very effective in making up bouquets.

Then there is *Agrostis nebulosa*, one of the most desirable of decorative grasses, and *Briza*, the tremulous or shaking grass, of which there are several varieties.

A recent novelty is *Eulalia Japonica Zebrina*, an introduction from Japan. Having stood the test of years of cultivation in this country, it is now pronounced distinctly hardy. It produces long blades with markings of yellow across the leaf, instead of longitudinally. It grows from four to six feet in height, and forms a striking feature on the lawn singly or massed in groups. In the autumn it sends out large tassel-like plumes, white, shaded with pink, which, for parlor decoration, are perfectly superb.

*Eulalia* may be called the queen of ornamental grasses, and *Pampas* is certainly king.

Doubtless everybody is familiar with Pampas. We have all seen it like "Sidney's plume of snow," waving before a background of greenness in florists' windows, or, better still, floating between us and the wonderful blue of an autumnal sky.

The roots must be protected in winter, and this is best accomplished by tying the plant tops together, inclosing in a headless flour barrel, filling up with straw, and banking soil around outside. Plumes must be dried in the shade.

To whiten grasses, suspend them in an air-tight box over burning sulphur. To color red, take carmine, one quarter ounce; liquor ammonia, one-half ounce; water, one-quarter pint. To color blue, indigo dissolved in sulphuric acid neutralized with whiting. To color yellow, solution of tumeric in spirits of wine. To color violet, archil, and blue prepared as above. To color lilac, archil in boiling water. To color green, dye blue first, then use the yellow. Dip the grasses into these solutions. After the dye-bath is finished and your clusters are dried, colors may be

brightened by dipping them in water containing cream of tartar, and drying again.

Every year I try to have a little talk about flowers with the readers of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE. This season the thought suggests itself that I would like to have them talk back. I would be glad to have every flower lover write and tell me their favorite's name. If they have failed in its cultivation, I might, perhaps, throw out some helpful hints in my next paper. And if nothing else comes of it, we shall have had a delightful chat, and I be the richer for the bouquet of letters left in my hands.

All communications on this subject should be addressed to me, as undersigned, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

My favorite? Ah, you may bring me  
Flowers crimson, orange or blue;  
Each thinking her own is the fairest,  
I'll answer—I think it is, too.

MADGE CARROL.

## The Home Circle.

### FROM A SOUTHERN HOME.

DEAR FRIENDS: In the "Home Circle" I read many letters from housekeepers north, east and west; but rarely is there a note of cheer or a groan of tribulation from a southern sister. When I have chanced to see a communication from this side of Mason and Dixon's line, it has been written by some one sentimentally full of orange groves and sweet-scented flowers, and I suspect some of you have an idea that the ladies of the South have nothing to do but follow their pleasure and be waited upon.

And that may be a pretty fair picture of the southern lady of twenty years ago. I remember that my mother's cook had been trained by my grandmother's cook; her house-girl had been taught from childhood to clean house; the seamstress made, and kept our clothes in order, and, in fact, all the servants had lived in the family until they knew my mother's ways so well as rarely to need much direction.

But that was "twenty years ago, dear Tom," and when I took up the burden of housekeeping I had no well-trained family servants to assist me. Still I have managed, until of late, never to be entirely out of servants. Last year I had a "splendid cook"—a real fat, comfortable old colored lady, who was skilled in all culinary arts. She could broil a beefsteak and make light rolls that would send the good man of the house to his office in the best of humors every morning, and oft and again did he bring home a friend to have a cup of Aunt Charlotte's "after dinner" coffee. Her kitchen was always clean, and had a delicious smell of spices and lemons, and roasting meats, and I was always met at her kitchen-door with a beaming smile, and an invitation to "come in and set yourse'f down, honey." Of course Aunt Charlotte was too dignified and too fat to run up and down stairs, so we and a good-natured girl to do housework, a man about the stable, and our washing was put out. Under these circumstances housekeeping was a real

pleasure. But last spring, ill-health compelled me to go to a watering-place for the summer. Having no one to leave in charge of affairs during my absence, I thought it would be more economical to close up the house, so I dismissed all the servants. They soon found homes for themselves, and on my return in the fall, I was obliged to find others to fill their places. For the first month we had an excellent cook, and a very nice boy in the dining-room. My health was so much improved that I was able to do a great deal of the housework, and I fondly hoped that we might get along this winter with only two servants. But Mandy was taken sick, and on her recommendation I engaged one Sylvia. I soon found, however, that Sylvia knew nothing of cooking, and she was so ill-tempered I could not undertake to teach her, so we parted company at the end of one week. During her stay she managed to convince our boy that no colored man who had proper respect for himself would be dining-room servant and hostler too, so they departed together. Then I fell into the hands of Judy—a plausible, smooth-talking darkey, and a good cook, but such a rogue. I had to lock up and follow after keys until life was a weariness. Her daughter was my house-girl, and I am sure between them they "appropriated" ten times as much as their wages amounted to. Of course I didn't keep them long. But I will not weary you with a list of my "incapables." Suffice it to say I tried more than a dozen in about two months.

Then I arose and spake as follows: "I am just determined to try to do the work of this household myself. There are only three of us in family, and I really think we ought to be independent of servants." "Certainly we can cook," said my husband, "Why, for the last two years of the war, after rations became too scarce for us to keep a servant, I did my share of the cooking for our 'mess' and did it well, too, as any of the 'boys' will testify." Even our little boy, aged eight, grew valiant in the good cause, and announced that he could make a cake, for he had

watched Aunt Charlotte ever so many times. All these resolutions were passed over a supper of cold turkey, ham, light bread, wafers, jellies, etc., and a cup of coffee I had made up-stairs, and I really thought I should enjoy waiting upon ourselves and being independent. But somehow by the cold, gray light of morning I didn't feel near so much like cooking breakfast as I thought I should, and after breakfast was over I was dismayed at the amount of cleaning before me. But I set resolutely to work, washed and put away the china, swept and garnished the dining and sitting-rooms, and then repaired to my bed-chamber. Oh! scene of confusion. I "tackled" the bed first, though as I tugged at the heavy mattress I thought of my physician's warning not to lift any weight. While I was down on my knees rubbing the stone hearth, tinkle, tinkle went the door-bell. I switched off my calico over-all and dusting cap, and went to admit some lady visitors, all in calling costume, and no doubt they thought me decidedly negligent of my personal appearance. I made no apology. I abhor the way some women have of everlastingly talking servants. They sat until time for dinner to be "on," and after they left I locked the front door, closed all the window blinds and just let the door-bell ring. I know Pipey or Chatty, or any of you good managers would have invited your visitors right into the kitchen and entertained them blithely, while you prepared the noon-day meal, or you would have said, "Just sit here in the parlor while I run out and 'fix' you a nice little lunch. But I didn't want any outsiders watching my culinary operations, and I didn't feel like fixing any nice lunches, so I just let them ring and go away again.

I am a good cook, having learned that art before I became mistress of a family, and by dinner-time I had a nice meal ready for the table, but I was too tired to eat any of it, and by the time the dishes were all washed and put away, and the kitchen cleaned, I had come to the conclusion that there were more things than I had dreamt of in the work of a family. The second day's experience was like unto the first, only more so. I scalded my hand, and in the pain and nervousness dropped a heavy dish on my foot. When my husband returned from his office that evening, instead of being able to meet him at the door with the prescribed smile and pleasant word, I was extended on the lounge in an agony of back-ache and general nervous prostration. Of course he was as kind and sympathetic as any good husband could be, and insisted that I should not get out of bed next day, but allow him, as it would be Sunday, to do the work. I was obliged to consent to this arrangement next morning, for I could hardly raise myself in bed. But with all due respect to his proficiency in matters pertaining to his own business, I must say I do not consider my husband a good cook, or by any means a competent housemaid; and however much love may sweeten labor, I am persuaded it does not clear coffee or make light cakes.

Before he was half through his morning's work he hit upon a plan to which I was fain to give my consent. He stepped over to the boarding-house next door, and asked the proprietor if she could not send us our meals, and let one of her chamber-maids come over every morning and assist in house-cleaning. She was quite willing to do so, and at dinner-time a pleasant-looking colored man brought over a huge tray, with a nice hot dinner for three. A little darkey followed with dessert, and I assure you I enjoyed that meal.

It took me several days to get thoroughly rested, and during that time I determined to give you a

sketch of housekeeping in the South. It is a rare thing for a lady here to do her own work. In the first place they were not "raised to it," and not many know how. Then we have but few of the conveniences to help us that our Yankee sisters have.

Southern kitchens are mostly built for negro servants, and they do not care for conveniences—in fact will not use them. I have tried various labor-saving machines without success. At one time I invested in a complete washing machine and wringer, and when showing my washerwoman how to use it, desecrated at length on its advantages over the old way of rubbing and scrubbing. She listened in ominous silence to all I had to say, and as soon as I left the wash-room she took all the clothes out and washed them in the old-fashioned way. When I discovered it, and remonstrated with her, she said, "I jes tell yer 'ruff, dis chile ain' got no manner er use fur none o' dese vey new fangled doin's, he'd a sight ruther use de ole fashion elbow grease."

I have in my kitchen now, a first-rate biscuit-break, but every one of my cooks—Aunt Charlotte and all, have persisted in beating and banging the dough for an hour in preference to turning the break fifteen minutes. It is the same with apple-parers, egg-beaters, lemon squeezers, etc. Not a "colored pusson" will condescend to touch one of them. I once determined to insist upon my cook's using them until she grew to like them, and I thereby lost a good servant. She preferred to work for some one who would allow her to do it her own way.

My experience is that of every mistress I know who has tried to lighten their labors.

A lady who has a modern kitchen with sink, drain-pipes, etc., told me that her cook poured everything—apple-parings, corn-husks, ashes, etc., into the sink until the pipe was completely stopped up, and then shouldered her slope and "toted" them out in the old way; and as our servants won't avail themselves of conveniences, we naturally save ourselves the expense of providing them. Of course no well regulated Southern man is going to eat "cold victuals," and we cannot, like you, make one day's baking do for a whole week. *Somebody* must cook three meals every day. Hot rolls and cakes for breakfast, hot corn bread and cake for dinner, hot biscuit and waffles for supper, with the usual *hot* accompaniments each time, entail more work than most ladies are willing to undertake. We cannot get white servants, and so we hire two or three darkeys to do the work of one and go on our way rejoicing or lamenting, according to our different dispositions. For my part, I like colored servants. They are, in the main, good-natured and obliging, and often devoted to their employers. They are proverbially good cooks, and as a nurse for children, commend me to a "black mammy." I say this, notwithstanding my experience of the last two months. I had kept house eight years before, and all my life have been used to negroes, and I say it heartily, *I do like the darkeys.*

This morning the man who brings our breakfast told me he knew a nice "coman" who would just "perzactly" suit me. I thanked him with a half dollar and an injunction to try and find me a nice house-girl, and a boy to 'tend our horse: and perhaps before you read this I will again be queen of my own domain, with a second Aunt Charlotte next in command of domestic affairs.

A SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPER.

YELLOW ivory-handled knives may be restored to their original whiteness by being rubbed with sand-paper and emery.

## WRINKLES AND DIMPLES; OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 4.

ONE Saturday, not long ago, the girls wanted a holiday, a perfect rest from all kinds of everyday employment; so we told them to pile up their books, forget that they had them, and we'd "do something funny." The little ones wanted to make taffy; one suggested scrap-books; another looking over Aunt Chatty's old letters which hung in the closet in a couple of sacks; another the making of an artificial vine; but we said, "No, let's decorate." We had talked so frequently of trying our hands at decorating some glass vases, that really we were just as glad of the holiday as were any of the girls.

It happened that long ago a young physician died while boarding with myself and my husband. He was very poor, not able to pay for his boarding, nor for the nursing and care that we gave him in his last illness. When he died, alone and without relatives, his few possessions were left in our hands; nothing of any importance, however; but we remembered that those pretty, pure glass jars could be made into something to please the eye in these modern times. We told the girls about them, and sent them into the attic to select whatever was possible to utilize. Some glass vases that had belonged to our grandmother were brought out likewise, and we went to work, and really we were surprised and delighted with the result of our labors. Of course the neatest and the carefullest hand made the best work.

The Misses Hamilton were very busy finishing a dress, elaborately made, and could not work with us, but they looked on occasionally and gave a word of encouragement and advice. We were like a hive of busy bees that day; we did not stop to cook dinner, only made tea, and each one poured out a cup for herself, took a piece of bread and butter, a slice of cold, boiled beef, with an apple for dessert, and sat down to dine on the stairs, floor, ottoman, wood-box, or wherever she chanced to be.

Sometimes it is real nice not to have a man about, for then one does not have to cook such regular and such square meals; but during the cold days last winter we were glad to have Katie's brother Jasper board with us, to carry in wood and coal, and start fires in those bitter cold mornings.

But about the decorating. We hope we can at least make the *modus operandi* so plain and simple that anybody's girls can learn how to decorate vases and beautify common things like plain glass jars and glass dishes. The decorating-pictures can be purchased by the quantity; if not at the book, or fancy or notion stores in your own towns, look in any of the magazines among the advertisements and you will be amazed at the handful you can get for ten or fifteen cents, postage paid.

Before you begin, cut your pictures out with great care; see that they have no ragged, or uneven, or nicked edges. Then arrange them on the table in the exact order in which you wish to place them on the vase or jar. Place them so that they will occupy no more space on the vase than they do when spread out on the table before you. Your vase should be entirely free of any blemish, or bubble, or mark whatever. If there is any, it will be very apt to show ten times plainer after the job is completed.

Lest the work is not precise and exactly correct, the surface of the vase must be divided into four equal parts, in this manner: Take a thread and dip it into fine white soap that has been melted, stretch it

straight on the table, and place the vase on it in such a way as to have the thread divide the bottom of the vase into exact halves. Then bring the ends of the thread up, and together, over the mouth of the vase, so as to divide the mouth, too, into exact halves. Then, holding the thread firmly in this position, pass a finger along so as to mark the vase with a fine line of melted soap wherever the thread touches it. Let the vase stand untouched until the mark is dry, then make a similar line with a soaped thread around the middle of the vase, horizontally crossing the other line at right angles. See that this is done correctly; if not, go over it again and make it right, for a great deal depends on this little laying-out of the work. It must be accurate, or it will not be satisfactory. Place the pictures on the table in their relative positions, the same that they will occupy when transferred to the vase. Measure, and see that the four spaces they fill on the table are precisely of the same size as they will be afterward.

These preparations seem tedious, but it is only because they are written down; we could tell all this in one-fifth of the time that our bungling pen does it.

Well, now see that the inside of the vase is wiped out so carefully that not an atom of dust adheres; then take the first of your pictures, and laying it on the outside of the vase in the same position it occupied while lying on the table, trace its outlines on the glass with a pencil of soap shaved down to a very fine point; be careful not to touch the picture, but keep as close to the edge of it as possible, and not come in contact with it. Do this with each picture, and afterward put it back on the table just as its relative position was before.

When all are outlined, take up the first picture, coat its face with a strong, perfectly clean solution of gum arabic, and stick it in its place on the inside of the vase, guiding yourself by the outlines marked on the outside. Be very careful to fit it in its exact place; then, having finished the pasting-on process, mix a small bowlful of plaster of Paris and cold water; mix until about the consistency of a smooth batter. Pour this into the vase, and turn the latter round and round in your hands, up and down, and over and over, a constant motion all the time, but so evenly that the plaster will deposit itself in a symmetrical layer all over the inside of the vase. If you succeed in doing this well, and have made no blunders in the preceding work, you are pretty sure of a nice, creditable job, all your own work, too. If the plaster was not tinted, but made according to directions, you have a snow-white background. This is beautiful, and I made my vases and jars all pearl-white, but some of the girls colored theirs. This is easily done. A mere atom of bluing, dissolved in water and added, will give a blue tint; a speck of bichromate of potash, or of saffron, will give yellow; any of the aniline tints can be obtained that will produce all shades of red; and so on with other colors. But white, pure white, never grows old, and will always be pretty.

We wish the girls and women who are interested could see our vases, made, as the little ones say, with "these very same hands." We hope we have made real plain the instructions which we tried to give in a lucid manner. Anybody can decorate vases, with patience, and watchfulness, and a dexterous care.

Does any one of our readers care for transferring engravings, we wonder? A lady gave instructions to a half dozen girls in Millwood last summer, and they paid her well for all they learned. We will tell all she taught them, and they are most welcome to the knowledge gained. Lithographs are the best

pictures for this purpose. Now listen, for any little girl or boy can learn; and though it may not be reckoned one of the arts, or much of an accomplishment, it will keep them out of mischief, and teach them to be ready and expert of hand.

First make the varnish. Take two ounces of balsam of fir and one ounce of spirits of turpentine; shake well, and it is ready for use. Then take a pane of glass that is perfectly clear, and clean, and free from spot or blemish, and with a camel's-hair brush varnish on one side, making it perfectly smooth. Let it stand twelve hours; then lay the engraving in clear water for ten minutes; then lay it on a newspaper that the moisture may dry from the surface, and still keep the other side damp. Now varnish your glass the second time, and place the engraving on it, picture-side down; press it down firmly and smoothly, so as to exclude every particle of air; see that not a bubble the size of a pin's head, or smaller, is under it. After it becomes set a little, rub the paper from the back of the picture until it is of uniform thickness, and so thin that you can see through it; then all you have to do is to varnish it the third time, and let it dry. This is only pleasant recreation; and if any of the girls want to make a copy of that pretty lithograph, "Moonlight in Norway," to give your old grandma or auntie for a present, you will know how to make it just as well as if you had paid three or five dollars for the knowledge.

We wish you girls who are glad to pick up information from milliners and dressmakers could peep into the rooms at Aunt Chatty's house and watch the Misses Hamilton awhile. They are glad to impart any little bits of intelligence such as you would like to know. We are in their rooms every day; but an old woman don't observe the manner in which these girls make new things out of old, nor how they put on the trimmings to answer a double purpose; how they turn this to hide a rent, or that to conceal a faded place or a stain; or how they put folds here to give a semblance of fullness; or make plain that the beautiful curve or slope in the figure may show to one's advantage. But we'll try and watch more diligently hereafter; we'll remember that we have more girls listening to us than these few in the sitting-room and at the table. Sometimes we forget that we are "aunt" to so many; that our motherly counsel reaches away so far distant, right into the bosoms of homes among the mountains and the valleys, to the east and the west, the north and the south. With good promises, adieu.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 37.

IS there a charm for you in old letters, reader? Do you have bundles of them tied up carefully, and laid away under everything else, in some drawer or trunk? And do you take them out at long intervals, thinking you will look over and burn some, to lessen the accumulating number, but find the most of them too precious, and finally put them away again, hoping to read them once more? I am sure that some of you keep such treasures, and find many of them interesting to read over when in the mood for it, and pages that are entertaining to share with some appreciative friend, perhaps. I have many that keep such hold on my affection, yet I cannot destroy them voluntarily, as long as they are not in the way. The other day I gathered them up—some which I had not seen for four or five years—and have been spending an hour at a time over them, since, as eyesight will permit. The first little pack-

age contained a few of the first letters I ever received, when hardly more than a child—after we left the old home in Kentucky, to come to this far-away State. Two or three were from the dearest girl friend of my childhood, and bring me bright visions of the happy days we spent together. Another is from her brother, also the companion of those early years. Together we played in the beautiful gardens of each other's homes, sat under the old apple-tree, or climbed into my favorite peach-tree, whose crooked, branching limbs made rustic seats, and told stories from the books we read; took long walks, on bright afternoons, wandering through the old cemetery, and the outskirts of the town, and were happy in the unquestioned belief that our lives were always to go on together. What a grief it was to us to be separated when I came away, and on leaving them, and all the other friends of childhood, I felt as if I could not be happy at all without them. Yet, new interests and associations soon effaced these feelings in such young, light hearts, and I never saw those faces again, save as pictured ones. The sweet girlish face grew old and sad, before its time, with sorrows and losses which came into the young life; and the bright boyish one I remember so well, was laid away from earthly sight in early manhood's prime. There is a little valentine, and a pencil picture of our pretty summer-house, and the garden around it, done up with these, which were once as precious as the letters. Then there is a long friendly epistle from the dear pastor of the church where I first loved to worship. His words of wisdom and gentle counsel early gave me help in trying to walk the path of duty, and his bright approving smile was something I was always glad to win. When I came away to a place where I was deprived of such teachings for awhile, he still gave me admonition and encouragement in kind, good letters. The next parcel is tied with a piece of the pale green ribbon which I remember so well was worn on my hat during that spring when I reached womanhood's years,

"When dear hearts discovered,

While dear hands were laid on my head—

"The child is a woman, the books may lie over,  
For all the lessons are said."

Among these are long letters from loving sisters, written when I was away from home, visiting in that beautiful southern land, where the roses bloom all the year, and the gardens of midwinter looked, to me, like summer. There are large sheets filled with home items, neighborhood news, girl chat, and—some of the last—with plans for a great event in their lives to take place in the near future.

How homesick these made me sometimes; but I was enjoying myself too much in that lovely spot to leave it before the appointed time. Then after returning home, what delightful letters I received, during the next year, from the friends whom I had been visiting. What accounts of the pleasures they enjoyed, the work they were doing, and of how they missed and wished for me. How these often made me long to be there again, ranging under the trees where rose-vines clambered and the long gray moss hung nearly to the ground. Riding to the great city in the cars, walking at sunset on the bank of the grand old river, with a group of young companions, spending happy evenings at one and another's houses. Those were the halcyon days of my life, which always bear a charmed memory.

There is one little packet tied with a silver cord, whose letters are all addressed in the same clear, graceful characters. Ah! the little white hand that



wrote them, finished its life-work years ago, and the precious letters—I put them by without reading any of them this time. Then there are two large bundles of miscellaneous ones, from cousins and companions, friends old and new, written during nearly all the following years.

Dozens have been burned from time to time, but still they accumulated. I smile or sigh as I glance over many of them, and note passages that show the characteristics of the various writers. What recitals of hopes and joys, sorrows and disappointments, plans that met with failure or fruition, their pages hold. Bits of romance, which would be interesting enough, were I to tell them, but they are sacred confidences. One is written entirely in verse. News of the day, personal items, and finally a summer trip in the country, described all in perfect and humorous rhyme. Two contains notes of travel in Europe, and three or four were written during a summer tour among the cañons of the Colorado, and are descriptive of the grand, wild scenery, which surpasses almost any other in the known world. It will not do to burn these. At last I take up one of the most precious parcels, and these I linger over longest. Letters from the dear brown-eyed woman by the seashore, which are the most interesting of all to re-read. Here are a few, yellow with age, and worn with much handling and reading, which were written to mother, when both were young, and coaxed from her, to put with the rest that I treasure. These are full of girlish fun and chat—real newy letters. Then after I was grown, and corresponded with her myself, I kept some of each year's letters, too good and pleasant to be destroyed. Rich treats they were, coming into our lonely out-of-the-world life, for a few years, when I most needed forming influences and the society of cultivated minds. They were grave and gay, alternately—some embellished with pages of deep, true sentiment, others with beautiful description, flowing humor, touching pathos, mingled in one sheet, perhaps, by her versatile pen. In some of the oldest she tells of the beauties of her country home—the grand old trees and vines that embower the house, the many flowers unknown to me, the honey-suckle arbor where she invites me to sit and write my first attempts at poetry, which she will not criticize severely, if I will visit her; the brook which runs through their place, “rippling along its rocky bed with its musical murmur, all the summer-time, and rushing like a young cataract, when swollen by winter rains;” and, finally, the far-reaching prairies, which are one vast flower-garden. She says in one: “Nowhere that I have seen is the world of nature so beautiful as in Texas. Just imagine each head of clover in your yard to be crowned with an exquisite flower—and they of every hue, each offering up its incense of sweet odor, and you will have a picture of our yard. Then extend this picture, in imagination, to the whole country around, and you will know what is meant by the beauty of a Texas prairie in the spring. How often have I wished for you to see it. The little herbarium I sent can give but a faint idea of the brilliancy of the flowers in full bloom, much less of the enchantment of seeing them in such excessive, such wonderful profusion.”

Farther on in the same letter, I read a paragraph in answer to something I had just written to her. “I had a whole chapter of seventeen-year-old reflections to give you, but want of time forbids it just now. Yet this I will say, don't reflect too deeply about anything in the future. 'Tis of no use—that is, query and speculation are of no use, or never were

in my case. ‘Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart?’ Such is beautifully said by Longfellow in his ‘Hyperion.’ I add—with God for thy guide. It seems to me, a brief expression of the whole true philosophy of life.”

In later years from her “cottage by the sea,” she gives me glimpses, in pen-pictures, of the grandeur of old ocean. Glorious sunsets in the crimson waters, walks upon the beach in sight of the white-capped waves, with myriads of tinted shells under foot, and the never-ceasing murmur in one's ears. One evening when not feeling well, she writes: “This perfectly beautiful night ought to charm any one out of all ailments of the flesh. That moon shining on the water! the light and shadow playing hide and seek through the trees—oh, how I wish you could see it all as I do! I am always wishing that, however. It is one of my stereotyped follies or weaknesses. But it is because this is a phase of nature which you are not familiar with, and that boundless sea, with its ever-changing aspect—always so grand, is so suggestive to the poetic mind, and affords it such delightful food, I feel that you ought to have it instead of me.”

I wonder what mind is *more* poetical than hers. But she says that although she had a poet's heart, even when a child, she never had the gift of utterance for it; and then comments humorously upon “what the world has lost, of genius, in consequence,” and what I have lost—in pocket-money! An author's fortune, perhaps. Do you not think so? I cannot give the beautiful words she writes in times of sorrow and bereavement—they are too sacred; nor those of cheering encouragement and spicy humor about my writings, they are too personal; but I quote once more from some thoughts of hers, written at a time when she was feeling much anxiety about an absent dear one. They were suggested by a little poem I sent her a few years ago on the subject of “that peace which passeth understanding.” “Such peace,” she says, “is the culmination of the Christian's hopes, prayers and his blessings. ‘Not as the world giveth.’ Does the world ever give any true peace, I wonder? If so, I have rarely seen it. With the world's choicest blessings comes no peace, for the more the heart clings to and enjoys them, the deeper the tremulous fear lest we lose them. In whatever form our bark of love is launched, we know it is on a stormy sea, and it and we may be wrecked. No, it is a plain fact—there is no true, abiding peace, except from a source above this world, and its existence maintained independent of the vicissitudes of this life. Something that the current of events can neither make nor mar. Then, truly it is not the world's gift. ‘Not as the world giveth give I unto you.’ Lichen, dear, that peace, which is the soul's true and only rest, is the highest point and aim of existence, and if one attains it in this life, even through pain, and weariness, and long struggling, then have those many trials been paths all leading directly to the gate of Heaven.”

Oh, these dear old letters! I could go on reading and quoting from them much longer, but it would not be interesting to you, as to me; and the evening shadows are making my little corner too dark to write in. So I put away my letters, for another year, perhaps, and lay down my pencil, with the hope that these little reminiscences will find some appreciative readers.

LICHEN.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 3.

"Alas! all greeting ends too soon!  
Too soon the morning finds its noon!  
We glide from new to old of moon,  
And meet, and greet, and part!  
But God-speeds warm and true we blend  
With each adieu of parting friend,  
And hopes that all the way may wend  
Where fragrant blossoms start!"

**M**EETING and parting, greeting and good-bye! What is life but this? But yesterday it seems I came with loving welcome among the dear ones in the old home, and now the visit is over; to-morrow I say good-bye. To-morrow I leave the bloom and verdure even winter cannot wholly hide in this sun-blest clime, and go once more to the snow-bound hills of the North. But there, too, love will welcome me, and I fear not. How strangely joy and pain mingle as I say good-bye—joy in thought of the meeting awaiting me there, pain for the parting here.

Ah, why must there always be some to leave behind whom we would fain take with us, whose dear smiles we would see day by day? Shall I ever come among them here again? If I came, would I find them *all*? He alone can know who knoweth all things. To His love and care I leave them, knowing whatever He may do is best. But, ah, 'tis hard to say good-bye! Must we always be waiting and hoping for the time when we shall meet, an unbroken circle, never more to part or weary? Always in this world it may be; but angels whisper of another world where it will not be so—a world where partings are unknown, where those who love each other best may have a home together through eternity's beautiful years. Oh, the bliss of meeting never more to part! Life's long discipline will be over then. We shall each have learned the lesson set us by Infinite Wisdom, and gone to meet His loving, unerring judgment. If we have lived as we ought, we shall go fearlessly, even as I go from the old Southern home to the newer one at the North. Here or there, it is love that guides our way, going before us as a "cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night." Here or there, the Father-hand leads us step by step, appointing alike our joys and our sorrows, teaching us to gather strength from both.

Leigh Hunt, in his quaint, beautiful way, says: "There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

I think of it so often when my heart cries out against its trials, and would read the "lustrous syllables" alone. Pain and suffering seem an inevitable part of earth-life. In our wisest moments, we dimly see why it is and must be so, and feel it to be but a part of the discipline of a wise Parent seeking to bring us—who, at best, are but wayward children—to higher, better things. Our lives oftentimes seem so different from what we would have them. Sorrow comes where we looked not for it; disquiet where most we wished for rest; disappointment where hope pointed with surest promise. We question, and wonder, and doubt; we cry out against it all for a time; but by and by faith comes, and, sitting at her feet, we learn many things of which we knew not before. Thick clouds of doubt break and disappear before the radiance of her smile; her clear eyes look from to-

day's troubles to the calm of eternal to-morrows; and, taught by her, where we may not *know*, we learn to *trust*, and then comes peace far better than joy.

"Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

Not in this world, perhaps, but what is this little world compared with the one to which, through summer's brightness and winter's darkness, we are ever tending? What are its sorrows and trials, its joys and blessings, compared with the unending peace and joy of eternity? Jesus, "for the joy that was set before Him," bore the cross and endured the shame; cannot we learn to do the same? Only a little day here, unnumbered days there; a little work here, a greater, more glorious work there. Surely we can bear it all for what cometh after. This is but the beginning of the other; life here is but a stepping-stone to the higher life. Yet how many of us remember it and try to make it truly so? It is so easy to float with the tide, all forgetting that its course is downward. To go up demands effort and exertion, not a selfish folding of the hands, but a firm grasp on the oars, a steady, unyielding effort. It is easy to float with the tide, but noble to struggle against it, and go onward—upward.

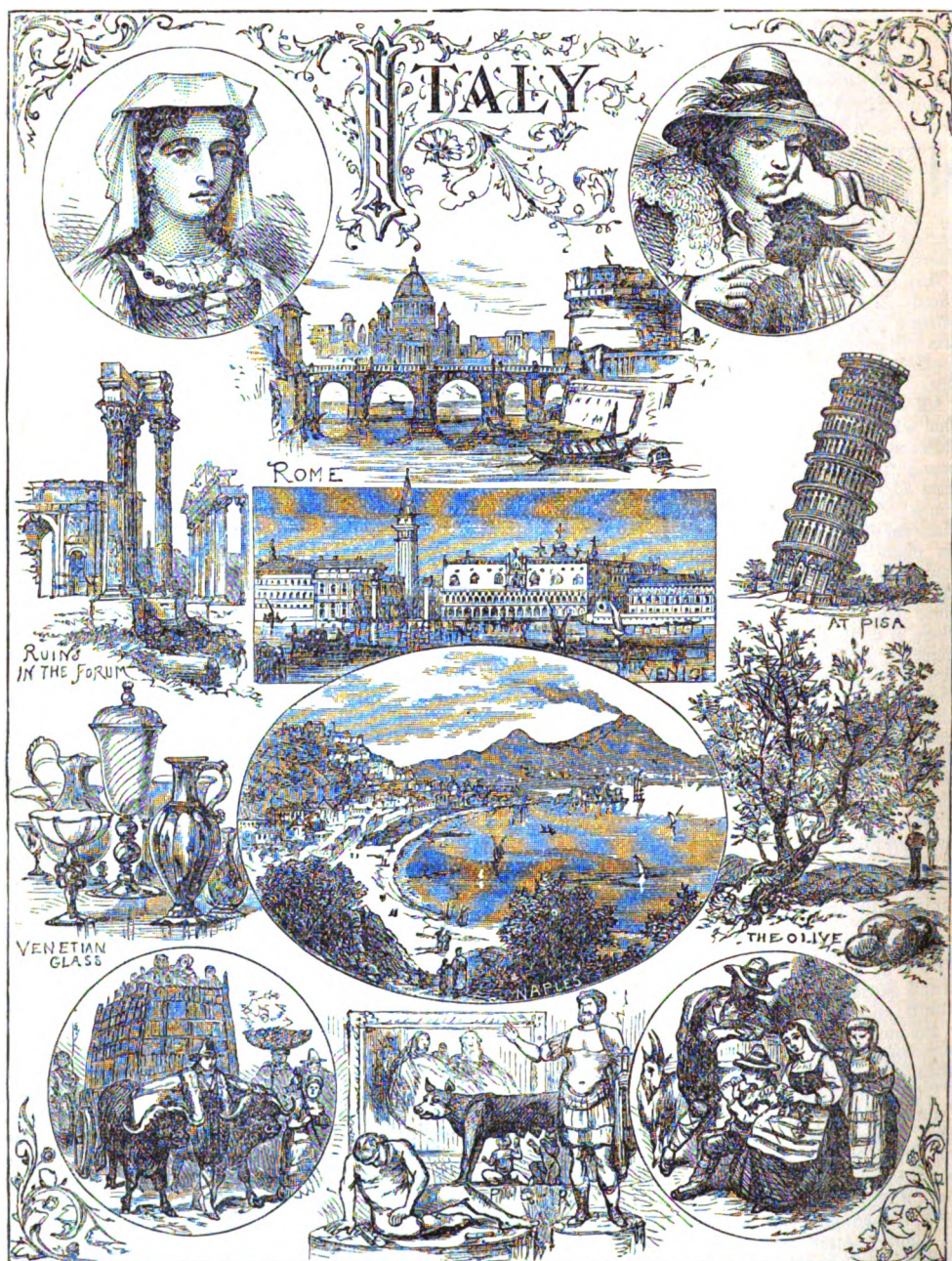
"No man liveth to himself alone" who truly lives. Life has higher, nobler purposes than selfish ease and enjoyment. The true man or woman thinks not of self, but is ever engaged in promoting the happiness of those around them. How constantly I am reminded of this in the life of her whom, with proud love, I call mother. If you could but know her! A noble, beautiful woman, one who wears her crown of motherhood with royal grace, and yet with deep modesty and humility, all unconscious of her own worth and beauty. I have wanted oft to tell of her, yet knew not how, for all words seem poor and empty when I would describe her. A very quiet life is hers—is not the sunshine ever quiet? We read of good and beautiful things—she *lives* them all. How easy for all around her to believe in the Jesus she loves and follows with patient, unwearied feet. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Only God and the angels may know the full measure of good coming from every such life as hers—only they can give full reward for the good deeds done, the kindly words spoken. There will be such glad surprises for her when she sees the record of her life, as kept by angel hands in that other home, and receives the beautiful crown they must be preparing for her. Ah, these noble, loving mothers! Like beacon lights on rocky coasts they stand amid the darkness, sin, error and crime strewn over our fair land. While they are left, we cannot despair. True mothers make true homes; true homes true government. Wrong may triumph for a time, but right will surely conquer in the end. We work and fear not. And while we work let us remember

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Toward a truer, deeper life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect love."

EARNEST.

Our love for the dead ought not to cramp our sympathies, our duty, or our work for the living. Inevitable, we should always be so far prepared for it as to accept it for ourselves without repining, and for those whom we love best with submission.

# Boys' and Girls' Treasury.



## ITALY.

**I**TALY, one of the most beautiful of beautiful lands, has been from remote antiquity a country of deep interest to surrounding nations. At a date so ancient as to be almost beyond the domain of authentic history, the early Greeks sent colonies into

the lovely peninsula of Hesperia, then, as now, a region of smiling fruitfulness, spread beneath a wondrous sky. Virgil's poem, "The Æneid," describes the wanderings of a company of adventurers after the Trojan war, and their final settlement upon the western coast, not far from the spot upon which was reared the city of Lavinium.



The Etruscans, or inhabitants of ancient Tuscany, then called Etruria, are among the most interesting of the old races. A glimpse of the height of their civilization, and their astonishing degree of proficiency in art, may be gained from their elegant vases and ornaments excavated within the last few years. Rome, founded 752, B. C., by Romulus, from its origin as a few rude huts until its prime as a fair city of marble palaces, and until its present condition as a melancholy spectacle of decayed grandeur, has been a source of never-failing study and inquiry among students of all nations and degrees, for the history of empire, of art, of literature, of science and of Christianity, are indissolubly bound up with that of this "Niobe of nations."

The expression just quoted is from Byron, and it is his forcible way of saying that the great city has become as a stricken woman, weeping alone in her desolation—which, indeed, in modern times, has been the case. Rome, aforesaid the metropolis of the world, and the land of which it was the capital, declined to a mere shadow of their former greatness. But, within our own memory, a better day has dawned, and the petty States into which the country had been broken up are now united under one government. Italy, famous for its history, its poetry, its art and its antiquities, may yet be famous also for its national grandeur.

The climate of Italy is warm, dry and genial, and the soil exceedingly fertile; but near Rome are extensive marshes, which are rendered uninhabitable through fever for a large proportion of the year. The vegetable productions are chiefly the olive, the lemon, the orange and the vine. The minerals are iron, lead, quicksilver, alum and alabaster. The animals are such as are found in Southern Europe generally. Italy exports velvets, silks, straw hats, olive oil, sardines and dried fruits.

The Apennines are the great central mountain-chain, in which is found the celebrated Carrara marble. Vesuvius, the active volcano, is near the Bay of Naples. In the year A. D. 70, occurred the terrible eruption which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These have been partially excavated, and many striking discoveries have been made, showing us to-day how the old Romans lived.

The principal rivers are the Po, the Arno and the Tiber. Among the most famous cities, besides Rome, are Florence, Venice, Milan and Naples. The first two are noted for their works of art, the next for its cathedral, and the last for the exceeding beauty of its situation. Bologna and Padua have been known from the Middle Ages as seats of great universities.

The Italians are a handsome people, with dark hair and eyes. They are impulsive, generous, but passionate, and they excel in music and painting. In the northern cities they are generally well educated, but throughout the land many are ignorant and superstitious. Toward the south, brigands still infest the mountains.

Some of the great Italians of antiquity were Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Ovid and Juvenal; among those who lived later were Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Galileo, Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael and countless others equally famous. And at present there are many brilliant names promising a future for this wonderful land no less illustrious than its renowned past.

In your play be careful  
Not to give another pain;  
And if others hurt or tease you,  
Never do the like again.

## BRICK BY BRICK.

THERE is nothing more trying to a wide-awake, ambitious boy, who has obtained a place in a large establishment, than the humble work he is obliged to do for so many long months before he is promoted. A lad said, the first thing he did in a store was to pick up and assort a keg of nails of different sizes, which his employer turned out on the floor. It did not seem much like a beginning "to learn store-keeping," but it was an important stepping-stone. He learned one lesson, if nothing more.

When Erastus Corning was a little lad, and seeking for a place in a store, he was asked with a smile: "What can you do?"

"I can do what I am told," said the child.

He was engaged, and proved most worthy of the confidence placed in him. That was his stepping-stone to fortune. Doing as he was told. That was one lesson the boy learned over the disagreeable task of picking up the nails.

A boy from a wealthy family was received into a large establishment, but found there was no royal road to business advancement. He had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, just as the poorest boy in the store did. He often wondered why his employers kept him two long years assorting shoes and handling great sides of leather. But when he became a salesman, all was plain, for he was able at a glance to tell almost the exact worth of a pair of shoes, or the quality of a side of leather.

No theoretical knowledge can take the place of practical knowledge. We must put our own hands to the plow, and go over the ground time and again, before we can ever make a straight furrow. It is astonishing what skill comes of practice. Repetition makes the most difficult matters easy, and seems almost to add a sixth sense. The old tellers in banks can count off with the greatest rapidity vast piles of coin, casting aside, as if by intuition, all the light pieces. Their fingers have learned to weigh like the nicest balance. Remember the stepping-stones, boys and girls, if you would ever make any true advancement in life. All this humble, hard work, is as needful as the separate bricks of a building.

## THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH.

"DEAR MOSS," said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and through your loving sympathy no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come," said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and old Thatch looked glorious in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

## Housekeepers' Department.

### WHAT WE EAT.

**T**HE adulteration of food and drinks has become almost as general as the use of the article itself. Scarcely an article used by men in civilized countries has escaped this process, where it was possible to unite some cheaper substance with it. Flour, coffee, tea, sugar, butter and a hundred other articles, are well-known to be the commonest articles that undergo this adulteration process. The methods have been so often exposed, that the public are tolerably acquainted with the manipulations these substances undergo at the hands of experts.

Bread, truthfully called the staff of life, is no exception to this rule.

The *New York Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the results of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people.

From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking-powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are mainly taken:

Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking-powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking-powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents, a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking-powder manufacturers. It is admitted by all medical authorities that cream of tartar leaves no injurious substance in the bread; alum, on the other hand, is in itself an astringent, and there is a wide and deep-seated prejudice against its use. In England and other countries the adulteration of food with alum is forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The chemical effect of alum used in bread to whiten it is to form two salts of alumina—the sulphate and the phosphate of alumina. When used in baking-powder the alum forms a third salt, the hydrate of alumina, as well as the other two. This hydrate of alumina is far more easily soluble than the other two; hence any objection that may exist as to the use of alum alone in bread applies with greater force to its use in baking-powder. This fact can be proven by the following-named authorities:

Parke is the leader in the new school of hygiene in England. In his "Treatise on Hygiene," he says: "Looking then to the positive evidence, and the reasonableness of that evidence, it seems to me extremely likely that strongly alumed bread does produce the injurious effects ascribed to it." These effects, as he previously states, are indigestion, griping, constipation and kindred troubles, resulting from

irritation of the mucous membrane, produced by the astringent properties of alum.

In Dr. Hammond's work on hygiene, written in 1860, the following passages occur: "Alum acts by rendering the albumen (in the bread) less soluble." "The use of alum in bread is injurious, both because it tends to conceal the bad quality of the flour employed, and because it is capable of exercising an injurious effect upon the bread by rendering it indigestible. It is also probable that the continued ingestion of alum is calculated to disorder the healthy action of the digestive system."

Persons who have not strong constitutions, growing girls, young children and nursing mothers, are particularly liable to the evil effects produced by this use of alum. Heartburn and the prevalent forms of indigestion are often solely traceable to the action of alum on the delicate coats of the stomach. Those who think the size of the dose is too small to be dangerous, will see by the accompanying analysis that the dose is not so small after all; moreover, even a small dose may have serious results.

To make sure of knowing the action of alum, the *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect when used in baking-powder from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability.

Dr. William A. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General United States, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth Street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking-powders. Alluding to the claim advanced that the alum was neutralized and changed into an insoluble salt, he said that this was a wholly improbable assumption, since such a perfect change could not take place unless the amount of the alum and the bicarbonate of soda were combined in the exact chemical ratio necessary for each to absorb all of the other. Not only was this impossible in the manufacture of large quantities of baking-powder, but the homogeneous character of the compound could not be exactly maintained throughout the whole mass, and therefore there would be sure to be a certain amount of free alum in any bread made with an alum baking-powder. But even if the exact proportion were maintained, the salts formed would retain their injurious properties, as they would be dissolved in the gastric juice. The gastric juice contained not only lactic acid, but a large amount of hydro-chloric acid, and both the sulphate and hydrate of alumina would be dissolved. The phosphate might not be, but in that case the bread would be deprived of one of its most desirable ingredients, making the use of alum not only dangerous to the stomach, but deteriorating to the food.

"The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitably tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Dr. Willard Parker said that if alum was substituted for cream of tartar in baking-powder, in his opinion such powder would be injurious to the health.

Dr. Alonzo Clark considers that alum has its uses,

but it should not be ignorantly taken into the stomach in food. A substance which can derange the stomach, and in certain cases produces vomiting, should not be tolerated in baking-powder.

Having obtained the foregoing medical opinions, the reporter investigated a number of brands of baking-powder. The Brooklyn Board of Health and the New York Board of Health have both ordered an official investigation of baking-powder, and the Sanitary Superintendent of the Brooklyn Board has made his report, in which he says: "From a careful examination, I am satisfied that the weight of evidence is against the use of alum in baking-powders, and that the risks incurred in its use are too great to be incurred for the sake of cheapness alone."

The analysis of the various baking-powders, as officially reported by the Brooklyn Board, reveals only two brands containing alum being sold in that city—Dooley's and Patapsco.

As to the cream of tartar powders, the same report mentions the Royal Baking-Powder as free from alum and perfectly wholesome.

There are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking-powder manufactured in this country; and, while some of them are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the majority have only a local sale near their respective places of manufacture. Through Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., the well-known chemist, one of the most competent, trustworthy and careful experts of this country, the following analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking-powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished, not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing, including Professor Henry Morton, president Stevens Institute of Technology; Professor R. W. Shedler; Dr. Stillwell, of Woltz & Stillwell, analytical chemists; and Professor Patrick, of Missouri.

Dr. Mott's report is as follows:

*Dear Sir:*—In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analysis of baking-powders, from samples procured during the last three months, in all of which alum was found as an important ingredient:

"DOOLEY'S,"	Contains Alum.
(Dooley & Brother, New York.)	
"PATAPSCO,"	Contains Alum.
(Smith, Hanway & Co., Baltimore, Md.)	
"CHARM,"	Contains Alum.
(Rohrer, Christian & Co., St. Louis)	
ANDREWS' "REGAL,"	Contains Alum.
(C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)	
"QUEEN,"	Contains Alum.
(Bennett & Sloan, New Haven, Ct.)	
"VIENNA,"	Contains Alum.
(Church & Co., New York City.)	
"ORIENT,"	Contains Alum.
(Crouse, Walrath & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.)	
"AMAZON,"	Contains Alum.
(Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.)	
"LAKESIDE,"	Contains Alum.
(C. O. Perrine, Chicago, Ill.)	
"TWIN SISTERS,"	Contains Alum.
(Union Chemical Works, Chicago, Ill.)	
"SUPERLATIVE,"	Contains Alum.
(A. W. Zietlow & Co., New York.)	
"KING,"	Contains Alum.
"WHITE LILY,"	Contains Alum.
(Jewett, Sherman & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)	
"MONARCH,"	Contains Alum.
(Ricker, Crombie & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)	

"ONE SPOON,"	Contains Alum.
(Taylor Manufacturing Co., St. Louis.)	
"GILLET'S,"	Contains Alum.
(Gillet, McCulloch & Co., Chicago.)	
"IMPERIAL,"	Contains Alum.
(Spragues, Warner & Griswold, Chicago.)	
"HONEST,"	Contains Alum.
(Schoch & Wechsler, St. Paul, Minn.)	
"ECONOMICAL,"	Contains Alum.
(Spencer Bros. & Co., Chicago, Ill.)	
"EXCELSIOR,"	Contains Alum.
(L. E. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.)	
"CHATRES,"	Contains Alum.
(Thomas & Taylor, Chicago.)	
"GIANT,"	Contains Alum.
(W. F. McLaughlin, Chicago.)	
"QUEEN,"	Contains Alum.
(Star Chemical Works, Chicago)	

Yours very truly,

HENRY A. MOTT, Jr., Ph.D., E.M.

New York, January 5th, 1879.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter questioned some of the manufacturers of baking-powder.

One of the manufacturers visited was the Royal Baking-Powder Company, No. 171 Duane Street, N.Y., manufacturers of the Royal Baking-Powder, a brand which the report of Brooklyn Board of Health revealed to be pure.

Mr. J. C. Hoagland, president of the company, gave the following replies:

REPORTER. "What is the cause of the present excitement about baking-powders?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers."

REPORTER. "Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking-Powder?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "No, sir."

REPORTER. "But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces."

REPORTER. "You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits."

REPORTER. "Why, then, do you not use it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health, that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health, we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking-Powder."

REPORTER. "Can you give me any information about cream of tartar, how and where you procure it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "There are several substitute or 'patent' cream of tartars on the market, principally made from bones treated with a strong corrosive acid; but the cream of tartar we use is a fruit acid; it exists naturally in the grape, and during fermentation of the tart wines of France it is deposited on the sides and bottom of the casks. In its unrefined state it is called crude tartar, or argols, and is taken from the casks after the wine is drawn off. Each farmer has his crop of it, according to the



amount of wine he has produced. This company is the largest user of cream of tartar in the world, and we have our agents in various parts of Europe collecting the crude material. It is imported into this country as Argols, and then subjected to the higher processes of refining, by which it is purified especially for our purposes, forming pure white crystals, which we grind to powder, and in this form we use it as an ingredient of our baking-powder."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder, and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.

Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, in his view of this subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking-Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials, having for its active principle pure grape cream of tartar instead of alum. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking-powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analysis of many samples

that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form—the label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

By this exposure of the injurious effect of alum in baking-powders, the public must not be frightened from using baking-powders when properly made—of which there are a number in the market. In fact baking-powders are a great convenience, as the constituents are so combined that their use is always attended with success; and there is no danger of biscuits made with them having an alkaline taste, or being impregnated with yellow specks or streaks, as is often the case when ordinary cream of tartar and soda are used. This results from the fact that the ordinary cream of tartar found in the market is adulterated from 10 to 90 per cent. with foreign substances; consequently it becomes necessary to change the proportion to be used with every new lot, which can only be correctly arrived at by a chemical analysis of the cream of tartar. As a matter of healthfulness as well as convenience, it is much better to use a properly made baking-powder, than to trust to the uncertainty of procuring pure cream of tartar and soda.

## Incidents and Anecdotes.

THE first superintendent of our coast survey was Ferdinand R. Hasslar, a native of Switzerland, and a man well fitted for the work. The following amusing anecdote is from an article in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*:

Hasslar was hampered and embarrassed continually by limited appropriations. His operations were not of that character easily seen; Congress wondered continually what he was about. While he was systematizing methods and training assistants, Congress was shrugging its shoulders and clamoring because results were inadequate to the expenditure. Hasslar was an eccentric man of irascible disposition and great independence of character. On one occasion a committee from Congress waited upon him in his office to inspect his work.

"You come to 'speak my vork, eh? Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'speak?'"

The gentlemen, conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse.

"You knows nothing at all 'bout my vork. How can you 'speak my vork, ven you knows nothing? Get out of here; you in my vay. Congress be von big vool to send you to 'speak my vork. I 'ave no time to vaste vith such as knows nothing vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell dem vat I say."

The committee did "go back to Congress" and report, amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

THE following pleasant anecdote of Burns is told, or revived by an exchange. When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a west country dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere plowman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing her of the bard's right to such a distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to read. This she soon did, and, returning the volume with a strong shake of the head, said: "Nae doubt ladies and gentlemen

think muckle of this, but for me it's nathing but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tould it in any other way."

A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl, tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats, and, standing before the clergyman, the little chap lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse, nodded assent. That did not satisfy the children, and again the boy asked permission to go, and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said: "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped, and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy, the children went down the aisle together.

"I BEG your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, the lad handed the old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, the boy turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion. "He's only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," was answered. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

## Literary and Personal.

MR. VICTOR HUGO's pet granddaughter Jeanne, the little girl eight years old immortalized in his "Annee Terrible" and "L'Art d'être Grandpère," narrowly escaped burning to death recently. Getting on some steps to wind up a clock on the mantelpiece, her pinafore caught fire. She remembered a story told her years ago of a lady on fire, who, instead of running, rolled on a carpet. She did likewise, and saved her life. She received painful burns, but is in no danger.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swineburn does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a lady-like, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's, square and bold; George MacDonald's, large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curly queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice, which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quitting a stormy arena of debate, to soothe his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grands. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special affections.

PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, whose death in Paris has already been announced, was a Scotch lady, and her maiden name was Fraser. She was married in this country to Prince Lucien Murat, the second son of Napoleon's great general. For some time after their marriage Prince Lucien was reduced to such straits as to be entirely dependent upon the profits of a school for little girls kept by his wife. His fortune, however, improved after the French Revolution of 1848. He died last April in his seventy-fifth year. Princess Caroline leaves behind her five sons and daughters—Prince Joachim, the present head of the house of Murat; Princess Caroline, wife of the Baron de Chassiron; Princess Anna, wife of Comte de Noailles, and Princes Achille and Louis.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE earliest spring dress-fabrics shown are the pretty wash-goods—cambrics, lawns and percales. As these simple materials depend largely for their effect upon the style of their making-up, and as this may be rendered elaborate by tucks, ruffles, Hamburg edgings and Breton lace, it is not too soon to commence a summer wardrobe at the present season. Among the novelties in stuffs of this class is satinette, being veritably white satin in cambric; it is overrun with delicate vines, and stripes, and clusters of flowers in all the tints of the rainbow. Scotch zephyrs are light cambrics in small, neat plaids and stripes of all shades—pink, blue, gray and beige colors. Madras cloths still retain their popularity. French cambrics have dark blue or green grounds, and are figured with Persian patterns of light blue, pink and white, or are plaided in old gold.

Spring woollens are generally solid, but there are many stripes and mottled designs. Beautiful camel-hair goods, in several dark and bright shades, look like real India Chuddahs. Striped fabrics are watered, in blue and brown hues, resembling satin-banded moire. Armure and mummy cloths are soft and roughly-woven, somewhat like crape, and they exhibit every caprice of color—as, for instance, a dark foundation, sprinkled in stripes with small, deep moss-brown flowers, outlined by a tinge several shades darker, relieved by narrower stripes of moss-green; or a lavish profusion of tiny rosebuds upon a light ground; or simple tints of cream and *écru* hues so pale as to seem almost like soiled white.

Spring cashmeres are in odd, new colors, copied from rare china, as well as the quaint blues of turquoise and birds' eggs. A fabric resembling bunting is woven in the gossamer style, and differs from that worn last year in being less wiry. This is a very suitable material for traveling-dresses.

Spring and summer silks have dark grounds, and show the prevailing fondness for intricate combinations of irregular stripes, checks, bars, dashes and fantastic dispositions of color. In them appears largely the predominance of red, as in the winter styles, though there are many striking effects with deep blue, black, white and old gold. Louisine silks are soft, lightly-woven and flexible, and are in old-fashioned lawn patterns, and the gayest conceivable combinations of shades. These are especially intended to be worn at watering-places. There are, besides, Louisines in invisible plaids of black, white and gray suitable for quiet street costumes.

Bonnets will probably be of the flaring order, very much like those worn last season. Fine white chip will be the most fashionable foundation for dress hats, while the picturesque rough straws will obtain favor for ordinary occasions. In addition to the usual materials for trimming, puffs and scarfs, and shirrings of India muslin, mingled with Breton lace, and of China crape, will be worn. Face-trimmings will be largely superseded by simple linings of satin or velvet, and soft crowns entirely of satin will be seen in many chip and straw bonnets. Flowers will be used in great profusion. Winter taste will still be extended in the plain facings of garnet and deep blue

velvet under wide-brimmed hats, and in the abundance of dragon, beetle and lizard ornaments.

Vests to be worn with black suits are made of white linen, decorated with embroidery or edged with lace. Cuffs similarly adorned come to match them. New turned-over collars have a chemisette in front to fill in the low neck now coming into vogue, and are fastened with a stud. Many of them,

with the cuffs, are edged with bands of bright-flowered chintz. Neckties are of India muslin, colored as well as white, with edgings of Breton lace. Dressy collarettes and cuffs are made of puffs and frills of the lace, mingled with fine Swiss embroidery, and they are intended to be worn with two clusters of flowers or loops of ribbon, one at the neck and the other hanging from the belt.

## New Publications.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Beware of Strong Drink, a temperance concert exercise, by Mrs. E. H. Thompson. This consists of hymns, recitations and Scripture texts, so arranged as to give to all those hearing or taking part, a vivid impression of the enormity of the evil of intemperance, and the only effective means of its cure—abstinence, resistance and Christian charity.

The Duty of the Church, by Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F. R. S. Again this eloquent apostle of temperance has fearlessly and conclusively shown the professed followers of Christ that it is incumbent upon them to do their utmost to wipe out this terrible stain upon the honor of a nation. No one can read this earnest appeal without being impressed with a sense of his personal responsibility in a matter so momentous.

FROM SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Washington Irving, by David J. Hill, Professor in the University of Lewisburg. The volume before us is the first of a series of popular biographies of eminent American authors, the design for which is absolute earnestness and sufficient fullness, but in a form so condensed as to be conveniently read, as well as of a moderate cost. We should say that the initiatory book is very well written, giving a strong sense of Irving's personality and literary labors, and that if those succeeding fulfill the promise made in this, the whole enterprise will be a complete success.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADELPHIA.

Philomene's Marriages, by Henry Greville, translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Our usual idea of a French novel is far from elevated, but occasionally we meet with one deserving little adverse criticism. Over this last production of a writer whom we can well believe a woman of bright intellect, we can be pleased and often smile; and though we seldom feel serious, notwithstanding the many bits of wisdom with which nearly every other page teems, we can seldom wish a word written otherwise. The story, though with little depth of plot, is gracefully told, the descriptions very pretty, the situations always realistic and often amusing, and the characters life-like—we fairly see the ridiculous Philomene, the ugly Lavenel, the innocent Virginie, the chivalrous Masson, and the kind, generous, mirthful Charles and Marie. For a light, sparkling, pure, and withal, unpretentious novel, we are ready to accord to Philomene's Marriages its due meed of praise.

FROM GARRIGUES BROS., PHILA.

The Strike at Tivoli Mills, by T. S. Arthur. This story, which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE last year, and which deals with the "strikes" from a temperance stand-point, has been issued in a neat paper-covered volume, by Messrs Garrigues Bros., of this city, who are making arrangements to give it a wide circulation. The price for a single copy, sent by mail, is twenty-five cents. For one dollar they will send five copies. See their advertisement.

## Notes and Comments.

"I Wonder if it's True."

BEAUTIFUL eyes of childhood! Beautiful not only in their clear depths, but in their marvelous sight-seeing power. The power that sees gauzy veils fluttering within the petals of the half-opened rose, and catches the gleam of white-robed spirits as they move in airy circles beneath the shades of the plummy fern. That over the rail of the moss-grown, rustic bridge, gazes into the crystal deeps of the water below to discover the flowers, and trees, and skies of a vanished world. That, enchanted by the white fleecy shapes floating above in the blue, sees the sheen of angels' wings, and, anon, as the sun sinks in his purple and golden glory, discerns with raptures, chariots of fire making their entrance through the gateway of the Celestial City. It is for the precious ones possessing this wondrous vision that Mrs. Browning has written,

"The lilies look large as the trees,  
And as loud as the birds sing the bloom-loving  
bees,  
And the birds sing like angels so mystical-fine,  
And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet."

Yes, little lady, it is true. Not true that animals speak your language; not true that the prince was turned into a frog, and the princess into a weed, only to be restored to their own forms at last and live happy ever after. But true in the sense that whatever inspires within us a sense of beauty, and loveliness, and goodness is opposed to everything ugly, and harsh, and evil, and so accomplishes a true mission.

Believe, then, dear little one—and you will grow better for believing. Many of your elders have learned too soon to doubt, and they would be far happier to-day if they possessed just such a beautiful, simple trust as yours.

## Seen Through English Eyes.

ENGLISH travelers have been, as a class, more inclined to see faults in American character, manners and social customs, than things worthy of commendation. An exception to this rule is Lord Ronald Gower, who spent some time in this country. He found us, he says: "Not only amiable, but, as a rule, kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come among."

He refers to the civility of our shopkeepers and the absence of the cringing spirit that characterizes the London tradesman when he thinks he is dealing with a person of rank. He did not meet in the whole course of his travels in this country with anything but perfect civility—"the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest." I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves." He adds: "I would wish every young Englishman of means—and especially of position—to visit the great country across the Atlantic. He would learn more, by spending a few months in the States, of matters appertaining to humanity and the ways of the world than he would by passing a year at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the House of Commons; and might, on his return, echo the phrase of the young French noble, who, having visited England toward the end of the old French regime, and being asked what he had learned in England, replied, 'To think.'"

## Literary Aspirants.

EDITORS and publishers need a large stock of patience and kind consideration for the countless number of literary aspirants who ask for recognition, and the opportunity to acquire, through their agency, an immediate access to the public, and to certain fame and fortune. It is often difficult to know in what manner to treat these persons; they are so earnest, sincere and confident. Doubtless it would be best in the end for the most of them if strong, true words were spoken, even though they were hurt, humiliated and disheartened. If really without the talent to achieve literary success, they might be saved years of fruitless effort; while if really possessed of genius and ability, the set-back of close and honest criticism would give them clearer sight, and show them that excellence was not a gift but an achievement. To all young aspirants for literary honors, we commend the following, which we take from an exchange:

"A young woman who was lately brought before the police courts in New York, as a professional beggar, was discovered to be an educated, well-born South Carolinian.

"She had, as she supposed, 'a genius for poetry,' and left her home with only money enough to reach Baltimore, hoping to pay her way to New York and to support herself thereafter by the sale of her poems.

"She left Baltimore with a satchel full of manuscript, and two cents in her pocket. As a matter of course, she was speedily reduced to starvation and beggary.

"It would answer a good purpose if this woman's story could be held up as a warning before the countless young men and women who hope to earn literary fame, and thus secure fortune. Much-maligned

'genius' is to do all by one mighty bound, without the necessary study, without experience, and always without work. Every editor of a magazine or literary paper can testify how wide-spread is this delusion.

"A Kentucky woman sent a novel of enormous size to a publisher lately, stating that she 'expected a price for it which would buy back the estates which her family had lost during the war.' The book, as might have been expected, had not a single spark of wit or wisdom to enlighten its dullness.

"A young girl of seventeen lately wrote to the editor of one of the great New York dailies, saying that she 'would graduate in a month, and would like to secure a position as managing editor of a political paper.'

"There is not, probably, a publishing office in the country, which does not receive scores of manuscripts in the year, from authors as ignorant as these of the real work required in the field which they seek to enter.

"The best course of study for all of them to pursue would be the biographies of successful men of letters. They would then find that an apprenticeship is needed in authorship as in any other profession; that every great poet, historian, essayist, or even novelist, has been a conscientious, painstaking artist, with whose success persistence and hard work had as much to do as genius."

## Friends in Syria.

A QUAKER meeting on Mount Lebanon! A veritable meeting-house among the towering cedars, famous alike in song and story! But it is even so. For several years there have been mission-schools and regular organizations of Friends among the natives of the Holy Land, though, like all the good works of this quiet denomination, the fact has been little known to the world at large.

We have been favored by Mr. Edward Scull, Superintendent of the First-day School of Twelfth Street Meeting, with a letter from Friend Eli Jones, founder of these institutions, from which we glean the following items of interest.

The Friends have ten day schools, seven for boys where a few girls attend, and three for girls. About three hundred and fifty children are instructed, both in the ordinary school studies and trades by which they will be able to support themselves, the expenses of each scholar being only five dollars a year. The writer goes on to speak of one of their teachers, whom he first saw about eleven years ago in Bethlehem at a mission-school. After her lessons for the day were recited, she would go out and read the Bible to the poor people in the streets. Thus, as child, the narrator continues, she was preaching Christ to the inhabitants of the very place in which He was born.

Friends in Syria have their discipline, just as in other lands. The teacher of the school on Mount Lebanon is a member of Brumanna monthly meeting. They have, also, a medical department connected with their mission. It is under the direction of Dr. Beahra, a native Christian, a graduate of the Protestant College at Beirut. Within the last year, more than two thousand have applied for treatment, priests and monks of the different religious orders among the number, as well as the sadly poor and afflicted. As many as forty come in a day and while waiting for their turns, Maulim Isaac, the Bible Reader, takes the opportunity to read to them.

As a well-known Friend justly remarked, the reason why many think there is so much more evil

in the world than good, is, that the bad makes more noise. We would fain believe it true. There are agencies of blessing everywhere, though operating in ways unlikely to reach the public notice, and under forms and influences different from those most generally recognized. Perhaps just this little circumstance may serve to impress this thought more fully upon some of us. And as we of Philadelphia, our beloved Quaker city, have good reason to be glad that the broad-brims and plain bonnets, covering peaceful, kindly faces, ever found their way into the unknown wilds of Pennsylvania, among savage Indians, so let us be glad that they have also gone into the neglected deserts of Syria, among the almost heathen inhabitants of that interesting country. For their entrance may be unto it and all its people, the heralding of a glad, new day.

YOUNG ladies are to be allowed hereafter all the privileges of Harvard College accorded to the other sex, excepting that instead of entering regularly the college classes, they will be regarded as private pupils of the professors. On graduation they will receive certificates instead of regular diplomas. Should the number of lady students become numerous, classes will be organized and separate lecture rooms secured. The male and female departments will thus be kept separate, but they will be under the same faculty and have the same curriculum, while the library, laboratory, museum and all the educational appliances of the University will be enjoyed in common.

## Publishers' Department.

### NOTICE TO CLUB-GETTERS.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

One or more names can be sent in as fast as obtained, and when the club is as large as the club-getter wishes to make it, the premium to which it is entitled can be ordered.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

We do not select the Butterick Patterns we offer as premiums for clubs. Club-getters have the privilege of doing so at any time during the year 1879.

### HOPE AT LAST.

From official record, we learn that over sixty thousand persons die annually in the United States from pulmonary consumption. In each of these cases there was a first or incipient stage of the disease, when all the life-forces and organic structures were yet unimpaired by its encroachments. If at this time, an agent had been found which could give to the system a higher degree of vitality, and so enable it to resist the deadly assault, this perilous crisis would have been safely passed. And not this one only. In every subsequent assault of the enemy, especially where there existed some hereditary taint, a prompt resort to the same re-vitalizing agent would have given a like relief and immunity.

Did we possess such an agent, and were it to be used in every case of incipient pulmonary trouble, how many thousands and tens of thousands of lives might annually be saved!

Now it is confidently claimed, and the claim is substantiated by the results of over twelve years experience of its use, that just such an agent has been

discovered in COMPOUND OXYGEN. The case given on the cover of this number of our magazine is one of hundreds, and is far less remarkable than many which have been successfully treated by this new agent. But it is valuable, as showing how quickly Compound Oxygen restores the vital forces to their normal activity.

The administrators of this new remedy appear to have given much attention to the treatment of pulmonary affections. We find in their little book, *"The Compound Oxygen Treatment, Its Mode of Action and Results"* (which is sent free), some twenty pages devoted to the nature, incipient stages, progress and cure of consumption, a careful reading of which would give information, hints and suggestions of great value to those who are suffering from any of the early or advanced stages of this disease.

We know of no better service that we can render this large class of persons, than to induce them to send for the above-mentioned Treatise, and to read it carefully. In it we find three warning indications of the approach of consumption. They are: *First*. "Emaciation of the person, and without apparent cause. \* \* \* Unaccountably, it seems, the individual begins to show a peculiar depression between the cheek-bone and the ear; the eye-socket deepens, the muscle leading up to the side of the neck obliquely toward the ear becomes prominent from absorption of the adipose tissue around it, and from trial there will be found a marked loss of weight." *Second*. "If this emaciation be accompanied by the *second note*, a little COUGH, which is scarcely a cough at all—a slight, insignificant hacking, which no one is inclined to notice, which is more like a 'habit,' and which he 'can easily prevent if he chooses'—the suspicion of the presence of tubercles comes by far too near a confirmation to be comfortable." *Third*. "Now be on your guard to detect the presence or the absence of the *third note* of warning. Examine carefully and critically the depressions immediately beneath the two clavicles or collar-bones. In this stage of the disease, one of the depressions will almost invariably be deeper and larger than the other." We have not space to copy a statement of the reasons for this difference in the depressions under the clavicles, when tubercles exist, but they are fully given in the Treatise to which we have referred, and which, as we have said, is sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

Of the many Guides, and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedmen and Nurserymen, and which are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are more beautiful, none more instructive than *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift-book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.







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# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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## MISS CHETWORTH'S CLASS.

THERE was a pleasant little excitement among the girls of Laneville. These girls were divided into rosebuds, half-blown and full-blown roses; and it was among the rosebud portion that the excitement prevailed.

Miss Chetworth had boarded all summer in Laneville, and was universally pronounced a very pleasant body. She was not young—oh, no! not at all, decided all the girls without hesitation; but every one admitted that she was very lady-like. She liked Laneville, she said, and always enjoyed her autumn in the country; and finally, it was announced that Miss Chetworth would spend the winter there. She had made inquiries in regard to a class in literature for girls who had just left school, or who were about leaving; and the encouragement was sufficient to warrant the undertaking.

Miss Chetworth said that she loved to teach; and those who knew her were quite sure that they would like to learn. But the class in literature was not to be so much teaching as discussing books for mutual improvement; and this was something quite new to the village girls.

Various things had conspired to bring about this class. In the Hope family, where Miss Chetworth boarded, there were several daughters; and the youngest one, Nellie, was a girl of fifteen, who seemed to have nothing in particular to do but to roam about and devour all the books upon which she was allowed to lay her hands. But fortunately for her, she was under restrictions, as her elder sisters forbade novel reading. They were all nice, capable girls, with a great deal of good sense, but not particularly fond of reading; and they looked upon Nellie's insatiable appetite for literature as something morbid and unnatural. Mrs. Hope said that she left all that to her daughters—she had always been too busy with her housekeeping and family cares to read much, and now the girls must decide what was best for Nellie.

The young girl often spent an hour in Miss Chetworth's room, where she found the food that she needed; and the kind lady began to feel a deep interest in her, as she did in all girls of her age. It

seemed to her that their mental needs were not sufficiently considered; and in looking over Nellie's stock of books, she felt more and more convinced of this. "The Madcap Series" appeared to be her favorite—where the heroine, through three rather thick volumes of large print, did and said more outrageous things than any decently brought-up girl of fourteen would ever think of; while her brothers said, "By Jove!" and "By George!" and the whole tone was anything but elevating.

Nellie thought this was "sweet," and lent it to Miss Chetworth for her own reading, as a great treat. Miss Chetworth, in return, lent Nellie "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Ivanhoe"—and it seemed as if the child almost learned them by heart. But the oldest Miss Hope was afraid they were too exciting; she appeared to think the "Madcap Series" safer.

Nellie was invited to be present at the meeting of the class, and gladly availed herself of the invitation.

"Suppose," said Miss Chetworth, "that we each mention our favorite book, or author—that will open quite a field, I think, for discussion. I will begin by saying that one of the writers who gives me the greatest pleasure, is the English lady who calls herself 'Edward and Ruth Garrett,' and who writes in a very quaint and simple, yet sweet sort of way. I first read a little volume of hers called 'White as Snow'—a collection of sketches as pure and natural as the name. I shall never forget them."

But none of the girls were acquainted with Edward and Ruth Garrett; they knew George Eliot, but not Thackeray—Louisa Muhlbach, but not Sir Walter Scott—Dickens they didn't think they liked very much, and Shakespeare they couldn't understand. Not very promising materials for a class in literature, but Miss Chetworth knew that she would have to begin with the rudiments.

Alice Haine, the rich lawyer's daughter, thought that "Ouida" was "perfectly lovely."

"'Ouida?'" asked Miss Chetworth, in surprise, "are you allowed to read 'Ouida?'"

"Oh, my, yes," was the flippant reply, "I am out of leading-strings, thank goodness! I can read what I please."

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Miss Chetworth regarded the pretty, but over-dressed speaker with a feeling of pity. What would become, she thought, of an undisciplined girl of sixteen who could do as she liked?

"Don't you like 'Ouida,' Miss Chetworth?" asked Carrie Westbrook, a bright, wide-awake girl, who was desirous of doing the best she could with her life.

"No, my dear," was the reply, "I most decidedly do not like 'Ouida.'"

"She is considered a very powerful writer," persisted Alice.

"She certainly is," said Miss Chetworth, "powerful for evil. I consider her almost the worst author that any young girl could possibly read. Her pictures of men, and of life generally, are dangerous in the extreme; and act as poison on a young, undisciplined mind."

"I cannot but think," continued the lady, "of such reading as I now think of, a book that was going the rounds of a clique of us at school, when I was a little younger than you are, Alice. I will not mention the name of the book—it has had its day, and need not be revived here—neither was it so bad as much of our present literature. There was this difference: the tale was a plain, unvarnished one, and the worst parts of it were not dwelt upon at all—not clothed with the poetry and glamour that 'Ouida,' and others of her class throw about vice—and therefore it was not nearly so fascinating."

"But such as it was, we read it—read it, too, by stealth, for it was passed from one to the other at recess; and finally, our principal, whom we both loved and revered, discovered what was going on among her oldest scholars, and confiscated the book. Then she took us, singly, into her private room."

"There were five or six of us; and what she said to the others I do not know—but never shall I forget the words she spoke to me."

"'Caroline,' said she, gravely, 'have you read this book?' naming it."

"I could not deny that I had; but my eyes were nailed to the floor, and my face burned painfully."

"'I am sorry,' said she, after a moment's pause, 'I cannot consider you so pure as you were before.'"

"A chill crept over me, at these words, and a painful sense of uncleanness. Mrs. H—— was a wise woman, and she did not overdo the matter. She only added a few sentences about the crown of purity, which is woman's most valuable possession, and how easily its luster is tarnished. She also besought me to resolve, then and there, never to read another book of like nature, and to strive to blot that one from my mind as soon as possible."

"I left her in tears; and with the words, 'I cannot consider you as pure as you were before,' fairly burned into my mind. After that, I shrank from such books as I would from a venomous reptile."

Alice Haine's fair face was crimson, as she made a feint of playing with her bracelets; and the girls involuntarily glanced toward her.

"But don't you think, Miss Chetworth," asked Carrie Westbrook, "that it makes one seem ignorant

not to have read books that almost every one reads and is talking about?"

"It does, if they are books *worth* reading and talking about," was the reply, "but some ignorance is more desirable than knowledge; and in this connection, I will tell you a story that I am sure will interest you, because it has a spice of romance in it."

"At some social gathering, a popular French novel of very questionable character was being discussed; and a young lady, whom we will call Miss James, was appealed to."

"'I have not read it,' she replied, very quietly."

"'Not read it?' was the universal outcry, 'Why, it is the book of the month—such a perfect translation—the best French novel we have had this long time.'"

"'I am no judge of that,' said Miss James, 'for I have never read a French novel.'"

"As Miss James was uncommonly bright and intelligent, this remarkable avowal of hers was noised about from one to another, until it reached the ears of a gentleman who had never seen her."

"Introduce me to her, if you please," said he to a friend of his who knew her, 'this is the very young lady for whom I have been looking for some time past. A woman who has never read a French novel, and yet is acquainted with the literature of the day, and possesses the attractions which you describe as belonging to Miss James, is something altogether out of the common way.'"

"They were introduced, and were mutually pleased; the gentleman was delightful and desirable in every way; and the young lady was peculiarly lovable. So, as a natural result, there was a very happy marriage; and 'all along,' as a woman said to me of something else, of an intelligent girl's not having read a French novel."

"Suppose, Miss Chetworth," said a rather timid voice, "that you are very fond of reading, and haven't got anything nice to read—what then?"

"By which I understand," replied Miss Chetworth, with a smile, "that you refer to reading undesirable books, or not reading at all. I will answer your question with another. Suppose that you were stranded in some inhospitable region where scarcely anything grew but poisonous plants—would you eat them? I think not, because that would be certain death. Therefore, I say read nothing unless it is at least harmless. Besides, a dearth of books often proves a great blessing."

The girls looked surprised at this assertion; and Miss Chetworth continued: "If a person fond of reading is restricted to two or three books, those books will be thoroughly mastered and remembered; and the most meager library usually contains the Book of books. How much time do we give in a day, or even in a week, to the study of the Sacred Volume?"

Most of the bright, sixteen-year-old eyes were cast down in confusion; but two or three pairs looked up with shy, softened glances.

"I do not speak now of its claims as the Word of God," continued Miss Chetworth, "but looking merely at the beauty of its literary composition, it is

a valuable study. Those who are familiar with the Bible diction, are sure to express themselves in refined and suitable language; and persons of poetical taste will find it abundantly gratified in the Psalms of David, the grand utterances of the Prophet Isaiah, and in many detached portions of the Sacred Volume."

The youthful audience listened in surprise—this was quite a new view of the subject to them; and they gave respectful attention to all that Miss Chetworth had to say about it. The Bible and Shakespeare were on the table before her; and she concluded her remarks by reading to them from each of these volumes.

Carrie Westbrook was deeply interested, and began to see a new meaning in things; while Alice almost forgot the rebuke she had received.

But pretty Alice forgot a great many other things; and soon after she had reached the large, showy house on the hill that lawyer Haine had built within her recollection, she was absorbed again in one of her favorite novels.

Her mother, though still a quite young woman, had grown enormously stout, and disliked to trouble herself about anything. Besides, Alice was an only child, and nothing was denied her. So, she spent most of her time out of school, in novel reading and confectionery eating, for both of which she had an inordinate passion.

Miss Chetworth's class was a decided success; and Carrie Westbrook found it a great help. She gained courage by degrees to consult Miss Chetworth about something that was very near her heart; and by and by, Laneville found, to its surprise, that it had an authoress in its midst. Not a third or fourth-rate poetess, but a writer of sensible, helpful prose, and of sweet little winning stories that always had a gold thread of the highest teaching running through their woof.

Little Nellie Hope came out wonderfully, too, and was no longer at a loss what to read. Miss Chetworth introduced her into a beautiful new world of characters and thoughts; and by patient application, she was fitted for a most successful school teacher.

Poor Alice! her fate was a sad one; the style of novels she read so persistently had prepared her to become an easy prey to a fortune-seeking villain, and a runaway marriage was only a prelude to a life of wretchedness.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

NO MAN can long associate with men of depraved habits and morals without being tainted with their evil example. Insensibly he renounces his established habits, becomes loose in principle and oblivious of his duties to his family and of his own self-respect. The whole current of his life is turned awry. He may not at first observe the corroding effect, but it steadily saps his character, until finally he is but a shadow of his former self. Self-indulgence also undermines the purity of life. Vicious habits grow stronger and stronger, until finally they overmaster the entire nature.

## "A CAPITAL MANAGER."

### CHAPTER I.

MRS. BARNEY sat at her window, one bright spring evening, laboriously bending over her work, regardless of the birds, the flowers and the delicious spring breezes which all seemed to say, "Come out and rejoice with us."

A lady, attended by a band of gleeful children, passed by. "Come, join us in our walk," she called out to Mrs. Barney. "We are going to get ferns and wild flowers."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lewis," replied her neighbor with an air of conscious virtue—"I never have time to take walks. I have too much work to do."

"I have plenty of work to do also," replied Mrs. Lewis, "but my walks facilitate my work instead of interfering with it, for the fresh air and exercise, and lovely things I see in my walks invigorate and refresh me so much that I can work twice as well as when I feel dull and jaded. If you will not go with us, yourself, this evening, I hope, at any rate, that you will let your little boys join us."

After some demur, Mrs. Barney agreed to this, though she was very reluctant to have her boys stop gathering weeds for the pigs. In high glee, the little fellows rushed off with Mrs. Lewis and her children, who were on their way to a neighboring piece of woodland, where bloomed lovely cowslips, trailing arbutus and other wild flowers, and through which flowed a brook on whose banks arose little cliffs covered with moss and beautiful ferns. Verily this was an enchanted forest, or so it seemed to the happy children, this sweet spring evening.

"I cannot understand," said Mrs. Barney to herself, as the party disappeared from her sight, "how a housekeeper and mother of a family can find time to read and stroll about like Mrs. Lewis. I wonder what would become of my household if I took time to read and stroll about in the evenings instead of giving myself up to house cleaning, sewing, mending, making pickles and preserves, putting up canned fruits and vegetables, and doing other household work."

Mrs. Barney was indeed a laborious woman. She gave herself no respite from her work. Her house was kept so painfully clean that Mr. Barney and the boys felt a scruple about walking across the polished boards. Her windows were always in a high state of polish, equal to those on Broadway. Even the most secret nooks and crannies in her house were guiltless of any suspicion of dust. The amount of pickles and preserves, canned fruits and vegetables she put up was something marvelous, quite distancing all the achievements of her neighbors. At the end of the year, too, her hogs would largely outweigh those of her neighbors, whilst her poultry also outnumbered any stock of fowls in the village. In short, she was what would be popularly called a capital manager. She managed, indeed, to make her household (including herself) very dull and gloomy. According to her light, however, she was a conscientious woman,



and thought that in pursuing this narrow round of ceaseless toil, she was doing her duty. The defect in her nature and in her life sprang from her narrowness of vision. She saw only one side of the question, and that side she adhered to and labored for with a diligence worthy of the noblest cause. She saw that it was proper for a woman to look well to the ways of her household, and to exert herself to supply its wants and promote its comfort, and so she strove to minister to the physical needs of her family with a diligence that was pathetic when we consider that it was all expended on things that so quickly pass away and perish. All these things which are but means to an end, she came to consider as a goal, not seeing that their value came entirely from their affording a basis for the development of mental and spiritual life. And so seeing but one phase of the truth and separating the ideal from the practical, her life was narrow, and drear, and toilsome—a round of utilitarian labor unsweetened by recreation or culture.

Her family would have been far happier, more cheerful and more truly comfortable with a house less painfully clean and a garden, poultry-yard and kitchen not so minutely and constantly attended to, had she, on the other hand, been more cheerful and more cultivated. She might thus have created a brighter and more buoyant atmosphere around her. She might have escaped suffering (and making her family suffer) from that nervous irritability which it were unjust to call ill-temper, but which closely simulates that odious, baleful trait, though, in reality, it may be traced to physical causes, to an overstrained condition of the nerves from flurry and overfatigue. A judicious amount of exercise and recreation in the open air would have enabled her to retain a healthful tension of the nerves, and would have prevented her brow from becoming so early and so deeply furrowed. Her thoughts and her conversation would not have become narrowed down to the tread-mill of kitchen, pantry and dairy, nor would the delinquencies of her cook and maid have assumed such dark hues and large proportions, if she had learned to prize and seek the companionship of pure and noble books, whose large and lovely thoughts lift us so delightfully above the round of daily toil and care. She might have found both the leisure and the means to procure this choice companionship. Indeed, at the present day, literature is so widely diffused and at so small a cost, that no house is too lowly or too impoverished to invite and entertain beneath its roof the kingly minds of the world.

In Mrs. Barney's household, you were always reminded of

"Life's ceaseless toil and endeavor."

The practical side of life, which when isolated from its soul, the ideal, is so narrow and unsatisfying, was constantly presented to your view. Mrs. Barney never lost sight of what she called "the realities of life," a term which, in its ordinary acceptation, conveys so false and dreary an idea, for it is usually understood to signify the cares and toils of life, instead of being applied to such things as honor,

faith, love, truth, things whose vital and intense reality, whose unending continuance make the so-called "realities of life" seem like dim shadows.

## CHAPTER II.

IF we take a peep into Mrs. Lewis's household, we shall see a brighter and more symmetrical picture than the one we have just presented to our readers, a more rational use and enjoyment of life, a wiser economy of time and vitality.

The end and aim that underlay all of Mrs. Lewis's household economy, was to introduce "sweetness and light" (as Matthew Arnold expresses it) into their home-life. She judged it to be of the first importance to have a bright, buoyant atmosphere in the household, and this atmosphere she knew could not exist where the mother of the household is flurried and fagged out by a round of ceaseless toil. Therefore, she would not do herself nor her husband and children such injustice as to exhaust all her vitality on household cares. By a moderate amount of rest and open-air exercise, she kept both mind and body in a healthful condition. No one, however, could accuse her of being a neglectful housewife. She conducted her domestic affairs with due diligence. She kept her surroundings orderly and attractive, took pains to have suitable and palatable food for her household, and, in all respects, attended to their physical comfort. But in all these things she saw only a stepping-stone to something more excellent, for she saw in physical life only a basis for the development of the higher faculties. She had a wider vision than Mrs. Barney, and consequently a juster perception of the relative value of things which enabled her to assign to each its due importance and to subordinate the lesser to the greater. For instance, she found she could not keep up her own nor her children's culture if she attempted to make them excessively elaborate wardrobes. She therefore gave up the latter, aiming to do nothing more than dress them neatly and prettily, for if she had attempted to make them the myriads of tucks, and puffs, and knife-pleatings that many other children around her wore, their culture would have suffered seriously. Her nice perception of the relative value of things guided her to a wise decision, however, and she set aside a part of every afternoon to read to and with her children, whose pleasure in reading was increased tenfold by their mother's participating in it. She carefully selected the volume herself, thereby helping to form a fine and correct literary taste on their part. All the morning they were looking forward eagerly to the delightful afternoon reading with mother, and the no less delightful talk and discussion that followed the reading. Mrs. Barney was inclined to look on the whole proceeding as frivolous, and would count up how many apples she could pare while the reading was going on, not realizing that the book afforded the children a finer aliment than any which is derived from "the kindly fruits of the earth." She boasted once of having made her daughter a dress with fifty

yards of tucking and a hundred yards of hemming during the time that it took Mrs. Lewis to read aloud "Undine," but a glimpse into this wonderful, delightful fairy-land amply repaid Mrs. Lewis's little girls for having their dresses made more simply.

Mrs. Lewis, although she made her children's clothes, put out her own, which Mrs. Barney considered an unpardonable piece of extravagance and mismanagement. As Mr. Lewis was in moderately good circumstances, and she did not waste his substance by any attempts to live or dress "stylishly," Mrs. Lewis felt herself entitled to the indulgence of putting out part of her sewing, especially as the seamstress to whom she gave it was supporting a bed-ridden mother. She contended that to give work to people who needed it was the truest charity, and ought always to be done when any one's circumstances justified it. Her course was very different from that of the wealthiest woman in the village, who did all her own sewing, and bought extra jewelry and other finery with the money her husband allowed her for putting it out.

By putting out part of her sewing, and by attending closely and systematically to her household work in the forenoon, Mrs. Lewis managed (except in times of unusual pressure) to have the better part of the afternoon at her disposal for culture and open-air exercise, and was thus enabled to keep up three pursuits she dearly loved, each of which served as a medium for her forming a high use and conveying great enjoyment to others. These three pursuits were reading, singing and raising flowers. She was continually enlarging and improving her own mind, along with her children's, by reading pure and high-toned literature. Though not a brilliant musician, she had a sweet, sympathetic voice, and she kept up her singing diligently because it was such a recreation and pleasure to her husband and children. Every evening the strains of some sweet ballad would issue from their little sitting-room, and Mr. Lewis, who had come home wearied with the cares and perplexities of business, would be soothed and refreshed as he listened. Their evenings were indeed very pleasant and restful, for they made it a rule that the labors and cares of the day should not be suffered to intrude on these hours, which were devoted to music, conversation and reading.

Mrs. Barney, on the contrary, continued to pursue her toilsome round at night; so her evenings were scarcely more refreshing than her days, and were far from bringing that

"Truce to tumult and to care,"

which the poet ascribes to eventide.

Mrs. Lewis paid a great deal of attention to the cultivation of flowers; and the time spent on her flower-garden was not only of great service to her health, but resulted in a wealth of beautiful flowers that were a constant delight to all her household and to every passer-by. She was enabled not only to keep her house adorned with these most exquisite of all ornaments, but to diffuse them all around her, thereby often cheering the sick and the sad.

As soon as Mr. Lewis returned from his business in the evening, they would all take a walk, and enjoy the refreshing evening air and the glories of the sunset. These walks, on which Mrs. Barney passed her strictures at the opening of our sketch, greatly strengthened and invigorated Mrs. Lewis, besides yielding her that pure enjoyment which every lover of nature feels in communing with her. Mrs. Barney looked on it as so much clear loss of time; but had she realized how it recreated both mind and body, she would have seen that it was really a wise economy of time. Moderate relaxation exemplifies the French motto, "*Réculer pour mieux sauter*" (Drawing back in order to leap better).

There was another custom in Mrs. Lewis's household which Mrs. Barney considered as frivolous as their walks and readings. This was their custom of indulging in table-talk, especially at dinner and supper, when the pressure of the day's work was abated or over. Meals were purely a business matter with Mrs. Barney, and were dispatched with promptitude and interlarded only with brief fragments of talk. But in Mrs. Lewis's household they were seasons of social reunion and enjoyment, deriving their finest flavor from the pleasant, good-humored flow of conversation that garnished them, whereby cheerfulness and digestion were alike promoted. Their meals were plainer than Mrs. Barney's, but they were eaten with more enjoyment. Life is too short for us to elaborate everything we undertake; therefore Mrs. Lewis did not feel justified in spending a great amount of time or money on her table. She chose to have simpler clothes for herself and children, and fewer dainties on her table, so as to have time and means for more excellent things. Her table, however, was always inviting, with its nice appointments and wholesome, palatable food, whilst her wardrobe was always neat and tasteful. More than this she could not attempt, without subordinating the greater to the less.

Mrs. Barney and Mrs. Lewis are about the same age, both being under forty; but Mrs. Lewis is far fresher, both in mind and body, from having so much more judiciously husbanded and expended her vitality, and from her thoughts and pursuits having taken so much wider a range, and from her having wisely blended the ideal and the practical in her life. Whoever disregards the ideal (which is the bright fairy world of our souls, and the fountain from which the activities of the actual are fed), shuts a noble, upper chamber in his nature, through whose doors and windows (if they were opened) would stream

"The light that never was by land or sea."

Whilst on the other hand, he who disregards the practical is like a man who fails to lay a foundation for his house. The true wisdom is to make provision for this twofold life of ours, and to give each its due aliment and due attention. Whoever separates the higher and the lower life, as Mrs. Browning says,

"Leads vulgar days,

Deals ignorantly with men, is wrong, in short,  
At all points."

This was just the mistake that Mrs. Barney made in her management, though, as we have said above, she was generally conceded to be "a capital manager." If toiling and delving, without rest or recreation, to the exclusion of culture, to the shutting out of the flowers and sunshine of life, and to the injury of health, constitute a good manager, assuredly she was one. But when we consider the more healthful tone of mind and body enjoyed by Mrs. Lewis, the atmosphere of culture, and the buoyant, cheerful spirit pervading her household, and their wider and more rational use and enjoyment of life, I hold that to her belongs in a higher and juster sense the title of "A Capital Manager." MARY W. EARLY.

### WHICH WAY WAS BEST?

ALL the way up and down the street, notwithstanding the many faces that came before Daisy Fairfield, the only faces that she really saw were those many hundred miles away that she saw with her mind's eye by the aid of memory. There was the family group—manly beauty, womanly grace, the glad flower-faces of the little children, and the weary yet patient face of the sorely-tried invalid in the easy-chair. How plain Daisy could see them, though it was years since she had been with them. Were they thinking of her now? She almost imagined she could hear the tones of their voices. She could see the delicately-penciled eyebrow and the long lashes of the little girl. She could see the mirthful smile of *pater familias*, and then it was the mother's anxious, loving look that she saw reflected in all the faces.

These people she had considered her best friends once. She had not feared to think aloud before them. She had loved and admired them. To bring them some small joy had been one of her sweetest pleasures. They had stood aside, however, when trial came. When principle and duty were at stake, and she had been true to both, they had joined in criticism with those who opposed. No, Daisy would not bring charges or shape them in her mind. They had been very cruel. She would not say so to others. It was not that which hurt her. But they had acted so unworthy of themselves! There was the hurt in Daisy's mind. She had been just the same to them while intercourse necessarily lasted, in all sympathy and loyalty. But lately intercourse had quite ceased. Should she renew it? No. Yet the faces—how they haunted her! Should she meet them again, she would show the politeness due to herself in her treatment of old acquaintance. But the old, glad, kind interest! Oh, no, she could not show that! It would be hypocrisy. She could not. Still, there were the faces; she could not get rid of them. The touch of the little child's beautiful hand in her own came back to her. Was it an angel that put away the veil of separation and distance, and made these sweet, old friends, now virtually enemies, so present to her? "Do good unto all men," was the injunction that came into her mind. "Be sincere," said an

inward monitor. "Never act or speak that which you do not feel."

Then tears dimmed her sight as she thought of the sincere love of the Divine One manifest in the flesh; and when she reached her office, and saw the wealth of flowers kind hands had laid on the desk—the opening, fair Cornelia roses, the crimson buds, fair lily-bells, forget-me-not, and blooms for which she knew no name—a tear or two dropped upon the fair petals.

A little time has passed. It is a bitter winter night, far from the busy, lighted city. The family room is unusually silent. The invalid suppresses an exclamation of pain, and sighs softly. The mother looks anxiously now and then from her work to the dark-browed man who sits gazing into the glowing coal-fire. The children sit with pictures in a corner, and hush each other with, "Don't disturb papa."

"It is poor reward for all my years of faithful service of the board and cause," he says. "I could not believe it when they told me Robinson was appointed in my place," and the finely-chiseled, handsome face was dropped in his hands.

A little silence fell upon the group. Then the mother spoke: "What will you do?"

"The way is all hedged up. I cannot see."

The unusually self-controlled man spoke almost with a groan.

Seth Alloway opened the door and stepped into the room.

"I was coming up from the express-office, and I brought this box," said the neighborly voice, and with the kindly, good-natured curiosity which people always smiled at, and loved him all the better for, because it was so "good-natured," Seth supplemented, "and I'll open it here and now, if you say so."

"Oh, do open it!" said the children. "Papa, is it anything you sent for?"

"I have sent for nothing," said the listless, indifferent tones.

And Robbie dropped the cat and said: "Do you know about the 'fernal machines, Sethy? Better take care!"

"Here goes," said Seth Alloway, tearing off cover, and removing papers, and layers of cotton, and various protective agents, till "Oh! oh! oh!" from mamma and children made the father turn his head.

"O papa! do look here!" cried little May, and the rare hot-house flowers in their fresh beauty and fragrance, in lavish variety, and with clustering grapes, and tropical fruit, and dainty good things, with a new cordial, a great panacea, especially for the invalid, brought smiles to all faces.

"Who in the world ever sent them, mamma; don't you know?" and Rob drew out a picture—"Can't you speak?"—and found his name written on the back.

There was a picture for May, too, of a poor little chicken out sailing, with an old shoe for a boat. Doubtless you have seen it in the shop-windows; but May never had. And there was a story-book. And

last there was a letter from Daisy Fairfield. In the postscript she asked if they knew of any one to supply the vacant chair of a certain Greek professorship. As she wrote, the question was being discussed in her hearing as to where the fit man could be found.

"Rupert, this is providential," said the mother. "Will you not let Professor Tisdale recommend you? He is your friend, and asked you to write that critique."

The father bowed. A happy light was in his face. "I will write to-night," he said, "for yours and the children's sakes."

And the invalid spoke from her chair: "It's just like Daisy Fairfield—always thinking about other folks."

"I declare," said the mother, "the flowers quite took my breath away. I quite forgot who sent them. And then this opening for Rupert seemed so providential I could not think of anything else."

"Mamma, may I sleep with the new story-book under my pillow," asked May, "so I can read it when I first wake up?"

"I'm going to show my picture to the fellows at school to-morrow," said Rob; "and I don't believe any of 'em—'nless it's Fred Ross—ever saw a banana!"

"I think that cordial does make my throat feel better," said the invalid, an hour later; "and the fruit tastes better than anything I've had this winter."

It was difficult to say which looked happiest, the beautiful blossoms that, in vases and low plaques, displayed their loveliness and dispensed their fragrance throughout the room, or the faces that a little while before had been so dark and troubled.

Daisy Fairfield might have kept silence all her life, and, if not cherishing bitterness, might have withheld expression of the love that really did exist. Which way was the best? When life with its toils, its misunderstandings, its sadness and its hidden wants and painful strivings toward the light is all over, and when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, which way will then be seen to have been best, the scattering of all possible sunshine and help even in little ways, quick to obey inner monitions, letting God's good providence rule all, or the withholding of our little light and cheer because self bleeds a little now and then?

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

ONE person always appears well dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colors may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well dressed. To some persons, taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

## SWEDENBORG AND HIS GARDENER FOLK.

THE following incident in the life of Swedenborg, based upon oral tradition, is extracted from one of Dr. Wetterberg's (Uncle Adam's) interesting volumes written for the instruction and entertainment of the Swedish people. The story appears to have been told by one of Swedenborg's kinsmen, who, in company with his father, visited the house in which he lived, some years after his death. It was translated from the Swedish by Professor R. L. Tafel, who spent many months in Sweden collecting materials for an authentic life of the great seer. The first four pages of the narrative are omitted, as containing nothing of special interest to the general reader.

The little building in which he (Swedenborg) used to live, was in the rear of a large garden full of berry bushes and fruit trees. How simple and unassuming was this house! Nothing like the enchanted castle in the Arabian Nights, which I had pictured to myself. Instead of the castle, I found a one-story dwelling-house, with a few dark rooms; and instead of an enchanted dwarf, there came out a cheerful, friendly little woman, who asked whether we wished to see the assessor's room.

When the good old woman learned that we were distantly related to her assessor, the band of her tongue was loosened, and she related to us a little story, which I have never seen in print, and which, better than anything else, characterizes Swedenborg as a man. "Yes," said the little old woman, "people judge without seeing, and this almost cost me and Anderson our places. You see my old man who goes yonder, raking the flower-beds; it almost cost us our whole happiness."

"How so?" asked my father.

"You know, dear pastor, there were so many among our friends who said to me, 'You ought not to serve in Swedenborg's house, for he is no Christian,' they said. Now, the truth is, that then as now we thought ever so much of our assessor; and when I heard that he had not the true faith which leads to blessedness, I began to doubt whether it was right to serve in his house. It was a hard struggle, for I thought as much of the assessor as of my own father. And so I lay many a night weeping bitterly that the assessor was not a Christian, and praying for the salvation of his soul. I really fretted myself ill out of mere sorrow; for you see my friends worried me so much, and insisted that I should leave the house of this heathen who did not believe in Christ—for so they said. At last Anderson noticed that I no longer ate or drank, and wanted to know the cause; and he begged so hard that I told him all. Yes, Anderson is a good man, and he always believes me rather than himself; and so also he began to worry."

But if I should tell the whole story in her words, it would make the story too long; and so I shall relate briefly what happened.

One day the old man and the old woman, the modest gardener people, dressed in their holiday

suits, entered Swedenborg's silent study, the room with the brown panel-paintings and the gable windows, with a view out on the lilac bushes. Swedenborg sat with his head resting upon both hands, and poring over a large book. Astonished at the unusual noise, he raised his head and looked toward the door. There stood the good gardener people, in mid-week, all dressed in their holiday clothes, bowing and courtseying. On Swedenborg's grave but cheerful countenance there played a pleasant smile.

"Why dressed up so, Anderson and Margaret?" he said. "What do you want?"

This was not in truth easy to say; and instead of an answer, Margaret began to cry; and her husband tumbled his hat in a thousand wrinkles, and in his heart wished himself more than a thousand miles away.

"Is there any care that lies upon your hearts, any distress which has suddenly come over you?" said Swedenborg; "then speak out plainly, and, with God's help, it will all go well again."

"Yes," at last said the old gardener, "yes, we wish to leave the assessor's service."

Swedenborg seemed surprised. "Leave me! And why?" he asked, with his penetrating, friendly look, which pierced them even to their hearts. "I thought as we grew old together we should to our very end remain faithful to one another, and never separate in this life."

"Yes, so also we thought ourselves," burst out the housewife, almost overcome with tears. "For thirty years we have served you, and I thought it would be God's pleasure that we should die in your garden, and under your eyes, but, but—"

"Talk out, woman; what lies so heavily upon your heart? I know that both of you think a great deal of me. Is it not so?"

"Yes, before God it is so," said both of them together.

"Speak out then," said Swedenborg, with a smile, "and then we shall be able to help the matter."

The housewife, whose vehement emotion gave her courage to speak, and words to express her thoughts, at last began: "Yes, people say we ought not to serve you any longer, because you are not a right Christian."

"Nothing else, my good woman?" said Swedenborg, quietly; "nothing else? Well, let the world judge so; why should you think so?"

"You see you never go to church; for years the assessor has never been inside St. Mary's Church."

"Have you never read," replied Swedenborg, solemnly, "that, where two or three are gathered together in the Lord's name, there is His church and meeting-place? Do you believe that it is the steeple and copper roof which make a holy place of it? Do you believe that it is holy for any one else than him who has in his heart Christ's church? Do you believe that it is the walls, organ and pulpit which constitute its holiness?"

"No, no; I know that well enough."

"Well, then, here at home, in this room, in the

arbor, in the garden, wherever a man or spirit lives within or without space and time, wherever a prayer is either thought or read, wherever a voice of thanksgiving is sent up to Him who is the Giver of all good, there is his church. And it is consequently here, where I live sheltered from the world."

Both the faithful servants bowed their heads and said: "But this is not the way of the world."

"The way of the world, my friends?" replied Swedenborg. "I suppose the way of the world is Christian, is it not?"

"Yes, it is."

"In name it is, but not in spirit and in truth. Faith without works is a dead faith. A flower which does not live, is nothing but lifeless dust. And faith which does not live in every action of man is a dead faith; it is no faith at all. Here, my friends, see what this Christian world really does. They call, indeed, upon Him, the only Son, in their times of need; but they forget both His teaching and His life. Like an obstinate child who despises warning, they rush into all manner of lusts, into pride and wickedness, which are like a thin, frail covering over an abyss; and over this yawning abyss they scoff at their teacher, and act foolishly and madly, until this covering breaks. Then they call out for help, but in vain; for they have long since forfeited it. And sometimes they are dragged up again; but in their foolish pride they let go the saving hand, they spurn the healing repentance, and continue their course of vain talk and idle sport. So do professing Christians; and they think that all that is necessary for them is to have a priest to speak to them a few hours in the week about God and the Saviour; and they do not think that any more is required of them than to hear and to forget. They therefore believe that it is outward gesture, the singing of psalms, and the tone of the organ, together with the empty sound of recited prayers, which penetrate to the Lord in Heaven. Truly, when the people prostrate themselves in the churches, then it is the voice of a few only that penetrates to the Lord.

"Let me tell you something. To-day there was a little child sitting in the street, a little blind girl, who folded her little hands upon her lap, and turned her darkened eyes toward Heaven; and when I saw her, and asked her, 'What makes you look so happy, although you are blind?' the little girl said, 'I am thanking God our Father, who some day will take me to Him, and show me all His splendor.' Truly, my good people, it was only at the corner of the street that she sat; yet I took off my hat, and bowed my head, for I knew that God was near, and that this was a holy place. No; there is a worm gnawing at the kernel of Christianity, although its shell is whole. Charity is the kernel, and the outward forms are the shell. Where do you see charity in this uncharitable world? As long as violence prevails and rules, as long as selfishness and avarice oppress mankind, as long as earthly happiness is the goal which we endeavor to reach, so long the world is not Christian. But when men at all times and everywhere recognize

that they are in God's presence and under His eyes; when each of their actions is the reflection of His eternal love and of His example; when their goal is placed beyond the reach of time and not here in the dust, then only are men Christians. Do you know, my friends, what I have done? Nothing else than what was formerly done in Palestine. When the Christians were on the point of giving way, then the standard was thrown beyond as a goal for them to follow, and thither they pressed over to the other side; and as they rushed they conquered. So also have I set the goal of mankind, not only for their thoughts, but also for their deeds, into another world; so as to let them know that it is not enough for them to gather themselves together, but also to struggle. Such, then, is my faith. If I believe more than others, I certainly do not believe less. And now, my friends, look back upon those thirty years during which you have followed me almost daily with your eyes, and then judge whether I or others are Christians. Judge, yourselves. I submit myself to your judgment; then do whatever you think is right."

He beckoned with his hand and they went away. And then quietly, as if nothing had happened, he continued his reading. The next day they stood again, in their weekday clothes, in the presence of their master, who asked them with a friendly smile: "Well, how did the examination turn out?"

"O Herr Assessor," said both of them, "we looked for a single word, for a single action, which was not in agreement with what the Lord has commanded us; yet we could not find a single one."

"Very well," said Swedenborg; "but it is not quite so. Many thoughts have been, and many an action was, not perfectly straight; yet I tried to do as well as I could. And as a child, who in the beginning spells out his words, and stumbles often before he can read, provided he goes to work lovingly and cheerfully and strives hard to do better, is loved by his father, so also it may have been with me. At least I pray and hope that it may be so. But you will remain with me?"

"Yes, Herr Assessor, until our death."

"Thank you, my friends; I knew that it would be so. Let people say what they please about my teachings, but do you judge by my life. If they both agree, then all is right; but if there is the least disagreement between them, then one of the two must be wrong."

When the little old woman had finished her story, which she had told after the manner of her people, by constantly repeating, "said the assessor," and "said I," her eyes were glistening with emotion, and she added: "God, indeed, must have forsaken us when He allowed us to go astray so far as to suspect our own assessor not to be a Christian."

THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

## NOW IS THE TIME.

THE world is wide and full of work  
For willing hands to-day,  
And if we let the morning hours,  
All fresh with dew and bright with flowers,  
Unheeded slip away,

And only when the morn is past,  
The bright sun sinking low,  
Begin our task, our work undone  
And incomplete at set of sun,  
For aye remaineth so.

To-day some dark, unhappy home  
Our words and deeds may brighten;  
Some souls are going far astray  
That we may teach the better way;  
And sad hearts we may lighten.

Is there no work in our own hearts—  
Rank weeds we may remove?  
No root of evil there this hour,  
No bud to nourish into flower,  
Naught there we need to prove?

Ay, now is God's accepted time;  
He gave it you and me,  
That we might make our lives more fair,  
And rich with countless treasures rare,  
To all eternity.

The yesterday is gone for aye,  
And God still holds the morrow;  
Go work to-day, and thou shalt see  
How full of good the hours may be,  
How peace e'en comes of sorrow.

And he who weeping drops the seed  
Which, by and by upspringing,  
Becomes the blade and then the ear,  
Returns at length with singing;  
For doubtless he shall come again  
And bring his sheaves of ripened grain.

MRS. LIZZIE M. BOWLES.

WHAT COULD HE DO IN HEAVEN?—It was many years ago, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was traveling on the top of the coach. It was cold, wintry weather, and the coachman, as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him said: "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?" The clergyman said, with his eyes fixed upon him: "I cannot imagine what you will do in Heaven! There will be none to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to Heaven!"



# FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 5.

"HOW did I come for to marry Nathan, did you say?" said Aunt Betsey. "Oh, it was brought about in the ways of—providence, I suppose. Nothing romantic or made-up about it. I was spinning flax at Seth Runnels's mother's, over on the old Hayden farm, as you call it, and her Cousin Nathan come out from the old Virginia to see the new country. He made it his stopping-place at Mis Runnels's. Seth was away that spring, and Nathan come very handy to do chores, cut back-logs and do heavy jobs that me and Mis Runnels couldn't do ourselves, unless there wa'n't no man about, then we could do it, and it was nip and tuck between us to see who'd lift the heavy end of the log when we built fires.

"I took a likin' to Nathan as soon as I laid eyes on him. He come after night, footsore and tuckered out with his long walk. He carried his plunder in a white muslin knapsack slung on to his back with two shoulder-straps, and he walked with a cane that he cut and seasoned in the Kanawa Valley, long before he started. I often meditate on how he was dressed when he came. It was a trim suit, I tell you. His breeches were home-made linsey, his headgear was a coon-skin dressed with the hair on, the coon's head to come just above his forehead, and the tail to hang down behind. At first sight, a-body would think the coon had sprung up on his head and squatted there, it did look so natural and so life-like.

"But an old-time Virginia hunting-shirt goes ahead of any of the fashions of the present day. I tell you they do look trim and dressy. They are made a good deal like any other shirt in the body, only they have fringe on the flaps and round the little cape that hangs just off the shoulders. The fringe is always a different color from the shirt. Nathan's hunting-shirt was made of red chain and green filling, and the fringe was bright yellow. It was a jaunty little garment, and the flaps and the cape fluttered in the wind right cheerfully when he walked fast, and that was always, for Nathan never was dilatory, he had not a lazy bone in the whole constitution of him.

"The first I noticed of him in particular was that he could sit an hour at a time and watch me spin. He said he couldn't see for the life of him how the thread made itself so round and so smooth and free of lumps; it seemed to him to just flow right out of my fingers. It was his delight to see that the horn, which was a-nigh the flyers, had plenty of water in it. I always moistened my flax thread out of a horn; water was cheap, and when I first learned to spin I was taught to use a horn instead of wetting the thread with my mouth.

"One day as he sat watching me wind the flax on to the distaff, he said: 'Seems to me your distaff is kind of one-sided, and that I could find you a better one out in the woods.' Then he livened up suddenly,

and said: 'Betsey, s'posin' we take a walk next Sunday in the forty-acre woods and search for a real good, shapely distaff?'

"I said I didn't know but it would be a wise plan, answerin' indifferent-like, as I smoothed down the flax and tucked in the straying fluffs that hung like broken spiders' webs. I was afraid, you see, for fear he'd notice that I was dreadfully delighted. Why, I felt my heart beat lots faster over the idea of a friendly walk of a quiet Sunday, with this handsome young Virginian to help me over brush-fences and logs, and under tangles of hawthorn and wild brier-vines!

"This was on a Thursday. The time seemed very long till Sunday. The days were long, and the nights were longer. The old distaff seemed almost worthless; one side bulged out, and made the flax hang over so that I had to tip the arm of the wheel back a good ways to make it do at all.

"Well, Sunday morning came. I got up earlier than common, and helped Mis Runnels over with the meal, and the milking, and done up the dishes and the chores. Nathan hung a piece of bark on the outside of the window over a pane, and darkened it so he could see to shave himself. He took pains that morning. He was full of mischief, for when I threw out the dishwater, as I passed him, with his face white with foam, he looked up and made a grimace that was very funny.

"Mis Runnels was a Methodist—pretty strict she was—and for fear she'd object to our strolling on Sunday, Nathan brought it about in his peculiar way, by saying: 'Betsey, yon is a fine old tree, with the lower limbs sprawling out over the ground like a Banyan; looks invitin'; looks as if children played under it; seems as if it ought to be nigh to a school-house; let's go look at it,' and he put on his coon cap and started, and I flung on my pasteboard bonnet and followed.

"We sat under the tree awhile, and we wandered and wandered, I couldn't tell you where. We gathered bread-roots and ate them; peeled elm-bark and ate it; gathered service-berries, and wild flowers, and more than a dozen distaffs. Nathan said he'd got enough to last me all my life; and he did, if I'd only kept them; but I divided them round among the girls who had to find their own.

"You see a good distaff is generally the top of the middle branch out of a young dogwood-tree, about as thick, or a little thicker, than your thumb, one centre sprout and four or five round it. The tops of the twigs are bent down so as to bow out, and then tied fast to the one in the centre. The stem of the distaff is stuck into the hole in the arm of the wheel.

"I couldn't help contrasting Nathan with the other young men. He was so trim built, and his eyes were so bright, and his laugh so merry.

"We got home in time for a late dinner that day. Mis Runnels looked inquirin'-like, but said nothing. In the evening we—me and Nathan—kept company for the first time. We sat out on the wash-bench on the stoop. The night was warm, and it was as com-

fortable on the stoop as it was inside the house. He asked me that night if I was keeping company with any other young man. He had a girl down in old Virginia, he said, but she didn't begin to compare with the girl who had her store-house half-full of distaffs. I told him 'praise to the face was open disgrace;' and he pulled my curls and said I understood what he meant; and I knew he wouldn't tell an untruth.

"The next night old man Pettigrew preached at Abe Foster's, over two miles away, and we went to meeting together. Coming home, we loitered and looked at the stars, and came back rather tired, and sat and rested awhile on the wash-bench. Nathan said he was glad of one thing, and asked me to guess what that was. I said he was glad that he wa'n't Steve Loomis with his pack of dogs, the idle, diddling fellow. No, that wa'n't it. Well, he was glad that he was the best looking young man in the neighborhood. He said: 'Now, Betsey, do you believe that? Are you in earnest? Look in my eyes.'

"I looked; better for me that I hadn't. The moon shone full down into his face from a crack in the roof, where a clap-board was off; the coony cap was pushed back, and his white forehead looked so pretty, with his bright, earnest eyes gazing full into mine, that I turned away as quick as wink. I'll never forget how beautiful Nathan's face was! Positively, I believe I loved him then. Girls are not very wise, you know, at that age; they are very susceptible; ready to fall in love with a fellow who can fiddle, or dance, or sing, or one who has bright eyes or dashing ways. An elderly lady told me once that her husband's store of songs so sweetly sung was what captivated her in her teens. 'It was Hosea's sweet singing that made me love him first,' she remarked.

"'Guess again,' he said, and he held my hand so that I couldn't draw it away.

"I was timid about guessing, and finally he whispered low and said: 'Oh, I'm glad I am with you, Betsey—you, instead of that girl 'way down in old Virginia, Lydia Jane Gray!'

"I didn't know just what to say; my heart fluttered so that I could hardly catch a good breath. I was glad, too, but I put on a make-believe way, and said: 'Oh, that's the way men always talk—maybe you're glad. I have my doubts of who you dreamt about that night that Mis Runnels heard you make a fuss in your sleep.'

"'Betsey,' said he, serious like, 'I'll tell you what I dreamt that night, indeed and double I will. I thought you and I were crossing the foot-log over the creek at the carding-machine, with a big bundle of rolls tied up in a linen sheet. Just as we got to the middle of the log you slipped and fell off, and sunk to the bottom like a bullet. I dropped the rolls and jumped in after you; and it seemed to be night then; but I got hold of your frock and gathered you up, and reached the bank clear out of breath, when what was my disappointment to find that, instead of you, I had got hold of the bundle of rolls, and saved them, and not you. That was what made me cry out

like a young painter, and was why Mis Runnels woke me. I'll never forget how sorry I felt when I came to see that instead of you, my dear friend, I had saved the dripping bundle tied up in a sheet.'

"We went to bees together, and to singing-school, and we gathered plums, and when the weather was very warm, Nathan sat in on the stoop and helped me to scald and seed the plums, ready for drying. He was as handy as any women working with plums and berries.

"One day we were going over to one of the neighbor's to a raising, and Nathan said, 'Betsey, s'posin' you wear your red and white gingham dress, and the little yellow scarf your uncle sent you.' I was willing, but I made answer kind of carelessly, and asked why. He colored up as red as the red chain in his hunting shirt, and said, 'Oh, cause I think you look the nicest in that; makes you look so fair and white.'

"I replied very carelessly, 'much you care how I look, indeed.' You see I began to think it was time for him to manifest his feelin's some way or other. I was kind of dubious, his gettin' letters every now and then from the old Virginia must mean something. I thought maybe Lydia Jane Gray was taking on at his absence, and so I added, 'Mr. Nathan, I s'pose your girl in the old Virginia wears a pink and white gingham, and it 'minds you of her when I wear mine—sort of consoles you for her loss. Yes, sir, I'll wear it, anything to please you when you are so lonely, and so far away from your sweetheart.' And I stepped lively to the chest and took out my ruffled gingham, and opened my little elm bark box and flung out the yellow scarf, and began winding my hair over and over my fingers so as to have a curl put back of each ear.

"'Betsey Donaldson,' said he, looking up from the shoes he was greasing in the sunshine by the end door, 'I have told you time and again, as plain as I could hint, that ever since I came out here I have enjoyed myself as I never did before,' and he grew redder and redder.

"I felt the very mischief in my eyes, but I looked out of the window, away to the bare trees in the clearing, still winding the curls over my fingers, and continued: 'This is a more healthy climate than 'tis among the mountains; the air is better, and the water, and our victuals are different. "Change of pastur' is good for calves," as the saying is.' I peeped round and met his gaze directed fairly and squarely toward me. He looked undecided, puzzled, angry, looked down at his greasy hands, at the shoes, caught a long breath and went on with the job, muttering something that sounded like 'hang the girl!'

I wore the dress and the scarf, and I observed that the bright eyes of Nathan rested upon me, and followed me, and seemed to be full of thoughts. What they were I half-guessed. In the evening a crowd of boys and girls went our way home, clear up to the bars, and Joe Gingery and Tom Banning went even further, and stopped at our spring for a drink. There was no chance for any private talk, even if Nathan did desire it. I hurried on into the house

and went to bed before the boys came up from the spring. I thought if Nathan Livingston wanted to say his mind, he could do it without any of my con-  
niving.

"He came on to the stoop, stood there a minute, coughed, coughed again; stepped inside of the door and softly said: 'Betsey, Betsey!' I listened my very sharpest and I will confess that I rather liked it when I heard him catch a long, quivering breath, and say, in an angry whisper, 'Hang the girl!'"

"He must have sat out on the stoop a long while, for after I had dozed, I woke and heard him climbing the ladder to go to his bed up in the loft.

"Then, after he was in bed, I heard him turn and tumble round uneasily, and get up and sit on the box a good spell.

"I thought I'd try his mettle the next day. Mis Runnels went over to Wheeler's to borrow a number five hundred reed for the web of blankets. I was left alone. Nathan was cleaning his gun out by the shed. This was my chance, and I thought it was time and opportunity.

"I took down the ink horn, got half a sheet of paper, sharpened the quill pen, and seated myself by the window to write a letter to my sister in New York. When the gun was cleaned and wiped dry, Nathan came in, and, stepping up on a chair, laid it in the hooks above the fire-place, up on the joists. Then he turned and looked at me. For good manners I laid down the pen, and, glancing at the gun, said: 'That's one good job done.' He made no answer, only a twinkle of his eyes. Then I took up the pen, examined the nib and said, sharpening it a little with the knife: 'I wish my task was over; I am writing a letter to my sister Martha Ellen, down in York State. She has always wanted me to come and live with her, make her house my home, and I'm writing to say that I'll come.'

"'Betsey! go away from here! never come back any more!' said Nathan, aimlessly, grabbing at the neck of his hunting-shirt, and twisting it as he would wring the neck of a meddlesome chicken that had been trying his patience in the corn-field.

"Of course, said I, in an easy tone of voice, a little trembly—put in for effect, you see. 'Of course, why should I ever come back here? any girl could do chores for Mis Runnels; it's all one to her; nobody would miss me, I'm certain;' and here I looked down and twirled the feather end of the quill pen, and let a quiver just touch my lips visibly.

"What was that? Nothing, only when Nathan rose his heel caught in the lower rung of the chair, and nearly tipped it over, and then I heard a little sob, or something that sounded like a sob, held in check. He took two or three hasty strides and his hand touched my bowed head and softly slid down over my eyes, and then the sob burst out into a cry of real distress.

"How touching is the cry from the heart of any man! Women may cry, and do cry daily, and it is well enough, but a man—poor Nathan! I put up both my hands against his, and cried too. We both

cried. He was sorry, grieved, and filled with a sudden fear of loss; and I wept from sympathy; poor Nathan!

"Pretty soon he hushed the wail, dropped down on his knees beside me, and looking into my face, which he held tightly framed, he said: 'Betsey, I'll die if you ever, ever leave me! So you want to go? Is your sister more to you, lone woman as you are, than I am? Answer me; which one do you love best?'"

"I looked down; the chain in his dressy, new hunting-shirt was a dingy, faded red, beside the red that burned in my face!

"'Answer me,' he said, and his voice was full of misery; 'Which? the sister who left you in your infancy to fight your way alone among strangers, earning a living as best you might, or myself, young and free and brave, and loving you more than I love anything in this world. Come, come, Betsey! I can't stand this strain and live! Which? Martha Ellen or Nathan?'"

"I reached out both my hands and laid them in his, and looking fairly into the honest face beside me, I said the one word that the young Virginian so longed to hear—'Nathan! Nathan!'"

PIPSEY POTTS.

### DULCE, DULCE DOMUM.

**D**ULCE, dulce domum—no winter is there,  
No dead leaves lie crumbling beneath the cold  
snow;

No weary ones wander, in hunger and care,  
No clouds gather darkly, nor blighting winds blow—  
Oh! where does it lie  
Beyond the blue dome of the star-sprinkled sky?

*Dulce, dulce domum*—how lovely it seems  
To fancy's fair vision, through all the dim days;  
Away in the uplands of azure and beams,  
Abloom with spring blossoms, and vocal with praise;  
Oh! where does that home  
Lie curtained away, in the violet dome?

*Dulce, dulce domum*—we wonder and gaze  
On the myriad worlds that are floating on high,  
Resplendent with beauty—with glory ablaze,  
Revolving around that sweet home in the skies—  
Oh! the wondrous UNKNOWN!  
Perhaps it is sparkling in far Alcione.

*Dulce, dulce domum*—no mortal can tell  
Which world of all worlds that are rolling above,  
Is the home of the soul, where life's treasures now  
dwell—  
The throne of "our Father" of infinite love—  
Oh! where do they dwell?  
Our loved ones? our lost ones? no mortal can tell.

*Dulce, dulce domum*—we'll know by and bye,  
When reaching for light in the earth-way is done  
We'll walk the wide worlds that are shining on high,  
With long buried loves, when the mystic is won—  
Oh! the grand EVERMORE!  
We'll know by and bye—we are nearing the shore!

SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

## BOY-SMOKERS.

A LEARNED Professor of Medicine in one of our universities some time ago made the remark to us that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual smokers of tobacco. The smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and to have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel at examinations for degrees. We repeat the remark as we heard it, and submit it for consideration. Perhaps other professors equally candid and observant might have a similar tale to tell.

As is pretty generally known, the smoking of tobacco has a certain intoxicating effect. It soothes the nervous system, and in cases of poor living it lulls the craving of a hungry stomach without in any degree feeding the animal system. Men who happen to be inclosed in a coal-mine, and are perishing for lack of food, are stated to have protracted life by a few consoling whiffs of tobacco. In cases of this nature, smoking may be allowable as a positive necessity; but we cannot perceive the slightest reason for this indulgence in ordinary circumstances. As usually observed, smoking is a vice, like dram-drinking. It is taken up in a spirit of idleness, without a vestige of excuse. We need say little of its wastefulness of means, though that must be very considerable. The government duties alone exigible on the tobacco used in the United Kingdom amount to about nine millions annually; and if we add the cost of the article, the yearly tobacco bill to smokers probably reaches the sum-total of twenty millions. We have heard of instances of youths in fashionable life who yearly smoke fifty pounds' worth of cigars, and doubtless there are many whose outlay must be far greater. Among the less affluent classes, the habitual expenditure on tobacco cannot but encroach on available means of living, and often when the outlay can be ill spared. Viewed as a narcotic, tobacco may be presumed to be of some value medically, though we have never heard what are its actual merits in the pharmacopœia. What we specially draw attention to are its mischievous effects on the youths growing into manhood. It tends to a weakening of the intellectual system, which to all who have to make their way in the world ought to be exposed to no such blighting influence.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the fact that tobacco-smoking pollutes the breath, damages the teeth, and weakens the digestive organs. In not a single feature, as a common indulgence, is it commendable, but very much the reverse. It disposes to inactivity and carelessness. Few habitual smokers attain to eminence in business. Farmers given to smoking are usually the latest in getting in their crops. As publicly exhibited, the practice is odious. Smoking in the streets has become a downright nuisance, for passengers are compelled to inhale the fumes, whether of cigars or pipes, disgorged by smokers. In steam-vessels the nuisance has risen to

something absolutely intolerable. We believe it is often the cause of destructive fires in dwellings, warehouses, farm-yards and ships. In our voyage to America in a steam-vessel some years since, we were not a little surprised and horrified to observe the reckless indifference with which certain passengers threw down the still-burning ends of cigars and matches on the deck—a practice which strangely enough did not seem to incur the reprobation of the officers on duty.

Within our recollection, few but those of middle or old age smoked. The practice has now been imitated by the young. Boys of ten years old are seen with pipes in their mouths, and lads at the different colleges think it manly to have smoking-parties. It appears to us that writers on matters of public health have been singularly remiss in not denouncing the mischievous effects of smoking on youth. We hear plentifully of the ruinous effects of liquid intoxicants, but little of the injury committed on the youthful body or mind by drugging with tobacco. The German authorities, as we learn by a correspondence in *The Times*, have at length become alive to the pestilent evil. They would probably not have troubled themselves on the subject, but for a political reason. In Germany, all males from their birth are enrolled to be soldiers, and discovery is made that the youths who are about to take their turn in the ranks have been weakened by smoking. "The State," as is observed, "must have a nation of soldiers. Smoking is believed to be ruinous to the constitution of the young. It weakens the powers of the stomach at that important crisis of our development when the largest quantities of food have to be assimilated to build up the growing frame. It lowers the vitality of the body, and affects the action of the heart. Muscle, energy, endurance, indeed all that makes the man and the soldier, are thus at stake. The youthful nature is more susceptible of such injurious influences, and the young may be said to make or unmake themselves by their own habits. The German physicians appear to have arrived at the conclusion, no doubt on the proof of facts, that a young tobacco-smoker unmakes and in a manner destroys himself, and incapacitates himself for the defence of his country." As a result, the police in certain towns have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine or imprisonment. As the Germans might be called a nation of smokers, with a correspondent amount of dreaminess in their constitution, we await with some interest to hear the outcome of this new and judicious course of policy.

In reference to the foregoing observations on the discouragement of tobacco-smoking in Germany, a correspondent gives his own experience. "I may mention," he says, "that while traveling last month on a Danish steamer, I had much conversation on various subjects with a Belgian medical man, who informed me that he was then engaged, at the request of the Belgian government, on a journey of observation and inquiry as to the causes of color-

blindness, an ocular affection which, he said, is occasioning increasing anxiety, not merely in his own country, but especially in Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also, to some extent, upon military inefficiency. I asked the question: 'What, so far as your investigations have proceeded, appears to be the main cause of this color-blindness?' He replied: 'The too general and excessive use of tobacco.'

We have only touched on this important subject. The odious practice of tobacco-smoking by the young concerns the national welfare, and is worthy of very general consideration. Every one in his sphere is called on as a matter of moral obligation to do what lies in his power to discountenance and abate a practice so needless and reprehensible.

### THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

OUR object is not to give a history of this famous "Masjad al Alharam" (sacred or inviolable temple), for centuries revered by the pagan Arabs, and now, to each Moslem heart, the Holy of Holies toward which he must pray, and to which, if practicable, make at least one pilgrimage—but simply and briefly to draw a pen-portrait thereof.

The Temple of Mecca is in the midst of that city. In the centre stands the chief object of veneration, a square-stone building, generally called "Caaba"—either because of its height or of its quadrangular form—but sometimes Beit Allah, the house of God. The Caaba, from north to south, is twenty-four cubits in length, from east to west twenty-three cubits; and its height, surpassing that of all other Meccan buildings, is twenty-seven cubits. The door is at the east, and about four cubits from the ground—the floor being level with the bottom of the door. The roof of the Caaba is double, and upheld within by three octangular pillars of aloes wood; between which, from an iron bar, silver lamps are suspended. The outside of the sacred building is covered with handsome black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of gold, which is changed yearly, and is now provided, we believe, by the Turkish Sultan, though formerly by the rulers of Egypt, and originally by the Khalifs.

At some distance, on the south, north and west sides of the Caaba, are the three "oratories" or "palaces," where three of the orthodox sects perform their devotions; toward the south-east stand the treasury, the Cupola of Al Abbas, and a structure covering the well Zemzem, fabled to be the spring at which Hagar drew for her boy, and the waters of which are regarded with great reverence. Nearer the Caaba, and to the east, is the "station" of Abraham, where another sect, that of Al Shafei (the one remaining orthodox party), assemble to worship. In this place is a stone—upon which are professedly shown the footsteps of Abraham—kept in an iron chest, from which pilgrims drink the water of Zemzem, and to which the "Koran" commands them to

pray. To the north of the Caaba, within a semi-circle fifty cubits in length, is found the celebrated "white stone," supposed to be the sepulchre of Ishmael, and receptacle for the rain-water that falls from the sacred roof, and is conveyed thither *via* a golden spout. But most noted and respected of the Caaba three, is the "black stone," set in silver, and placed in the south-east corner of the building, close by the door, and seven spans from the ground. It is said that this is one of the precious stones of Paradise, that it fell thence with Adam (for the Mohammedan believes the Garden of Eden to have been, not on the earth, but above it), and after several like episodes, found its position within the Caaba. It was once white, the present blackness being assigned to several causes, of which the most sensible, though by no means most romantic, is in the touches and kisses of so many people; for, be it known, each pilgrim, as he faces about the Caaba, devoutly presses his lips to this wonderful stone, which some even call "the right hand of God on earth."

The Caaba, just beyond the "oratories" of which we have spoken, is partially surrounded by a semi-circular inclosure of pillars, joined near the bottom by a low balustrade, and near the top by bars of silver. At a greater distance is another inclosure consisting of a splendid piazza, or square colonnade, covered with small domes; from each corner of this piazza rises a "minaret" or steeple, with double galleries and decorated with gilded spires and crescents, also abundant upon all the cupolas within the place. Between the pillars hang a large number of lamps, always lighted at night. In this second inclosure, the temple "proper" finds its limit; but the whole region of Mecca being "Haram" or "sacred," there is yet a third, marked out by light turrets at set distances one from another, and several, in some cases, so much as ten miles from the city. K12.

### ORIGIN OF THE WIND-FLOWER.

A ZEPHYR, breathing spring perfume,  
Kissing the buds to perfect bloom,  
Pausing to sway the blue-bird's nest,  
Or dandelion's golden crest,  
Now, wavering o'er the violet's bed,  
In softly-sighing murmurs said,  
"So sweet are ye, O flowers of May,  
A blossom too I fain would stay!"

A listening angel heard the prayer,  
And straight arose a floweret there;  
Two fretted leaves of tenderest green,  
With graceful hair-like stem between;  
Surmounting all, a blossom fair,  
Poised like a tear-drop trembling there.  
And still, in every bud that swells,  
The spirit of the zephyr dwells;  
And that is why wind-flowers bend low  
In greeting when May breezes blow.

RUTH.

LENOX DARE:

THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

GUY FOSDICK, in his growing intimacy with Lenox Dare, could not fail to learn something of her history. Her home at Briarswild, the life she led there, the people most closely associated with it, came up frequently in her talk. Guy showed an interest, which this time was not assumed, in all that concerned her. There was something about these people who had adopted the orphan grandniece of old Colonel Marvell and of whom she was so fond, that puzzled him. They seemed as much out of the line of his ordinary experiences as Lenox herself. They lived on a farm, in a little out-of-the-way country town. They could be nothing more than simple, kind-hearted, good-natured folk, the fastidious youth frequently told himself, but in his own mind he was not more than half-satisfied with the social status which he rather contemptuously awarded the Mavis household. There was one person too, about whom he felt a curiosity, which he would have scorned to own, even to himself. Ben Mavis's name came up, as frequently and naturally in Lenox's talk, as his mother's did. Ben indeed, was so much a part of her home-life that it was impossible to know her long without hearing about him. When he first caught the name, Guy manifested a curiosity which his companion was not slow to gratify.

"Who is Ben Mavis," she said, repeating Guy's inquiry. "He is the noblest, dearest, kindest-hearted fellow in the whole world, Mr. Fosdick. How I wish you could know him!"

"He must be a lucky fellow—whatever he is—to stand so high in your good graces, Miss Dare," answered the young man. "I might not, however, be able to share your enthusiasm for him."

"Oh, you couldn't help doing that, when you came to know him," exclaimed Lenox decidedly, and she went on to describe Ben in a way that, had he overheard her, would have made his frank, handsome face flush with pleased shame. She related all sorts of stories of their life together under the happy home-roof and in the wide out-doors of Briarswild.

Guy was not long in making up his mind that Ben Mavis was in love with Lenox Dare. That conviction did not enhance his friendly feeling toward the young man.

As for Lenox, she puzzled Guy here, as she did in most things. He could not make up his mind as to the nature of her regard for young Mavis. "Could it be so frank, so outspoken, if it were really that of a young girl for her lover?" Guy asked himself this question a good many times every day, and was never able to answer it satisfactorily to his own mind. His interest in her friend pleased Lenox, who little

suspected what was at the bottom of it. She was always ready to talk about Ben, and young Fosdick was always ready to listen, though he sometimes felt a strong inclination to break out and curse the fellow. Could it be that this elegant youth, this Harvard graduate, this squire of drawing-rooms was jealous of this "country bumpkin, this backwoods farmer," as he called Ben Mavis in his thoughts.

"I see the young fellow is a sort of god in your eyes. If I took him precisely at your word, Miss Dare, I should imagine some impossible combination of Apollo and Nestor in this young man, who, very likely, seems to his neighbors of no finer clay than themselves. Even my dull vision might be able to detect some flaws in your hero."

There was the faintest touch of irony in Guy's light tones as he made this speech. Lenox only half discerned that, but it was enough to put her on her mettle. She turned to Guy now, with a certain bridling of her head which he thought became her immensely.

"When you speak of Ben Mavis to me, Mr. Fosdick," she said, looking him straight in the eyes with her own radiant, half-defiant, "will you please to do it in—in a little different tone?"

"I've ventured on dangerous ground!" thought Guy, and he hastened to make his peace. "I beg your pardon, Miss Dare," he said. "I did not suppose my foolish jest could annoy you. You can forgive me, I am sure, for being slightly envious of this lucky young friend of yours."

"Envious!" repeated Lenox, with her innocent, puzzled eyes.

"Of course I am!" replied Guy, with a glance and tone that would have raised many a young girl to a seventh heaven of delight. "Your liking for this precious fellow makes you put all the rest of his kind so immensely into the background!"

The subtle look and tone were lost on Lenox. But she answered the words gravely, half-apologetically.

"But you see, Mr. Fosdick, nobody could be to me what Ben Mavis is. If he were my brother, I could not love him better."

"But the fact remains for all that, he is not your brother, Miss Dare; not your remotest connection, even, and yet you tell me, with those great, honest eyes of yours looking straight at me, that you love him!"

"Better than anybody in the world!" answered Lenox's loyal heart and soul, "unless it may be his mother!"

"May you always add that last clause, Miss Dare! when your feeling for young Mavis is the subject of our talk. I am not sure, however, he would echo that wish of mine."

Guy watched the girl's face very narrowly now, for he made this last remark with a motive.

Lenox looked puzzled for a moment, then, as his meaning broke on her, she burst into the gayest laugh. "Did young Fosdick really suppose Ben Mavis was in love with her? Could anything more absurd be imagined?" she thought.

Greatly as the idea amused her, she yet felt as

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though it were a sort of reflection on Ben, and, for his sake, half-resented it.

"O, Mr. Fosdick, you were never more mistaken in your life. Ben Mavis is entirely above any absurdity of that sort. He is only the truest friend, the dearest brother a girl could ever have!"

Nobody could doubt the absolute sincerity of this remark. Its total lack of vanity struck Guy dumb for a moment. Here was a young girl who actually resented the idea of a lover! He had not supposed such a phenomenon was possible. This talk occurred as the two sat on the shingles the very day that Guy Fosdick took Lenox out on her first sail.

It was the keynote to many a subsequent talk. Guy had his own motives for frequently alluding to Ben Mavis; and Lenox was always sufficiently ready to respond to this subject. Young Fosdick was perfectly aware that she would any moment have gladly relinquished his society for that of the absent youth. The thought was not flattering to the young man's self-love.

"Am I actually fallen so low as to be jealous of a country bumpkin?" he asked himself, remembering his fascinations for most of Lenox's sex. Yet whenever he hinted of the existence of any sentimental feeling between the two, Lenox always treated the matter with a half-incredulous, half-amused scorn, which he saw was not assumed to conceal any deeper emotion. But her indifference to certain looks, and tones and speeches of his own was not less transparent.

Lenox Dare, however, little as she suspected it, was, at this time on perilous ground. Her nature was, as we have seen, one that ripened slowly out of the innocence and unconsciousness of childhood, but as she said of herself, she was "deep in seventeen," and she was thrown daily into the society of a man of the world, who was doing his best to fascinate her. Nobody who saw her bright, cordial greeting of the young man could doubt that his companionship was becoming day by day more agreeable to her. What girl could long withstand those graceful attentions, those subtle flatteries! The romance of young maidenhood might any moment be awakened in the soul of Lenox Dare. She would never flirt with Guy Fosdick, as plenty of young girls were in the habit of doing, but there was nothing to hinder her falling in love with him.

At the end of three weeks, during which they had spent a large share of every day in each other's society, Guy Fosdick invited Lenox to drive with him to Rye Beach. She accepted the invitation with a pleasure sincere and outspoken as a child's; but the maiden heart and fancy of Lenox Dare were still as untouched by the elegant stranger as they were that morning when she first met him on the rocks.

It was early in the forenoon when Guy's light buggy drew up at the gate of the square white house. Lenox must have caught sight of him from the window, for she was at the gate by the time he had alighted.

"I was too impatient to keep you waiting a mo-

ment, Mr. Fosdick," she said, with a merry little laugh; and he thought she had never looked quite so tantalizingly picturesque as she did at that moment. She wore, for the first time, the new suit which Mrs. Mavis had finished for her the day before she left home. The light and dark grays of the costume made a pretty contrast, and were surmounted by a little gray hat, with a cluster of small foam-like plumes just tipped with gold.

And in all the world there was no gladder heart that morning than the young girl's who sat by Guy Fosdick's side, and rolled away from the voices of the sea into the green old highways.

And the gladness was in her shining eyes, in her glancing smile, in her sparkling talk. It made her a bright electric presence that morning. It half-turned the head—it was a pretty cool one, too, considering his years—of her companion.

Ignorant as Lenox Dare was of men and of the world, she was no simpleton. She was quite aware that young Fosdick pressed her hands at meeting and parting; that he often looked at her with something unutterable and mysterious in his gaze, and accompanied the look with tender, significant tones. She had settled it in her own mind, however, that these things meant only ordinary courtesies; they were probably the habits of the society in which he moved. This theory had enabled Lenox to meet all the young man's advances with a cool unconsciousness which protected her better than the subtlest arts of the most finished coquette.

I suppose no man can be brought within the powerful attraction of a pure and simple nature without being himself elevated by that contact. The best side of Guy Fosdick had certainly come to the surface in his acquaintance with Lenox Dare. In her presence he often forgot to be anything but simple, and honest and manly. She drew him—at least while he was in her presence—to higher levels of thought and feeling. But this effect could hardly be more than a transient one. When counteracting influences were once more at work, the traditions and standards of a life-time would be likely to resume their old sway.

"Oh, what a lovely, dreamy old road this is!" exclaimed Lenox, drawing a deep breath of delight and gazing about her with eyes that lost nothing—not even the soft trembling of shadows thrown by mighty oaks and graceful elms, not even the flashing of the brown squirrels along the gray old stone walls.

"I thought you would enjoy it, Miss Dare," answered Guy, "but I chose the road for another reason than its picturesqueness."

"What was that, Mr. Fosdick?" she asked curiously.

"It is an ancient turnpike full of historic associations and legends. It is the very road over which Lafayette traveled when he went from Boston to Portsmouth on his last visit to America."

He watched Lenox as he said this. He saw her star-like eyes go out with a new interest and delight over the wide, green, summer landscape. The quiet

old highway that every little while lost itself among the cool, dusky shadows of the woods. The ancient farm-houses asleep among old orchards and ripening wheat-fields were touched suddenly with a new poetic charm and association to the girl. The road that led to Rye Beach, the old Portsmouth turnpike, was hallowed ground to her now. Her imagination could invest it with romance and people it with historic images.

She turned to Guy Fosdick. Her eyes shone gratefully on him.

"What a delightful surprise you have given me, Mr. Fosdick," she said. "I hardly know how to thank you for it."

When she said that, young Fosdick brought his face so near to hers that her young, fragrant breath mingled with his own.

"If you will only say you have some regard, some liking for me, Miss Dare, I shall be thanked a thousand times," he answered, and his voice was low and tender, and for that moment he was more in earnest than he had ever been in his life, saying this sort of thing.

"But I do like you extremely," said Lenox, looking at him with calm, rather surprised eyes. "I thought you must know that."

"If I did, such a sort of liking would not precisely satisfy me," he answered.

"What sort of liking do you mean, Mr. Fosdick?" asked Lenox. Her arrow had hit the mark this time, but a glance at her calm eyes, at her cheeks that had not deepened a tint, showed him how unconsciously it had been aimed.

"I should be satisfied to hear you say you liked me a little better than anybody else in the world," he answered, and then he thought to himself, "A fellow might find that speech unpleasantly near a *bona fide* proposal, if she were disposed to take advantage of it."

"But that could not be true," answered Lenox, gravely, "because of Mrs. Mavis and Ben."

"Oh, hang Ben Mavis!"

When he said that, Lenox's laugh rang out merrily. Guy's simulated jealousy, as she had come to regard it, of young Mavis, always struck her as immensely comical. How its absurdity would amuse Ben, she thought.

Guy shook his head with a solemn gravity over the girl's gay laugh.

"I suppose I must make up my mind to come after that redoubtable youth and his mother, but it is rather hard, Miss Dare, on a fellow who cannot understand your fatuity over those people."

"But you will not call it fatuity, when you come to see them, Mr. Fosdick," answered Lenox, very decidedly, "as I hope you will some day at Briarswild."

"Thank you. If I ever come to Briarswild, and I feel very much tempted now to vow that I shall, it will be to see somebody beside Ben Mavis or his mother."

Of course his meaning was unmistakable. Lenox

was pleased, flattered more or less; still this speech, like many another of its kind, was doomed to fall wide of the mark.

In a few moments Lenox's eyes had gone out again into the summer land that smiled around her. She sat very still now; there was the softest stirring of color in her cheeks, just the dream of a smile seemed to hover about the red lips. Young Fosdick marked the delicate line of the profile in the shade of the gray hat.

What was she thinking about? he wondered. Were those last words of his, with the tone to which he had keyed them, echoing in her memory? If he could only get a glimpse of the eyes that were shining under those long, brown lashes!

He drove on for awhile in silence through the picturesque windings of the old road, through the hot sunshine that blazed between the fields, through the shadows that hung dim and cool among the woods. The air was alive with all the soft, dreamy sounds of midsummer, of fickle little winds, of flickering leaves of insects that droned in the tall grass. Lenox heard these no longer—no longer saw the brown squirrels darting along the old stone-walls.

At last Guy broke the silence. He leaned forward, so that once more the maiden's sweet breath floated about him.

"Your thoughts, Miss Dare," he said, "seem such happy ones, that I have been wishing I might have some small share in them!"

She turned on him eyes whose radiant light made him think of a summer sunrise.

"Indeed you have, Mr. Fosdick," she said, most cordially. "At least, I should never have had the thoughts had not you suggested them."

"My dear Miss Dare, I am doubtless very stupid, but I cannot read your riddle."

"It was what you said about the old road," answered Lenox, "that set me to thinking of Lafayette. He was always one of my heroes. I was trying to imagine what he must have felt, what memories must have crowded upon him as he drove over this very ground."

"And did you succeed?" inquired Guy, with a gravity that was a little suspicious.

"At least I fancied him recalling that old, gay, splendid life at the French court, and all which he left behind him when he crossed the seas and went into the thick of that long, hard battle for freedom. How the hardships and miseries of that time must have come back to him! Then I imagine later days followed—days when his own France, gone mad with her old wrongs and her new hopes, looked to him as her deliverer. He must have remembered that dull, good-hearted Louis XVI, and poor Marie Antoinette, and the grand, terrible days when they appealed to him to save crown and throne. He must have thought, too, how it all ended for him in the bitter flight, in the shameful capture on the frontier, in the dreary Austrian dungeons. What a life that man had! What sufferings and what glories! I can just fancy him going over it all as he sat look-

ing out on the pleasant road, on some of these very old farm-houses. For it was not so very long ago—not much more than half a century. My uncle, Colonel Marvell, met Lafayette in Paris, and dined with him several times while he was in America. He used to tell me about it when I sat on his knee before the big fireplace in his own room, while the great brass andirons shone in the blaze, and the odd little figures in the blue Dutch tiles around the chimney would dance in the firelight. It seems as though it all happened yesterday."

Guy Fosdick had hoped for a very different sort of answer when he attempted to penetrate Lenox's thoughts. The whole thing struck him now as immensely comical.

It was bad enough, he told himself, to feel that he had a rival in some village rustic, who had never put his red, bovine face inside of college walls, who had probably never walked the streets of a great city; but when it came to an octogenarian, who had been in his grave nearly half a century—He did not finish the thought; he had a keen sense of the ludicrous; he burst into a laugh of genuine merriment.

Lenox looked at him with perplexed eyes, and he checked himself in a moment, and asked earnestly: "Lenox Dare, may I tell you precisely what I think of you?"

"Why certainly; I shall be very glad to hear," answered Lenox, partly amused and partly curious.

"You are the quaintest, cleverest, most artless, most mysterious, most tantalizing, most bewitching specimen of feminine humanity that ever turned a fellow's brain!"

The merriest laugh wavered in the air about him.

"Am I all that array of frightful superlatives, Mr. Fosdick?" cried Lenox. "I, at least, never suspected it!"

This was a specimen of the talk of the young people as they drove over from Hampton to Rye Beach that morning. There was a great deal that was novel and full of interest to Lenox in the great summer-hotels, in the picturesque cottages, and in all the summer-life along the shore. Even Guy, to whom it had grown commonplace through long familiarity, saw the whole scene now with fresh eyes. They made a wide detour on their return late in the afternoon.

Meanwhile, young Fosdick had been entertaining his companion with a description of Cambridge, and some light, gossip sketches of the undergraduate life at Harvard—a life doubly interesting to Lenox, because of her uncle and her father, both of whom she knew had graduated there.

"We were to visit Cambridge this summer," she said. "That was a part of our programme before we left home; but this long illness of Ben's aunt will, I fear, disarrange all our plans. I shall be greatly disappointed if we miss Cambridge; but, of course, it can't be helped."

An idea suddenly struck Guy. "Why should you miss it, Miss Dare?" he exclaimed.

Then he proposed to escort her to the old town; he dilated eloquently on all its objects of interest, its ancient halls, its library, its museum, its beautiful, quiet, old streets, its lovely walks, its embowering elms. He begged that he might be allowed to introduce her to "the groves of his academe." He was quite sure that he, familiar with every inch of the ground, could make her visit vastly more interesting than one could who was totally unfamiliar with the place. The car-ride to Boston did not consume two hours. Would not Miss Dare give him the pleasure of being her escort?

As he asked that question, Lenox drew a long breath. A little shadow of indecision wavered over her face. Had she known more of the world, she would certainly have questioned the propriety of taking this journey with a stranger. But she could hardly regard Guy Fosdick in that light, after these weeks of intimate acquaintance. The pictures he had drawn had inspired her with an ardent desire to see her father's Alma Mater. She saw, too, that in this visit young Fosdick would have immense advantages over Ben Mavis, who was a total stranger to the ground. She did wish Mrs. Mavis were at hand to consult at this juncture; but she felt that indulgent matron would have but one reply to make regarding the matter. Indeed, she fancied that both Ben and his mother would regret her failing to accept the piece of good fortune that had come in her way.

So Lenox's girlish brain reasoned—not wisely, but naturally enough under the circumstances.

As for Guy Fosdick, he had at this time no motive to conceal. A visit to Harvard in Lenox's society had strong attractions for him. When he saw she hesitated, he exerted himself to overcome her scruples, and by the time they reached Hampton, he had succeeded. Lenox had agreed to visit Cambridge with him in the course of two or three days.

The afternoon train from Boston had just dropped its passengers at the depot as they drove up. Suddenly Guy Fosdick exclaimed in a tone of surprise, and one not altogether of pleasure: "By Jove! there's Kendall!"

Lenox's eyes followed his glance. She saw a rather heavily-built, dark-skinned, black-haired and black-whiskered young man standing in the door of the little depot. He wore a summer traveling-suit, and carried a large traveling-bag. In a moment he caught sight of Guy, and, lifting his hat, came eagerly toward the carriage.

"Ah, my dear fellow," he began, in a light, jovial sort of tone, "I've hunted you down at last. What on earth has kept you burrowing here so long?"

As he asked this question, he looked at Guy's companion. Something gleamed a moment in his watchful gray eyes, and then was gone before one could read its meaning.

"I like the sea and a sail-boat better than anything Boston has to offer at this season," answered Guy. "Are you jolly down there, Kendall?"

"Not very, Fosdick. Narrow streets, and steam-ing brick walls, and a thermometer deep in the

nineties, don't incline a fellow to be lively. So I've followed your example, and run up to join you for a day or two at Boar's Head."

There was some more of this talk. It was all in the light, good-fellow sort of vein which Kendall affected with his cronies. He was quite popular with them, especially with men younger than himself, for he was now past thirty. Lenox sat still, listening to it all with a little amused smile.

It might have struck a keen observer that Guy Fosdick was in no hurry to present his friend to Lenox Dare; but Kendall kept on with his light, amusing talk until Guy found the introduction could not be avoided.

Austin Kendall lifted his hat with his best grace; but when Lenox Dare laid her pure young palm in that man's, it seemed as though her good angel must have shuddered.

When, a few minutes later, the young people were driving into the village, Lenox turned suddenly to Guy, and asked gravely: "Is your friend a good man, Mr. Fosdick?"

The young man looked a little startled. "Kendall is not a saint, certainly—perhaps not a good man, tried by what I suspect are your almost unattainable standards, Miss Dare; but he is a jolly, companionable, good-hearted sort of fellow. What can have put it into your head to ask that question, I wonder!" he ended, with a little abruptness, hardly like his usual courtesy.

"I scarcely know," answered Lenox, half to herself. "The question came up all of a sudden in my mind."

She herself was not aware that the remark had its origin in the flash of repulsion which went over her as she shook hands with Austin Kendall. The feeling had come and gone so swiftly she had hardly been conscious of it.

Before Guy could reply, they drew up at the front gate.

"I have had one of the happiest days of my life," said Lenox, as Guy gave her his hand, and she sprang lightly to the ground.

"It shall not be my fault, Miss Dare, if you do not have a happier day next Thursday," answered Guy, gallantly, alluding to their contemplated visit to Cambridge.

On his way to Boar's Head, Guy overtook his friend, and made room for him in the buggy, and the two had a drive in the late afternoon. They seemed a jovial pair of cronies. Young men were usually in a jovial mood in Kendall's society. He had some fresh stories to tell, some "capital jokes" for Guy to laugh over. Then, all of a sudden, he turned, and laid his hand in friendly familiarity on the other's shoulder.

"Old fellow," he said, "I wouldn't have believed you'd have fought shy!"

"What do you mean, Kendall?" asked Guy, giving a little jerk to his reins. He knew perfectly well what was in his companion's thoughts, and at that instant he would gladly have avoided dragging

Lenox Dare's name into the conversation, which he saw the other was bent upon doing.

"I mean, my boy, I should have expected you'd make a clean breast of it, as soon as we had got well by ourselves. Come, Fosdick, own up!"

"Suppose you do that, Kendall," replied Guy. "Let a fellow hear what you think he has to own up to!"

At that moment the speaker would gladly have welcomed any slight accident which would have turned Kendall's thoughts into another channel.

The man burst into a loud laugh. "Upon my word, Fosdick, that remark is jolly!" he said. "Why you keep as close a mouth as a girl over her first lover! As though all that moonshine about the sea and a sail-boat keeping you in this Sleepy Hollow nearly a month could deceive me! It was all cleared up in a flash when I caught sight of that girl in the buggy with you. You've taken to a rather callow specimen of feminine charms this time—not long out of pinafores, I should imagine—but a live face and glorious sort of eyes. You always had good taste in women and wine, you clever young rascal!"

Austin Kendall made this speech in what he meant should be his lightest, jolliest tone; but every little while his keen gray eyes, with a subtle, suspicious gleam in them, flashed over Guy's face. The close of his speech, however, had its effect, and tickled his companion's vanity. Kendall was ten years older than young Fosdick, and "knew his man."

Guy laughed in his turn. "I see there is no use trying to pull the wool over your eyes, Kendall," he said. "I throw up the game. I plead guilty. I've been struck by the most glorious pair of eyes; I've been bewitched by the cleverest little brain in all creation. I believe they have turned my head a little."

"It's a pretty cool one. I'll wager heavily it will come out all right in the end!" answered Kendall, with a laugh that did not improve the look of the mouth under the dark fringe of moustache. "You've had a rather wide experience in the flirtation line for a fellow of your years, Gu Fosdick!"

"Rather," answered Guy, with a touch of the other's hard, cynical tone. "But I tell you, my dear fellow, this is a little different from any of the others."

"I'm not the slightest doubt there," answered Kendall, letting his voice sink into a confidential tone. He affected an intense liking for young Fosdick. "It's one thing

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade," to talk sentiment sitting on the rocks and pacing the sands, with sunsets and moonrises to play the deuce with a fellow, and it's quite another thing to get up tender glances and make soft speeches in the corner of an elegant drawing-room, with your lovely Dulcinea sparkling and cooling beside you. I tell you, Fosdick, the two things are as unlike as gaslight and moonbeams. You can't have the same sort of feeling, you can't play the same rôle under such different circumstances."



society, and could assume, when it suited him, the surface manners of a gentleman. He had been lucky in some small speculations, he lived at a fashionable hotel, he gave good dinners and was generous with his wines and cigars, but the man, Austin Kendall, underneath all the mask of careless jokes and good comradeship was—a scoundrel! He had no faith in the honor of man, no trust in the purity of woman—all noble character, all beautiful sentiment, all lovely and disinterested action he regarded as “the purest humbug, the most transparent clap-trap, or the vilest hypocrisy!”

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In one way and another Kendall had secured a good deal of influence over young Fosdick. Guy was attracted by the other's cleverness and good fellowship, and amused by his detracting witticisms. It was in Kendall's society that he made his first bets at horse-races, and tried his hand at gambling—in short, sowed those few wild oats which he took good care should never reach the ears of his family.

The older man had managed to place the younger under slight obligations by lending him some money on two or three occasions when Guy's varied extravagances had straitened his resources. The debts had been paid for the most part, but they had left a certain sense of obligation on Guy's side. This sense the older man would eagerly have deepened. He felt from the beginning that it would serve his interests to have young Fosdick in his power. Nothing would have suited him better than the existence of some dark secret between the two—some secret which would place Guy at his mercy, and give the older man a lasting hold on the younger. He felt confident something was in the wind, when young Fosdick, whose restless habits he had learned, settled himself down contentedly for weeks at Hampton Beach. Indeed Kendall's desire to “scent the new game” had quite as much to do with his appearance on the scene, as the dullness and heat which he affirmed had driven him from the city.

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During the two days that followed their interview with Lenox Dare, Austin Kendall was like an evil genius to Guy Fosdick. He seemed to touch the other's soul only to find some weakness, only to bring out some hidden plague-spot. All his witticisms, all his half-veiled jests, had a purpose which he did not yet venture to bring to the light. He managed, too, with great adroitness, to have the young fellow understand his estimate of Lenox Dare. That also had its effect. If one side of young Fosdick's nature had responded to the pure, high-soled girl, there was another side that entertained Kendall's influences. More and more Guy was drawn into those dark meshes—deeper and deeper he sank under that evil spell.

It was a little curious that neither Guy Fosdick nor Lenox Dare mentioned Austin Kendall's name when they met. Some feeling, which he probably did not analyze, held Guy silent, while Lenox's inveterate dislike for the man sealed her lips.

I cannot linger on this part of my story; I dread to have this man's black shadow darken my page—to see his evil face leer through my lines! But his hateful breath swept across a maiden's life, when the dews and the sunshine lay on the opening blossoms; and the breath was like a fell sirocco—like a blast from the mouth of hell!



"By Jupiter, Kendall, I believe you are half right there!" exclaimed Guy, considerably impressed by what he regarded as the other's shrewdness. "A fellow can't be sure of himself, of what he may feel and say, when sunlight and starlight, sea and shore, have all conspired to make a fool of him! If he wants to hold his own, he had better keep to the drawing-room and the Dulcinea on the sofa in the corner."

In this way the talk about Lenox Dare opened between Guy Fosdick and Austin Kendall. The ice once broken, Guy's first reluctance to speak of the girl soon vanished. Before the drive was over his companion had learned a good deal about the acquaintance which had begun so informally three weeks before on the rocks at Hampton Beach. He learned a good deal more during the two days that followed—learned it by shrewd observation and questioning, by affecting the warmest interest in all Guy's concerns, and by adroitly leading the conversation to the subject which he saw was, at this time, of supreme importance in the young man's mind.

"The fellow's in for it deeper than I suspected!" Kendall said to himself, after one of these talks, and he took out a cigar, and paced meditatively along the grassy edge of the steep cliff which lies in front of Boar's Head and keeps eternal watch over the sea. A little way from the shore a schooner lay at anchor, and two or three row-boats were just setting out for this with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were going over to the Isles of Shoals. The great sails moved lazily in the light winds, the little row-boats made a lovely picture of life and color as they swept out on the sparkling waves. The man high up on the bank seemed intent on watching them, but in reality his thoughts were elsewhere. "I can't believe," he was saying to himself, "that my young gentleman, with all his grand airs and elegant tastes, could be seriously smashed by such a half-fledged specimen of bright-eyed rusticity as that girl seemed to me! But there's no accounting for a fellow's tastes when it comes to a woman. I must get Fosdick to introduce me, and make up my mind on the evidence of my own eyes."

These were a part of Austin Kendall's thoughts that morning, as he paced the narrow, grassy path on the edge of the cliff and the smoke of his cigar curled in the blue summer-air. Other thoughts he had—mostly revolving about the same subject, but not one sweet or pure—not one that was not fouled—had not gathered some unclean taint from the vile soul out of which it sprang!

While he was walking and smoking, the last row-boat deposited its load on the schooner. A moment later the vessel weighed anchor and swept grandly out to sea, the sunlight glittering on its masts, the soft wind filling its sails. A little group of men and women, apart from the others, were leaning over the side of the schooner. Austin Kendall lifted his hat and waved it gallantly to them, but, at that very moment there flashed across him something that Guy

had mentioned the night before about an appointment he and Lenox Dare had made to visit Harvard, within a day or two.

When Kendall first proposed calling on Lenox Dare, young Fosdick secretly winced. He knew in his own soul that he would not introduce Austin Kendall to his sisters. But Guy tried to satisfy his conscience by telling himself he had no choice. He had his own reasons for desiring to keep on good terms with the older man. He assured himself that a single interview in his presence could do Lenox no harm; and then he felt curious to see the impression she would make on so shrewd a fellow as Kendall. The man's opinion of the girl would have an influence on Guy far more powerful than he would be ready to admit to himself.

In the interview that followed, Lenox Dare certainly did not show herself to good advantage. She was shy and constrained as Guy had never seen her before. She had all the while a sort of vague, oppressed feeling as though the fresh, bright air blowing in from the sea to the cottage-parlor where the three sat, brought some strange taint with it. When she looked into the keen, black eyes of Austin Kendall she was uneasily conscious of something critical and mocking, if not malign in his gaze. Before the hour of his call ended, her first instinct of dislike to this man had deepened to one of repugnance. She was angry with herself for the feeling, but she could not overcome it sufficiently to be at all the bright, joyous, responsive creature Guy had hitherto known. He, in his turn, was chagrined; his vanity taught him that Kendall must be secretly wondering wherein lay the charm over which he had waxed so eloquent! Lenox's face, too, in its grave, childlike lines gave little hint of that marvelous life and power, that radiance of expression which at times illumined and transfigured it.

The girl drew a long breath of relief when the call was over. It had been the least agreeable hour she had ever passed in young Fosdick's society. His own feelings can be best described in his thought as he left the house. "That call was an infernally unlucky move for me!"

He was quite right. Had Austin Kendall at that instant expressed his inmost conviction it would have been "What a confounded fool the fellow has made of himself! Ordinary piece of feminine clay! Nothing, in short, but a rustic simoleon with a pair of bright eyes!" But he was quite too wise to express himself with any such candor to Guy Fosdick.

The two young men had known each other little more than a year. Kendall's social position was not at all on a level with young Fosdick's, but this very fact made the elder man eager to court the society of the younger, for Kendall was ambitious, and always had his own designs in cultivating an intimacy. At the club, where they had first met, Kendall was a favorite, and had a reputation for being a capital story-teller and joker. He had had a tolerably good education, he was possessed of a good deal of natural shrewdness, he was familiar with the habits of good

society, and could assume, when it suited him, the surface manners of a gentleman. He had been lucky in some small speculations, he lived at a fashionable hotel, he gave good dinners and was generous with his wines and cigars, but the man, Austin Kendall, underneath all the mask of careless jokes and good comradeship was—a scoundrel! He had no faith in the honor of man, no trust in the purity of woman—all noble character, all beautiful sentiment, all lovely and disinterested action he regarded as “the purest humbug, the most transparent clap-trap, or the vilest hypocrisy!”

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## CHAPTER XI.

IN a line nearly opposite the cottage where Lenox Dare was staying, a little pagoda-shaped summer house stood on a bank of stones, heaped up by great spring tides. It was a pleasant place to sit and look out on the sea, when its blue calm was like that of the brooding sky—when the waves played their soft, dreamy tune on the shingle.

Late in the afternoon of a sultry day, Lenox Dare came down across the road to the summer house. It was inclosed by a narrow circular bench. Lenox had a volume of Longfellow with her. She had a fancy to read some of her favorite poems to the soft chorus of the summer waves. These might breathe some new, beautiful meanings into the words. She threw herself down on the stones and leaned against the bench. But she was in no hurry to open the book. Her thoughts came and went in vague wandering ways, like the light breezes about her. She was to visit Cambridge the next day with Guy Foedick. He had been to see her that afternoon, and it had all been arranged between them. She wondered how it would seem to her, and if the old town would be in the least like what she imagined.

The soft air, the lulling sound of the waves all tended to make Lenox drowsy. In a little while the blue sea and the white, distant sails grew dim. Her lids drooped, her head sank down on the bench, and in a few minutes she was sound asleep.

She must have slept for a long time, for the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the tide had turned when she awoke. One great cloud made a lake of yellow fire in the west. Land and sea were enfolded in the soft brown garment of the twilight. It was such a lovely, peaceful world into which Lenox Dare awoke from her long sleep, that it might have been the very gates of Heaven. She had just time to think that, to gaze about her and realize where she was, when she heard voices in the arbor. Then she knew these must have awakened her.

In a moment she recognized the voices. One was Guy Foedick's, and the other, to her amazement, was Austin Kendall's. Lenox had no idea he was still at Hampton.

The two were talking in a loud, hilarious tone. Even had it been a low one, Lenox could not have failed to catch every syllable through the thin boarding of the arbor. The young men had come up from the beach, and the little white pavilion behind which she sat hid her from sight. The girl's first impulse would have been to spring up and slip out of ear-shot of conversation not intended for her hearing, but before she had time to collect her senses, she caught a sentence or two which rooted her to the spot. Afterward, in the black horror which came over her, she had no power to move her faint, shuddering limbs from the place where she sat.

It was Austin Kendall who spoke first, as he took out a cigar, and then passed the case to Guy.

"Well, my dear fellow, how much longer is the pretty farce, flirtation—whatever you choose to call

it—to last? Do you really intend to spend the rest of the summer in this slow old town, with no other occupation than to moon round the rocks, and talk sentiment by the sea? I should fancy all that must get to be a dreadfully old story after awhile!"

Guy laughed. Lenox had never heard him laugh in just that tone before. The truth was, he had, following Kendall's example, drank more wine than usual at dinner.

"I can't swear how soon I shall be able to cut loose," he replied. "Some of my class—capital fellows, too—are camping out in the Maine woods, fishing, hunting, and having jolly times generally. They wrote me last week to join them, but when a fellow's over head and ears and all that—I say Kendall, what's he to do?"

"You won't be at a loss, my fine fellow, how to throw up the game when you begin to grow sick of it. I confess, though, I can't quite understand the nature of your enchantment. How did that girl contrive to take down such a fastidious young dog as you are? She seemed to me rather rudimentary in mind, looks and manners."

Kendall had never ventured so free an expression of his opinion of Lenox Dare. But Guy took no offense. He was, as we have seen, a little excited by wine, and then his whole tone of thought and speech was always lowered in Kendall's society.

"By George!" he cried fervently, "you don't know the creature, Kendall! She's got more brains, more power to enchant and hold a fellow, than a whole drawing-room of your ordinary beauties. I tell you those eyes of hers, or some other fascination of the little witch, have drawn me more than once to the edge of a proposal before I realized what I was about."

"Foedick," said Kendall, taking his cigar from his mouth, and gravely surveying his friend, "I see you're badly smashed! I'm ready to serve you in any way I can. Does that lark to Cambridge, you were telling me about, come off to-morrow?"

"That was all arranged between us to-day," answered Guy. "We take an early train. The small young woman regards that projected trip as about the jolliest adventure of her whole life. I've done my best, too, to fan the flame of her enthusiasm," and he whistled a note or two of some gay air.

Kendall broke into a loud laugh. The sound made the bewildered, white-faced girl outside, crouch and shudder. Then he said—but I will not soil my pages by going any further into the conversation that followed. Suffice it, that, as it went on, Kendall—the wine heating his brain more and more, as it did Guy's—let his villainous purpose come partly to the light. It never bared its face to open view. The hideous features skulked behind coarse jests and foul innuendo and vile suggestions that admitted of more than one interpretation.

Guy Foedick looked first dazed, then shocked, then pretended not to see Kendall's drift. He probably would not have acknowledged that he did to his own soul. But he, too, had his jest, his laugh, with a

touch of something in it that must have sent a flash of triumph through any listening demon.

Kendall watched his companion keenly. The villain was satisfied with his first tentative approach. He did not venture at this time to go into any details. It was enough for him that young Fosdick had not knocked him down—had not fled from his presence as he would from the very mouth of hell!

When the two left the arbor together, Kendall felt all the secret triumph of the wicked. His plot was sure to prosper, he thought. His hold on this youth of fortune and family would thereafter be secured. Kendall had his own plans—how to ply the young fellow with wine; how to pave the way to the chambers of death! All this time he had a secret contempt for young Fosdick—thought him at bottom “a shallow, conceited, young aristocrat.”

The talk in the arbor did not probably consume fifteen minutes. Lenox Dare, sitting on the stones, with her head reclining on the low bench, just as she had awakened, had caught with strained senses every syllable, every tone. Her whole body, her soul within it, seemed frozen with a sick horror. For, as the girl listened, some instinct of heart or brain had caught at Kendall's meaning. By some mysterious, subtle process of thought or feeling, her intuition had gone straight to the foul plot—she had seen the hideous, awful face that leered behind the masking jest and innuendo.

She heard the steps of the two men die softly along the pebbly shore before she stirred; but it was into another world that Lenox Dare lifted the head she had laid down a little while before to sweet slumbers, to happy dreams. Her face was white, as though it had just come up from the charnel-house; her eyes were wide and strained, as though they had been long riveted on some horror; and once or twice her teeth chattered in the warm summer night.

It could never be to her the same world, she thought—never what it had been when she laid down to sleep—God's happy world of summer-land, and shining sea, and blue heaven of sky; it was a place where demons stalked abroad to ravage and devour; it was the home of all unclean creatures, of all foul deeds!

Terribly as Lenox Dare must, under any circumstances, have been shocked by a revelation of the peril that had come so close to her, her horror was doubly enhanced by her previous ignorance of the world. In a moment the gulf had opened, the awful Valley of Gehenna been revealed to her. No wonder that soul and body of the pure-hearted maiden recoiled, shuddering, from the sight.

It seemed to the poor child that she could never be glad or gay again—that she had come so near the evil that the foul, leprous taint must cling to her always. Her thoughts leaped in a flash over the last three weeks—took in every event of her acquaintance with Guy Fosdick; she gasped for breath, and writhed; a low, sharp moan of exceeding agony broke from her lips; her conduct now seemed something unpardonable in her own eyes—it was fatuous,

mad, criminal. At this time, as years before, her vivid imagination turned her enemy and tormented her. In the agony of her remorse she shrank from the thought of meeting any human being. Above all, how could she look Ben Mavis or his mother in the face! She remembered their reluctance at going off and leaving her alone by the sea. And she had met their fears with her light jest, with her careless laugh; she had not known that the spoiler was in the world; she could have no instinct that he might cross her way.

And the waves sang on below the same low, joyful song they had been singing for hours, and lovely white wreaths of foam flashed among the dark rocks, and the full moon rose in solemn splendor over the sea, and the night was something closer and diviner than all the glory of the vanished day; but Lenox Dare saw nothing of all this; she sat there in the shadow of the little pavilion, with her hands clasped around her knees; but she was out in the desert, and she heard the cry of the wolves on her track; she was in the dark, lonely wilderness, and the air was filled with the flapping of unclean wings, with the mocking and laughter of hunting fiends!

It was at least two hours since the young men had left the little summer-house, and Lenox had hardly stirred in that time. To any one watching a little way out at sea, the slight, dim figure in the shadow of the summer-house might have seemed a spell-bound naiad—at least that was what somebody thought on first catching sight of the girl after he had mounted a low ledge of stones at a point only a few yards from where she sat. It was Guy Fosdick.

For the last half-hour he had been searching for Lenox. At the house, where he had gone first, he learned she had not yet been in to supper. Her outdoor habits sufficiently accounted for her absence. Guy had gone to various of her favorite haunts in quest of her. He was too much fascinated to feel quite easy if she were long out of his sight. Even Kendall could not succeed in holding him more than a few hours.

But it was no part of the former's plan to interpose any obstacles to Guy's interviews with Lenox Dare. The more deeply the young fool was bewitched, the more easy to manage him, Kendall had reasoned.

Guy stood still for a moment watching the motionless figure. There was an amused expression in his eyes. He thought of the time he had first caught sight of Lenox Dare sitting on the rocks, with the tides rising about her. She was in just such a trance now, he thought, with the sea before her and that splendor of moonlight overhead. In a moment he stepped forward, calling gayly: “Ah, you truant, you have transformed yourself into a sea-goddess again, and are Thetis once more keeping watch over your waves!”

When she heard the voice, she sprang to her feet, swift as some wild creature stung by a sudden blow. Under its cloud of dark hair, the young face showed livid in the moonlight. The great eyes burned with something Guy had never seen before in all their

changes. Was it pride, or rage, or sudden horror that filled them? She seemed quite calm now, though a fire was burning at her heart, was raging in her veins. "Stop!" she said.

The low voice, the slight, regnant gesture, made him pause. The moonlight shone full upon the faces of both. So, for a moment, they looked at each other.

"What is the matter, Lenox?" exclaimed Guy, in a startled tone, and he drew nearer. They were only a few yards from each other.

Was it that slight gesture again, was it the white face, was it the blazing eyes that stopped him once more? In a moment she spoke again. Her voice was low and steady, not a single quaver in the clear, calm, steady syllables.

"I was sitting outside when you and Austin Kendall came into the arbor. *I heard all that you said to each other there!*"

At those words he started as though a serpent had stung him. His face glowed red with consternation and shame.

"The devil you did!" he burst out, losing all self-possession for the moment. Then he stood still, and his face was white—white almost as Lenox Dare's!

Her first impulse, after she had spoken, was to turn and leave him. Had there been time for a second thought, she would probably never have told Guy Fosdick what she had overheard. In the shock which his sudden presence gave her, the words had forced themselves from her lips; but now, in the instant of silence, when the two white faces confronted each other, something overcame the soul of Lenox Dare and forced her to speak again. It was like a fire that burst in flames—it was like a pain that broke into a cry.

"Yes; I heard it," she said, and her voice was calm, and her great accusing eyes gazed steadily into his; "and then I found that the man who had called himself my friend, whom I had believed a gentleman in every instinct of his soul, and every act of his life—incapable of a base speech or an unworthy thought—I found the man with whom I had been associating daily for three weeks was a coward and a villain!"

As he heard the terrible words Guy Fosdick writhed; his face grew gray in the moonlight. If the calm, alight girl standing there in the silver mists had been a man at whose throat he could have sprung and throttled him! She was turning away now—she was leaving him with those awful words clinging to him like a curse!

With a desperate effort at self-exculpation he burst out now: "It was all that villain Kendall's work! I was a fool, I know, for listening to his vile stuff, though I never dreamed of what was coming, and probably I was not just myself, for he had been forcing his wine on me at dinner. A man doesn't like to make that sort of confession to a woman. I wish the smooth-tongued demon had never crossed my path, but the talk in the arbor was his, not mine, Lenox Dare!"

"I heard you join in his foul jest—I heard you echo

his fiendish laugh," she answered, and the silvery voice, with the stern, accusing scorn which rung through it would have befitted a queen speaking from her throne to the traitor whose falseness had been at last brought home. "The man who could do that, could also try to clear himself as you do, Guy Fosdick, could lay his own share in the baseness on another!" and with these words she turned and left him.

He stood still and watched her—the slight, girlish figure moving along the sandy road in the moonlight, and he knew she was going from him forever—knew that she must always think of him with unspeakable indignation and horror—knew that he must hereafter seem to the pure soul of this girl the coward and the villain she had dared to look him in the face and call him!

He ground his teeth together, a pang of sharpest pain and misery shot through him at that thought. He had believed himself a gentleman. What had he proved himself to this girl? As the question flashed through his soul the young man writhed. At that moment all that was best in the nature of Guy Fosdick awoke within him. All his pride and conceit, all the habits and ideas in which he had been reared, the standards and aims which thus far had made his world, failed him. At that instant he and Lenox Dare seemed to stand alone in the universe. One desire alone possessed him—and that was to rehabilitate himself in this girl's opinion. If he could only prove to her that he was not the villain she took him for, there was nothing he was not ready to dare—nothing he would not sacrifice. What was there he could do? And while he asked himself this question, the slight, girlish figure was growing dimmer up the road in the silver mists of the moonlight.

Guy Fosdick gave a sudden start. A thought had thrilled through him that made his pulses leap. There was one way in which he might prove to Lenox Dare, to his own soul, that he had not been what he had seemed those few minutes in the arbor.

He remembered his family, his proud, old name, his place in the world; and then a look of mighty resolve lifted the young man's face into some finer and nobler expression than it had ever worn before; and the moon looked down and saw it; and she saw him suddenly lift his hand and snap his fingers. That simple act was the sublimest of Guy Fosdick's life. It meant a defiance to all that had hitherto been his world.

"Let it go!" he cried. "I will prove myself a man!" and as he said that he started up the road after the figure that was growing dim as a shadow in the moonlight.

Lenox Dare had almost reached the gate of the cottage when Guy Fosdick suddenly sprang before her. She gave a quick start, and then stood quite still. She had not heard his steps in the soft sand as they approached her.

He, too, stood still, drawing a deep breath or two before he spoke.

"Lenox," he began in a moment, and his voice

had the sound of one who is in deadly earnest, "I have come to prove to you I was not the villain I seemed; I have come to make atonement—to say to you what I never said to woman before. Lenox Dare, will you be my wife?"

"Your wife! Your wife!" repeated the girl, and her voice was like the voice of one who speaks in a dream.

"Yes," he went on rapidly, but very earnestly, "this very night—to-morrow—any day you shall appoint. I ask it not simply to make reparation for my folly, my madness, but because I have found something in you, Lenox Dare, that I never found in woman before. I want you to change the whole tenor of my life; I want your influence and companionship to make another and a nobler man of me. Let the world, and its vanities, and its idols go! Let me hear you say you will be my wife, Lenox!"

As he spoke, he was standing in the bare, sandy, moonlit road just before her. Now he drew a step nearer. There was a thrill of tenderness in his voice, a light in his eyes such as had never shone on any woman before.

She stopped him with a swift, imperious gesture. The small head bridled, the great eyes flashed with indignant scorn.

"Marry you, Guy Fosdick!" she repeated, with the voice of one who is half-stunned at a deadly insult. "Do you dare ask me to do that? Me?"

It was grand, the way she looked at him as she uttered that last word. The pose of the head, the whole slight figure, expressed such lofty, ineffable scorn. And you must remember the man who stood before her, and had just offered her his hand, was Guy Fosdick, the elegant young gentleman, the Harvard graduate, the son of the great Beacon Street magnate, and she was only Lenox Dare, the unknown orphan-girl from Briarswild. But her look, her words, only forced him into a very passion of pleading. All the courage, all the heart, all the manhood of Guy Fosdick spoke now. They probably would never speak so again. This was, without doubt, the noblest hour of his life; and it is no small thing for a man to forget himself, to put away the teachings and traditions of his life, even for an hour.

"But hear before you answer me with that look with those terrible words, Lenox," he went on. "I am offering you an old, honorable family name, and the fortune I inherit with it. I am offering you, as my wife, one of the highest social places in the land, where you can enjoy the culture and companionship that would develop and inspire a nature like yours. Wealth, ease, beauty, refined associations—these are the world's great prizes; with these I can surround you. You are so young—you know so little of life. You may not understand their true value, but you will come to learn this in a little while, and to repent, if you put away from you all that I offer you this night—all that will never come again into your life, Lenox Dare! If you had not, in these weeks, grown more and dearer to me than all the world

beside, I could not stand and plead my suit in this way—after those dreadful words of yours, too! I can only say that a life of tender devotion shall prove to you how deeply I repent of the folly, the madness—which yet were not mine—of those few minutes in the arbor. O Lenox, say you will come to me—say you will share my life—that you will be my wife!"

She was young, as he said. Perhaps, had she been a little older, she would have listened to this speech with a larger comprehension of the man's mood and feeling at this time. For Guy Fosdick had spoken from his heart and soul. Nobody could have doubted that who saw his white, deadly-pale face in the moonlight—who heard the tones of his pleading, impassioned voice. But a mood, even though it be all-powerful, though it may possess one wholly for the time, does not make a man.

Lenox Dare had not in the least recovered from the recoil and horror of the last hours. Young Fosdick's offer, coming thus swiftly on the terrible revelation of the afternoon, seemed to the girl only a fresh insult, an added outrage.

Did he think to atone for his wrong by offering her his dishonored self?

As that question flashed through her, every nerve quivered with pain and wrath, and the pain and wrath flamed into words.

"Your honorable family name—your wealth, your high social place!" repeated Lenox, and the fiery scorn of her tones seemed like a flame that crackled along the words. "Do you think so meanly of me? Do you dream that these could tempt me, when I know what the man has proved who offers them to me—when all my life-long I must bear about with me the humiliating memory of three weeks of daily association with him? Marry you, Guy Fosdick!" said Lenox Dare, withdrawing a step, and gazing at him with eyes that blazed like a roused lioness. "Why, sooner than do that I would go out and lie down in the deep sea yonder, and thank God that His waves could hide me from such dishonor as I should count it to be your wife!"

And with those words she left him, and he stood still and watched the slight, girlish figure as it went steadily up the bare, sandy road in the moonlight, and entered the cottage-gate.

*(To be continued.)*

THERE'S never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

THERE'S never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a guide to point us  
To the "little wicket-gate;"  
And the angels will be nearer  
To a soul that is desolate.



## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

## No. 2.

ON a sunny afternoon we again met to begin our journey. Our president, Mrs. Kent, called the assembly to order; the secretary read aloud the names of the members of our little club, and we proceeded to the business of the day, which was introduced by Dr. Kent's reading a charming and graphic sketch of the voyage from New York to Liverpool, the great, busy city of labor and of trade, her streets thronged with hurrying people, her harbor crowded with vessels from all parts of the world, their flags flying in the breeze, and gay with every device and color.

The first cry of "land" seems to ring out with thrilling distinctness, bringing all the long dreams and chequered memories of the old world—the

mittent sounds of the sweet church-bells ringing for some weekday service.

"But Liverpool itself is not a poetic place. The sky never seems clear, so full is the air of coal-dust and small particles of soot, and so obscured are the overarching heavens by the clouds of smoke belched from its furnaces and manufactories. Even the handsomest buildings look sombre from the darkened atmosphere and dust, and the whole expression of the place is that of active, ceaseless work. It is an overcrowded centre of occupations, and consequently its poor, huddled in slums and back alleys, know all the depths of a poverty which is ignorance, degradation and sin, as well as privation. Hawthorne, our own thoughtful and beautiful writer, gives a most touching and sympathetic description of their state in one of his own books. He felt as if the whole world could never seem clean or fair again while these



IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

mother country with its glad and sombre histories—upon the heart, with a rush of swelling emotions. The land of Shakespeare and Milton, the land of Sir Philip Sydney, the old home of our fathers; it had for us a charm which no other country, even if it were fairer or grander, could ever hold.

"Every object was full of interest," wrote Dr. Kent, "the great ships of war moving slowly, like giant sentinels or watchmen, along the coasts, the headlands of Ireland stretching out green and fresh to the water's edge, the mountains of Wales bearing a crest of clouds upon their towering heights. As we sailed up the Mersey, and watched the shores through a glass or telescope, we could see the little cottages with well-kept shubberies and green sward, smooth as velvet. The village church, with its green tapestries of ivy, sent aloft to the sky its taper spire, and we could even catch on the breeze the inter-

wretched, shivering lives were uncared for and unlifted from their low level. But this is not the side which a stranger or a traveler will see first in Liverpool; though, having once beheld it, he can never forget its mute appeal.

"As Birmingham and Sheffield are the centres of the manufacture of iron machinery, cutlery and hardware, Manchester of the manufacture of cotton goods, Leeds of woolen and Coventry of silk, so is Liverpool famous as the great centre of trade, where these manufactures are carried abroad on those great water-roads that lead everywhere, and by which cotton, wool and the materials of work are brought to their doors in return."

Dr. Kent then gave us a rapid sketch of England's commercial greatness, and some of her principal manufactures in Liverpool. When he concluded his paper, he was succeeded by Katherine, who con-

tributed a sketch of the neighboring city of Chester on the beautiful river of Dee—the “wizard stream,” as Milton calls it, that rises far up in the bare mountain region of Merionethshire in Wales, and flows down through the poetic and lovely Vale of Llangollen.

It would be a beautiful story in itself to tell you of the river's journey from the mountains to the sea. Three little streamlets, winding down their steep channels with many a ripple and flying leap, and netted break of shining water, flow together at a little Welsh village, which forms the beginning of the river's life. From there it sweeps on as a mountain-torrent through long levels of a desolate moor, gray with mist or purple in the evening light, to the Lake of Bala, through which it passes. All the mountains

And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

“And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me as I travel,  
With many a silver waterbreak  
Upon the golden gravel.

“And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

Here Katherine would have paused, but all entreated her to finish it.

“Your song makes me *see* the river Dee,” said Harry Halstead, “and that accompaniment is like the rippling waters.”



THE DEE ABOVE BALA.

and water-sources here are associated with the old legends of the Enchantes Merlin, the good King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Tennyson, in one of his “Ideals of the King,” speaks of the south-west wind that blowing over Bala Lake,

“Fill all the sacred Dee.”

And indeed his pretty “Song of the Brook” might be sung by the Dee from its source.

Here Katherine sat down at the sweet-toned piano, and sang in a rich, clear voice:

“With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

“I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,

Katherine smiled, and turned over the page of music to the next verses.

“I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

“I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

“I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

“And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”



After Bala Lake the Dee runs on through rocky gorges and wet meadows, by hamlet and towns, the ruins of old abbeys and churches; now its chafing waters break over steep rocks and now flow smoothly

peace and solitude, scarcely broken by the scattered thatch-houses, picturesque in form and site. From Llangollen the Dee passes through a narrow valley, the great coal-field of North Wales, and then enters



REMAINS OF VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

under tree-crowned banks, or stretch softly along rich and beautiful valleys.

In Llangollen Vale is the old Abbey of Valle Crucis, exquisitely fitted for a place of rest, for the "fresh

the rich meadows and low, wave-like hills of Cheshire. The Alwyn, a rapid stream, joins the Dee here on its winding way, and they flow on past Bangor and Farndon Bridge, and Wrexliam Church to Chester. Near Bangor is the place for the coracle races—the coracle being a primitive sort of boat, its canvas well coated with tar. It is propelled by a paddle, and used for netting salmon, and the skillful fishermen of Bangor manage their little boats so well that they usually come off winners in these periodical races.

The Old Ford, near Chester, has sometimes visible, at low water, in its bed, the remains of an old Roman pavement. High up the towers and gables of the Cathedral rise; and the city walls and the fine old country seats of Eaton and Wynnestay, fill with human history and story the last pages of the river's chronicle, until it sinks, wearied out at last, into the low flats sands of Dee, yellow and far spread between the gray sea in front, and a gray and misty sky overhead. Its story henceforth is the story of the great sea.

Mrs. Elmore brought out a lovely portfolio of views along the Dee, and the evening closed with the reading of other pleasant, but briefer papers from different members, and the singing of old English songs. Chester is so rich in historic memories and architectural beauties, that it was left for our next articles—if our readers will continue our English journey with us in imagination.

E. F. MOSBY.



CORACLES.

greenery and purple mountain-shadows," the soft sounds of breeze and stream, the odors of herbs and flowers fill the whole scene with an expression of

## A MOTHER'S HEART.

IT was over. But of all that lay folded down and covered up in the heart of Mrs. Fleetwood, none knew or could know but herself alone.

"You are a happy mother," one had said to her at the close of the ceremony, when the sweet young face of the bride was unveiled. "Happy in so good and lovely a daughter, and happy in her union with one so worthy to possess her hand." How almost strangely the words had sounded in her ears. Happy!

It was over. The windows had been thrown open, the lights turned out, and the refreshments served. Then came a hurried change of attire; orange blossoms, and filmy veil, and spotless robes were laid aside for the plain traveling dress. How swiftly it all passed! Swiftly as the changes in a troubled dream. One strong clasp to the maternal bosom; one clinging embrace of the daughter's arms; a moment's resting of the bride's cheek on the breast where it might never lie as of old again, and then—!

"It's the way with them all," said one of the guests, speaking with light indifference, as he remarked on the mother's pale face and wet eyes, out of which she had striven, oh, so hard! to keep the grief and the tears. "It's the way with them all. Crying is a part of the programme."

"I couldn't have worn a face like that if the bride had been my daughter," said another of the guests. "Men like George Cleveland are not picked up every day. But we mothers are selfish, and it's a great trial to have somebody else come in between us and our children, whom we have loved and cared for from babyhood—who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—and to be set aside as having no longer any property in them, or right to claim the smallest service. To be second where we have always been first. To have the love, which had once been all our own, divided, and the larger share given to another. Ah me! It's sad enough when you come to look it right in the face. But, then, it's the old life-lesson. The one our mothers and our grandmothers learned in the years gone by, and the one we shall have to learn when our time comes."

"He's a handsome young fellow," remarked a third, speaking to his companion as he walked away. "But I can't say that I like, altogether, the expression of his mouth. It's a little too closely set, and has nothing of that womanly softness which is the sign of a kindly nature, and which you so often see in men of nobleness and great strength of character. Everybody speaks well of him, as a young man of good principles, and as one who is bound to make his way in the world. But if I read his face aright, he lacks a tender and generous spirit. He will love his own, but he will be apt to love it very selfishly. Poor Mrs. Fleetwood! Her face, as I saw it after she had kissed Marie for the last time, and her child had turned away from her to go with her husband, haunts me as faces I have sometimes seen in pictures."

Yes, it was over. The day and the hour to which

Mrs. Fleetwood had looked forward for so many months with a failing heart, had come and wrought its change in the whole order of her own and her daughter's life. It had been her happiness to give the best that was in her—love, care, devotion—everything for the sake of her beloved child. And in all the beautiful unfolding of this precious human flower, its exquisite grace and perfection, and the sweet perfume of its love had been all for her. But now, when beauty, grace and sweetness had gained their full perfection, another hand had plucked her flower and carried it away.

Poor mother! She couldn't help herself. And she had tried and was still trying so hard to get comfort out of the thought that Marie was going to be very happy; happy, as she had been in the days of her own early wedded life, the joy of which still lived in her heart as one of its most precious memories.

Our hands are not skilled enough to fold back the drapery and uncover her heart; we can only let you see it beating against the close investiture, under which she is trying, but in vain, to conceal its throbbing pulse.

"Dearest mother," so the brief epistle read. It was two days after Marie had gone away. "Dearest mother! I snatch a moment to write you. I'm well and happy, so happy! George is hurrying me to go out with him, and I can only give you a line or two. Good bye! and a thousand kisses from your loving daughter,  
MARIE."

Trembling hands and tear-filled eyes made the letter hard to read. Was the mother happier after its receipt? Did it comfort her? Was anything supplied to the aching void in her heart? We fear not. There was the sweetness of honey in the hastily scrawled letter; and the bitterness of aloes as well.

"George is hurrying me to go out with him, and I can only give you a line or two." Ah, more was hidden in that brief sentence than Marie had thought, or she would never have left it drift from her pen, to be forgotten by herself almost as soon as written. It came to the mother as the first sad confirmation of her years. The young husband meant that his possession should be complete. That brief wedding ceremony had severed the old bond, and made obsolete the old relations. The daughter must now be lost in the wife. So she read the sentence, and it lay upon her heart like a great stone.

Two weeks, and the wedding journey was over. The brief letters which had come from Marie were full of loving words hastily written; but in each expression of endearment the mother's eyes saw something which gave a dash of bitterness to the cup she was holding to her lips; something which told her that the new way into which Marie's feet had turned was already losing its parallel with her.

She might have known how it would be. And, in truth, did know, for Mrs. Fleetwood was neither weak nor blind. But mother-love was the intense passion which had ruled her life, and absorbed all her interest. That sometime in the future a stronger than filial love would take possession of her daughter's heart.

ter's heart, and that sometime in the future Marie would turn from her and give the best that was in her to another, were possibilities dimly seen and invested with a dreamy kind of romance. For her beautiful child, fancy, when it turned that way, had pictured an ideal man as true and noble as she was pure and lovely; a man, who, grateful for the gift of so precious a thing, would cherish for her the tenderest regard, and give her the added blessing of a considerate and devoted son. There had been times when another picture, truer to our weak and selfish human nature, had suddenly spread itself before her eyes; and the sight of it had made her heart sick, and cast a shadow around her from which she could never wholly emerge.

That George Cleveland was not her ideal man, it did not take Mrs. Fleetwood long to discover. If she had entertained any serious doubts on the subject before she gave her reluctant consent to the marriage, no long time passed after an engagement ring had been placed on Marie's finger, before they were dispelled. Another might not have seen any change in the young man's bearing toward her: but to her more subtle and jealous observation, the signs of indifference too surely became visible. The little courtesies and attentions which the young man had been so quick to offer, began to have less warmth and freedom in them; and were sometimes omitted altogether. He was not so ready to defer to her tastes and opinions; and did not listen when she talked with the old apparent interest. So it went on, month after month, each day giving its new revelation of the truth, and making it plainer and plainer to Mrs. Fleetwood, that, while loving the daughter, he was indifferent to the mother, and that there would never exist between them any true relation of confidence or affection.

But Marie had come back to the old home again? Not so! the old home was large enough—had many unfilled chambers; but the young husband wanted his beloved all to himself. So he made for her a home in which they might dwell together, and be happy, in themselves alone.

To share any of his blessings with another, and so increase his capacity for still higher enjoyment, was something out of the range of Cleveland's philosophy. What he had made his own, so to speak, was his own to hold and to enjoy, for himself alone. Marie was now his wife, and, in becoming his wife, her old duties and relations as a daughter had come to an end. In marrying the daughter, there had been no intention on his part to assume any obligations in regard to the mother. The question did not even come up in his mind for debate. Indeed, it was not his habit to discuss questions involving duty. Others must take care of themselves as he was taking care of himself. He had gained for his wife one of the purest, truest and sweetest of women, and he was happy in the possession of so rich a blessing. But he had never thought of putting himself in the mother's place, and trying to imagine what would be her sense of loss, what her loneliness and desolation

of spirit, when the light of her life should be taken away from her.

Alone, with her desolate and aching heart, Mrs. Fleetwood began the difficult task of adjusting herself to these new conditions. Were the reserve forces still in her possession strong enough for the work? Could a life which had flowed on in a sweet rhythm for twenty years, be suddenly arrested in its course and turned into a new and strange channel, ever move on again with the old freedom and delight? Not so! The mother hid her heart as best she could, and tried to rally herself and put on the semblance of a resigned and contented spirit. And Marie was so happy in her new home, and in the love of her husband, that she did not see what others saw in the face of her widowed and now almost childless mother, a fading and a failing that made themselves more and more visible as the weeks and months went on. Ah, had not the mother been wounded in her love—in her very life! Out of that wound the drops were falling slowly and steadily, spite of the hand that was held so closely against it in a vain attempt to staunch the flow.

Cleveland made no effort to conceal the indifference which he felt toward his wife's mother. He was polite to her whenever they happened to meet, which was not very often, as Mrs. Fleetwood rarely called at his house to see Marie except in the day-time, when her husband was away from home. Now and then, at remote intervals, he went with Marie to see her in the evening, and put on a kind of pretense of caring for her; but, though he said pleasant words, an ear acute to discern every affection in the voice could perceive no heart in them, listen though it often did with a hungry longing for the love and tender consideration which were denied. Not that Mrs. Fleetwood ever annoyed him with ungracious intrusions of herself, or made herself disagreeable in any way. He was simply indifferent; had never taken her into account, and never meant to. If she had been in any personal or pecuniary need, for Marie's sake, and for the sake of appearances, he would have supplied all her necessities. But for any higher claim he had no recognition. The tender and sentimental side of his nature had received, so far in life, but little culture.

One day a lady who had known him intimately for so many years that she had acquired the privilege of plain speaking, asked him, with some concern in her voice, if Mrs. Fleetwood had been sick.

"I presume not," was the rather cold reply. "At least I've heard nothing about it."

"When did you see her last?" inquired the lady.

The young man lifted his eyes to the ceiling in a half-indifferent way, and after reflecting for a moment or two, said: "Really, Mrs. Ray, I can't just remember when it was."

The lady fixed her gaze upon him, and with an expression that caused him to ask: "What's the matter? Why do you look at me so?" He tried to smile, but the sober countenance of his friend drove the light back from his face.

"Don't remember when you last saw Marie's mother?"

"Perhaps I could remember if I were to try very hard. She's here every week, maybe two or three times; but I'm never home except in the evening."

"And is Mrs. Fleetwood never at your house in the evening?"

"Very rarely. She doesn't like to be out after night."

"Does she live entirely alone?"

"Yes, so far as I know. Alone, except for her servants."

"So far as you know! Am I talking to George Cleveland?"

"That's my name. I'm not aware of having changed my identity." The young man showed a slight degree of annoyance.

"I could hardly have believed it, for I had thought so much better of my young friend."

"Really, Mrs. Ray, this is all a riddle. One would think, from the way you are talking, that I'd been actually abusing my mother-in-law."

"There are many ways of abusing others besides that of cruel speech or personal violence. Abuse of the heart goes deeper, and is far more cruel in the suffering it inflicts."

The eyes of the young man opened widely, and with a half-startled expression.

"Abuse of the heart!" He shook his head slowly. "I do not get at your meaning."

"It pains me deeply, George, to hear you speak so lightly and so indifferently of Mrs. Fleetwood, Marie's mother," said the lady, the gravity of her manner increasing. "I had expected from you the tenderest consideration for one to whom you are so largely indebted. For one who has brought you the most precious gift of your life—robbing her own heart and making it desolate that yours might be rich with blessings—dying, so to speak, that you might live."

A look of almost blank surprise came into Cleveland's face; but he said: "That is sentiment."

"If I give a shock to your heart, and partially paralyze it, so that it beats with pain, and sends only a feeble current of life through your body, will you call that mere sentiment, George Cleveland? And is the heart within the heart, and from which it has organism, and life, and power, a less vital thing, and less susceptible of hurt or paralysis? Your thought and consciousness are on a lower plane than I had imagined."

"Perhaps they are, and perhaps you can enlighten me," was the answer, made with some constraint, and with a slight fretfulness of tone.

The lady sat silent for a few moments; she then said, speaking in a changed and more pleasant voice: "Marie seems to grow lovelier day by day; every time I meet her I see some new grace of mind or charm of manner. I call you one of the most fortunate of men."

"And so I am," was the warm response. "I look at her, sometimes, half in wonder and half in glad-

ness, and then think, with a new joy, she is mine, all mine, mine forever."

"No time coming when she will turn from you and go to another."

"Go to another!" There came a flash out of the cloud which had swept into the young man's face.

"As she went from her mother to you."

For a little while a silence fell between them. Swift changes were passing in Cleveland's face.

"From the mother," resumed Mrs. Ray, "who bore her in pain, and cared for and nurtured her all through the years of her helpless infancy and childhood. From her mother, who watched over her with a loving solicitude and a tireless devotion all along her path of life, guarding her from evil, drawing toward her all the ministries of good within her reach, and moulding and fashioning her with a wisdom born of a love which no man's heart can measure or comprehend, into a being of such loveliness that your heart bowed down before her as if she had been an angel. From this mother she went to you! Was nothing hurt in the transition? Were no chords rent? No heart stricken? No life made desolate? Think of her going from you!"

George Cleveland sat as one who had been stunned by a sudden shock.

"And think," continued the lady, "of a man accepting this transfer, with just a cold 'Thank you,' and then turning away from the giver without a touch of gratitude, or the feeblest sense of obligation in his heart!"

"When did you see your mother, Marie?" asked Cleveland, as he looked across the table at his wife that evening. There was a new quality in his voice. A something that caused her to look at him intently.

"She was here yesterday," Marie answered.

"How is she?" The interest expressed in her husband's voice sent a quicker throb to Marie's heart.

"About as usual."

"Some one said that she was not looking very well."

The young man saw a change in Marie's countenance. It was half surprise, and half alarm. Swift as the movement of a thought had the inner and now clearer sight of the daughter passed to the mother's face. The face into which she had looked with her natural eyes, on the day before. How much more she saw in it now than then! No, she was not looking well. A feeling of anxiety crept into her heart, and began to shadow her face.

"Her life must be very lonely now that I'm away from her," said Marie, a slight quaver in her voice. "I wonder sometimes, that she's as cheerful as she is."

"Yes, it must be a great change for her; greater, perhaps, than we have realized," remarked her husband, speaking in repressed tones, as one trying to hide some feeling.

Little more was said during the meal. Both were absorbed in their own thoughts; thoughts which neither was yet ready to unveil to the other.



"Suppose we call round and see your mother this evening," said the young husband, as they arose from the table. "We haven't been there for I can't say how long."

"Oh! shall we? I've been wanting to see her all day. Poor mother! I often think how lonely her life must be. She was quieter than usual when she was here yesterday, and didn't take as much interest in things as she has been in the habit of doing. And now I remember, that it struck me once or twice that she had an expression in her face which I had never seen there before, and which I did not understand."

No, Marie had not understood the meaning of what she saw in her mother's face at their last meeting. The affluence of her own life had given her no measure by which to estimate or determine the poverty of her mother's life. Feeding herself upon the manna of love, and with its rich juices coursing through her veins, how could she know that her mother was wasting from starvation because food had been withdrawn and denied—the food of her heart!

"Mother!" The heavy eyelids unclosed and lifted themselves slowly. Had she been asleep in the great arm chair? Or only lost in a waking dream of her old delight.

"O mother! My dear, dear mother!" What a wild passion of love expressed itself in Marie's voice, as she drew her arm about her mother's neck, and held her face closely to her bosom.

When strong feelings had died away, and the mother sat quiet in her chair, and Marie's eyes clearer for the tears which had blinded them a little while before, looked steadily into her face, its paleness smote her with a sudden fear. And how wasted it seemed; how transparent the skin; how strange, and wistful, and hungry the eyes that never turned from their intent gaze into hers for a moment!

"Mother!" It was George Cleveland who had uttered the word. He had never called her mother before. No son could have spoken it more tenderly. He bent down and laid a kiss upon her forehead. How swiftly her eye turned from Marie's face to his. What the young man saw in them was a parable, only the closer and lower meanings of which were then understood. They held his gaze intently for awhile, looking through his eyes into his very soul; then the lids shut softly down, and something of peace and restful quiet gathered in the colorless face and about the tranquil mouth. As she sat thus, George Cleveland went noiselessly from the room. Ten minutes later there came the sound of wheels at the door.

"Mother!" The young man was standing over Mrs. Fleetwood again. "Mother! you are going home! The carriage is at the door." There was no hidden meaning in the parable of his voice.

Mrs. Fleetwood half raised herself from the chair, her face startled and quivering; looking from Marie to her husband in a wild, surprised manner, and then fell back again shrinking among the soft cushions

and lying so still that life seemed as if it were ebbing away.

There was no strength left for anything. Thought and will were suspended for a time, and she could only feel and submit. In the strong arms that took her up and bore her away to the carriage, she felt a tender pressure; and in the voice whose tones had been so cold to her ears—sometimes striking her with words, the pain of which went deeper than the pain of any blow—she recognized something that spoke peace to her broken heart.

"Mother," said the young man, as he sat alone with Mrs. Fleetwood a few days afterward, when the light and warmth were beginning to come back from her heart into her face. "Mother, I have never thanked you for the greatest blessing of my life, for the gain which has been your loss. Let me do so now! If in my selfishness, I have forgotten to be grateful, it shall never be so again. I owe more to you than to any one living. God bless you and reward you! There is room enough in Marie's heart for both of us."

T. S. ARTHUR.

*Health and Home.*

### PREACHING LIKE ST. PAUL.

LONG ago, when the town of B—, in New Hampshire, was comparatively a new settlement, pastors and churches were less common than now. Sometimes a traveling preacher would hold a meeting in the school-house, or a divinity student from old Dartmouth would enlighten them as to their duties and privileges.

One Sabbath, old and young were gathered to hear what a certain dapper young man from Hanover could tell them. He proved to be very condescending; told them how highly they were favored, in that he had come to bring light into those distant and benighted regions; and that, having come, he should preach exactly like the Apostle Paul, plainly and to the point, so that even *they* need not fail to understand.

Not far back, and almost in front of the preacher's stand, sat two old ladies, clad in homespun gowns and check aprons. The young man waxed eloquent as to what he was going to say, until one of the women, tired of waiting for the promised treat, whispered a few words to her neighbor.

The young man looked fiercely at her, and remarked that it was bad manners to whisper while he was preaching.

"I was jest a sayin'—" began she, in apology.

"No matter what you were saying," he proceeded; "you will find my text in the—"

"But I was only jest a sayin' to Sister Danforth—"

"Silence, woman!" he thundered. "Who cares what you were saying? My text—"

"But I will speak, and you can't help it! I was jest a sayin' to Sister Danforth that if you was a goin' to preach like the Apostle Paul, I should like to know when you was goin' to begin!"

C. B.

# The Home Circle.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 38.

When the spring's fresh breezes blow  
Softly o'er the waiting land,  
When the rippling waters flow,  
Freed from winter's icy hand,  
Then, with joy, thy face I see,  
Starry, bright anemone.

Where, beside some fallen log,  
Sheltered, sunny spots are found;  
Where, along the streamlet's marge,  
Ferns and velvet moss abound;  
There thy smile is sure to be,  
Little, brave anemone.

Promise of a richer bloom,  
Harbinger of fragrant flowers,  
When the chilly winter's gloom  
Giveth place to summer bowers,  
Welcome art thou e'er to me,  
Fragile, fair anemone.

I FOUND it by the side of a large stump, as I got out of the carriage at the gate of a friend, who lives on the *edge of the country*—this fair little flower about which I have woven my loving thoughts into rhyme. Its bright head was peeping up from under the dead leaves, and in its striped pink-and-white dress it looked all ready for spring. A pet flower of mine it has been since childhood. When I was too small to remember it now myself, they say we gathered handfuls of them in our walks, and brought them home to mother; and after I was grown, and when I last wandered in the woods, gathering dog-wood and blue violets, the anemone was still there to greet me with its modest, blushing face. Then, in the years which have followed, when I could no longer go to get them, the children have brought them to me, and they have talked to me like old friends of by-gone days.

So I am always glad to greet the little harbingers of spring; particularly so this time, when they tell that our long and severe winter is over, and we may soon look for the other flowers. Nature's great awakening time has come, when she calls to Mother Earth, who whispers to the children asleep on her bosom, and they arise and come forth into the sunshine and outer air. First the crocus and snow-drop in the gardens, and the anemone and spring beauty in the woods, show their brave little faces, and gladden our hearts with their promise. Then the lilac-buds swell, the daffodils and jonquils bloom, and soon violets, hyacinths, and all the other spring flowers follow in bright array; the brooks sparkle, and dance, and murmur, in unison with the glad bird's song, and earth looks beautiful once more.

Glad am I to see it; and I would never tire of watching everything without that is lovely. My eyes will not bear much strong sunlight yet, however, and I have to deny myself much pleasure of that kind. But at night, when it is clear weather, I sit at my window often, and look at the sky, gemmed with countless millions of stars, sparkling and twinkling, making such a radiant panorama I can hardly take myself away.

I always loved astronomy, and, just before I was grown, studied it awhile; and although I had no teacher, and it was hard work to get along by myself,

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I learned many of the constellations. Then for years I hardly saw them; and now I find much of the same old pleasure in watching them again. I think of you, friend Lizzie, and know that you are looking at them at the same hour. I wonder if they do not bring many like thoughts and feelings to our minds. Not "rapture" often, but sometimes "comfort," sometimes longing, admonition, awe and adoration of the Creator of such wondrous beauty; oftenest of all, sweet memories; and lastly, always, peace. Often they bring to mind,

"The stars shall shine at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices fill the air."

In one of my last articles, I quoted from this poem of Adelaide Proctor's, and maybe some of you have been laughing at me for quoting wrong. I could not then find the poem anywhere, although I knew I had copied it long ago when the book was lent me, but was sure I *knew* that part of it. A few weeks ago I came across it unexpectedly, and was much annoyed to find my memory had played me a trick in several places. Well, it cannot be helped now, and I had the meaning right where the words were not. And sweet Adelaide Proctor will never know it herself, for the English daisies have blossomed over her grave these many springs.

I said I was going to the home of a friend when I found the little anemone. It was a pretty country house, with a terraced lawn sloping down to a low stone wall in front, abundant shrubbery about the grounds, and a few large trees which make pleasant shade in summer. In the house live three young ladies, and their sweet, motherly mother, whom I have long known, but never visited before. I was warmly welcomed, and made at home directly in the big arm-chair near the fire, and spent a delightful day. We had a nice talk about the HOME MAGAZINE, which is an old and valued friend of theirs, and read some pleasant bits to each other from a new number just received. One of the girls being engaged on a pretty piece of embroidery, brought up the subject of fancy work, and they showed something entirely new to me, and interesting. It was an ottoman-cover, which would vie with any of the scrap-jars now in vogue, so varied was its ornamentation. It was worked in all manner of designs, with bright-colored zephyrs, on canvas, filled in with dark brown for a ground-work, and the pictures were from two inches square down to the tiniest ones imaginable. There were figures of animals, insects and men, little crosses wreathed with flowers, and small bits of scenery. On one side was a diminutive cottage surrounded with trees, on the other a soldier stood ready to march. A white horse pranced on the brown turf, a dog and a cat were snapping at each other, while a very good representation of a flock of birds sailed through the (imaginary) air, and tiny flags, crosses and hearts were dotted around in many places. It was an ingenious piece of work, and afforded employment for a good while to look all over it and find every picture.

When I was tired of it, the mother fixed me up on the lounge for a good rest, and we were having a long, quiet chat all to ourselves, when the sound of music from a parlor organ brought me quickly to my feet, and drew me toward it. Two of the girls had

slipped off into the parlor to give me this surprise, and were singing and playing a beautiful piece of sacred music. Then I had a feast indeed, for beside their sweet songs they played some of the old chants and hymns I had listened to long ago, and it was such a reminder of the dear old church and the organ there. Such music seems to wrap my very soul in an undefined, unspeakable sense of sweetness and longing.

Surely, in that other world, I, that am so fond of it, will listen to such strains as have never been heard by mortal ears, and my soul shall feast and be satisfied. No longings, no sweet pain or regret there, only perfect rapture.

The girls repeated the pleasure in the afternoon, and then, as the too short day came to its close, brought me home in the glowing sunset to dream sweet dreams that night, and sing those tunes over and over to myself all the next day. LICHEN.

### "THE OLD HOME."

**O**H, the dear old home! What other home is like it? What other home can ever be like it?

The dear, old, happy place, crumbling to ruin to-day, but treasured in the depths of memory just as sacredly. Every tree about it cast such long, cool shadows; every shrub looked so home-like and contented! Oh, in the dewy June mornings, how the robins and meadow-larks used to sing! They have never seemed to pour out their triumphant and sweet songs as they did about the old place. Then there were the orchard trees, rich with snowy bloom. Ah me! what other trees ever had such a wealth of rare sweetness about them?

Shutting our eyes, we drift away in spirit to the long gone days; old voices come back again; faces we can look upon in all God's fair land never, oh, never more! are bending out of the shadows and smiling upon us. Ah, those shadows in the past, they bury in their silence so much of joy and pain!

"Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,  
And snow-white foreheads are there;  
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,  
A thorny bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer."

We can almost feel the pressure of warm hands, the fleeting kiss upon our lips; and with beloved ones we wander out under the venerable trees again, and as of old our feet sink into the green coolness of the grass. Yes, even the grass grew greener and cooler there than we have ever found it elsewhere; it was deep and luxuriant, with its million tiny spires all reaching upward to the light. And the swing—the old swing on the giant branch of the oak! Whenever did life seem so full of hope, so full of restfulness and quiet, so free from all strife, as when we swung to and fro in the bracing air of morning, birds carolling above us, flowers blooming beneath us, and the continuous hum of innumerable insects and bees growing more and more distinct as the sun came up from his eastern halls of rest. And such sunlight! Ah, dear friend, do you think of it now, how its gold seemed to cling about everything? It was not just warm, yellow light, such as this, but rare, burning gold, like fire. But perhaps these modified tints are better for us now than the intensity of light our children's eyes looked upon. I remember well how it used to lie along the fields, and stream into the old kitchen, a real glory of light, until the very walls shone; and sometimes it used to fall about mother—dear, dear mother—wrapping her in a halo of splendor, and

crowning her with a golden crown, as she, of all others, should be crowned.

Beloved mother, many thorns have grown in your pathway, and tears have fallen where your gentle feet have trod; the way has often been dark, and the days cheerless and still!

O home, dear old home! familiar voices come out of the past, and we catch their melody throbbing as strong pulses under all the discord of years, and falling, sweet and earnest, upon our hearts, above the wailing songs of melancholy, warning us of present evils or danger. Tender hands are seeking our own through the medium of dreams, and leading us away from temptations and snares. O home of our childhood, thy memories are treasured, and we think of thee in the quiet hour. Life will never again be as it has been. God grant, nevertheless, that we grow wiser and better! The rare bloom and freshness has been brushed from our natures by our contact with the busy, jostling world, and our swift march from childhood to middle life. But it is well to think of thee, old home, and listen to the melodies of olden days, though there be

"A tincture of grief in the beautiful song  
That sobs on the slumberous air."

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

### THE WINDING THREAD.

**I**T slips off so fast the way it should not go, and takes me so long to unwind it."

Mother said this, looking up from her sewing machine in a half-wearied, half-smiling way. She was winding a bobbin. The thread went round it smoothly enough at first, but as she tired, she happened to stop an instant, and could not regain the movement, the thread slipped on the little steel bar. Patiently she unwound, and tried again and again, but she soon saw that the shortest way would be to use the partly-wound bobbin as it was, and begin afresh on another.

She saw me glance at my little Josie, busy with his toys in the sunny bay-window, and answered my thought as if it had been spoken.

"Yes, dear, just that; first, with ourselves, and afterward with our children. It is so easy to form a habit that seems trivial in itself; so easy to glide into selfish or careless or indolent ways, and so hard to overcome, when they have become a part of our daily life; when, perhaps, some serious mischief is wrought, or some blessed opportunity of helping our neighbor has passed by neglected, and we have awakened to a just sense of what we are doing.

"It is so easy to let a little disobedience, a little wandering from truth, in our children, pass without check—so much easier than to leave the work we are hurried with, or the interesting book, and attend to it promptly, and in the right way; not with impatience or severity, but with gentle firmness.

"But it is far safer and better to wind the thread of daily life with a constant vigilance, a quiet care—with a love and faith and hope, pervading all things, even of its homeliest routine, no matter whether they seem large or small. Better never to allow ourselves to drift into habits that we must break by painful effort; better to keep our lambs in the fold, than seek, in after years, to bring them back from long and perilous wanderings.

"You can follow out the thought yourself, dear," mother added, with her genial smile. "I did not mean to weary you with my little sermon, but the suggestion of the sewing machine seemed too good to lose."

M. O. JOHNSON.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 4.

"THE birds have come! The birds have come!" shouted little Paul, running into the house with the flush of the sunrise upon his face, and, lo! they were all around us—robins, plump and motherly, larks and black-birds, filling the air with their merry notes, chirping cheerily from tree-top and from bramble. How silently they came all in the night-time! Last eve there was no sign or token of their coming, but, with the first dawning of light, they were here, bringing with them the very breath of the spring-time.

It is good to come to this after the long, cold winter which, despite all we can do, will sometime seem a little dreary. Soon we shall have flowers, tender and beautiful; flowers of the early spring-time, so modest and retiring, hiding under leaves and grasses, yet filling the air with sweet perfume which, like the influence and sweetness of a good life, cannot but betray its origin. The trees will again be clothed in richest green, and everywhere there will be beauty and freshness, with soft sighing of South winds, soft pattering of rain-drops, sunlight, songs full of rest and peace, joy and beauty, and life everywhere. Ah, the sweet pictures which come to us with the coming of the birds! From the "sunny South" they come, seeming to me like messengers from my far-away home, bringing words of love and good-will from the dear ones there. Perhaps the very birds singing around me now sang for them but a few days ago. Perhaps my little mother has oft listened to and been cheered by their notes. I always fancy this to be so, and to me, they bring a double joy.

Fancy the nests they will build, the little ones they will rear. How patiently they wait for the coming of their young; how tenderly and proudly they care for them! What lessons they teach us through all the long, bright summer-days!

I wonder sometimes if there are not birds in Heaven. If there are trees and flowers there—and how could Heaven be Heaven without flowers? there should be birds to flit in and out with glad songs. It seems to me all these pure, beautiful things, or something which will be to us there what these are here, will meet us there. The seasons, I suppose, will not come and go there as they do here, but sometimes I cannot help wondering if we will not wish to come to happy mornings like this with the glad tidings of "the birds have come" ringing through the air. Will there be no long summer-days full of brightness and bloom? No regal Octobers with color and beauty everywhere, and soft, purple haze over all? No winter-time whiteness and stillness? We have so much to do with all these here, they are so mingled and interwoven with our everyday life, it is difficult to imagine ourselves apart from them, difficult to fill out the "new world" without the familiar surroundings we have here. I wish He had told us more of Heaven, more of our life there. Yet there is deep meaning in the little He has told. He gave us the outline, the thought has been growing with me lately that He made and left it but an outline, because—I hardly know how to tell it, but, there are so many and such widely differing natures here, and what would be Heaven to the imaginings of one would not be, could not be, Heaven to another. Perhaps He foresaw this, and in His loving wisdom, left us each to fill out the picture with our own colors and designs; with our highest, purest hopes and aspirations. Doubtless we shall find it

different from what we picture it, but we need not fear. He has assured us that, when we awake, we "shall be satisfied." So if we find no birds, no flowers there, there will be something better and more beautiful, and all will be well. Surely He will not reprove us if, while we wait, we cheer ourselves with hopes that the precious things given us here will be ours there.

Shall I, or any one, be less fit for the joys of Heaven, if, while earnestly striving to know His will and follow in the footsteps of the "blessed Jesus," I cheer myself by thinking the little bird I learn to love for the sweetness of its morning song outside my window will sing for me in Heaven, or if I think the violets and daisies I cherish here will blossom for me there? It may not be so, but if it helps me to think it will be, surely it can do no harm do I but seek ever to make my life pure and good. I do not fear disappointment, for "when I awake, I shall be satisfied." Oh, blessed promise! How wondrous full and deep its meaning! How it cheers us amid the darkness and gloom which come around us here! Never any more pain or weariness; never any more restless longings and yearnings; never any more wrong-doing; never to be misunderstood or belied; never to be pained by coldness or neglect from others; but to be satisfied! To go steadily onward and upward, the light that is not of the moon or stars shining with a clear, steady radiance before us, helping us to walk and faint not.

"Heaven is for those who have failed on earth." Who does not fail in some dear plan or hope? Who can make his life all that he would have it here? We have high and beautiful ideals, yet with all our striving, how far short of them we fall. We are so tried and perplexed, and find it so hard to know what is right or good, and life here at its best must yet be unsatisfactory. But there all will be changed. There we shall find greater strength and knowledge, and grow constantly in goodness and grace. There there will be everything to help and nothing to hinder our progress.

I think sometimes we do not have charity or patience enough for ourselves here, that we do not make allowance enough for the weakness of the flesh. Not that we should not hold ourselves to a high standard of excellence and try ever to attain to it. Each one of us should do this, but when we fail in some particular, yet know our good intent and how hard we tried to do and be all we desired, why may we not have the same charity for self we would have for another? Is it just or right to give one's self wholly to condemnation and discouragement then and sit in weak repining? Is it right, in looking back, to see only the failures we have made and recall only the hasty, impatient words? It is well for us each to know the motives and aims which actuate us, to know if the heart's desire be good and the mind free from evil; but a constant, morbid brooding over self is good for no one. So many, and particularly those who, from ill health or other causes, are set aside from the active work of life, make themselves and those around them unhappy by a constant study of self, a constant questioning of each thought and deed. I know it is very natural that this should be, but it should be fought against and resisted, for it is wrong, wrong. Let us be just with ourselves and keep in our daily walk

"The inward witness, the assuring sense  
Of an Eternal Good which overlies  
The sorrow of the world, Love which outlives  
All sin and wrong, Compassion which forgives  
To the uttermost, and Justice whose clear eye,

Through lapse and failure, look to the intent  
And judge our frailty by the life we meant."

And, while humbly confessing the errors and sins of the past, and seeking to avoid a repetition of them, we may look with hope to the future and still go on. Be not easily disheartened.

"For unto sainthood growth is slow,  
Yet each a sainthood sweet may know,  
If each will bide its time;  
If each will work, and wait, and hope,  
Each soul shall mount the upward slope  
Where being is sublime."

EARNEST.

### FROM LONESOME HILLS.

A STRANGER sends a friendly greeting to the "Home Circle."

"Many a time and oft" have I longed to be one of that pleasant, comfortable group. But the mother of five restless little "Texans" has few leisure hours in which to rub the rust from her literary store, by snatching up a pen, now and then, and testing her school-girl skill of years ago, in composition. Yonder, on a box, lies a pile of stockings with holes of all sizes and shapes that fifty little toes can contrive to make. Here, at my side, hanging on a chair back, is a formidable array of dresses, skirts, pants, drawers, etc., belonging to the five young bodies that carry those same fifty little toes. Yes, a regular day of patching awaits me. But I have been kept from writing so many times by such things, that I shall "cut the Gordian knot" of work right here—as it can't be untied—and devote a little while to a sheet of paper. The holes and rents may gape on—it can't hurt them. Who knows but that darning and patching will seem easier after my scribbling?

I believe it is Guardian that says, "He is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it." Hence, as I certainly enjoy reading the "Home Circle," and, as many things therein seem to be written not only for, but to me, I appropriate an ample share of the contents to myself; besides, I feel as if many of the writ-

ters were personal friends. Sometimes I wish some of them could take a peep into our little home, nestling among the lonely hills; such an humble home that I dare say many would scarcely deem it worthy the name.

Only a rough little cabin of cedar logs, standing alone among the rugged hills of Texas. Yet I have had the presumption to name our unpretending little place after Willis's elegant home on the Hudson. Yes, I call it "Idlewild," and the name suits the wild beauty that surrounds our tiny habitation. I love the free, unfettered life this isolated retreat affords, and, as I said, sometimes wish those of the "Home Circle" could explore its many tempting nooks of "nature in her wildest moods." At other times "pride is in arms," and I feel so ashamed of the rude log cabin that my jaundiced eyes refuse to see anything else, and it proves a very "thorn in the flesh," which rankles and tortures my false ambition till I feel as if I could tear down the shabby little structure, and scatter the ruins to the four winds.

How foolish and sinful such feelings are no one knows better than I, the victim of those "tantrums." I sometimes try to excuse myself by imputing it all to a diseased body and weak nerves; but, though I know these exert an influence, I know, too, and acknowledge, that temper and lack of faith in Him, who "doeth all things well," and "who layeth on our burdens and giveth us help," is the main cause. I've heard more than one say that they didn't know what their besetting sins were. Well, I think I know mine, and what compels me to think I am right is, that I often wish they were anything else. Pride and temper are the tempters that lie in wait for me; and I have been fighting them a long weary time; but, like Bancho's ghost, "they will not down."

My sheet is nearly full, and I am sorry, for I wanted to tell about our Christmas holidays; about my last "tantrum," that spoiled my pleasure for one of those days; of how mean I felt about it, and the good resolutions I made, and how I've failed in keeping them as I should.

May happiness attend the "Home Circle" through this, our new year, and may each member let her light shine as a Pharos of help and encouragement to others.  
SYBIL RAE.

## Life and Character.

### LETTER FROM MRS. STARKEY.

WHEN Samuel and Ben left the table this morning, I asked them what they would like for dinner, to-day. Ben's eyes twinkled-like, and he held his hat in both hands, and said: "Whatever comes handy, Mis Starkey." My partner is not so modest, and the squarest question in the world wouldn't embarrass him, so he up and says, says he, "A Rebecca, presume we have noodles."

"Very well, Samuel," I answered, properly, and when the time came I made noodles.

Ben declared he never ate 'em made after that fashion; that his mother always made 'em thick-like, a sort of a soup, like broth thickened with flour and such. Ben had me write down how I made them, so's when he changed his way of living he could order them made my way.

I took two eggs and broke them into less than a pint of flour, in which I had put a little snip of salt,

stirred the mass gently with the ends of the fingers until it was a soft, smooth paste. Then I rolled it out very thin on the bread-board, almost as thin as a wafer, rubbed flour over it and stood it in a cool place until it was needed. About half an hour before dinner I folded the broad sheet up until it was small, and then shred it into very fine threads, cutting carefully with a table knife, tossed them up into a heap with a plentiful sprinkling of flour, and few minutes before dinner hour, dropped them, a little at a time, into over a pint of boiling water in the spider, stirring all the while. During the time of this a thin slice of bread was toasting in the oven. Let them boil a good bit—if hurried, the noodles will not be cooked done, and you know any preparation of raw flour is not wholesome, nor good, nor palatable.

Many a cook spoils her gravies even by improper cooking. If the water boils off and there is not a sufficiency, more must be added from the tea-kettle. I had a deep covered dish heated quite hot, the slice

of browned bread laid in the bottom of it, and when the noodles were cooked done, I poured them over the toast, added a lump of good butter, stirred the mass until it was seasoned through, and then made a little hollow in the centre and put in a teacupful of sweet cream, and stood the dish in the stove to keep nice and warm. And this was the way I made the noodles for my Sam and our boarder, Ben, and the way they partook was sweet praise to the cook. I hope this will be something for some poor young housewife. Just at this season of the year this dish comes in very nicely and solves the difficulty sometimes when a body is perplexed and don't know what to get for dinner. I am a humble creature and my spear is narrow, and it is not much I can tell any one.

One day last week when I was down with my old complaint, and the neighbors ran in to give assistance occasionally, one of the women said being Sam and Ben were so fond of mush and milk, maybe she'd better make a hasty pudding for their suppers. We were old cronies, Betsey Brooks and Becky Starkey, so I just up and told her that ever since I'd eaten hasty pudding at old man Punderson's I had set my face again' it. It's not good. No woman can cook a real pudding done in a jiffy the way they all do when they give it a portable stir round and round awhile, and think they are so smart.

Now there was old Mis Beamer who lived at the X roads awhile, a fine old lady she was, too, weighed about a hundred and seventy-five or eighty or eighty-five, and the span round her waist was like spanning a tree almost, and her hair, a coppery color, was always done up with a little old horn comb, and she wore glass ear-rings and had a polypus in her head that made her eyes water, sunshine or no sunshine; a nice body she was, very partial to blue calico—indeed blue was her favorite color, and, as you may say, she took to blue powerfully. I've seen that dissolute mortal just wring her hands and walk the floor, whoopin' in her anguish with bone felons. She had 'em on both thumbs, at one time and another, and her fingers were twirled this way and that, and twisted awfully with bone felons. Oh, she tried soap and lime, and rubbing them in a hog trough, and lard and goose grease, and fryin' of this and that and tother, and had an astrology speak healing words over 'em, and nothing seemed to relieve her like a mixtur' that mother-in-law Starkey propounded. Her cure was to kill a dog so suddenly that he never would know what killed him; a dog good or worthless, no matter which—one that had only two colors to him; same as black and white, or brindle and white, or brown and black, or dun and gray—any colors, so that only two of 'em existed on the same animal. Well then cut the fine end of the hair off the tips of his two ears and off the very tip of his tail, and wet them in the drainings of the teapot and bind them on the bone felon with a bit of crape that had been tied on a door-knob in case of a death in a respectable well-to-do family. Then lie down and let some one sing some mournful sort of a wailing ditty, and they say that poultice will draw like a team of spirituous horses, and after while it will relax its fury and the bone felon has to give up—its course is run, its fight is done.

We were discouraging meal-puddings or pastry-puddings. Old Mis Punderson used to make them, and they had a raw taste of scalded meal, and they never agreed with me. Mis Beamer used to cook hers four hours, at least, and sometimes half a day. If for supper, she made it as soon as the chores were done up after dinner, and let it stand on the back

the stove where it would simmer and bubble slowly and sometimes the hot bubbles would pooh! out like a couple whispering. Such mush was always nice to fry for breakfast on cool mornings. We often have it made that way—slowly cooked, and when cold cut in slices of even thickness, rolled in flour in which is a little taste of salt, and then the slices laid in the hot spider in which is a few spoonfuls of meat fryin' and butter mixed. Fry so as not to burn it, but make a nice crisp brown on both sides.

For those who like cod-fish as well as Ben does, the best way we know of is to get the shredded fine, put up in pound packages. Take a cupful, and boil in water long enough to freshen well, then pour off the water and put one pint or less of creamy milk, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and when it begins to boil dredge over a spoonful of flour and stir gently until it is cooked done. This makes a very palatable dish, and is generally agreeable to nearly all the members of one's family.

One of my husband's old cronies, a loyal old Democrat of the Andrew Jackson stamp, stayed with us last night. He and my man used to sit on the same bench at school when they were little shavers together, and I suppose he would have married Sam's oldest sister, only that she died when about fourteen years of age. He used to bait her hook for her when they were out fishing, and pick the hard knot out of her shoestring, and miss the word on purpose so's she could get above him in the spelling-class. Sam says he hasn't a doubt but McDonald would have married Mary Jane if she'd lived up to womanhood.

But this is neither here nor there. I set out to tell about McDonald. A heartier meal man never ate than he did; and this was the way it came about. Supper was over when he arrived, and so I just cleared off the table and set it over again. That will give a tea-table such an air of tidiness and newness. Brushing off the crumbs and rearranging won't make it appear half so well. You women all know it. We had hot biscuit, butter, peach-butter, cheese, and cold boiled beef cut in thin slices and laid on a large plate. I always use a large plate, even if there isn't half a dozen slices. Mary Punderson, the woman that I used to work for when I was a young girl, said to me several times: "Rebecca, allus take a big plate for anything that is a principal dish," said she. "Anything piled up to the very edge of the dish looks skimpy, and mussed-up, and handled-over, while a plate with plenty of margin looks like a picture in a nice, large, roomy frame. The white margin will set off a passel of food of any kind, and make it seem appetizing-like."

Now I found that out to be true. And Mary Punderson was awful nice about her butter-plate. She changed it every day, and sometimes twice a day, for the sake of the "clean, white margin," as she said. That woman could spread a table to look kind of sumptuous, and choice, and fine, no matter how common the victuals were on it. Why she was as particular of her table-cloth as women are of their best shawls. One would last a whole week, and look better than people's commonly do at the end of the second day. The way she managed was this: 'al table-cloths were good heavy ones, and because 'st this they would take starch well. She was particular in ironing to fold evenly, and iron till they looked glossy as satin. When she set the table, cup-plates were put on in case any one was needed; mats were used to set things on, and an oil-cloth was spread at the place where the youngest child sat. In case any one dropped gravy, or elopped tea, or laid any refuse



on the cloth that belonged on the plate, when she cleared off the table she laid a clean towel under the spot, and wet a cloth in hot suds and gently rubbed it, and sponged it, and then dipped the rag in clean, warm water and rinsed it, folded the cloth in its proper folds, evenly, and laid a weight on it to keep in the same folds as it came from the ironing-table. That was the way that careful and capacious woman did.

Such things may sound fussy and whimsical, but when they become fixed habits a body thinks of no other way.

Oh, I was telling about that old Jackson Democrat visiting my Samuel! Well, at the table he said: "Your tea is delicious, Mis Starkey!" And so I brought the tea-pot and stood it near him that he could feel more freedom like in helping himself.

And Sam sat and visited, and McDonald talked equal to any long-tongued, rapacious old woman.

Sam said: "Take some of the jell, Mack."

But he said: "Not while this beef holds out, Sam. Do you call it corned beef, or what? I've never lighted upon its equal."

I was in the bed-room filling the wash-pitcher, and

I heard Sam say: "No, it's not corned beef; it's just the way my wife allus fixes it—not too salt nor too fresh, just the right taste"

A woman likes praise from her husband, if it is only for the humblest thing she does; you women all know that. So I wrote down for McDonald the way I cure beef. He had just bought two hind quarters, and he wanted it saved, so that the last would be as good as the first.

For one hundred pounds of beef, take four gallons of water, six pounds of salt, two pounds of sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, and the same of saleratus. Boil and skim, and pour on the beef when cold. The beef must be heavily weighted, and all kept under. If, after six weeks, the brine turns reddish, boil, skim and pour on again.

Beef kept this way is excellent boiled and eaten cold. Mack had always put his down in salt only. That makes it become salty, and fibrous, and dry.

An elderly woman tethered down to her quiet home as I am, has limited opportunities for doing much in the way of general good; still there is no field so narrow but some good may be accomplished in it.

MRS. SAM STARKEY.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 4.

WE got to talking the other day about burns. There was Mrs. Lee, Mrs Cunningham, Sister Bodkin and little Kate Carey—we all happened in at the dressmaker's at one time. It does beat all how social and chatty women are when they fire up! We think Pottsville can't be equaled anywhere for friendly, kind, sociable women. Only this morning Lily was laughing about the fun we women had one evening in December, when we met at Deacon A.'s, to plan for our Christmas tree.

We said: "Now let's to business; don't let us forget ourselves and begin to visit, and let these two hours slip away without accomplishing anything." And so we tried to be sedate, and abide by parliamentary rules, and talk business only, and yet, in spite of ourselves, we would run off into stories and anecdotes, and grow very entertaining and very funny. We had to be called to order often by the only girl present. Our called meetings among the women are very enjoyable, indeed.

A little girl in our neighborhood pulled a cup of tea off the table and was severely scalded, and this was what gave rise to our talk about burns.

Now there are two excellent remedies that may not be known generally. One is charcoal. By laying a piece of charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately, and by leaving it on the wound an hour or so, the burn is healed. This has been demonstrated satisfactorily on several occasions.

Our own remedy for cuts and burns is glue or mucilage. This closes up a cut nicely, and one will experience no inconvenience thereafter. It protects the cut or burn from cold, prevents all pain or smarting, and affords instant relief. If the wound is severe and requires dressing occasionally, it can be washed in tepid water, and the glue or mucilage put on again. It may not be known to all readers how to manufacture a quality of glue which never dries up or needs melting. If a good article of whisky is used in dis-

solving the glue, it will remain ready for use at all times. And to make a good quality of mucilage, which will not ferment, dissolve the gum-arabic in cold water only, stand the wide-mouthed bottle in which you make it, in a cool place, and stir it once or twice a day until it is dissolved.

Cuts and burns are shorn of their terrors when the glue or the mucilage is handy and ready for use. Let the lady readers remember this. The good right hand which pens these lines, was caught under a stick while replenishing the fire in the kitchen stove, and pressed closely against the hot iron plate so that one finger quite roasted. We released it and almost fainted before we could reach the cool thick mucilage on our writing desk, when lo! all pain, and smart, and annoyance were gone, and the hand was ready for duty just as soon as the transparent covering could dry. How many useful things there are of the value of which we know almost nothing.

Mrs. Reed, our neighbor on the Reynold's farm, says she could do without soap almost as well as without ammonia.

Well, we find ammonia invaluable, too, and we do most cordially recommend its use in every household. It costs twenty cents a pint, here, at the drug-gist's, and would probably cost the same elsewhere. During the season of house-cleaning it is, *par excellence*, the best thing known, for washing floors, windows, door and window frames, furniture, wood-work, and, indeed, everything. In washing blankets it cannot be excelled—though borax is also very cleansing—and for washing bed-clothes will accomplish more and better work than the best of hard or soft soap.

During the very severe weather last winter, when we found it almost impossible to keep everything clean and tidy about the pantry and kitchen, we could work marvels with hot water and ammonia, without any of the troublesome results that follow the use of soap-suds in cold weather. Our hands never cracked or chapped once. We would take, say a gallon of hot water, into which we had put two tablespoonfuls

of liquid ammonia, and wash all the wood-work, and shelves, and cupboard, and table in the pantry, and make everything shine, and smell clean and sweet, and as fresh as new wood, with never a hint of damage to the paint and varnish. This could not have been accomplished with soap at all. For keeping dish-cloths clean it is most admirable; for bathing purposes, for washing tinware, for cleaning glass, for removing grease spots, and for general use it is invaluable.

Perhaps here at the deacon's we brighten our tinware an easier way than some other women do. For tin-cups, pans, spoons, dish and bread-pans, and such tinware as is new or nearly new, we polish beautifully with a woolen cloth, slightly dampened and dipped in dry soda, and then after that well washed in hot water to which has been added a little ammonia. It is a very easy way of putting the finishing touches on tinware.

One of the old-time worries of our other years is gone now forever—that of making shirts to fit, and to give satisfaction. We sent the men's measures to the city, and received patterns from the hands of a professional cutter and fitter, and now there is no more plucking at the throat, and gaping, and shaking of the head, and no more pent-up wrath and indignation. Their shirts fit, and the men breathe freely and find a joy in living. We do not suppose that any other women ever had a greater trial on this vexed question than ourselves; if they did, we stand ready to comfort, counsel and give assistance. Patterns warranted to fit can be obtained with but little trouble and expense.

The shape of shirt-bosoms is a decided improvement. Instead of being cut as they formerly were, in a rectangular shape, they are sloped from about halfway from the top to a point at the waistband, thus escaping the wear and pressure of the suspenders, and keeping their smoothness and shape better than when made after the old style. We find that lining the cuffs and collars and bosoms with butcher's linen to be an advantage. This linen is heavy, and holds starch a great deal longer than a cotton lining would. All the wear and tear of button-holes is avoided if the shirt is made open in the back.

Shirts made with pointed bosoms, lined with butcher's linen, made open in the back, stiffly starched, and nicely ironed and polished, will last several days without showing crease or soil. The stiffer the starch and the higher the polish, the greater will be the resistance of the linen to dust and tarnish of every kind.

In making button-holes in linen, they will be found to wear much longer if, before the button is inserted, the starch is carefully rubbed out of the thread around the button-hole. It makes easier buttoning and unbuttoning, and saves the temper of the naturally irritable. No one wants to hear the marl of, "Oh, drat the thing!" when it can be prevented so easily.

How to do up shirt-bosoms properly has puzzled many an awkward girl, and indeed many a girl who is not awkward nor untaught. There is an art in it that must come with experience, before the hands, be they never so deft, are skilled in the work.

Take two tablespoonfuls of the best starch, and add a little cold or tepid water to it; rub and stir with a spoon into a thick paste, carefully breaking all the particles and lumps. Pour on a pint of boiling water, stirring all the time; boil until thick and well-cooked through. Add a piece of enamel the size of a pea, or a bit of clean mutton-tallow half the

size of a nutmeg and a level teaspoonful of salt will answer instead, though not quite so well. Strain the starch through a piece of thin muslin. Have the shirt turned wrong side out, dip the bosoms carefully in the starch and squeeze out, repeating this dipping and squeezing until the bosoms are thoroughly and evenly saturated with the starch, then proceed to dry. Then sprinkle, and let them lie tightly rolled up from two to six hours.

To do up shirt-bosoms in the best possible way, one must have a polishing-iron—one rounded over and highly polished on the sides and ends. Have a bosom-board, made about the size of the bosom, with slightly rounded corners, and covered with about two thicknesses of muslin sewed tightly across it. Spread a damp cloth over the bosom, and iron quickly; then remove the cloth and use the hot polishing-iron. Rub hard and quick, lengthwise, but not crosswise. If any part dries before the gloss comes, take a clean, damp muslin cloth and dampen the place well, and try it again. When preparing a shirt-bosom to iron, don't handle and smooth it with the fingers, for no matter how clean and fresh one's hands are, a perceptible soil will seem to attach itself to the fine linen surface; use instead a clean bit of dampened, thin, old muslin to smooth down the plaits and prepare the work. And don't begin to iron until the bosom is all ready to go at.

There is an old saying among our grandmothers that "the back of a man's shirt should never be ironed," that it induces ill-nature; and, really, we have seen men going about with crumpled backs as fresh and as full of wrinkles as when the garment left the hands of the washerwoman. The back, despite the old whim, should be ironed first by folding it lengthwise, through the centre. Next iron the wristbands and both sides of the sleeves, then the collarband, and then the bosom and body.

If by any mishap the shirt-bosom or any article of clothing gets scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly upon it, and that will take it out.

"Enamel" for starch is made by melting one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti together in a gentle heat. In making starch, then, for six or eight shirts, put into it a bit of enamel the size of a hazelnut; if for more shirts, use in proportion.

The last time we washed lace curtains, we handled them carefully as possible, pressing instead of wringing, and when we were ready to dry them we laid sheets down on the carpet in a room little used, and spread the curtains down, smoothing out every crease.

But our neighbor, Mrs. C., knows a better way, the way she manages hers; and as this article will come to light just before house-cleaning time, we will copy her formula.

Have frames made purposely for drying curtains; they will cost but a trifle; any handy man who is deft of fingers can make them, and once made they will do good service for several families near together. Let the frames be made somewhat like the old style of quilting-frames, only of lighter material, and thickly set along the inside with the smallest size of galvanized tenter-hooks in which to fasten the lace. Have holes and wooden pins with which to vary the length and width to suit the different sizes of curtains. They should always be measured before they are wet, and then when put in the frames stretched to that size. This will prevent shrinking. Five or six curtains of the same size may be put in, one above the other, and all dried at one time. The frames may rest on chairs in a vacant room, and with windows open and good

ventilation they will soon dry. In handling lace curtains, as little time as possible should be observed, for such goods shrink very readily.

Not every family uses an ironing-board for the reason that they think a carpenter must make them. For years we used a board six feet long and two feet wide that we found in the wagon-shed. Covered with a thin quilt pinned on the under side, it answered every purpose, though it was rough and unplanned. But now we have a "made" one, and it is invaluable, answering the place of a table to iron on when two are at work. It is five feet long, two feet wide at one end, and narrows down with a rounded taper from full width at the middle to seven inches at the other end, with rounded corners. In using it, we place one end on the table or on a chair and the

other end on the window-sill. Is about one inch in thickness.

The bosom-board is about eighteen inches long, eight wide, and one inch thick, one end a little narrower than the other. A hole in one end to hang it up safely, that it may not be used for any other purpose. I did tell about the clothes-frame, that folds together, in a former article.

This will soon be the time to lay out webs of muslin to bleach, while there is yet some snow and frosty nights, with occasional bursts of warm sunshine. Unbleached muslin "pays" best for good, honest wear for most common purposes. Men's every-day shirts, however, should be made of check or gingham, or some material easy to wash and iron.

PIPSY PORTS.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SHOWER AND FLOWER.

**D**OWN the little drops patter,  
Making a musical clatter,  
Out of the clouds they throng:  
Freshness of heaven they scatter  
Little dark rootlets among.  
"Coming to visit you, Posies!  
Open your hearts to us, Roses!"  
That is the Raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises:  
Buds of all colors and sizes  
Clamber up out of the ground.  
Gently the blue sky surprises  
The earth with that soft-rushing sound.  
"Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming:  
"Come! for we wait for your coming!"  
Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"—  
"Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"—  
This is the song everywhere.  
Listen! the music will cheer you!  
Raindrop and blossom so fair  
Gladly are meeting together  
Out in the beautiful weather:—  
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

LUCY LARCOM in *St. Nicholas*.

### INDIRECTION.

**F**AIR are the flowers and the children, but their  
subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret  
that clasps it is rarer;  
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that  
precedes it is sweeter;  
And never was poem yet wit, but the meaning out-  
mastered the metre.

Back of the canvas that throbbed the painter is hinted  
and hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor  
is bidden;  
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of  
feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns  
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is  
symbolized is greater;  
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward  
creator;  
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the  
gift stands the giving,  
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive  
nerves of receiving.

### SONG OF THE UPLANDS.

**O**H, better a glimpse of a star  
That may never be reached but be hoped for;  
Oh, better a grand life afar,  
That at least in the mind can be groped for,  
Than to have all the senses desire,  
And all that the passions require;  
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better a faith that can cope  
With the doubts of the world and can quicken;  
Oh, better a life that has hope  
To illumine it, though poverty stricken,  
Than to have all that riches can hire  
Or buy, so to feast and not tire,  
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better love that is blind,  
That can see in the loved one no badness;  
Oh, better a trust in one's kind,  
Spite of all of its folly and madness,  
Than to stand all alone mid earth's mire,  
Having food, and raiment, and fire,  
But no more, but no more.

EDWARD S. CREAMER.

### NOT DEAD.

**W**HERE hast thou been this year, beloved?  
What hast thou seen?  
What rising fair, what glorious life,  
Where hast thou been?

The veil, the veil, so thin, so strong,  
'Twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil; when shall it fall,  
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

## Health Department.

### TAKE YOUR LUNCHEON.

IT is the idea of some that many of the customs of the day are arbitrary fashions adopted by our civilization, which sensible people can modify to their great advantage. There have even been fanatics who affirmed that sleep was a useless thing, and consumed a large portion of needless time which might be used in enriching the nation. They have even tried the experiment of doing without sleep, and it is needless to state the result.

Almost as foolish is the theory of those who suppose they can profit by doing without a midday meal, making breakfast and supper suffice. Many of the great men of the age have allowed themselves to become so absorbed in their pursuits that they took no note of time, remaining at their work of brain or hands without a pause for eating until long past the luncheon hour. But the penalty for such overtaxing the frame was sure to be met, and in many cases it came in the shape of death in life's very prime.

It is said that Pitt undermined his constitution by his long fasts, when he felt himself too busy to eat, and he died at forty-seven. Lord Palmerston was a most indefatigable worker, but he was a devoted admirer of "the roast beef of old England" and never slighted the call to meals. Eighty found him still in harness, ready for his twenty miles ride, and with a brain vigorous to the last. Luncheons are no mean part of the day's exercise with Prince Bismarck, whether in war or peace. And I think it will be found that those who have carried a strong frame and a vigorous mind down to old age have been very methodical and abundant eaters.

So do not despise or undervalue this grand help to good, successful working. Endeavor, as far as your circumstances will allow, to have your mid-day luncheon regular and substantial, and take no food between meals if you would have your stomach act with its best power. A learned doctor thinks that this one rule, well lived up to, would speedily banish indigestion from our land. A machine that is ill used may be made to run well and rapidly for a time,

but not for a long time. Retribution is sure to come. And often a constitution seems like "the one-horse shay," to go all to pieces at once—that, too, long before it has run its hundred years. J. M. C.

### THE ABUSE OF IRON AS A TONIC.

A WRITER in the *Saratogian* says:

It is a fact worth repeating that our so-called tonic waters, while extremely valuable in some cases, are not generally beneficial. They cannot always be safely prescribed, even where a tonic is indicated, and, as usually taken by visitors at the springs, do very little good and a great deal of harm. The effect of the iron waters is not as a tonic to many who use them. Many find a better tonic in our alternative waters. Most invalids think they need tonics to give strength, when they really need some effect to restore functional derangements of the stomach, liver or kidneys, and then a good appetite and refreshing sleep will tone up the system and give strength and vigor.

Of course, our iron waters are sometimes used with marked success, as in cases of chlorosis and other impoverished conditions of the blood, and in chronic diarrhoea and some forms of kidney disease; but, as a beverage, as now generally used, the water is simply tolerated by the system, and does but little good. People, with the idea that iron will strengthen them, drink continually of our chalybeate waters, experiencing, as the result of their imprudence, headache and febrile action, with vertigo or tightness across the forehead, followed by restless nights and a loss of appetite. There is a popular notion that if a person feels weak he needs a tonic or iron. These words have become synonyms, but erroneously so. Nothing is more weakening than iron if not needed in the system as a remedy. Speaking in reference to this popular error, Dr. Steel says, in his "Analysis," that "it would be better for the public if the iron springs were closed during a large portion of the day."

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**Midnight Marches Through Persia.** By Charles Ballantine. This contains an account of a unique journey through a most miserable, desolate, decayed country, little known to the outside world. Mr. Ballantine, accompanied by his wife and child and a native servant, started by steamer from Bombay to Bushire, a port upon the Persian gulf, and thence upon donkeys, with only such attendance as the wretched land afforded, through the deserts to the Caspian Sea. We may receive from the perusal of this simple narrative a vivid impression of intense heat, a burning sun, sandy wastes, noxious insects, want of water, ancient ruins, extortionate, impudent attendants and wretched accommodations, giving us a far better idea of the Shah's dominions than is generally obtainable. Though the story really ends with the safe arrival of the travelers upon the shores

of the Caspian Sea, we are interested to know that, by way of Astrakhan, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm and London, they reached New York without accident, after a journey of five months and a half.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

**Firebrands.** By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. In a most interesting, vivid manner, this little story describes a peaceful, secluded village, the home of innocent and happy country folk, before it is invaded by the demon rum and his myrmidons. The destroyer comes into the place in the person of a chubby-cheeked orphan boy, who grows up resolved to make money at any cost; which he does, only to spread abroad untold misery, and finally pull down destruction upon his own head. So true is it all, that we feel our sorrow deepen as we trace his downward

career, as though we actually saw it all in real life. Besides the tale, the book may be said to contain in a nutshell a multitude of questions of political economy in its relation to the liquor traffic.

**Moderate Drinking.** By Benjamin W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. A condensed yet exhaustive analysis of the whole subject from a scientific point of view. While it is clearly shown that the most unprejudiced inquirer can discover but one argument in favor of moderate drinking—that is, to consider it a luxury, admitting all the time that it is one which must be handled with caution, and handled only by a person in perfect health, occupying the most favorable position in respect to rest, responsibility and employment, lest he lose control over it and himself—a most startling array of facts and figures is brought forward to prove that the only wise course regarding alcoholic drink is to let it alone.

**Intemperance and Crime.** By Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. This pamphlet contains an essay read by Judge Davis in the parlors of Hon. William E. Dodge, on the evening of December 17th, 1878. The high position of its author alone should entitle its words to special consideration, even were they not so overwhelmingly convincing as they are, exhibiting with striking force the fearful connection between drink and sin, misery and degradation. An editorial in a recent number of *Scribner's Monthly*, in speaking of this address, said that it made a deep impression on all present, and especially on the moderate drinkers, as it showed them plainly that they could not make a consistent stand for temperance without first cutting off their own supplies; and they dared not shut their

eyes to the fact that such a stand was their imperative duty. Social tipping, the article continued, is not injurious so much in its making drunkards, as in paralyzing the energies of those who otherwise might save many weaker ones. We sincerely hope that Judge Davis's powerful essay will do all the good of which it seems fully capable.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Sir Gibbie. A Novel.** By George MacDonald, LL.D. To the ordinary novel reader, this volume will be little more than a curious jumble of improbable characters, and equally improbable action and incident. While the outer life of the story, which is but a parable, seems unreal, exaggerated, and often impossible, its inner life and meaning are full of the higher truths which lift men above the sensual and the selfish, and into a region where God can meet them and show them of Himself and humanity. For spiritual insight and analysis of character, this is one of MacDonald's ablest productions. We give one or two of the seed-thoughts with which the book abounds:

"The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us—has intended in each of us from the first."

"Of all teachings, that which presents a distant God is the nearest to an absurdity. Either there is none, or he is nearer to every one of us than our nearest consciousness of self."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR MAY.

**A**S predicted, we see panier draperies in the newly-imported spring dresses. They are usually made by a full scarf passing around the hips and back in clusters of drapery. Some of these scarfs are stiffened by a lining of crinoline. Bustles are not used with short walking-dresses, which are still made narrow; but a very bouffant appearance is often given to them by the voluminous drapings of the overskirt. Sometimes the back breadths are fully twice the length of those immediately beneath them, and are draped throughout their entire length by rows of pleats caught at the sides and down the middle. Overskirts, too, are often divided half way up the front, the curtains so made turned back in revers and faced with some contrasting color or material, a scarf being brought around above the opening to pass over the bouffant back. A wide row of shirring down the middle and sides of another model makes a puffed appearance all around. One feature of the new draperies is that they are higher than of old, beginning directly beneath the belt instead of lower on the skirt.

Plain borders from four to six inches wide are generally used with elaborate drapery, sometimes edged with a narrow knife-pleating. Colored and plaid bands are cut now straight instead of bias, unless they are very narrow. Black dresses are sometimes trimmed up for spring with vests, collars, cuffs and borders of black and white, or old gold-striped

silks and satins. In the same manner, gay foulard silks are used with camel's hair and bunting dresses.

Simple basques, and coats and vests, are still worn. When with a panier overskirt, they are made very short to prevent crushing the drapery. In many of the new coats, the revers roll back nearly to the waist-line, disclosing so much of the vests, and are fastened there by one or two buttons, beneath which they again show the vests. Woollen dresses are now always made with underskirts, vests and facings of plain silk. Elaborate cuffs on dress sleeves are no longer the style; they are simply finished by being turned back and faced, with a frill of lace beneath, or else a border of shirred silk or satin. For the bottom of underskirts, also, elaborate trimming is now out of place. A narrow-pleated flounce is all that is visible beneath a long overskirt.

One of the most striking novelties in wash dresses is the handkerchief costume. This is made by piecing together large handkerchiefs of blue and white or red and yellow plaid, so that their borders, down the front and middle of the basque, through the sleeves, on the edges of the curtain overskirts, and at intervals in the pleated flounces will form the trimmings. Similar suits are made of navy-blue handkerchiefs, with white polka dots and striped borders. Slips of the same materials, laid in box-pleats in front down to a Spanish flounce, with a yoked and gathered back, the whole completed with a separate, gay, sailor collar, are made for little girls of three and four, to be used for morning-dresses in the country.

## Notes and Comments.

### How to get Plums.

THE culture of that delicious fruit, the plum, has been almost entirely abandoned by many fruit-growers in consequence of the attacks of the curculio. Almost innumerable have been the plans proposed and tried for the destruction of this insect, but the pertinacious little beetle has continued to hold its own against nearly all of them. We have now another experiment aimed at their destruction, and one which appears to have been very successful. It was made by Dr. Kauffman of Iowa City, who is spoken of as a thoroughly painstaking gentleman, and very careful to know what he writes about. Here is an account of his experiment given in his own words. We copy it for the benefit of such of our readers as have plum-trees, and wish to enjoy the fruit.

"During the summer of 1874 I procured from the gas-house several gallons of coal or gas tar. I put about a quart into a long-handled stew-pan and with a few shavings and a match, soon had a dense, black smoke. This I carried under my plum-tree so that the dense smoke pervaded all parts of the tree. My first efforts were very gratifying, in seeing insects of all sorts hurry out of the tree. Ants came running down the tree, various kinds of worms and spiders let themselves down by their webs, and all winged insects flew out, leaving the tree deserted of all insect life. I spent about half an hour in smoking forty-two trees; and this I repeated three or four times each week, unless a rain had washed off the smudge, when I again repeated the smoking. After my first efforts I tried the shaking process, but invariably failed to catch or see a single specimen of the curculio. I continued this process until near the time of ripening, and got my first crop of plums, over thirty bushels. The whole cost of coal-tar for those forty-two trees during the summer was less than two dollars. I began the smoking a little too late, after I had tried for some time the jarring into the sheet; therefore, some of the fruit had been stung; and had it not been for this my crop of ripe plums would have been still greater. During 1875 the plum crop was an entire failure, and I had no opportunity to continue this experiment; but the summer of 1876 brought a large plum crop, and I at once resorted to my favorite remedy. I commenced smoking my trees as soon as the plums were the size of a hazelnut, and continued up to the time of ripening, and not a single curculio sting was to be seen on my fruit, the trees of which were treated to the coal-tar smoke. I purposely left trees of different varieties unsmoked, and all the plums except one sort were stung and dropped off before ripening."

### Lakeside Park.

THIS beautiful park, situated on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, twelve miles from Camden, New Jersey, is one of the most attractive places for select excursion and picnic parties within easy access of Philadelphia. The Park contains a picturesque lake of clear water, with facilities for boating and fishing; an extensive grove of forest-trees, with winding walks, and rustic seats and tables; and a lawn of eight or ten acres suitable for base-ball, croquet, or other games. There is also a spacious pavilion for dancing, and for shelter in case of rain.

The rate charged by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company for special excursions to Lakeside Park and return, for parties of one hundred and over, is forty cents for adults and twenty cents for children. No charge is made for use of the grounds to parties of one hundred and over. For further particulars, address or call upon Mr. D. M. Zimmerman at the office of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, Camden, New Jersey.

### The Garden Wall.

DOES every wall, with vines o'erspread,  
Shut in the pleasant sight  
Of budding spring, in pyrus red  
And wreaths of bridal white?

Do dull, baked earth and ivy old  
Conspire from all to hide  
Foraythia, with its bells of gold,  
And violets, Tyrean-dyed?

And would the wall, in damp and gloom,  
To hungry eyes deny  
The fairy peach and cherry-bloom  
In beauty towering high?

Ah! old and garnished, still, no less  
It stands, and looms, and lowers,  
Disdaining fainting souls to bless  
With e'en a dream of flowers.

Oh, that my hand had power to raze  
All walls that rise between  
My brothers, treading dusty ways,  
And gardens fair and green.

"Behold!" my voice would ring out, "here  
Are perfumes, fruits and flowers!  
Come, take them freely, feel no fear,  
And rest in sheltered bowers!"

Alas! not mine that work of joy—  
I can but "stand and wait."  
A little while in this employ:  
To keep an open gate.

A wearied one may pass this way,  
And just the garden's gleam  
May linger with him all the day,  
A fair, celestial dream.

And, brooding o'er it, tears may start  
From out his saddened eyes;  
Again may spring within his heart  
A hope of Paradise.

We may not level walls which hide  
The beautiful and true;  
But we may oft a door fling wide,  
And they will glimmer through.

FANNIE.

SPEAKING of "school-room headaches," the *New York Herald* says that there is nothing strange about the complaint. With systems of heating and ventilation that are almost uniformly defective, and, worse yet, under the control of janitors who have no knowledge of these things, and who too often neglect and despise them, many of our school-rooms are little better than close boxes into which hot air is being driven and compressed. The wonder is that any escape.



### Woman's Medical Commencement.

AT noon, on the 13th of March, an appreciative audience gathered in Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, on the occasion of the Twenty-seventh Annual Commencement of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Viewing the beautiful palm-trees which adorned the stage, the dazzling array of flowers destined for the fair graduates, the fine-looking lady and gentleman professors, and the numerous, earnest students, as well as listening to the sweet music and contemplating the interested spectators, one could scarce believe that only a few short years ago the scornful epithet "doctress" was freely used, while the idea of a woman's actually practicing medicine in hospitals and families, even when her patients were women, was held to be preposterous. But at last we may truthfully say that very little is left of the old-time prejudice—we can scarce at this date understand the opposition encountered by the brave pioneers, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Sarah Dalley, Dr. Marie Zachzewska and Dr. Emeline H. Cleveland, the last of precious memory, so lately called away from our midst. And only the other day went out, as often in the past, and we hope always in the future, from the walls of the magnificent, firmly-established, widely-honored Woman's Medical College, a class of lady-like, cultured, womanly women, worthy to receive in our own city and in places far distant from their Alma Mater, equal recognition with their professional brothers.

### The Magazine of Art.

THE second volume of Cassell's "MAGAZINE OF ART" begins with the February number. This new periodical gives to the people a first-class fine-art magazine at a moderate price. The first volume contains over two hundred well-executed illustrations, many of them full-page engravings of pictures from some of the most eminent European painters. With the second volume is commenced a series of papers on "Art in America, and American artists." One of the illustrations in the February number is a beautifully-engraved, full-page portrait of Mrs. Siddons, from Gainsborough's celebrated picture in the National Gallery. Published by Cassell, Petter & Calpin, New York, at two dollars and seventy-five cents a year. It is sold by news-dealers at twenty-five cents a number.

EHRRICH'S FASHION QUARTERLY, published by Ehrich & Co., New York, at fifty cents a year, will be found a valuable aid to lady purchasers of goods who reside at a distance from centres of fashion and trade. Its reading matter is good, and will be found of general interest; while its business portion serves not only as an index to goods, but as a reliable purchaser's guide, enabling any lady in any part of the country to plan out her own shopping for the spring season, showing her the coming styles and fashions, and informing her as to what prices she ought to pay. The spring number for 1879 is one of special value and interest. Address Ehrich & Co., No. 287 Eighth Avenue, New York.

"PIPSEY" will be a little surprised to find herself set down, through an error of the printer, as the author of "FADING FOOTPRINTS," in this number of the magazine. The mistake came to our notice after it was too late for correction.

## Publishers' Department.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year . . . . .	\$2 25
3 copies " . . . . .	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

### NOTICE TO CLUB-GETTERS.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

Back numbers from January can be supplied.

One or more names can be sent in as fast as obtained, and when the club is as large as the club-getter wishes to make it, the premium to which it is entitled can be ordered.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

### RECOGNIZED BY THE PROFESSION.

In the practice of his profession, no matter to what school of medicine he belongs, every physician has cases that will not yield to ordinary treatment, and which baffle his utmost skill. Steadily the disease goes on, and he sees his unhappy patients suffering, and wasting, and slowly dying, without the power to give relief or to arrest the progress of a fatal malady. In too many cases, the practitioner is so loyal to the medical theories which he has adopted, and which he has made himself believe include all the possibilities of the healing art, that he will not look outside of his own system of medicine for new agencies to reach the special conditions which he finds himself powerless to relieve or cure. Neither able himself to heal, nor willing to give any other system a trial, he too often opposes the desire of his patient to resort to new remedies which promise to give help, and the patient either submits and goes on suffering and slowly dying, or breaks despairingly from his medical adviser, and drifts too often away, sans pilot or compass, upon the sea of quackery and empiricism.

In this view, it becomes the duty of a trusted medical adviser, when he finds his skill at fault in the use of all the means of cure which his particular school of practice affords, to look at some of the agencies outside of that school which claim to do just what he has failed to do. If, on examination, he finds the claim of any one of these fully established by evidence which cannot be set aside, his next plain duty is to give his patient another chance for help by using this agent, if he knows it to be harmless, under his own careful and intelligent administration.

Now, this is just what many physicians in various parts of the country are doing with the class of patients to which we have referred, in regard to the "Compound Oxygen Treatment." In scarcely a single case, as we understand it, has this resort by a regular physician to the Compound Oxygen been without good results, often of a most surprising character, and quite a number are now using it in their practice for the relief of cases which they find themselves unable to reach through the means of any other treatment. What some of these physicians say about the matter will be found on the fourth cover page of this number of the HOME MAGAZINE.





CONSTANTINOPLE.—Page 316.







# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

JUNE, 1879.

No. 6.

## WHY DR. CROSBY LEFT TOWN.

NONE of the good people of Guildford knew what it was that made Dr. Crosby leave town so suddenly, though there were not wanting those who formed a shrewd conjecture as to the reason. Those wise individuals, who are to be found in every community, who always "knew it would be so," shook their heads sagely, declaring "that they always thought that a man so jealous as Dr. Crosby and a woman so high-tempered as his wife wouldn't live together a great while."

But whatever the cause might be, the fact remained, together with its effect upon the gossiping tongues of those who are ever ready "to hear and tell some new thing." It was not much that they could find out, however. It amounted to simply this. That Dr. Crosby and his wife attended a social entertainment one evening, to all appearances in good spirits and on good terms with each other, and that the next morning he left town, going no one knew whither.

The servant testified to hearing high words between the two after their return; also, that disputes had been frequent of late, especially after going out or receiving company. That the doctor was inclined to be jealous of his handsome wife, and without any just cause, was well-known; also, that she had as sharp a tongue as temper. But that he would forsake, not only his wife, but child, leave a good practice and a comfortable home on account of any difference likely to grow out of this, was something that those that knew him found it hard to believe.

Mrs. Crosby was silent on the subject. If anybody asked her when she expected the doctor home, she would say, with a tone and manner that forbade anything further, that she supposed he would come when he got ready.

In only one instance did any one dare to express surprise or sympathy, and then the flash from those black eyes and the few, but expressive, words that followed, prevented any repetition of it, even from those who knew her best. It was noticeable, from the first, that she not only never blamed her husband, but was angry if any one else did. Once, when her

mother ventured to express her indignation at his desertion, she responded by a torrent of reproaches, directed, not against him, but herself."

"It is all my fault," she sobbed. "I told him to go; and he has but taken me at my word!"

At first, she was strong in the hope that he would return, or at least let her know of his whereabouts, but as week after week passed, and no tidings reached her, this hope grew fainter and fainter until scarcely a vestige of it remained.

One day, about two months after the doctor's mysterious disappearance, Mr. Cornwall, a friend and neighbor of both, called on Mrs. Crosby, and requesting to see her alone, announced, as a matter of strict confidence, that he had had a communication from her husband, stating his intention never to return, but inclosing some money for his family.

To Mrs. Crosby's request, amounting almost to a demand, to see this letter, or at least to know where its writer was, Mr. Cornwall shook his head, his eyes full of pity for the distress so clearly visible in that pale, agitated face.

"Impossible, my dear madam; it would be a breach of confidence, of which no honorable man would be guilty. It would not be for your interest, either, as it would prevent any further communication, which might pave the way to a reconciliation, which, as a friend to both, I feel bound to bring about by every means in my power. But if you will write a letter to your husband, I will see that he gets it. If you could bring yourself to make it the right kind of a letter, I think it would be the best thing you could do."

It cost Mrs. Crosby quite a struggle to bring herself to do this; for however inclined she was, at first, to take all the blame to herself, she could not but feel, as the weeks passed, her punishment to be altogether out of proportion to the offense. It was written, however, blotted with tears, and full of love and contrition that would have touched the heart of most men who had ever loved the writer. But it received no response. A month later, the doctor forwarded some money again, through the same medium. He made no allusion to his wife's letter, except to say that he wanted no further communication from that source.



Mrs. Crosby's face flushed deeply as she heard these words through Mr. Carnwall's lips, who repeated them with visible sorrow and reluctance.

"It is enough!" she cried. "I was to blame at first, as I own, but he has proved himself to be cruelly unforgiving and unjust. I will make no further appeal to him."

Whether this repulse acted like a tonic upon her nervous system, or that her conscience was at rest now she had done all she could to retrieve her error, Mrs. Crosby shed no more tears. With a fortitude and good sense, for which few had given her credit, she began to adjust herself to her anomalous position and to accept the inevitable hardships of her lot.

She would not touch a penny of the money sent her, but laid it aside for Susie. Mr. Carnwall, who had not only been her husband's friend, but his legal adviser for some years, proffered his assistance in collecting the small amounts due the estate of the absentee, and in settling the still smaller claims against it. Perceiving that there would be nothing left but the house and furniture, he offered Mrs. Crosby the position of housekeeper in his own home, his wife having died a year later. But, young and more than ordinarily attractive, she wisely declined this.

"It is not because I have not all and every confidence in you," she said, in response to some expression of feeling on Mr. Carnwall's part as she made known her decision. "Another woman might safely do this; but I, that am a widow, and yet no widow, have to be doubly careful."

The house was free from incumbrance, and, being larger than was needed, she rented part of it, which brought her in a small but certain income. Then remembering what a "faculty" she had always had, from a child, of fashioning new and making over old garments, and which was the secret of her being able to dress so well on such a small income, she determined to utilize it. So the doctor's sign was taken down, and "MRS. CROSBY, DRESSMAKER," substituted in its place.

She was very successful in her new vocation. Scores of her fashionable acquaintances thronged her shop—at first from curiosity, to see how she demeaned herself in her altered circumstances, and afterwards because she suited them so well.

To lay aside her own will and pleasure, and to study the tastes and bear with the caprices of others, was a hard but wholesome discipline to the high spirit that had chafed and fretted at the slightest restraint. The change in her life and surroundings was not so great as that wrought within. The stern but kindly ministry of sorrow that had robbed her cheek of its bloom, had given to her the softer grace, the sweeter beauty, born of the "meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Not that this change came all at once, or without hard and bitter conflicts, but it came at last, bringing with it the peace of a heart at peace with itself.

From being fond of dress, society and admiration, Mrs. Crosby now lived very quietly and plainly with

little Susie, who, though only eight at the time of her father's disappearance, retained a clear remembrance of him and his unvarying kindness and affection. Her mother did everything in her power to strengthen this feeling. When Mr. Carnwall told her that her husband had expressed a wish for Susie's picture, true to the resolution she had formed, she made no comments and asked no questions. The next day she had a beautiful picture taken of the child, and then having her write on the back of it, in her cramped, school-girl hand, "To papa—from his little daughter Susie," sent her with it to Mr. Carnwall.

So the years passed, until Susie was nearly fifteen. Lovely in form and disposition, she was precocious beyond her years, often brooding over the mysterious absence of her father that her mother had taught her to love and honor, but who had so strangely deserted them both.

During nearly two of these years, Dr. Crosby kept up his correspondence with Mr. Carnwall, remitting money in various sums; then they grew more infrequent, and finally ceased altogether.

During all this time, Mr. Carnwall had been a trusted friend and adviser to both mother and daughter in all emergencies and difficulties, assisting them in all ways, so far as Mrs. Crosby's independent spirit rendered it possible. He had Susie receive instruction from the same masters employed for his own daughter, Emma, who was about the same age. There existed a strong affection between these two, who were more like sisters than friends, a feeling which Mr. Carnwall encouraged by giving them both Christmas and birthday gifts, and associating them together as much as possible. If Mrs. Crosby felt sometimes this to be an unwise thing to allow, in view of their different positions, she had not the heart to interrupt what afforded her child so much pleasure, and which might be a great advantage to her in after life.

The intimacy between the two girls naturally brought Mrs. Crosby and Mr. Carnwall frequently in contact; but so careful was the former to avoid even the appearance of evil, and so highly was the latter esteemed in the community, that not a syllable was ever breathed to the disparagement of either.

There was such a calm friendliness in the lawyer's words and manner, that Mrs. Crosby was taken completely by surprise when he made her an offer of marriage, accompanied by words which showed how strong were the feelings that prompted it.

Almost as much astonished as shocked, it was some moments before she could put either feeling into words.

"You forget," she said, recoiling from the hand that would have taken hers, "that I am not at liberty to even consider any such proposition as that."

"It is you that forget!" responded the other, speaking like a man overborne by feelings long restrained, but which had now burst through every barrier. "It is now seven years since your husband so cause-

lessly deserted you, and if you will empower me to act for you, a divorce can easily be obtained."

The face turned toward the speaker was very white, but the eyes gleamed all the more brightly for the tears through which they shone.

"Until death do us part! This was the vow I took; and which, God helping me, I will keep, whatever comes! No other divorce than this can give me the right to marry again."

Mr. Cornwall was silent for some moments, the workings of his face alone showing how bitter this repulse was. Then he said: "I have sometimes thought that death *had* separated you. It is three years since your husband wrote me, and then his health was failing. In one of his letters, he spoke of a clergyman with whom he was intimate, a resident of the same town, and I think I can ascertain this through him. Should he confirm my suspicions, would you regard with favor my suit?"

There are women who love once and forever. It was some moments before Mrs. Crosby could speak, and then the tones were tremulous that said: "I should feel at liberty to consider it. As it is, I cannot even discuss the subject."

There was a flushed, exultant look in Mr. Cornwall's face as he stepped into his carriage. The goal was near at hand, the prize almost within his grasp. The beautiful woman that he loved all the more madly for all it had cost him to win her, would soon be his!

As he thus mused, leaning back in the open barouche, whose mettlesome bays bore him swiftly along the broad, smooth road, an unseen and merciful hand was stretched across his path—merciful to him, whose measure of sin and folly was now full. Crossing a railroad track, his horses took fright, throwing him so violently from the carriage that he lived only a few hours. He had half an hour's consciousness near the close. As soon as he knew that he must die, he sent for Susie, and bidding her bring him a small tin box from his desk, said: "Give this to your mother, and ask her to forgive me—if she can."

The contents of this box were a curious revelation, not only of misplaced confidence, but of what some men will do to gain possession of the woman they love—if love it can be called. The greater part consisted of letters to Mr. Cornwall from Dr. Crosby, two of them dated within the present year. His first letter, dated the day after his abrupt departure, showed how short-lived was the resentment that had impelled him to this rash step. Two of these contained notes to his wife, reproaching her for her hardness and cruelty. Here, too, was Mrs. Crosby's letter to her husband, written so long ago, and at Cornwall's instigation, but never forwarded.

There were tears in Mrs. Crosby's eyes as she took up Susie's picture, which she found at the bottom of the box, together with a very life-like one of her father, on the back of which were these words: "For my dear little girl." Neither of which had reached their destination.

There was something strangely touching in the confidence that this unfortunate man had in his false friend from the first to the last. In one of his letters were these words: "I know that you have done, and will do, all that is possible. It is hard to be an exile from my home and family; but the mischief is done, and I must abide the consequences."

Through all the letters were allusions which showed how artfully this pretended friend had kept alive the feeling that had separated these two loving hearts, and under the cover of doing his utmost to bring them together.

Susie mounted, with beating heart, the steps of the house to which she had been directed. Strangely conflicting feelings moved her as she looked at the name on the door-plate: "Dr. Crosby." She had persuaded her mother, who was still weak from her recent illness, to remain at the hotel, starting out alone on her strange mission.

It was during the hours that the doctor received free patients, and Susie found herself in the midst of a motley group as she entered the reception-room. She had scarcely taken her seat, when the folding doors moved back, affording a glimpse of an inner office. The man on the threshold beckoned to one of the group, a woman with a baby in her arms. She entered, and the door moved noiselessly to.

Susie had only time to see a tall, spare form and a grave, benignant face, but they awakened such sweet and tender memories that she watched eagerly for their next appearance.

One after another they all passed into the inner office, and out through another door to the street, Susie keeping in the background, in order that she might be the last. Excitement and the fatigue of her long journey, had made the suspense of waiting too severe a strain upon her nervous system, and a sudden fear came over her as she obeyed that beckoning hand.

What if her father's love had grown cold, or he doubted her story? she thought, as she took the chair to which he pointed, all that she intended to say to him vanishing as she met those steady, searching eyes.

The extreme youth of his supposed patient, and evident agitation, touched the doctor's kind heart. Ascribing her silence to timidity, he said, in a reassuring tone and manner: "What can I do for you, my child? I am your friend as well as physician. You can speak as freely to me as to your own father."

As she looked into those kindly eyes, every fear vanished from the daughter's heart.

"Father!" she cried, stretching out her hands to him, "I sent my picture to you, and you never got it. Now I have brought you myself."

And, surely, no father ever had a sweeter gift than the loving and lovely daughter that, from henceforth, held the dearest place, save one, in Dr. Crosby's heart and home.

There was one nearer and dearer still. But who shall picture the meeting between the long-separated

husband and wife—in whose tenderness there was so much of solemnity, in whose joy there mingled the sweet incense of praise and thanksgiving to Him whose hand had led them through thorny and winding paths back to each other?

Susie, stealing softly away, left them together—and so will we. MARY GRACE HALPIN.

### APART.

**J**UST here on the shore together  
They stood but a year ago,  
And watched the waves in the sunlight  
With their foam-crests white as snow;  
And her hand touched his so fondly,  
And their two hearts beat as one,  
And life looked bright in love's warm light  
As waves in the light of sun.

O young hearts glad in the sunshine!  
You had said it could never be  
That so soon the winds and tempests  
Would ruffle your calm, blue sea.  
And to-day the sky is leaden,  
And the air is chill with snow,  
And waves beat low on shore that lay  
In sunshine a year ago.

'Twas a foolish thing to part them,  
At best but an idle word;  
Had a breath of love but caught it,  
'Twould have passed by all unheard;  
But she answered proud and coldly,  
And in anger he replied,  
And one more bark on love's fair sea  
Was wrecked on that black rock, pride.

Two hands that love once united,  
Working for self and alone;  
Two faces love had made tender,  
Now cold and passionless grown;  
Two hearts that once beat together,  
Now sundered so far and wide;  
Two lives on life's ocean drifting,  
Like seaweed, out with the tide.

MINNIE CARLTON.

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

**L**ITTLE by little," the tempter said,  
As a dark and cunning snare he spread  
For the young, unwary feet,  
"Little by little and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul away  
Until the ruin is complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,  
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,  
As the present passes away.  
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright  
Up to the regions of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,  
"Little by little, day by day."

### COUSIN GRACE'S WAY.

**T**HERE, Grace," said Mrs. Lyons, tossing the March number of the HOME MAGAZINE into her cousin's lap, "read that, and see if you cannot reconcile it to your conscience to lounge about a little, instead of being so busy as you are."

The lady addressed took the magazine, glanced over the article (entitled "Lying Fallow"), and said, with a quiet smile: "That shows how different people are. The authoress here mentioned may find this way best for herself. It might not be for another."

"Would not be for you? I see it in your eyes."

"For me it would be utter loss, physically and mentally, to spend day-time, and especially a morning, in such a way. I could not, as you say, reconcile it to my conscience, Anna; I mean just what I say, without blaming any one else in the least."

"But is there not, think you, some force in her ideas about rest and recreation?"

"Yes, very much. She touches several important points—points that I have myself tested and proved, although I have never given all my time to writing. As you know, I have had all along the duties of wife and mother to fulfill. But times and seasons make a wide difference with me, even where a thing good in itself, and even requisite, is concerned."

"Tell me how you manage, Grace, if the question is a fair one. I have often wondered how it is that you keep your family so comfortable, accomplish so much with your pen, and, strangest of all, never have any friction in your household. I never saw you hurried or worried. You are cheerful yourself, always, and you make your husband and children happy. I have no gift for writing; I seem to have much less to do than you; you, as well as I, have but one hired girl; and yet I am hurried, and worn out, and sometimes disheartened. Your house is as nicely kept as mine, though I am not out half as much as you are."

"My outdoor exercise and enjoyment are among the best aids I have to health, and cheerfulness, and mental power," was the quiet answer. "It is a rule with me to go out every pleasant day. I do not believe in pushing this matter so far as to tramp about in the face of wind and storm; but when I can enjoy going out, I go; the days in the house are the exception, not the rule, as with too many women. Instead of taking a nap (which I never *could* do in the day-time), I should, if I felt indolent, or incapable, or out of spirits, take a good long walk or ride, even if the day were very cold. I should go warmly clothed and shod, of course. And I should come home feeling like a new creature, or as if I had entered a new world. There are mornings, I admit, that I cannot write without this stimulus—that is, write with any spirit or satisfaction to myself—and in that case I always think I could not benefit others by the attempt. Then I need rest and change; that I know very well; but not to be still. Outdoor exercise, the glad sunshine and fresh air, the beauty around me,

arouse my mental faculties and quicken thought. And when a new idea comes to me, when I feel the impulse to write, I seize it, and make the most of it."

"Suppose you cannot go out when you feel this languor and depression, that, as you say, will come at times?"

"If stormy? Then I take a change of work—do some sewing, or attend to household matters—and let my pen entirely alone till my mind is rested, or receives some fresh stimulus."

"But you would not take a nap, or lie on a sofa and read?"

"I could not do either, and in the afternoon do several hours' good, earnest work. We are differently constituted, you know; and one cannot judge for another. I am aware that the author in this case," touching the magazine with her finger, "is not giving us her usual practice, and that she counts such a morning as a recreation that will help her in future work. But to me it would be no recreation. As to sleep, I manage that in the simplest manner possible; first, by going to bed early; and, second, by having all my work, whether of brain or hand, well out of the way hours before bed-time. This one point I count of great importance. And I think people in our own country, especially women, fail to note its need and the benefit it confers. Many an overburdened mother and housekeeper lies down for the night, say at nine o'clock, and gets up next morning but half refreshed, with wearied frame and unsteady nerves, ready to be irritated by every trifling care and petty vexation. In this way begins a day that, ere it closes, will be burdened with discouraged and repentant thoughts. The worn and worried feelings of the mother act upon husband, children and servants to mutual friction and discontent. The poor woman is perplexed as well as grieved. She says: 'I'm sure I go to bed early enough. Why don't I feel rested?' But she never takes into account that she sewed all the evening, and this with her mind burdened with care, and anxiety, and plans for the next day, perhaps for all the week; that when she sought sleep at last it would not come at her call. The wakeful tossings, the fitful, dreaming slumber, were far different from the healthful, uninterrupted, life-renewing sleep of the woman whose mind is free, whose physical frame is only tired, not overborne and exhausted, as different as the husk and the corn."

"That may be, indeed," returned Mrs. Lyons, thoughtfully. "Then you hold literally to the rule, 'Work while the day lasts'?"

"I do, indeed. I hold it true in many senses, that 'the night cometh when no man can work.' This we understand in a spiritual sense, to be sure; but it is true that no man can work in the night persistently and profitably. Night-work exhausts the system, physically and mentally, far sooner than the same labor, whatever sort it be, done by day. Two morning hours, two midnight hours, are not the same. Sleep is certainly better had at midday than not at all. But the hours when all the world of nature is wrapped in darkness and silence, 'curtained by God's

hand,' seem to be the golden time for rest—the time it shall be most refreshing to body, mind and spirit; truly a life-supplying and renewing power."

"Yes, that is a rational view of the matter," said Mrs. Lyons. "I remember now reading about the laborers in the Tamaqua coal-mines, where the work goes on, without intermission, day and night, changing hands, of course. A lady, visiting the mines, said to one of the men: 'As it is just so dark here day and night, it makes no difference when you work.' He answered promptly: 'Indade, ma'am, a man's constitution knows the difference amazin' quick!' The superintendent afterwards told her that the man was right; that, though all did the same work, and had the same amount of time allowed for food and sleep, the night-laborers were more liable to sickness, and sooner lost strength than those of the day."

"No doubt of it. This of course, is an extreme case; but the rule, I do believe, holds good everywhere."

"You never write in the evening?"

"I make it a point rarely to do night-work of any kind, never writing, beyond sometimes adding a few lines to an article well-nigh finished, jotting down a chance thought or passing incident for future use, penciling a note to a friend, or some such little matter. I sometimes sew awhile on white or light cloth after tea, when the days are at their shortest, and the evenings very long; but even this is not usual. I believe that injured eyes, headache, irritable nerves, a soured temper and a general early breaking down of physical and mental power, are the common results of night-work and night-study."

"A formidable array?"

"Yes, but not a fanciful one. I do not believe in allowing children and growing girls to study in the evening. There is daylight enough for all the study they, at their tender age, ought to do. To me, the proverb has proved a true one—'The morning hour has gold in its mouth.' My brain-work is done, almost without exception, in the early part of the day. Evening should be, emphatically, the time for family reunion and intercourse—the children's hour."

"You go out sometimes of an evening?"

"Yes, an occasional lecture or oratorio is a valuable mental stimulus, as well as a keen enjoyment. An evening passed socially, too, is not an infrequent thing with us. But, after all, the home-life is the centre and first in importance, all else ministering to it in some way. The children look forward to the evening hour as the time when father and mother will hear all their little budgets of news, answer all their questions and enter into all that interests them. Reading and music and merry chat wing the hours, and dispose me to go to sleep the more easily."

"It all seems very reasonable, now I think of it," said Mrs. Lyons. "I will try to turn these ideas to account in my own daily living."

"They are very simple," returned her cousin.

"Perhaps so; and so is making bread, when you have once learned how to do it. And yet how much

trouble many a young housekeeper has had with this one item of the 'needfuls!'"

"That reminds me of what this lady says in regard to her kitchen," resumed Cousin Grace, referring again to the magazine article. "Her plan is certainly best for any housekeeper who is able to hire domestic service, and the only practicable one for a lady who would write to any purpose. She did not overtask her cook; and she no doubt had taken time to see that she was fully instructed; that, knowing her duty, and the wishes and ways of her employer, she could be trusted in her own sphere. Time *must* be economized if one would accomplish anything; most of all in authorship. Elaborate sewing or cookery, a writer cannot do and have time or strength to do her best with her pen. She may, and the true lady will, be thoroughly tidy always, and dressed with good taste; but a woman whose time is frittered away, and thoughts occupied with fashion and flounces, never will be an author—never will write words that carry with them hope, and cheer, and stimulus to nobler living. It seems to me that a woman whose *heart* is in an author's work, whose aim is pure and unselfish, *cannot* care for these things."

"You do not, I know. Neither is it my besetting sin. The wide world couldn't make me an author; but your rules are just as good for any one else who desires to live a true, earnest life, keep her health and cheerfulness, and make home happy.

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

**FOR GIRLS.**—Many young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means that lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her "teens," need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object-lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand censers! The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day and discard artificiality.

THE road to success is not a royal road, but it is a tolerably straight and sure one. Anxiety and watchfulness for success, avidity to seize every promising opening, readiness to relinquish what is already gained for something apparently more inviting, is more often a by-way than the highway. The energy expended in this manner will pay a man a hundred-fold more interest if directed to becoming proficient in his daily duties, to learning the science of his occupation, and studying its necessities.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 5.

THE basket article on mothers-in-law last summer, brought us a good many letters, all written in the spirit of kindness, too, for which we were certainly very thankful. While we try not to care for letters that are meant for poniards, we must admit that we do care for a little while; it hurts to be put in pillory, to be suspected of ill-natured designs, when one has written loyally, and sincerely, and kindly, and for the good of one or another class of society, honestly having their welfare at heart. Still, we have reasoned with ourselves, so that a night or two of sleep will banish any trouble or sorrow, and our sunshine will come again brighter and more invigorating than ever. These worldly stings are very trifling things indeed, compared with the value of time, the needs of humanity and the life that is immortal.

One dear old mother-in-law writes: "We didn't know much about Elmer before he married Mary; he was always polite, and modest, and quiet, and he had a class in Sunday-school, and was one of the leading men in every good work. One can't tell what kind of a husband a man will make from anything that may be seen of him during the courtship. I mind one time I was sick and lying on the lounge, while he and Mary were together in the parlor. They thought I was asleep; and I was dozing, though my sense of hearing was very acute. It was a spell after they were engaged. She was out in the parlor when he came, and I heard his whisper: 'How cold your hands are; and they look worn and tired.' Mary replied that she had been wringing out the week's washing. At this, I presume, he gathered up her cold fingers and kissed them; for I distinctly heard him say: 'Oh, the dearest hands in the world! It's a shame that they must toil, and become blue, and cold, and rough! Mary, the time is coming when these precious hands shall not be abused, when it will be my right and my pleasure to care for them tenderly—the dear hands I love best of anything in this world!'

"I smiled. I knew such glowing talk was the merest babble. I knew that the little hands which were dearer to me in my unselfish love than they were to any other person, were not abused, never ill treated, never doomed to drudgery; and they toiled because they were prompted by affection, and a desire to be useful and helpful. I knew how little these protestations were worth—that they were lover's vows; nothing more, nothing less. But Mary, I presume—the little, timid thing—thought how nice it would be sheltered in such a love, watched by his tender eyes, soothed by his softest words, led by his gentle, affectionate hands, and guarded by such a magnanimous man as Elmer Giles. No doubt she thought all the girls were plotting, and planning, and dying for him, while he passed them by and stooped to gather this wayside flower. Very likely she thought this, because he modestly intimated as much.

"And as I lay there musing, I smiled, and an old anecdote that I had heard came floating into my mind. A lover had said, as he caressed the dear hands of his betrothed: 'When they are mine, I shall care for them; no humble dishwater shall ever stain, or soil, or redden them.' And the pretty ninny smiled at the words of her devoted Augustus, and believed him. Years after, in an angry moment, she reminded her husband of his promise, as she held up before him the purple, parboiled palms, seamed and plowed into wrinkles, while the distorted knuckles and knobby joints gave the lie to the pretty, delusive promise of other and rosier years. 'July Ann,' said he, 'I meant that when you washed dishes you'd tie the rag on the end of a stick.'

"Well, nothing would do Elmer and my daughter, two years and a half after they were married, only for me to come and spend a month with them before Alice was born, and to stay long enough afterward to bring home with me the young mother and the baby. And now, my dear Pipsey, comes in one of the prime reasons why a mother-in-law subjects herself to the general snubbing she gets from her sons-in-law. I know I am correct, and I think you will agree with me. Don't you see that young men are brought up so differently from young women in the most of families; that the boys are the mothers' favorites. This is a rule of nature, and it cannot be gainsaid nor hardly helped. The fathers' favorites are the girls, the mothers' the boys; and the boys are favored. The sisters may run and get the blacking-brush for their brothers, and they may jump up from their meals to bring another pitcher of water, and they may 'shoo' the chickens out of the garden, or fix up the palings in their own poor, awkward way, and they may let the calves or colts nip off the dahlias, and say not a word, because 'the boys haven't time to repair the fence.' If the sisters are held as inferior to their brothers, of course the wives will be.

"Elmer Giles had been his mother's darling; and I had not been in the new home two hours until I saw the effects of her mistaken rule. My daughter had swollen feet, and walked with some pain and difficulty. In the morning, when Elmer was hurrying to get down to the store in time, he flew from one room to another, putting chairs in disorder, leaving his slippers flung one under the stove and one under the table, his coat on the sofa, the clothesbrush in the coal-scuttle, the tooth-powder uncovered, and some of it spilled on the bureau, and some of his loose hair left in the comb on the window. 'Minnie, are my gloves in my overcoat pocket? Look and see,' he panted, his eyes sticking out wildly, and his fingers buttoning his vest, and missing to get the buttons even. 'Something tickles my neck, Minnie. Confound such a collar, anyway!' and he butted his head down for her nimble fingers to search out the tickler.

"Don't forget a roll of butter at noon, Elmer," said she. 'Some of Leslie's best, too.'

"I'll try and think of it, if I can," was his careless answer. 'Oh, that bill of Clement's goods!

Min, I left it on the desk in the bed-room up-stairs. Get it, will you, while I sort these papers?"

"And poor child, with her precious feet, went up the long flight of stairs to do the errand that the stalwart man should have blushed to ask his wife to do for him.

"After he had left the house, he hailed and halloed from the gate until his wife went to the front door.

"I wanted to tell you that I'd send Morton's boy up afterwhile to fix that place in the cellar wall, and I want you to watch and see that he don't mix up too much plaster, and that he looks at that place by the cistern. Maybe it needs repairing. You can look and see when he has the floor ripped up. Guess you can crawl under and find out.'

"As soon as the dishes were washed and the rooms put in order, Mary lay down on the lounge to rest her poor purple feet, and I sat in the rocking-chair and smoothed her brown hair. Once it was like silk, but now it was uneven and dry; she had not time to give it the slow, even strokes of the brush that it had known in the years of her maidenhood every night before she retired.

"Mary was so glad to see me, that she watched me all the time; she noted 'the silver threads among the gold,' the crow's feet at the corners of my eyes, a lagging in my step, a hint of the coming years in my frequent reference to the past, and sometimes I saw gathering tears as she scanned my countenance. How many, many questions she did ask me! How she loved to listen to the minutest incidents connected with the old home!

"But pretty soon here came a blundering, red-headed boy—so green that his mouth stood ajar—a son of the village mason's, and Mary showed him where to find the things to make the mortar. And, would you believe it? she had to help him, too! Every time she went into the house, he either stood, restfully leaning in a dumb way, or he would call her half-angrily: 'Ha, misses! misses! see here a bit, will ye?' When he was ready to look after the cistern, Mary had to use means to open the way; she lifted the floor about the pump, and crept into a black, poky, mouldy hole to examine, and when she came out the dust and cobwebs covered her back and hung like film in her hair.

"Elmer 'forgot' the butter at noon; and when he said so, he did not even add, 'I am sorry,' or, 'I am ashamed of myself,' or, 'You must forgive me, Mary;' but he thrust out his lips in a self-important, blustering manner, that said: 'I carry butter! You should have known better than to subject me to such menial drudgery!'

"An errand boy did bring a nice roll in the afternoon. It does humiliate some natures to do common things, you know.

"I stayed the month, as agreed upon, and then I dragged through another month, because I could not find it in my heart to leave my daughter, the poor, overtaxed, patient girl, who had never given her mother an unkind word in all her life. Elmer did



love his wife, certainly; but he was so selfish that she was always second in his thoughts; he came first; his wishes and his needs were imperative. When the little new baby cried he scowled and looked askance, and sometimes he left the house sooner than he designed, for the reason that it was 'so wearing on his nerves;' and a crying baby always exasperated him; he had 'felt in a crowd sometimes as though he'd like to pitch them against a tree as he would a troublesome kitten.'

"Whatever Elmer liked to eat was the rule, whether his wife liked it or not. Onion soup, and codfish soup, and some sort of an indigestible mess made of boiled milk, were favorite dishes of his, while the very odor sickened her. I often observed at the table that if the potatoes were not cooked 'my mother's way,' he looked glum, and shook his head, and behaved as though he were insulted, and left the table long enough in advance of us. He had a habit of smoking in the house that was exceedingly trying to one's equanimity of temper. The foul odor settled on our clothes, and in our hair, and on the books, and left its taint on everything. 'Poor Elmer!' Mary would say, apologetically, 'I try not to care for his cigar, because it's all the comfort he has. He is kept so busy all day in the store, that it pleases him to have rest and liberty at home.' O Pipesey dear! how it did annoy me evenings and Sundays to have that young man, the husband of my daughter, sit there in the room with us and smoke as hard as he could while his slippered feet were up on top of a chair higher than his head; and while we were conversing, those two great platters of feet came in range of our faces, so that if I addressed him, and desired to look in his eyes—which I did, as a matter of courtesy—I had to bend over to look around them.

"Now wasn't that insulting? I feel just real wicked every time I think of it yet! I was his wife's mother—his mother in the truest sense of the term; all the years of her precious life had I trained her, prayerfully, for him, and yet he would sit in front of me, and elevate up between our two faces the soles of his feet. It was insulting, now say?

"And more than half a dozen times, when I was talking earnestly on whatever topic it chanced to be, I have seen that son-in-law of mine turn aside slyly and wink at Mary, and wrinkle his nose in a sneering laugh. And one of his uncouth habits was to sit and rock as hard as he could make the chair go. Why it was almost as bad as having a monkey in the house. And he had a regular 'picking bee' after every meal; and you know, Pipesey, such duties should not be public. No man in his right mind, if he has the first principle of good breeding, will pick his teeth in the face of any one present, any more than he will wash his feet, or pare his nails, or shave, or attend to any of the other private duties belonging to his toilet or the care of his person. He frequently stigmatized my sentiments as 'old foggy,' or as belonging to the 'neck of the woods,' or some such a fling as this.

"I was often hurt at his rudeness; but to-day I

can lay my hand on my heart, honestly, and say that, under all these provocations, I managed to keep at least the appearance of calmness, a placid exterior; and I can furthermore say that my daughter never heard me utter one syllable of fault-finding against her husband. I hold that if the new son-in-law don't fill the bill, the new wife must never know it from her mother. It would hurt her needlessly, would not remedy the evil, and would, perhaps, in time, cause a breach between husband and wife.

"Oh, I did think one time that I could not hold my peace, that I should be obliged to scream in anger, or strike Elmer, or do something desperate. Baby Alice, from some mismanagement or other, had frequent crying spells that lasted until she was exhausted, and sobbed herself to sleep. On one of these occasions Elmer became angry, and stamped his foot, commanding the child to 'shut up this minute!' It cried on. In his wrath, he snatched the baby from Mary, and plunged it, head first, into a pail of cold water. It strangled fearfully, and its breath went from it. I could not endure such brutal treatment; and, lest I should speak unwomanly words, I rose and went out into the garden. The last thing I saw, as I took my sunbonnet off the nail, was my daughter, as pale as death, her blue eyes purple with such rage as only an incensed mother-heart can feel, snatching the limp form of the dripping infant from his unhallowed touch. I stayed out in the garden; but I heard his agonizing cry, and I heard Mary fall to the floor heavily, and then his voice called, 'Mother!' Mary had fainted. The fall with the baby in her arms had roused it, and it soon recovered. I said not a word; but, really, I was glad to see him lashed as with a lash of scorpions that he had braided for another. He never tried 'my mother's way' of managing a crying child after that.

"Well, Pipesey, it does me good to write this all to you. In so far as I have done right, I know you will commend me. Will you not answer me? Your reply may help other mothers-in-law; and sometime, if you wish, I may write you again, and tell you more of these trials that come to me through my beloved Mary. It rests my heart to talk to you, for I feel that you are the friend of those who suffer.

"Yours, Mrs. — — —."

We answered the letter, which we will give you women readers sometime. It was a private one, and the reply was confidential. But the world is full of needs that demand sympathy, and the two letters may go forth with the blessing they may possibly contain.

PIPSEY PORTS.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a deaf and dumb boy: "What is truth?" He replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing on the blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him: "What is a lie?" The boy rubbed out the straight line and drew a zigzag or crooked line between the same two points. Remember this.

## AN OLD BEAU'S BABY.

"BETTER be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," said homely Mrs. Dederick, gazing admiringly at her beautiful sister.

"When Mr. Starkey insists on my spending the summer in some country village while he attends to this Texas law business, I begin to think it's possible to be both slave and darling. He's terribly afraid of losing his jewel, and I don't dare provoke him, so I must be patient and submissive until the knot is tied, then we'll see! When I'm in this mood, Ellen, a trifle rebellious, you know, I've only to think how lucky I was to secure him, and it cools me right down. After being pinched and dunned for money half my life it will be perfectly grand to have enough and to spare. I believe I like Jason Starkey, too, about as well as I ever liked anybody. I have it, Ellen!" Valeria Gair brought her hands together with such a clap she startled the birds swinging in their golden cages overhead. "I'll spend July with Minnie Ivison at Arborville."

"Indeed you'll not do anything of the kind?"

"Indeed I will."

"Valeria Gair, how can you find it in your heart to be so cruel?"

"The little simpleton has asked, even urged me, that's how. You recollect a year after Yonge went away in that desperate state about me, he wrote to Minnie Alday, proposing marriage. She had just graduated, and, although I had but a slight acquaintance with the family, she consulted me, asking if he really meant it. He was so good, so handsome, she could hardly dare think this great happiness was for her. Of course she had no idea he was dead in love with me. Nor did I, or any one else, so far as I know, betray him. I assured her he was strictly honorable and thoroughly in earnest, and the wedding came off at very short notice, the Alday's being too glad to get him to insist on any delay. He reached the city just before midnight, married her next morning at sunrise, and carried her off within an hour after the ceremony. During their honeymoon Minnie sent me a gushing letter stating that they intended making Arborville their home, and she hoped I would pay them a visit. I was to come without sending word. She wanted to surprise her husband. This happened two years ago. I never answered her letter, and, of course, never availed myself of the invitation. I think now is my opportunity."

Mrs. Dederick believing this to be a favorable occasion, proceeded to deliver what Miss Gair was pleased to call a "regular lecture."

"Yonge Ivison is probably very fond of his wife by this time," remarked Ellen Dederick at the conclusion of this discourse. "Why not let him alone?"

The fact that she dared take her handsome, willful sister to task proved the loyalty of her championship, but, unfortunately, her closing sentence defeated her purpose.

Although having repeatedly rejected Yonge Ivi-

son's addresses, Valeria Gair in her secret heart cared for him as far as it was possible for so vain and mercenary a creature to care for anybody, more especially for a man whose income was only four thousand a year. Latterly, one thing and another had conspired to bring her into a sort of desperate condition the only remedy for which was some strong excitement. Mr. Starkey's attitude during the last twelve months, first as suitor, finally as accepted lover, obliged others to keep their distance. Toss her queenly head as she might, Valeria Gair knew perfectly well that once married, her flirting days were past. Gentlemen would be allowed, even challenged to admire the beautiful Mrs. Starkey, but it must be distinctly understood that she was as far removed from their whispered flatteries as the stars. Rebellious against the future, and already under bonds to acquit herself creditably during Mr. Starkey's absence, she found herself actually pining for a sensation. The recollection of Minnie Ivison's invitation at this critical period was a subject for hearty congratulation. It was, to be sure, just possible that her once ardent lover had "cooled his warm affections pleasantly at other springs." However, she was positive she had but to put in an appearance in order to win him back, and, resolved on at least one more victory before resigning her weapons, she lost no time seeking her victim out.

Arborville was rightly named. A very bower of a village. The few buildings devoted to manufacturing purposes were festooned and overhung with branch and tendril. As for the quaint old-fashioned, and odd new-fashioned cottages and residences, they were fairly buried in vines and heaped with blossoms.

Arrived at the picturesque station, Valeria Gair had no appreciation of this loveliness. She was absorbed in herself and her anticipated triumph. Glittering sun-lances leveled down the willow-tented street, golden touches on spire, roof and gable's peak, twittering of birds in the branches, rose odors on the early evening air, were all lost on her. None of these things had ever appealed to that vain, shallow nature; or, if they had, would have failed to reach her now. With the ease of a woman of the world, accustomed to taking a half day's journey as often without an escort as with one, Miss Gair inquired the way to Mr. Ivison's.

Having arrived at the place indicated, she saw a gentleman backing down the garden path in the direction of the gate. Behind the screen of vines around the porch sat a figure in pink drapery, holding an animated bundle in white.

"That," thought their unexpected visitor, "must be Minnie and her baby; and this tall, broad-shouldered gentleman in the gray business-suit and brown straw hat is Yonge Ivison. A knight without reproach, until he turned weak, silly and become a laughing-stock for my sake."

Motherly murmurs of, "Say, 'Bye, bye, papa,'" mingled with odd little shoutings and gurglings, rippled through the vine-spray's tangles.

"Bye, bye," echoed the gentleman backing down the garden-walk. "Bye, bye, my son."

A spasm of intense disgust crossed Valeria Gair's features. She laid her hand on the gate, anxious to put an end to this foolishness. Without turning, Yonge Ivison touched the taper, kidded fingers. Conscious that this was a human, a feminine hand—that of some neighbor, probably—his own closed upon it promptly, and he faced his would-be guest. Never will Valeria Starkey—that being her name at this present writing—forget the expression of his face. It so entirely, so inexplicably disappointed her. Had it been possible for the lady to appear awkward or ill at ease under any circumstances, she would have turned so then and there.

Her discarded lover expressed himself as glad to see her, and delighted on learning it was her intention to remain three or four weeks with them. Minnie declared herself "overjoyed," and after handing the baby to his nurse, took possession of Miss Gair, conducting her up-stairs, and turning lady's maid for the pleasure of waiting on a creature so charming.

Happy Mrs. Ivison! In that great stronghold, her heart, there was no door nor loophole opening out on jealousy and suspicion. She welcomed this dark, bright beauty with hearty good-will; and to have questioned the effect of that seductive manner upon her husband would have been rank treason.

Had Valeria Gair been less absorbed in her toilet, less assured of her ultimate triumph, she would not have remained an hour under that roof before making the discovery that it held a formidable rival in the person of her old beau's baby. Mr. and Mrs. Ivison were so sensible and well-bred, so conscientious in the discharge of their duty as host and hostess, their guest was slow to observe that the most unintelligible sound from that rosebud mouth, the least movement of those waxen hands, took the music out of her siren utterances, and scattered her stale coquetries on empty air.

Although blind to all this, Miss Gair was dissatisfied without knowing why, unless it was that she failed to entrap Yonge. Contrive as she might, it seemed impossible to wheedle him into some solitary ride, stroll or twilight meeting. True, he never appeared to avoid her. He was as genial, as hospitable as any reasonable woman could wish; but Valeria Gair chose to be unreasonable, and, in less than a fortnight, wrote home she was "stagnating in the pokey old place."

What the lady pleased to call stagnation certainly agreed with her, for never in all the eight and twenty years of her life had her beauty been more dazzling, and never had her amiable insincerity won her warmer friends on shorter acquaintance than those she found in and around Arborville. Nevertheless, she secretly chafed against the state of affairs at Ivy Lodge, and fairly ached to get up a profound sensation there. The sensation came at last, but entirely at variance with her programme.

A little gathering of friends had just dispersed in

the summer dark, and, in some unaccountable manner, Minnie had allowed herself to be carried away with them, then was coaxed along farther, under promise of some one's going home with her. Yonge Ivison and Valeria Gair found themselves alone in the parlor, where the lights burned low and leaf-shadows tripped across silver ripples of moonlight on the floor. One instant the man seemed uneasy, then, taking an as-you-like-it chair, he seated himself quietly beside the open window. The woman resembled a picture half in gloom, but with a warmth of garnet silk, yellow roses and red gold about her.

"Tell me your thought and I grant you a wish," she said, rising like some vision of a tropic night, and sweeping near him where he sat.

"I was thinking of the woman I love."

"May I ask her name?"

"Is there any need?"

"Perhaps," she murmured. "It is said men are fickle."

"They are, in affairs of the heart. That organ somewhat resembles the appetite—change is necessary, even beneficial. But where the very soul has been taken possession of, love is a part of God in us, and knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning."

There was a second sweep of the silken skirts. So blinded was this woman by her vanity, she thought her hour was come. Her jeweled hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Yonge," she faltered.

"Valeria," he replied, very calmly, "it seems like a waste of breath to be naming the woman I love under this roof, where I thank Heaven daily for having given her unto me; still, I incline to humoring your whim, and, pardon me, take the liberty of making over to my heir the wish you were so kind as to promise to grant. The name of the woman I love is Minnie, wife of my bosom, mother of my child."

Constantly aiming to appear better than she was, or cared to be, Miss Gair, restraining her rage and shame wonderfully, would have replied, had not Mrs. Ivison's voice broken the summer night's silence.

"Yes, I will run," she called to her cousin, merrily. "Don't come an inch farther, George; it's but a step to the house. I'm at the gate now."

Valeria Gair left Arborville next morning. She discovered there were more things in Heaven and earth than a pretty woman drempt of in her philosophy. The secret of her ignominious failure and Minnie Ivison's triumph, rested with an old beau's baby.

MADGE CARROL.

RETICENCE is a valuable power, but one in the use of which great discretion is required; and it loses all its dignity as soon as it is practised without a sufficient cause. Rash words are scarcely more dangerous, and are generally much less unwholesome, than capricious silences. And few words can attain to the harmonious nobility of a rightly placed and perfectly open silence.

## LENOX DARE:

## THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE lights from the cottage parlor streamed out into the road. Guy Fosdick could see through the open windows the single occupant of the room, a lady-boarder, who sat reading by the table. He recognized the profile at a glance. It was that of a lady whom he had known from boyhood, and who frequently visited at his house. She had come down to the sea the week before, and was staying under the same roof with Lenox Dare. Guy had met Mrs. Endicott several times at the cottage. He had introduced Lenox to her.

In a moment he saw the girl enter the room. The lady, he thought, must have called to her as she passed the door. She gave her a letter. And as Lenox took this, and was turning away, Mrs. Endicott detained her with some remark.

All this passed in a few seconds. But in that brief time Guy Fosdick, standing in the moonlit road, just as Lenox had left him, with a tumult of shame and despair, of desperation, and something which, if it was not love, resembled that emotion more nearly than anything he had ever felt before—in those few moments Guy Fosdick had come to a sudden resolve. He never could have formed it in any other mood—at any other moment of his life. But Lenox's terrible words were still ringing in his ears—through his soul. The dread lest they were true, half-maddened him. If he could only prove them false to her, to himself, to the universe! For at that awful moment it seemed as though he stood there transfixed, branded—he whose chief pride and loftiest aim had hitherto been to be a gentleman—after his code and kind—and now, in a moment, his masque of conceits and vanities had fallen, and he saw something that made him recoil; something that made whatever courage and manliness he had at bottom take up arms against it.

There was, after all, a better side to this Guy Fosdick than the one I have all along been showing you. At least once in his life he proved it. In the tumult of that time, his thought and his purpose followed each other, as the leap of the thunderbolt follows the flash of the lightning.

Lenox Dare had almost reached the door, when there came a sudden knock, and the next instant Guy Fosdick was in the room. His face was livid, but every line was set with some life-and-death resolve. And the sudden sight of him, and the command in his eyes, made the girl stand still, partly in amazement and partly in a dread of what was coming.

She had not long to wait. Guy approached the lady at the table, and, bowing to her, said in a voice steady and clear as voices only are when they speak from the soul: "Mrs. Endicott, you have known me from my boyhood, and I believe you have always re-

garded me as an honorable man—as one who would keep his word?"

"I certainly never had any doubt there, Mr. Fosdick," answered the lady, a good deal startled, but with her usual graciousness of manner.

"Then, Mrs. Endicott, you will believe I mean what I say when I declare in your presence that I desire to make this young lady, Miss Lenox Dare, my wife; and that I am ready to marry her to-night, if she will consent to take me, and if you will be present to witness our union."

For a little while, Mrs. Endicott was too dumb-founded to open her lips. She sat still, staring from one young face to the other. At last the blank amazement cleared up a little in her eyes, and she said, turning to Lenox, and resuming the half-patronizing air which had become second nature with her: "My dear, you heard what Mr. Fosdick has just said. It is your place to reply to him."

Lenox moved forward a step; her face was deadly pale. It had been so when she entered the room. Mrs. Endicott thought the girl was worn out with one of her imprudent walks. She had recovered from the bewilderment into which Guy's sudden entrance had thrown her; and she seemed perfectly calm, though her heart was throbbing wildly, and her veins seemed charged with leaping fire.

She looked Guy in the face steadily as she had done out there in the moonlight.

"Mr. Fosdick," she said, "you had my answer a few moments ago. I have no word to add, not one to retract; only do not compel me to repeat what I said then."

There was a little sharp entreaty in the last words. The dreadful excitement was beginning to tell on soul and body.

The young man was himself under too great a strain of excitement to prolong the interview. He had done what he could. He walked to the door without uttering a word. Then he turned to the elder woman and said: "You at least, Mrs. Endicott, believe that I have to-night, in good faith, offered my heart and hand to Lenox Dare?"

"I have not a doubt of it, Mr. Fosdick," answered the lady; but she thought to herself she had never in all her life been so nearly stunned as during the last moments.

When he had reached the door, Guy turned and looked at Lenox. She knew what the entreaty in his eyes meant. There was a new look in his face, too—the exultant consciousness that he had proved himself a man of courage and honor. In that higher mood to which he had risen, he did not even blench when the thought flashed across him: "What a breeze this affair will make one of these days in certain Boston circles! Mrs. Endicott will never be able to hold her tongue."

Lenox did not stir to the dumb entreaty of those eyes. Then Guy bowed to her and went out.

Mrs. Endicott spoke now, with the air of one whose years and position gave her a certain authority: "My dear, the young man wishes to speak with you."

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After the offer he has just made you, you cannot refuse so small a favor."

A shadow of doubt and pain wavered for a moment over Lenox's face. Then, without a word, she rose and went out.

Guy had not reached the gate when he heard the door open; and, turning, he saw Lenox standing on the threshold. He came back instantly.

"Thank you for coming, Lenox," he said, gratefully and eagerly.

And then the two stood still a moment, and they looked in each other's faces; and each knew that it was for the last time.

"Will you not do me this one last grace, Lenox?" said Guy, speaking solemnly and earnestly. "Will you not tell me you believe I was in earnest in what I said to-night—that you believe, in spite of—that you know, there was a better side to me, and that I was ready to dare and to live all that I said?"

There was a little pause. Into the stillness her voice came, shaken a good deal, and hardly above a whisper: "I believe you were in earnest, Guy Fosdick. I shall always try to remember that when I think of you"

The tears actually shone in the young fellow's eyes. "If you will once more shake hands with me, Lenox Dare, it will be for the last time!" he said.

Again she wavered a moment. Then she said very solemnly: "If you will promise from this hour to end all acquaintance with that man—if you will promise that you and he shall be as the dead to each other, I will shake hands with you."

"I give you my word and my oath, Lenox," he answered.

She placed her soft palm in his. How cold it was! It seemed to him that he felt the shudder that even then thrilled it; but he held it a moment closely, and looked in her face as he had never looked in the face of woman before; and then, without another word, he went away, through the wet grass in the summer moonlight.

Lenox Dare went to her own room, and sat down in the flood of moonlight by the window. Mrs. Endicott, when she came up-stairs a little later, found the girl here. Something in the attitude of that young, solitary figure struck the woman. She had come up-stairs now impelled partly by curiosity, partly by some generous feeling. The scene she had witnessed between the young people had quite startled her out of her usual decorous calm. Mrs. Endicott's own life had been smooth, and shielded, and prosperous. Her soft, gray curls shaded cheeks which still held bloom enough for their owner to be vain of them. She was not fitted, either by nature or experience, to enter into Lenox's feelings; but she told herself that the young girl needed, at this critical point of her life, some judicious and friendly adviser. Mrs. Endicott set a high estimate on her own qualifications for that rôle. Then she had taken a certain liking to Lenox. The girl's sparkling, joyous spirits had attracted the woman. Mrs. Endicott had daughters of her own, too, and what faint, maternal

instincts she had to spare for anything outside of herself, were now quickened. She came in with a soft tap at the door, with a slight rustle of her dress, and seated herself at the foot of the bed, a little way from Lenox.

"My dear child," she began, answering the startled look in the girl's eyes, "I have no curiosity to pry into your affairs." The lady had no idea this little, tactful opening was a falsehood. "But I cannot refrain from coming up here to give you the counsel of one old enough to be your mother. I cannot, of course, imagine the motives which made you refuse the young man's offer. There could, at least, be no question of his earnestness in this matter. Girls of your age are sometimes rash—blind to their own best interests. Had you taken time to reflect, you might not have made up your mind so absolutely. Young people are always liable to misunderstandings, to take mortal offense on very slight grounds. You ought not to act hastily where so much is at stake for yourself, Miss Dare."

Before she came up-stairs, Mrs. Endicott had pictured to herself the dismay of the Fosdicks had they witnessed the scene which had occurred in the low-roofed parlor. She had told herself she would be on her guard—she would assume no responsibility at this critical juncture; but she was too eager to get at the heart of Lenox's secret to adhere closely to her programme.

There was a little silence. Then Lenox's voice came through the moonlight, almost like a cry—a cry of pain and of passionate determination: "Nothing can make any difference between us, Mrs. Endicott. Nothing can make me change—what I said to-night. It is all settled forever!"

She could not lay bare her heart to this soft-voiced, fine-mannered lady. Wild horses, it seemed to Lenox Dare, could not have torn the secret of that afternoon from her lips.

Mrs. Endicott felt a good deal baffled and chagrined at this reply. She was not a woman of much imagination, but as she gazed at Lenox a thousand extravagant theories arose in her mind to account for this singular behavior.

A sudden sense came over her of the grand fortune that had fallen to this girl, and that she was so imperiously thrusting aside. Mrs. Endicott was quite ignorant of Lenox's history beyond the few facts she had learned in their brief conversations; but she did know that a splendid matrimonial prize had fallen to her lot, and an honest impulse of pity for her rashness and ignorance in rejecting her rare fortune impelled the lady to speak again. "What if it were one of my own girls?" she thought.

"My dear," she said again, and this time there was a touch of genuine feeling in the lady's voice, "you are very young, and you know so little of the world, that you can have no idea what you are putting away from you when you refuse an offer of marriage from Guy Fosdick. He is the heir of one of the oldest, and wealthiest, and proudest families in Boston. There is not a girl in all his wide circle of acquaint-

ance who would not feel herself honored by the proposal he has just made you. Then think of all he is in himself—cultured, high-bred, a perfect gentleman in manner and feeling. Why the beauties and belles of his own set are half-wild over him; and you treat this gallant lover, this honorable gentleman, with cool disdain! You cannot realize what you are doing. I have daughters of my own; and I speak to you, my dear, as I would to one of them. You may live to see your mistake when it is too late.”

Mrs. Endicott's speech was the echo of Guy Foe-dick's in the moonlit road. The voices of the two seemed almost, to Lenox's excited imagination, to mingle into one. She could not be angry with Mrs. Endicott as she had been with Guy Foe-dick, when he sought to move her in a more impassioned strain, but with the same arguments.

“Don't, oh, don't!” groaned out Lenox, and involuntarily she lifted her hands with a swift, supplicating gesture. The next moment, however, she forced herself to be calm. She turned to the lady, and looked her in the face with bright, unflinching eyes. “I understand it all, Mrs. Endicott,” she said. “You mean to be very kind; but you must forgive me for asking you not to say any more. It cannot change anything—it can only pain me.”

She said this with such an air of quiet, womanly dignity, that Mrs. Endicott could hardly recognize her for the girl she had hitherto known. But there was no more to be said. The lady made some gracious apologies, and rustled out of the room, dreadfully puzzled and baffled.

When Mrs. Endicott was alone once more, she was quite amazed at her own indiscretion. She congratulated herself that the Foe-dicks would never know what she had said that night. She would have given those proud people mortal offense had she forwarded by word or act such a misalliance as they would have regarded Guy's marriage with Lenox Dare.

When Austin Kendall called at young Foe-dick's door the next morning, he learned that Guy had left Hampton by the earliest train. The man's profound amazement at this news was succeeded by a feeling of intense mortification and rage.

“What the devil,” he asked himself, “had made the young fellow clear out without a word or sign?” Kendall had told himself, as he rose that morning, that “the game was in his hands.” He saw now that it had slipped out of them in some mysterious fashion. As he realized this, there was an ugly flash in the eyes of the baffled villain, and a fierce twist of the mouth under his black moustache.

Austin Kendall made up his mind with an oath to get out of Hampton by the next train. He never learned, though he did his best to find out, what was at the bottom of Guy's sudden departure that morning. He only knew that young Foe-dick had dropped him forever.

No doubt before many days had elapsed, Guy was glad that Lenox had not taken him at his word. Fascination, remorse, all the strong emotions of the

hour, had hurried him into an offer of marriage. But when, in a calmer mood, he looked back on the events of that night; above all, when time and absence had weakened the charm which had exercised such a magic influence over him, young Foe-dick must have flinched at the thought of all his rash, romantic marriage would have involved. He must have pictured to himself the family consternation and wrath, the jests of the club, the gossip of the world; and he must have felt secretly relieved that he was not called to pay the price which his marriage with Lenox Dare would have cost him.

All the same, Guy Foe-dick never doubted that, in the moment when he stood wincing under the scorn and wrath of the high-souled girl, he had felt the noblest impulse of his life, he had been something better and nobler than he would ever be again.

In later years, the prosperous, courted man of the world would recall that story of his youth—a story he never repeated even to the beautiful, fashionable woman he had married—he would feel the stir—what man does not at times?—of nobler possibilities within him. Some pale ghost of an ideal, wronged and perished, would rise before him, and while he smoked his cigar or sipped his claret, he would say to himself: “If that girl had married me, I should be a different man to-day.”

He was probably mistaken. A man who has the right stuff in him will prove it, without a woman to help him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE letter which Mrs. Endicott had given Lenox, brought glad tidings. Mrs. Mavis and her son intended to be at Hampton within three days. No tidings could have been so welcome. But the days as they dragged over her seemed endless to Lenox Dare. She was alone now; even Mrs. Endicott had gone; and Lenox was left by the sea, to the solitude and pain of her own thoughts, to the misery of a mood that for awhile robbed the world of its brightness and joy.

You would not have known the girl—silent, listless, brooding—for the happy, radiant creature of weeks before; she hardly knew herself; she seemed a changed being to her own consciousness. Soul and body reacted with slow painfulness from the shock they had received.

Nature, too, seemed at this time to be in mysterious sympathy with Lenox's mood. After weeks of almost unvarying brightness, the wind veered, a long, easterly storm drove in upon the coast; one gray, lowering cloud hung over sea and land. Lenox came and went those days regardless of wind or rain, her eyes shining at times in a bright, scared way. The people at the house did not know what to make of her. They attributed the change in her to loneliness and homesickness, and did their best, with imperfect success, to cheer her. She wandered off in the sea-mists, that clung thick and gray along the shore, and listened to the angry tramp of the waves



on the sands, to the thunder of the storm far out at sea. Voices of wrath and pain, cries of agony and despair seemed to rise from the deep heart of the ocean. Through all the wild tumults of the storm, she caught the wail of an awful secret, of an infinite sorrow! She had, at times, an uncanny look, wandering about among the mists with the wet hair blown about her cheeks, and the strange, shocked look in her bright eyes.

She had hardly in her life known the sensation of fear; but there were times now when she started with a sudden terror, half fancying she heard footsteps behind her, or the fiendish ring of Austin Kendall's laugh as she had heard it that night in the arbor. Even the memory of it made the girl shudder from head to foot, and she would hurry home, and reach her room, panting with haste and fright, and shut herself up there for hours. She tried to read, to divert herself in all sorts of ways, packing and unpacking her trunk several times a day, in order to escape from her thoughts and memories; but the horror was too recent; she could not put away what still hung in the very air about her.

But even at that time Lenox Dare's sharpest misery was not for herself. Despite the quivering of her nerves, the wild terror that at moments overcame her, she felt in her deepest soul that she had escaped; the snare had been set, the toils prepared in vain for their victim. She thanked God for that, almost with every breath she drew. But the awful thought was forever coming up that, as Austin Kendall was in the world, so there must be other monsters after his kind, and there were other lives to be spoiled—young, innocent lives like her own! It was this thought which made the bitterest anguish of those three days by the sea, and which made her feel the world could never be the same happy world it had been before.

At the end of the three days, Mrs. Mavis and Ben returned. When Lenox saw the dear faces, she gave a cry of joy—not very loud, but it was one that might have come from a lost child, who, after long wanderings and perils, catches a glimpse of its home among distant trees.

In her first gladness, Lenox could see that Mrs. Mavis looked pale and worn. In a little while the girl had learned the secret of her friend's protracted absence. After the arrival of her relatives, Ben's aunt had grown rapidly worse, and had died during their visit. She had withheld the tidings, lest they should add a deeper shade to Lenox's loneliness. Her letters, overflowing with life and brightness, had gone far to allay the anxiety which both had felt for the young girl they had left behind in a world utterly new to her.

The time which the three had intended to be absent was now nearly gone. The varied little programme of travel and sight-seeing had all been spoiled. It was no time to visit the great northern cities, while they lay parched with dust and sweltering with mid-summer heats. Nobody was just now in a mood for fresh scenes. While they debated their next move-

ments, each felt a secret longing for the home among the hills that waited for them in its sunny quiet; but it was Lenox who, in the midst of the counsel, broke out suddenly: "I don't want to see any new places. There is nothing in the world like Briarswild. Let us go back there at once."

"And we will carry out our old programme, or make a new one, next autumn," rejoined Ben, in a tone whose cheerfulness showed how he accepted Lenox's ultimatum.

The next day they started for Briarswild.

Lenox had been at home for a week. Among familiar scenes, in the midst of the old, happy life, the girl gradually came to herself. Her bright, healthy nature shook off the nightmare which had hung around her, and she was once more the centre of life and joy in the household.

Yet Lenox Dare was conscious of a change in herself—one that must last through all her life. That terrible hour behind the little sea-arbor, was a gulf which separated her past from her present. An awful knowledge had come to her in a moment. She could never again be the young girl who had gone down to the sea in happy ignorance that summer afternoon.

One day, when Mrs. Mavis awoke from a short nap, she found Lenox sitting on a low stool by the lounge. A grave look in the girl's eyes startled the woman.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, sitting up suddenly.

"Something happened to me while I was at Hampton—something you do not know."

"That was what Ben said when he first saw you," answered the mother. "I thought it was nothing but your staying so long all alone in that strange place."

"No, it was not that," answered Lenox, in a low, solemn voice. "I have been waiting all this time to tell you; because, while it was so near, I could not speak of it."

"Was it so serious as that, Lenox?" asked Mrs. Mavis, a good deal startled by the girl's manner.

An hour after she had asked that question Mrs. Mavis knew the whole story.

After Lenox began talking, the woman suddenly put her arm about the girl as though she would hold her back from some impending evil. The grasp tightened as the story went on. Mrs. Mavis did not once interrupt it by a word. She was not a woman given to cries and hysterics; but as she realized what peril had menaced the young girl she loved with the heart of a mother, you can enter into her feelings better than I can write them.

"Oh, can you ever forgive me?" said Lenox, her voice breaking suddenly from its calmness into a passionate sob as she concluded. She had pondered her acquaintance with Guy Fosdick until girlish indiscretion began to seem heinous in her own eyes.

"Lenox," said Mrs. Mavis, in her tenderest voice, "it is only myself whom I shall find it hard to forgive."

Lenox's eyes flashed a look of amazement through their tears.

"I let you go out into the world, my child, ignorant and innocent, as though it were a Garden of Eden. I should have warned you of the wickedness of men, of the perils that were lurking all around you. But I hated to spoil your artless simplicity. It was lovely to me as the bloom on my roses. My poor child, what a price you have paid for my mistake!"

Lenox became, in her turn, the comforter.

"You meant it all for the best, dear Mrs. Mavis. I ought to have seen clearer for myself. What a blind folly it all seems now on my part."

She said these words half to herself. Mrs. Mavis was saying the same to her own soul; for Lenox had written with perfect frankness of her acquaintance with Guy Fosdick, and of all the new interests and pleasures he had brought into her life.

Perhaps, under other circumstances, Mrs. Mavis would have felt some uneasiness at this growing intimacy; but, absorbed with anxiety for the sick woman, she was heartily thankful that Lenox had found something to brighten those lonely days by the seashore. She could not forgive herself for her fatuity.

She began to realize for the first time that Lenox was no longer a child. She had actually had an offer of marriage! Whatever else he had done, Guy Fosdick must have made that in good faith. But Mrs. Mavis saw that Lenox had returned to Briarswild as heart and fancy-free as when she left it. There could be no mistaking her recoil at the memory of those three weeks' intimacy with young Fosdick. Mrs. Mavis thanked God that the stranger, with his fine talk and elegant manners, had not wiled away the heart of her darling.

Ben Mavis saw that something was the matter. His mother had a startled, distraught look, such as he had never seen in her face before, and every little while she would turn and gaze at Lenox with tender, wistful eyes—at times he fancied with some terror in them. Young Mavis was wonderfully keen. He had, as his mother's remark proved, an instinct when he met Lenox on his return to Hampton, that all had not gone well with her. But that fancy had almost vanished from his mind as the girl brightened into her old self when they were once more at Briarswild. His old suspicions now returned with fresh vividness. For the first time, too, he began to associate the change he had perceived in Lenox with young Fosdick. She had written with as much freedom to him as to his mother about the agreeable acquaintance she had formed so oddly on the rocks; and Ben had felt honestly glad that "the fellow had turned up in the nick of time!"

It struck him now, however, that she had never voluntarily alluded to her new acquaintance since she had returned home. Ben had expected to meet young Fosdick, and was surprised to learn from Lenox that he had been gone several days. He remembered all this now as he pondered his mother's singular manner.

The next time the two were alone together, Ben startled the woman by saying suddenly: "Mother, something has happened to Lenox!"

"How do you know that, Ben?" asked his mother, quite thrown off her guard.

"Because I saw and mentioned it when we first returned to Hampton. Whatever the trouble is I am confident that fellow, young Fosdick, is at the bottom of it!"

"O Ben!" exclaimed his mother, and then she was silent. But the tone of her exclamation virtually admitted everything. Mrs. Mavis had been taken unawares. But she reflected now that Ben's suspicions were aroused, it was best he should know the truth. She was confident, too, that Lenox would acquiesce in her judgment.

As young Mavis listened to his mother's story, a terrible storm shook his soul. Wrath, horror, pity, by turns possessed him. There were moments when the soft-hearted young fellow set his jaws with the dark fury of a savage. He had never been possessed by such a demon of rage. His eyes blazed—he panted to spring upon Austin Kendall, and, in one instant, throttle the breath out of the villain—he longed to lay his hands on Guy Fosdick in blows that would have left their mark on his dainty flesh to the last hour of his life; he walked the room—a savage vengeance, a murderous passion suddenly sprung to life in one who was tender as a woman to every animal that knew him for its master.

Even his mother did not dream of the storm that was raging in him. It was not of the kind that finds relief in words. She saw him pace the room with set jaws and blazing eyes. Sometimes she heard a low half-groan, half-growl, from his lips. But she was herself too agitated by the events she was relating to be fully conscious of her son's excitement.

He could not bear that even his mother should see him while the storm was tearing his soul—he left her soon after she had finished her story. "Sometime I shall be able to talk this devil's work all over with you, but not now," he muttered, as he went away.

In the hall he ran suddenly upon Lenox. She had just come in from out-doors, and was humming some light tune to herself. Her face was full of light. She had felt happier ever since she had told Mrs. Mavis.

Ben stood still, and stared at her in a kind of stunned way. When she caught the look in his eyes, the smile with which she had glanced up at him faded.

"O Ben, has your mother told you?" she gasped, her thought leaping at once to the truth.

For an instant her cheeks, her whole face were one vivid scarlet. The next moment she turned very white; she drew close to him.

"Are you angry with me, Ben—do you blame me?" she cried out, with a sharp, appealing cry.

"No, Lenox," he said, in a low voice, "I do not blame you." And he laid his hand softly on her hair.

At that instant something surged through him which made the strong man weak, something before which his fierce wrath died within him. A sudden tenderness shook his whole being. He knew now

that the rage which had been a devouring fire within him had been for Lenox's sake—not for his own—knew that he loved the young girl who stood there, not dreaming of his feeling, with all the tenderness and passion of his young manhood!

It came upon him so suddenly that he grew weak as a woman. His heart throbbed wildly and his lips trembled when he tried to speak. He smiled down on her, and something in the look of his eyes—they were wonderfully frank, bright eyes—touched Lenox's heart.

But he left her, without saying a word, and plunged blindly into the deep, shadowy lane at the back of the house.

One evening, a week from that time, Ben Mavis and Lenox Dare came out to walk the piazza. It was a sultry night. A faint wind sometimes stirred the leaves and then died away in the silence. A golden rim of new moon had hung for a few moments above the hills, and then sunk away, leaving the night to the glory of the stars in a cloudless, midsummer sky.

There had been no further allusion between them to what had happened at the sea-shore. Mrs. Mavis had explained to Lenox her motives for acquainting her son with the story. The girl's reply at once set at rest any lurking anxiety she might have felt about betraying another's secret.

"When I saw he knew, I was glad of it. You acted for the best, dear Mrs. Mavis, as you always do."

But the thought of what Lenox had barely escaped was never absent from the heart of the mother and son.

The young people walked awhile almost in silence. They listened to the loitering of winds, to all the soft sounds that broke the stillness of the midsummer night. The flowers that lay among the dews breathed their sweetness into the air.

At last Lenox spoke: "It must be terribly hot down in the valleys to-night, Ben."

"It must be just that, Lenox."

"How glad I am we are up here in the cool of the hills! O Ben, Briarswild is the one place in the world—I never want to go away from it again."

He felt the sudden shudder that thrilled her, he knew what was in her thought.

"Do you really feel like that, Lenox?" he asked, hardly knowing that he spoke.

"Can you doubt it?" she answered, softly, half-reproachfully, "knowing, as you do, what Briarswild has been to me?"

There was another little silence. Her question had brought up a host of crowding thoughts and memories to Lenox Dare. She remembered the night when she first stood, a friendless, houseless wanderer, on that piazza. She remembered the outstretched hands, the tender welcome that had met her, the love and care that had nursed her back to life and hope, and that in all these years had never failed her; she remembered what the world outside had been to her—the miseries she had fled from at Cherry Hollows, the dangers that had hunted her

at Hampton Beach. Briarswild had indeed been to this girl a Paradise in all the wide wilderness of the world.

Her heart glowed in that hour with unutterable gratitude and tenderness toward the two who had made the joy and gladness of her young life.

Ben Mavis was thinking, too—thoughts that made his strong heart shake—thoughts that Lenox's words had awakened in him. Why should he not tell her now that this Briarswild which she loved waited for her—that if she would only say the word, she should be its proud young mistress from that hour.

No doubt Lenox would have been greatly startled—she had never dreamed of Ben Mavis in the light of a lover—but he was the only man in the world for whom she cared. There could be little doubt had he asked her at that moment, what her answer would have been.

Even Ben Mavis, who was not vain, had that night, and ever afterward, few misgivings as to the fate his offer would have met. In his inmost soul he felt assured that he might have led Lenox Dare from that midsummer night of stars and flowers, he might have stood with her before his mother and said: "This is your future daughter-in-law!"

And he knew the woman would have welcomed the girl—would have blessed them both with joyful tears.

While he was pondering he found Lenox had slipped from his side. She was back again almost before he had time to realize her absence.

He could see in the dim light that she carried in her hand a freshly blossomed tea-rose. It was the solitary flower that had bloomed on a bush he had planted for her in the spring. She had watched with eagerness the opening of this one rare flower. She knew Ben's liking for tea-roses. In her grateful, loving thoughts of him she had suddenly darted off to pluck for him her one precious blossom.

"Wait a moment, Ben!" she said, stopping him in the square of light that shone out from the hall. She bent down and fastened the flower in the button-hole of his light coat. Then she looked up suddenly in his face, and he saw the smile in her great, radiant eyes.

A wave of overpowering tenderness swept through him. A mighty impulse almost overmastered him. He leaned forward, he opened his lips to speak. The next instant he would have caught that girlish figure and held it with passionate tenderness to his heart.

What stayed him? To this day Ben Mavis could not tell. Was there any subtle, counter influence at work? Did any warning whisper come through the soft, midsummer night about him? It was the great pivotal moment of his destiny and hers.

For some mysterious reason Ben Mavis paused at that instant. He mastered by a strong effort the impulse that was urging him to speak—to seize her in his strong, tender arms.

"Another time will do so well," he said to himself; and in a moment he thanked her, with a voice that shook a little, for the flower she had brought him.

Yet all the time he was wondering what had withheld him from speaking. He always wondered when he looked back on that night and saw how his own fate and Lenox Dare's had trembled in the balance; but—a little for his own sake, a great deal more for hers—there never came a time when Ben Mavis regretted that he had not spoken.

*(Concluded in next number.)*

## WHERE SHALL I GO?

NOT more regularly does the warm season recur than does the desire, begotten of it, to get away from home, to throw everything aside, if only for a day or two, and go off somewhere. The increasing facilities for travel, the establishment of numerous attractive resorts at every point where nature has offered a mingling of the accessible and picturesque, and the enhanced appreciation of the value of an annual period of relaxation in the popular mind, all these have combined of late years to send everybody off on some sort of a summer trip, from the school-teacher or clerk, with their simple visit of a week to some quiet rural abode, to the luxurious millionaire taking his wife and six handsome daughters, with their dozen Saratoga trunks, for an all summer's round of Mauch Chunk, Watkins's Glen and Niagara Falls.

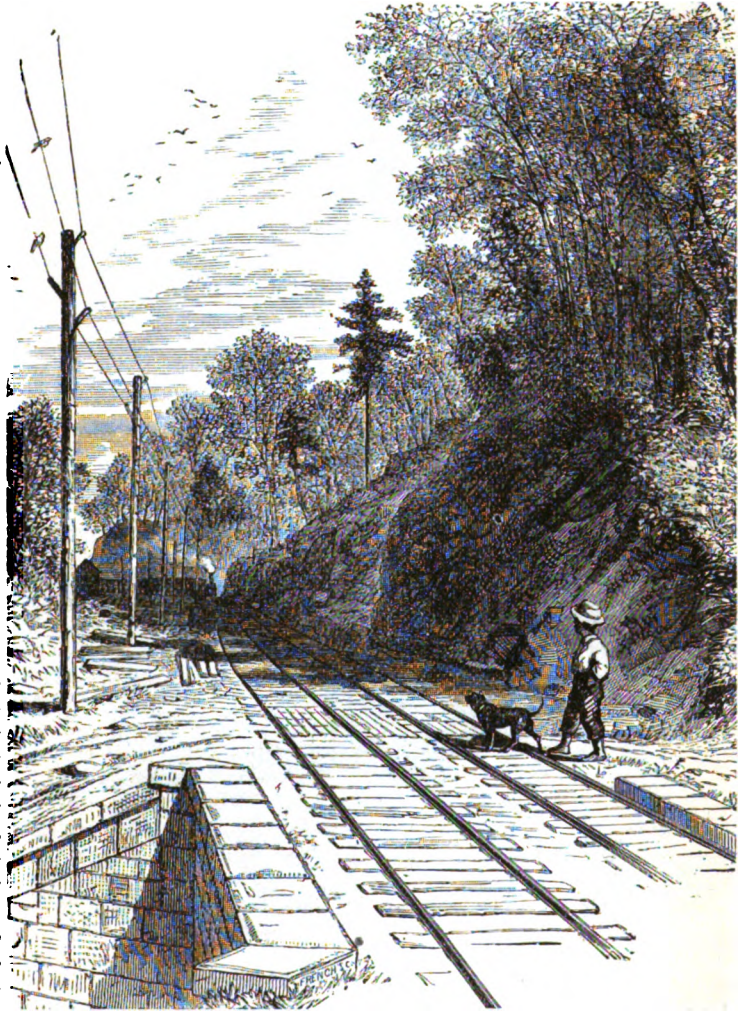
And so it is, that when the breath of June steals in through the casement, the clerk jumps down from his high stool, the teacher closes her books, the editor throws aside his quill, the merchant forgets his ledger, the clergyman asks for his vacation, the lawyer grows weary of the court-room, and each, picking up his or her valise, draws a long breath, heaves a sigh—the pent-up feelings of a long winter's toil—and exclaims in a tone that admits of no doubt or denial, "I must go on a summer excursion somewhere."

And so they must. But then there comes up to each, first of all, that important, and it must be confessed, very pertinent inquiry, "Where shall I go?"

This question we would, in all earnestness, answer as follows. Other sections may boast their charm

and attractiveness and entreat you with the alluring voice of the siren to visit them—but none, no, not one can show such picturesque beauty, such wild, romantic splendor, such a wealth of nature in her freshest forms, as can the Switzerland of America. "No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye" than the region of Pennsylvania traversed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

We will take the morning train on the North Pennsylvania Railroad from Berks Street depot, and by noon-time shall be far away up in the heart of the coal regions. Leaving the depot, we traverse the northern section of the city about a mile east of the old York Road, pass, in turn, Fort Washington and the picturesque scenes of the Wissahickon, whiz past



VIEW NEAR FORT WASHINGTON.

the stations at Coopersburg, Center Valley and Bingen, glance for a moment, as we pass, at Hellertown, and in a few moments more, catch glorious glimpses of the majestic hills skirting the valley of the Lehigh, and almost before we know it find ourselves



at a standstill at the depot at Bethlehem. Very soon after we have resumed our journey, we are fairly launched upon the Lehigh Valley Railroad. In a few minutes we come to the populous city of

the enterprising proprietor of which, Mr. J. S. Wibirt, has leased the Gravity Road (Switchback) for the coming season. Upon the arrival of every train, he has coaches waiting to convey visitors to the



MAUCH CHUNK.

Allentown. Three miles beyond, we pass through Catasqua, then on, on, until we reach the most truly picturesque town in the Union; Mauch Chunk. It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot, as it were, resting on the romantic little Lehigh River, and its body stretching up the cliffs of the mountain. The leading hotel is the Mansion House,

foot of the first incline, and an excellent meal and courteous attendants ready for them upon their return.

Continuing our journey, we find our way as before, following the devious windings of the Lehigh, amid scenery so wild and lovely as to recall the descriptions we have read in childhood of the mysterious Black Forest and Hartz Mountains of Germany. At

White Haven our Niagara Falls express train stops for twenty minutes, enabling hungry passengers to regale themselves with a good country dinner, and prepare thus for a keener enjoyment of the beautiful scenery beyond. We stop for a minute, also, at Wilkesbarre, Pittston and Towanda.

Crossing the Chemung we find ourselves in New York State, on the Susquehanna division of the Erie Railway at Waverly, a town of five thousand inhabitants. After a short rest, we travel rapidly westward in one of the palatial Pullman cars of the Erie express train to Elmira, where it is well to stop a day to view Eldridge Park, one of the choicest bits of landscape gardening to be found in America. Dr. Eldridge, a gentleman of large wealth, has laid out his estate, consisting of the grounds about his residence, in princely style, with groves, lawns, terraces, fountains and statuary, all so tastefully commingled as to at once strike the visitor with their beauty and arrangement. The connection is made here for Watkins's Glen, one of the natural beauties and curiosities to be found in the region traversed by the Erie Railway. The Glen is a vertical split or gorge, five or six hundred feet deep, in a bluff of solid rock through which a stream passes in successive falls.

"So beautiful," says Appleton, "did the late Secretary Seward consider this sylvan retreat, that he brought the whole diplomatic corps to visit it on the occasion of that tour in which he showed them the wonders of this country."

A ramble through Watkins's Glen even at the height of a summer noonday, is cool and delightful. Passing through a series of alcoves, stairways and bridges, each ending in some delightful surprise, with some fresh beauty beyond it, one looks up at intervals from the darkened depths of the cleft in which he stands to see above—oh, how far above him!—the single, little, narrow strip of sky, which reminds him of the accustomed sights of the outer world, and tells him he is not quite in fairy land.

From the summit of the mountain is had a superb view of Seneca Lake, the village of Watkins and miles in extent of surrounding country, making a picture of stirring interest and romantic beauty. The ascent of the mountain is easily accomplished, and no visitor to Watkins's Glen should lose the opportunity to witness the unrivaled view which it affords.

Those summer birds of passage whose resting-place is Niagara Falls, shrug their shoulders at Watkins's Glen, and, via the Erie Railway, pass on to nature's masterpiece.

The Niagara River, the strait or link connecting the two great lakes, Erie and Ontario, though but thirty-four miles long, yet passes in that brief space through a tremendous struggle with the rock-ribbed battlements which line and traverse its current. In these thirty-four miles it makes a total descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet, fifty-one feet of which it accomplishes in the space of three-quarters of a mile in the rapids, which mark its approach to the terrible leap of nearly two hundred feet more—the world-renowned cataract of Niagara.

Over the great precipice has been pouring ceaselessly through the centuries of the past, with the deafening roar of a thousand thunders, a torrent of water three-fourths of a mile wide and twenty feet in depth, or an aggregate, it is calculated, of a hundred millions of tons per hour.

No wonder that to this most sublime of natural shrines the untutored aborigines were wont to come yearly to worship the Great Spirit, and propitiate Him by the sacrifice of an Indian maiden, sent down on the current in a flower-laden canoe to her death in the terrible vortex; no wonder that they led thither the first missionaries who penetrated these wilds, and pointed in speechless awe to the mighty cataract; and no wonder that in these later days thousands and thousands of tourists from every part of this country and Europe annually make this spot their destination, and stand gazing in mute surprise, as did the savage and priest before them, at this wonder of the world.

From the American side of the Falls, the visitor has access to the various rocky islands—Goat, Chapin's, Luna and the Three Sisters—which break the face of the Falls, and enable him to overlook its very brink midway in the river's current. From this side, too, he descends to the Cave of the Winds, and may visit the Whirlpool and the Devil's Hole.

From the Canada side, opposite, which is reached by a wire suspension-bridge, one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight feet long, may be viewed the magnificent sweep of the cataract known as the Horse-shoe Fall (one thousand nine hundred feet across), the Burning Spring, the historic village of Chippewa and the battle-field of Lundy's Lane. Or by a railroad running on an inclined plane, from a point on the American side near the brink of the cataract, the visitor may descend to the river directly below the Falls, and looking upward at them from the deck of the ferry-boat which plies from shore to shore, may more than before realize the immensity and grandeur of the scene. It will leave in his memory an impression and sense of admiration that a life-time will not serve to eradicate.

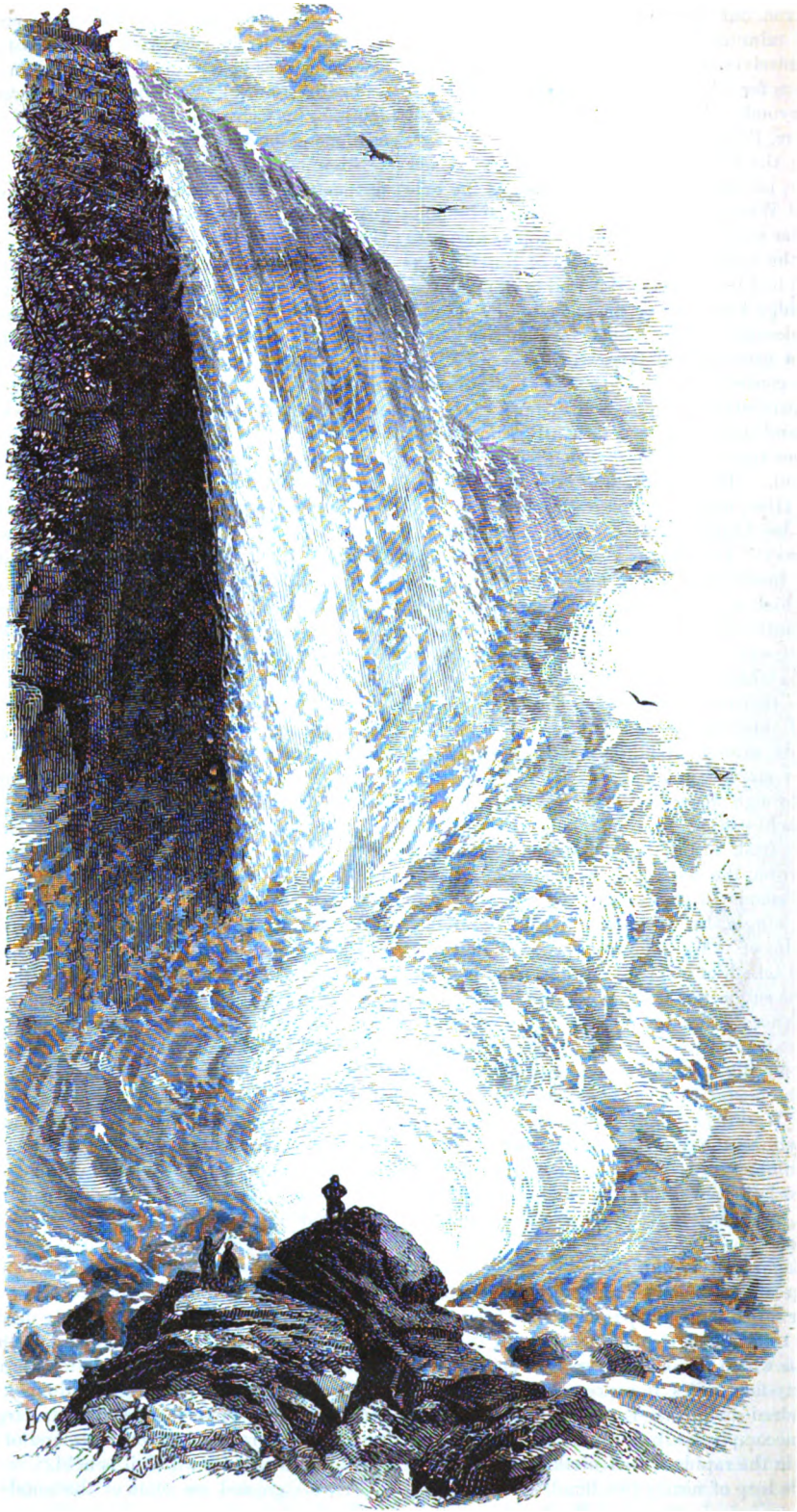
The hotels at Niagara are large, numerous and well-conducted. Great precautions are now taken by the authorities to insure every convenience to sight-seers, and to prevent extortions and impositions.

Thus we have briefly sketched out one of the most delightful summer trips that any one can take. Don't fail to ride through by daylight, if you can, over the Erie Railway. There is so much to see by the way-side, so much to enjoy in the ease and comfort of the cars, that he who has once traveled over this route will never regret it, and will strongly desire to do so again. There is no railway company in this country which provides better accommodations for its patrons, or which keeps its passenger equipment in better condition; and these facts contribute largely to the wonderful increase of its business, and of the widespread estimation in which it is held.

Friends, go and see some of the wonders of your native land.

W. A.





NIAGARA FALLS.

## FAMILIAR BOTANY.

WINTER interrupted us in our study of the flowers. And now, as the time of floral loveliness is with us again, we may, perhaps, resume with profit our consideration of the beautiful objects contemplated with delight by the true lover of nature. We left off at the end of the polypetalous division of exogenous plants. The monopetalous division will also present to us some of our old favorites.

Just here it might be proper to state what is meant by a *monopetalous*, or *gamopetalous* flower. It is a flower having but one petal. But some may say: "We never saw a flower with only one petal." Think a minute. "Why, yes," exclaims one, "the calla lily!" You are all off the track.

The calla is not monopetalous—its snowy white "leaf" is not a petal at all, for it has no petals—it is a *spatha*. But the honeysuckle comes under this head. Yes, it really does. The corolla is monopetalous, for it is all in one piece; and if you examine the scallops, or *clefts*, you will see that you cannot separate them without tearing the blossom. Polypetalous flowers, then, will divide into distinct petals, *monopetalous* ones will not.

And now we will consider the *Caprifoliaceæ*, or Honeysuckle Family. Most, though not all, of these plants are twining herbs, bearing clusters of fragrant flowers and fleshy berries. *Lonicera*, containing the honeysuckles and woodbines, is the leading genus in this group. *Lonicera sempervirens* is the trumpet-honeysuckle; *Lonicera flava*, the yellow honeysuckle. And closely resembling the honeysuckles, both in flowers and foliage, is the low shrub, *Symphoricarpos racemosus*, or snowberry. *Sambucus canadensis* is the well-known elderberry; and *Viburnum lentago*, its first cousin, the sheep-berry. The snow-ball of our lawns also belongs here; botanists call it *Viburnum opulus*.

The *Rubiaceæ*, or Madder Family, is less interesting. It contains, however, two of our darlings of field and forest—the lovely innocence, or bluet, or Quaker lady (*Houstonia cerulea*), and the beautiful partridge-berry (*Mitchella repens*). The former, with its delicate blue stars, scattered in profusion over our vernal meadows, gives them the appearance of being covered with snow; the latter, with its smooth, glossy leaves, its pure white, satiny flowers, and its bright scarlet berries, creeps abundantly under the pines and over the mosses of the deep woods.

And now comes an immense family, a kingdom of itself—the *Compositæ*. Its members are mostly aromatic, or tonic herbs, having the peculiar flowers known as *compound*. This is distinguished as being generally composed of two parts, the inner, or *disc*, and the outer, or *ray*, provided when matured with *egrets*, or "witches," to waft the seed. Upon taking of such a flower apart, we will see that it is made up of a multitude of aggregated *florets*, or little flowers, those of the disc usually differing somewhat from those of the ray. This order is too familiar to need

detailed description; we will content ourselves by merely mentioning that *Helianthus annuus* is the sunflower; *Anthemis nobilis*, the chamomile; *Leucanthemum vulgare*, the ox-eye daisy; and *Cirsium lanceolatum*, the common thistle.

And now for the elegant Heath Family, the *Ericaceæ*. Though its type is the little Scotch heather, it contains some of the most majestic members of the vegetable world, being mainly distinguished by its full, gayly-colored, one-petaled corolla. Many of its genera are evergreens. Here we find the cranberry, the huckleberry, the whortleberry, the laurel, the rhododendron, the azalea and the pipsissewa. *Epigaea repens* is the trailing arbutus; *Gaultheria procumbens*, the teaberry; *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, the blueberry; *Kalmia angustifolia*, the sheep-laurel; *Monotropa uniflora*, the waxen-white Indian pipe.

The *Schrophulariaceæ*, or Figwort Family, is an important one. Plants belonging to it are noticeable for their lurid colors, peculiar odors and general woolly appearance. Some of them are poisonous. Every country child knows the tall, rough-looking mullein (*Verbascum thapsus*), with its bright yellow flowers and grayish, downy leaves, as also the gay butter-and-eggs (*Linaria vulgaris*). The speedwell tribe is very extensive, though insignificant in appearance; perhaps the best known is the rather abundant trailing plant *Veronica officinalis*, with its clusters of tiny purple blossoms. The beautiful, wild fox-glove (*Gerardia purpurea*) belongs here, as does its deadly namesake, the *Digitalis*.

The *Labiata*, or Mint Family, is one of the most valuable of all. The *labiate*, or lip-shaped flowers, and the pungent odors of this division, may be easily recognized; we are all familiar with sage (*Salvia*), thyme (*Thymus*) and horehound (*Marrubium*). *Mentha piperita* is the common peppermint; *Hedeoma pulegioides*, the pennyroyal; and *Nepeta cataria*, the catnip.

The *Convolvulaceæ* contains many beautiful, valuable twining-plants, distinguished by a brilliant, funnel-shaped corolla. Of these, the sweet-potato and the jalap are of great utility, while the cypress and morning-glory vines are much esteemed as ornaments in our gardens. The marks of generic difference in this family are so slight, that we frequently find the same plant variously named. For instance, the common purple morning-glory is known as *Ipomœa purpurea*, and *Convolvulus purpureus*; the scarlet morning-glory as *Ipomœa*, or as *Quamoclit coccinea*, while the cypress-vine is designated as *Ipomœa quamoclit*, and as *Quamoclit vulgaris*. *Convolvulus batatus* and *Ipomœa batatoides* are both applied to the sweet-potato.

One more important tribe—the *Solanaceæ*, or Nightshade Family. Like the *Schrophulariaceæ*, this is distinguished by lurid flowers and acrid juices; in fact, most of its members are rank poisons. In company with the Jamestown weed and tobacco, one would scarce expect to find the valuable potato and tomato and egg-plant; but such is the case. *Hyoscy-*

*amus niger* is the henbane; *Datura stramonium*, the ill-looking "jimson;" *Nicotiana tabacum*, the "vile weed." The "gals," or capsules of the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), are said to be poisonous, while we all know that the juice must be pressed from the egg-plant (*Solanum melongena*) to make it safe to eat. We have often heard of the effects of the deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*).

A smaller order, but a beautiful one, is the *Oleaceæ*, or Olive Family, composed of tall, oily shrubs, with showy, fragrant flowers. The lilac (*Syringa vulgaris*), the privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*), and the various species of ash (*Fraxinus*), represent this tribe with us, while the olive (*Olea*) and the jessamine (*Jasminum*) are the most noted of its representatives in other lands.

We have omitted a few striking groups containing but a few members—as the *Lobeliaceæ*, with the gorgeous *Lobelia cardinalis*, or cardinal-flower; the *Campanulaceæ*, the *Campanula rotundifolia*, or harebell; the *Ebenaceæ*, the *Diospyros virginiana*, or persimmon; the *Bignoniaceæ*, the *Catalpa bignonioides*, or catalpa-tree; the *Polemoniaceæ*, the *Phlox maculata*, or phlox; and the *Gentianaceæ*, the *Gentiana crinita*, or fringed gentian. But we may believe that we have covered pretty completely all the ground comprised within the second division of exogenous plants. So, then, let us try and remember what we have learned, and strive to apply it to the plants which we know so that we will be better prepared to take up the third, or *apetalous* division, passing thence to *endogens* and *cryptogams*.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

A DROP of water that may be hung at the point of a pin, seeming to the naked eye, as it glistens in the sun, pure and apparently free from any substance, is seen by the aid of this wonderful instrument to be swarming with life in a myriad of forms, endowed with powers of motion, either frolicking about or searching for food. The motion of these animalcules is almost as various as their shapes. Some leap like a frog, others swim like a fish, others drag their bodies along slowly and lazily, some scarcely move at all. The minuteness of these creatures almost surpasses the conception of the human mind. One writer calculates that "the size of some insects in a drop of water is to that of a mite as the size of a bee to a horse! and a hundred others will not exceed the thickness of a single hair, and ten thousand of another species could occupy the space of a single grain of sand." Does not this seem incredible? And when you drink a tumbler of water, it is quite likely that you have swallowed thousands of these little creatures. Don't be frightened; they will not in the least harm you! The microscope has revealed in the air, too, just such living things as we find in such vast multitudes in the water.

The human hair is a singularly beautiful thing to look at under the microscope. It consists of many layers, or overlapping cells, gradually tapering to a

point; the edges seem supplied with saw-like teeth. It is perfectly translucent, and marked with a great many irregular lines. You would scarcely believe it, but it is said that the bristles of the hog come nearer the human hair than that of any other animal's, except that the lines are closer and no saw-teeth are visible.

Under this instrument bees have slender, pointed hairs upon the head; the yellow hairs which we can see with the naked eye upon the legs, turn out to be hard, horny sort of combs, used for gathering and storing the pollen of flowers. Besides this, the bee has two baskets on his thighs, which are the perfection of side-pockets, just such as we should carry for any such purpose. You know that birds' feathers are essentially hairs—not at all so in appearance, but in use nothing more or less. Scales are fishes' hair, as feathers are of birds. These scales overlap each other, like shingles on the roof of a house, so that the water always runs off them.

Did you ever see among dried seaweed the pale brown leaves of the hornbreck? Though this is sometimes classed as a plant, it is an animal instead, and such a wonderful thing to look at when seen under the glass. It seems all made up of wicker cradles, with pillows and coverlets complete, while at the end of some of the cradles sits, as it were, a little child in the shape of a fluffy white ball, leaning against a yellow door, which sometimes opens and drops the baby out!

The wings of insects are very interesting to look at with the microscope—even our own common house-fly, whose wings are found to be covered with stiff, short hairs. The scales on the wings are a marvel in themselves. Did you ever find a thick dust on your fingers after coming in contact with one of these winged insects? Well, in that dust you have a mass of scales of every conceivable shape, which look like all sorts of fairy toys made up of gems. The scales of one species of the butterfly are of the shape of a battledoor; that of the moth like a fan. But the diamond beetle is the most splendid fellow of them all—his scales are so very beautiful in their richness of glory. They are like a row of precious stones set on black velvet, making him a very king.

**POLITENESS TOWARD CHILDREN.**—Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large are perfect boors inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If a man should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but whoever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but whoever remembers to thus reward the little, tireless feet that are traveling all day long up-stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason.

TRIX AND GERTIE.

**I**N a small, pleasant room looking out into a dusty, dull Liverpool street, two girls are sitting, one busily writing, the other engaged in some intricate millinery operation.

"Trix!"

"In one minute, my child;" and Trix knits her smooth, white brows into two upright lines over the German translation she is correcting, and with relentless severity scores and underscores the mistakes. Then, with a little imperious gesture, she tosses back her head, scribbles "Atrocious" at the bottom of the page, pushes aside a great pile of French and German exercise books, puts her elbows indignantly on the table, and stares meditatively at her cousin. "Didn't you make a remark, Gertie?" says she at last.

"It is just a week to the holidays."

"Yes."

"Don't your eyes and your senses ache?"

"Rather. Don't yours?"

"My ears do. I hope I shall not hear another note of music for the next six weeks."

But, as if out of very spite and maliciousness, an organ-grinder at this moment strikes up a most dismal and exasperating *La ci darem* just underneath the window. Gertie laughs, and then sighs the next minute.

"What is the use of holidays that are to be spent in all this noise, and heat, and dust, and turmoil? How I wish we could get away from it!"

"Well, we can."

"Can? Why, we have no money, Trix—at least none we can count on."

"Yes, we have, for it is in the money-box at this minute."

"The ten pounds we have saved up! Yes, but what is the use of that?"

"A great deal; it would take us away from Liverpool for a fortnight."

"Ten pounds for two of us for a fortnight? Trix, you are dreaming!"

"Walking tour," responds Trix, laconically.

Gertie's blue eyes open incredulously.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, just listen;" and Trix lowers her elbows, and with a vast assumption of wisdom proceeds to unfold her plans. "You see, Gertie, there is money due to us for this half year; but we must not count upon it, as you say, or we might not be able to pay our way next half—and that would be a calamity. We have, however, saved up ten pounds clear; that is fourteen and twopence a day; and I am sure for that we could manage a walking tour, and—"

"But railway fares and hotel bills?" says Gertie, doubtfully.

"There will only be the railway fares there and back; they are not so much, second class. Don't look so disgusted, Gertie; we cannot afford first. Then, as to where we can go, there is plenty of choice, for Liverpool is, luckily, quite near to Wales, and Yorkshire, and the English lakes, and—"

"O Trix, to the lakes! To Rydal and Grasmere, and over the hills to Keswick!" cries Gertie, excitedly, all her doubts scattered to the winds. "O darling, fancy seeing Skiddaw and Blencathra again, and Borrowdale, my own, own country, and watching the sunset on Derwentwater, and gathering roses and honeysuckle round Armathwaite! Don't you smell them, Trix? And then some evening—some evening we will go in the twilight to the old home, and, and—"

"Why, Gertie, you foolish child, you need not cry about it!" says Trix; and the next minute her arms are round the golden head, crushing the pretty blue bow, which matches so completely the tearful blue eyes.

"I always was a goose," says Gertie, wiping her eyes; "but I lived for fifteen years among the mountains, and I do long for a sight of one of the old hills. I think I'm homesick."

"And Liverpool is all ships and factories," says Trix, thoughtfully, looking at her cousin's face, in which the soft wild-rose tints are all too pale.

"Yes; with its everlasting streets and horrible, monotonous rows of houses. I sometimes feel as if I were stifling with the crowd, and turmoil, and narrowness of everything."

"One has no elbow-room," says Trix, with the imperial toss of her head. "Where is the money-box, Gertie?"

Gertie takes a bunch of keys, unlocks an old press—the room is furnished very quaintly and old-fashionedly—and produces a little, carved, oak box. Then the two sit down and begin to count their savings.

"Twelve pounds, sixteen shillings—why, it is untold riches!" exclaims Trix, triumphantly, when the little stock of money has been overhauled.

Gertie looks dubious.

"But, Trix, even if we do walk, there are still hotel bills and all sorts of expenses," says she, returning to her old doubts and fears. "Oh, dear, if we could only do it! But, Trix, it does look impossible upon so little."

"Gertie, my child"—Trix is always intensely maternal to Gertie—"your ideas are so very extensive; just wait till I attack the hotel bills and all sorts of expenses! Now I want a 'Bradshaw' and that old 'Guide to the Lake;'" and, going to the book-case, Trix recklessly pulls down a whole shelf of literature before "Bradshaw" and "Black" make themselves visible. "Do you recognize the old book, Gertie?" says she, coming back to the table with a very dilapidated volume and a railway-guide.

"Ah, yes! 'Black' and I made many a pilgrimage together in the old days," answers Gertie, sighing.

"Don't get melancholy over him now, dear; but just tell me how many miles it is from Ambleside to Grasmere."

"I can tell you that without looking. It is four."

"Just do," murmurs Trix, poring over the intricacies of "Bradshaw" very earnestly. "See—we will go by the 12.10 train, which will land us at





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Windermere at 3.40. We will sail up the lake to Ambleside, have tea there, walk on to Grasmere afterwards, and stay there all night. As to hotel bills"—here Trix pauses in deep thought—"Gertie, my child, you know every inch of the country; are there no quiet, little, out-of-the-way inns, where we two small females could rest and be thankful without having to pay so desperately for it?"

"I have it, I have it!" cries Gertie, in great excitement. "You remember old Mrs. Braithwaite, our housekeeper at Hollishead?"

"Yes, a stately old dame in rustling black silk and an awful cap."

"She is one of the kindest old ladies in the world," says Gertie, reproachfully. "Well, she has a tiny cottage at Keswick, and she lets her parlor and one bedroom in the summer. She would take us in, I am sure."

"Happy thought! Write to her to-night. No, now; I can post the letter as I go to the Fords'. Here are the paper, and pen, and ink;" and Trix, in her haste to clear the table, tosses the exercise-books in a heap upon the floor.

Gertie sits down and begins her letter. The first page is written in two minutes, the next more slowly, and at last she comes to a dead stop.

"Ask her to include everything in her terms," says Trix, peeping over Gertie's shoulder, and finding it is the money question on which she is stranded; "then we can calculate how far our funds will go."

Gertie finishes the letter, directs and fastens it, and then sits staring at it with a face the brightness of which is good to see. Trix is turning over the old guide-book.

"It is only twelve miles from Grasmere to Keswick, Gertie; let us keep to our first plan of walking it. If we start early in the morning, and take a long rest half way, we shall do it easily."

"Yes; I long for a walk as much as I do for a mountain."

"We will do the second six miles in the evening; and when we get to Keswick, Mrs. Braithwaite will greet us with a regular Cumberland tea. I've a lively recollection of her girdle-cakes. Gertie, what has become of all your relatives? There used to be a regular colony of Arnolds at Keswick."

"You mean the Arnolds of Yewbarrow, papa's cousins? I have not seen or heard of them for years. Papa and Mr. Arnold had a law-suit, and all intercourse was given up. I think they might have written when papa died and our misfortunes came. They are the only relatives I have in the world, except my dear old Trixie."

"A host in herself," murmurs Trix, complacently. "I remember one or two especially. There was a girl with a queer name, and a long, thin boy, who led us a dreadful life—drowned our dolls in the tarn, and—"

"Annis and Fred, you mean. It was Fred who pulled us out of the Greta on that day we tumbled in together. Don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes! They were good old days. Give me

the letter, Gertie, before I get sentimental; and while I am away don't bewail the departed glories of the Arnolds or the shortcomings of your implacable relatives. Won't Miss Alice Ford have a lively time of it? That translation will not escape soot-free."

The church clock of Ambleside is striking seven when a steamer, slackening its speed, comes alongside the small pier at the head of Windermere Lake. Almost the first passengers to cross the landing-stage are Trix and Gertie, clad in traveling-suits of pearly gray. Each carries a small black bag and a substantial sunshade; the luggage has been sent on by coach. Circumstances have combined harmoniously. The proposed tour is an actual fact, and the two have some stiff miles of hill and valley to walk before Keswick is reached. Half an hour for tea at the "Salutation," and then they are tramping steadily along the lovely road that leads from Ambleside to Grasmere. It is a glorious summer evening; and, as they enter the deep valley of the Rothay, they have time to loiter and watch the beautiful graduations and transitions of deep purple and misty blue on the mountains, and, as the twilight steals on, the golden ripples on Rydal Lake, where the last sunbeam glitters and vanishes. Loughrigg is all dark and mysterious, and Nab Scar a dim giant shadow, as they take the last turn in the road, and Grasmere Lake lies before them, dark, steely-blue. In this romance-inspiring spot Gertie would fain sit up half the night to contemplate the lake by moonlight. Up betimes next morning, while the dew is on the bracken and the pearly mists lie like gauze on the mountains, these two energetic young women begin their day's march over the wild pass of Dunmail Raise, stopping only a few moments on the summit for rest and a view of the mighty Helvellyn in all his glory, and then on past the ambitious little city of Wytheburn, and down the pass to Thirlamere. Gertie is still deep in the legend of the phantom bride of Armbroth Fells, when St. John's Vale and the pleasant little inn come in sight. The girls have a long rest here. Twilight finds them moving briskly down the hill that lies above Keswick, Skiddaw and Saddleback frowning darkly over them.

"Let us be thankful it is down hill," says Trix, devoutly.

"Are you tired, Trix?" asks Gertie, laughing.

"Not much; I am fortified with a vision of Mrs. Braithwaite and girdle-cakes."

"It is not very far now," rejoins Gertie.

They tramp on bravely, ever down and down. A stage-coach passes them, top-heavy with luggage and swaying unpleasantly from side to side. Presently the houses begin; then comes the queer, crooked turning into Keswick. How do the coaches manage it? A few more twistings and windings down the old streets, and then Gertie points to a small, rose-covered cottage half hidden by trees. In the porch a tall woman is standing, shading her eyes from the light, and looking anxiously up the road.

"Mrs. Braithwaite!" ejaculates Trix. "My ancient awe and reverence return at the first view of her cap.



Suppose there are no girdle-cakes, Gertie, after all. It would be trying?"

"Is the provision-basket in, and the shawls, and umbrellas, and books?"

"Everything, most suspicious of mortals. Jump in; here is your oar."

Trix and Gertie settle themselves in the gay little pleasure-boat. They are bound for a whole day on the lake. The boatman gives them a final shove-off, and leaves them to their own devices. They paddle away briskly to St. Herbert's Isle, which they reach with the help of a good deal more exertion than they had counted upon.

"Gertie, I don't think we feather our oars with skill and dexterity," says Trix, as she fastens the boat to a stake in the dilapidated landing-stage.

"It is not easy when one is out of practice," says Gertie, stretching out her arms lazily. "Now, Trix, give me my book and umbrella; I am going on shore. You may fish if you like, but I think it is very cruel of you."

Trix hands the required articles to her cousin, and then looks rather comically at a fishing-rod and tin can which have been put into the boat for her. Very cautiously she opens the lid of the can and peeps in at the bait.

"Worms!" ejaculates she in a disgusted tone. "What a little wretch that boy of Mrs. Braithwaite's is! Of course I dare not put a great wriggling worm on a hook; so I may as well go ashore, too." Trix seizes her book and umbrella, and springs after her cousin.

It is a splendid day—not a flake of white is in the blue overhead. The sun shines hotly and fiercely; but under the thick trees on the island nothing but shafts and gleams of sunlight penetrate the soft green shade. Thickets of wild-rose, honeysuckle and sickly syringa form a dense underwood, and the ground is spread with a carpet of anemones. It is all very beautiful—an isle of enchantment on which to dream away a summer day.

For an hour or two the two girls are content to wander in and out among the trees; then follows lunch from Mrs. Braithwaite's capacious basket; then a long, dreamy afternoon under a brown beach, all among the pale wind flowers. Toward sunset they take to the boat again, and paddle round to St. John's Bay. Trix casts the anchor into a deep, dark pool under the shade of an ivy-covered cliff; then, settling themselves among the scarlet cushions in the bottom of the boat, the girls watch the gorgeous sunset, the purple mist creeping down Skiddaw, the burnished sheet of living water, and the glowing crimson and amber in the north-western sky. Trix takes off her hat and leans back in the boat, looking with wistful eyes across the lake to Home Island, and the group of mighty yew-trees that still keep watch over the spot where the gallant Earls of Derwentwater held their court of loyal hearts and true.

"Did she really climb up there, Gertie?" says she, after a long silence.

"Did who climb up where?" laughs back Gertie. It is something so comical to see Trix in a sentimental mood.

"Did Lady Derwentwater really climb up that dreadful cliff, with all her plate and jewels, when the king's soldiers came after her husband?" And Trix pointed to the formidable precipice known as the Lady's Rake.

"Tradition says she did, but it looks impossible. Trix, do put your hat on; there are some gentlemen fishing just off that point round there. I see their heads."

"Never mind my hat, or the gentlemen either; I am not going to let them disturb my peace of mind." And Trix gives her little gray hat a defiant toss to one side, smooths her bonnie brown hair, and, in beautiful defiance of all propriety, begins to sing:

"Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail,  
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale;  
Say that he frown, I'll own his looks I view  
As morning roses tipped with dew."

In utter mischievousness Trix sings her song to the last note, giving all the variations and twists and turns of the lovely music with infinite spirit; then she turns to Gertie: "My child, don't look so scandalized; they cannot hear."

But in this surmise Trix is quite mistaken; for in the still, evening air every sound is audible. Her voice sounds clear and soft as a bell, and the two gentlemen—not being by any means insensible to either the lovely voice or the lovely old song—listen intently till the last "wrinkled care beguile" has died away.

"What a magnificent voice!" says one, as he artfully throws his line into a quiet pool where a tiny splash every now and then indicates trout. "I wonder who they are?"

"Strangers," answers the other, taking a leisurely survey of Trix and Gertie over the top of the rocky point which separates them; "very pretty girls, too. I'm sure I've seen them before, especially the fair one. Where is the skiff, Arthur?"

"Drawn up on the bank under that rowan-tree. Where are you going to, Fred?"

"To get a nearer view of— Ah! What was that?"

A sudden scream, sharp with fright, a loud splash, and frantic cries of "Help—help!" ring over the lake in the terrified tones of awful peril. In a moment the young fellow throws off his coat, and, with a hasty call to his brother to bring the skiff as quickly as possible, plunges into the water, swimming rapidly round the point.

It is Trix who has come to grief—and in this way. Her song finished, she is seized with a sudden desire for strawberries. In reaching toward the basket, she gives the little boat a lurch to one side, and the gray hat, already tossed close to the edge, falls over into the lake and floats lightly away. Springing up and seizing the boat-hook, Trix reaches forward with it. In a moment she catches the hat; but the light boat sways over with her weight, and Trix, already off her balance, falls into the water, and sinks with a wild

cry into the deep, dark pool. In a minute she reappears a few feet from the boat. Gertie seizes an oar, and pushes it toward her. It falls short, and, with a despairing cry, Trix sinks again.

"Oh, help, help!" screams Gertie. "Oh, what shall I do? Will no one come?" And the frightened, agonized girl is just going to throw herself into the water, with some wild impulse of saving her cousin or dying with her, when a loud, authoritative "Stop—don't be so foolish! I will save her!" startles her from her insane purpose.

A few moments of horrible suspense ensue, and then Trix is lifted into the boat, heavy, white, insensible.

"Is she dead?" asks Gertie, fearfully.

"No, she is only unconscious," says the gentleman, who is supporting himself with one hand on the side of the boat; then, raising his voice, he calls: "Arthur, Arthur, be quick! Are you never coming?"

The skiff shoots out from the point of land and flies toward them. Gertie, chafing the cold hands, and pushing the wet masses of hair from the still face, looks despairingly about and sobs: "What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?"

"Wrap those shawls round her—here, I will help you." And, climbing into the boat, the young fellow unfastens the bundle of pretty crimson shawls and swathes them round and round poor Trix, who soon uncloses her eyes, looks about her in a bewildered sort of way, and, with a trembling shudder, murmurs something about her hat and being very cold.

"Throw the rug in, Arthur," says Fred, collecting as he speaks a pile of cushions on which to raise the poor little white face, with the heavy, wet, nut-brown hair hanging forlornly round it, and little rings, dark and shining, clinging to the smooth forehead. Wrapping the rug about her, he turns to Gertie and asks briefly: "Are you staying at Keswick?"

"Yes," says Gertie, despairingly wondering how they are to get back again.

"Then it is too far to take your sister; you must come home with us," is the decisive answer.

"No—oh, no! It is too much trouble," says Gertie, timidly.

"I would not take you against your will, but it is a case of necessity," explains he, kindly. "It would take too long to row to Keswick; our house is close at hand, and my mother will be glad to help you. Arthur, tie our skiff to the boat, and help me to row."

Without another word, the oars are taken, and the two boats shoot across the bay to a small jetty which runs out from a thick grove of trees. Poor Trix, under her pile of shawls, struggles back into consciousness, but so slowly that the horrible sensation of rushing water, of utter darkness and helplessness, has not gone when the boat grates against the pebbly bottom, and she suddenly wakes up to find herself the subject of a grave discussion as to how she is to be conveyed any farther, for it is clearly impossible she can walk.

"Let me carry her, Fred," says Arthur, as the two young men spring ashore; "you have done enough for one day."

"No, no; I am the stronger. You run on and tell the mother to have a fire lighted and hot blankets got ready; she will be alarmed if we appear as we are."

Trix makes an impotent effort to throw off the rug, and gasps out feebly: "No, no! Gertie, don't let him!"

Gertie hesitates, looks intensely dismayed, glances at Trix, hesitates again, till her indecision is put to flight by the young fellow himself, who takes the law into his own hands, without even a suspicion of Trix's scruples and Gertie's dismay. With great care, poor, shivering, miserable Trix is lifted up. Her heavy, saturated dress helps to make her no slight weight, and the thick wraps round her constitute her a sufficiently awkward bundle; but she might weigh but a feather and a half from the ease and strength with which she is carried. If she could only speak, her remonstrances would be both loud and deep; but she is as helpless and feeble as a half-drowned kitten. Asking Gertie to follow, her cavalier steps out vigorously. The way is a narrow, steep wood-path. Half-way up, they stop a moment to rest—only a moment; for, before Trix can utter the feeble remonstrance on her lips or stir a finger, she is lifted again and borne on more swiftly than before. The wood-path opens at last upon a wide carriage-sweep bordered by a belt of laurels. A few steps more, and the trio come in sight of a long, low, old-fashioned house, standing amid some ancient, grotesque yew-trees. But that Gertie's eyes are quite incapable of seeing anything but Trix, she would have recognized the house and the yews as old friends. A lady is standing in the porch, looking anxiously toward them as they come up the drive. Gertie, keeping shyly in the background, never sees her.

"Here we are, mother; is everything ready?" says Trix's stalwart cavalier.

"Yes, yes! Poor thing! Is she alone? Bring her up here," requests the lady, leading the way through a spacious hall and up a wide, shallow staircase; then, throwing open a door on the left, she stands aside to let them pass into the room. "Put her down on the couch before the fire, and then go and— Why—why, Gertie!"

Poor sobbing little Gertie lifts her eyes to the speaker.

"Auntie—Auntie Janet!" she cries, and in a moment is half-laughing, half-crying out all her troubles in her aunt's arms.

Fred deposits Trix on the couch, and turns round in bewilderment.

"Who is it?" ejaculates he.

"It's Gertie—Gertie herself! O child, child, where have you been? We have searched half England for you. Didn't you know?"

"I had not seen you—I was not sure," falters Gertie—"whether—there had been such—such—"

"Such quarrels? Yes, Gertie, but not between you

and me. My husband's law-suit with your father was no reason why—"

"Mother," interrupts Fred, rather gruffly, pointing to Trix, lying faint and miserable under her wrappings, "the explanations must wait. Cousin Gertie, I am very glad to see you; but, unless you want your friend to have an attack of fever, or—"

"Friend!" echoes Gertie. "Why, it's Trix."

"Trix! What Trix?"

"My Cousin Trix—Beatrice Fanshawe. Don't you remember?"

"What, Trixie—naughty little Trixie?" The young fellow takes two strides to the couch, and looks down at the half-drowned, forlorn occupant thereof. "Are you really little Trixie?"

The words come out in a softened tone, as if the remembrance of naughty little Trix were something rather pleasant.

"Yes," says Trix, the ghost of a smile fluttering into her face as she looks up and meets his smile.

"Then I might well be puzzled! The more I looked, the more I seemed to know you, and the more puzzled—"

"Now, Fred, it is my turn—stop your recollections," interrupts Mrs. Arnold. "Please retreat to your own sanctum and change those wet clothes, or I shall have two invalids on my hands instead of one."

With another friendly glance at Trix, the young man retires, only stopping a minute at the door to summons his mother to a short, whispered conference, from which she comes back laughing.

"That boy imagines no one knows anything but himself," says she, as she shuts the door. "He has given me a whole string of instructions for your benefit, Trix, and orders unlimited quantities of blankets; so I think the sooner you are in bed the better. Gertie, there is an eider-down dressing-gown in that wardrobe—please give it me."

In another hour poor Trix lies fast asleep in the pretty chintz bed, and not very much the worse for her perilous bath.

Breakfast is always laid in the morning-room at Yewbarrow, a pleasant room facing the east, and getting a flood of sunshine through its long, French windows, which overlook the lake. The old clock on the staircase is just chiming eight; breakfast stands all ready on the table—for they keep early hours at Yewbarrow; the family are all assembled, and only waiting for Mrs. Arnold. In a few minutes she enters, and, with a pleasant good-morning to all, takes her place behind the urn.

"Trix is incorrigible," says she, pouring out the coffee as she speaks.

"What is the matter? Is she not better this morning?" inquires Arthur.

"Better! She will be down directly. She says she is quite well, and would not stay in bed at any price. I have been all this time with her, trying to make her listen to reason, but I might as well have talked to the winds. Get up she would, and get up she did."

"Trix is just as willful and mischievous as ever," remarks Gertie.

"What a character, Gertie!" says a voice behind her; and Trix herself comes in, looking as fresh and fair as a rose, and none the worse for her cold bath of the evening before.

A chorus of eager inquiries greets her as she takes a vacant chair by Arthur, to all of which she answers almost nonchalantly that she is all right; she thinks that the cold water did her good, and that the mishap almost served her right for her stupidity in tumbling in. Only Fred, who is just opposite, notices that her lips tremble, and that her face becomes a shade paler, as she listens to the remarks on her narrow escape; and the eyes she lifts to him are neither careless nor thoughtless.

"How did it happen?" asks Annis Arnold.

"Trix would take off her hat," explains Gertie, "and it fell into the water. She tried to reach it with the boat-hook and overbalanced herself, and—"

"And tumbled in, like a stupid, senseless old log," finishes off Trix. "There, don't talk about it."

"You seem to have a mania for tumbling into rivers and lakes," says Fred, leisurely dissecting a couple of chickens. "I believe the very last time I saw you was on that memorable day when you and Gertie fell into the Greta, and I waded in to your assistance. Eight years ago, is it not?"

"Yes, about that," answers Trix, demurely, stirring her coffee.

"I ought to have recognized you, having such good cause. Would you have known me, do you think?"

Trix glances up. In truth, recognition would have been as difficult on her side as his. The tall, thin, angular and awkward boy of her memory has become quite a noble-looking man, in his great height and strength. The face is a fine one—power and decision are the predominant expressions; the features are clear-cut, and the complexion is brown and healthy-looking.

"No, I don't think I should have known you," says Trix, thoughtfully, looking across at him, and fully recognizing the difference between the fine-looking man of twenty-six and the tall, lanky youth of eighteen, whose prime favorite and companion in many a mischievous frolic she had been, notwithstanding her juvenile twelve years.

"Which of you was singing?" inquires Arthur, after awhile.

"It was Trix; she would sing. Could you hear?"

"Quite well, and enjoyed it immensely. By-the-by, Gertie, where did you and Trix drop from?"

"We are staying at Mrs. Braithwaite's—our old housekeeper. I thought you took my note to her last night?"

"Yes, I did; but I mean before that. Where have you been all these years?"

"Yes, Gertie, give an account of yourself," adds Mrs. Arnold. "I don't think you two girls should be wandering about the world by yourselves without any chaperon."

"We live in Liverpool," says Gertie, kindly, "and

are come to Keawick only for our summer holiday. Trix teaches German and French, and I teach music."

Had a shell exploded in the midst of them, it could not have caused more astonishment than this simple announcement.

"Whew-w-w!" whistles Fred, incredulously. The others open their eyes in simple bewilderment.

Trix bristles up defiantly.

"We have done very well; we live in private rooms by ourselves, and are quite content."

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year!" ejaculates sceptical Fred.

But Mrs. Arnold turns gently to Gertie.

"My dear, we don't understand. Where was the necessity for your teaching at all?"

"The bank failed, you know, and all our money went."

"All?" interrupts Mr. Arnold. "I always understood there was at least half both of yours and Trixie's invested in other securities."

"No, it was all in the bank, and it all went," declares Trix. "We were quite alone in the world; we had to do something; so I applied to my old schoolmistress, and she found us some teaching immediately. We have more pupils than we want," adds she, with a spice of independence.

"Do you know we have advertised for you half over England every week? We did not know of your father's death for months after; then we tried to find you out immediately. Why did you leave no address behind you?"

"We thought it best," says Gertie, tearfully.

"But why? We are your only relatives. You should not have treated us so, Gertie."

"When the bank failed, Mrs. Arnold," says Trix, "we thought it best to go away and not trouble any one. It would have been like throwing ourselves on your charity. We did not purposely leave no address; but that was our feeling—we wished to be independent."

"Did any one ever hear of such an absurd idea?" says Fred, pushing away his chair abruptly from the table. "Trix, I know it has all been your doing. Such insane pride! Why, in Heaven's name, couldn't you have come and lived with us here?"

"Because you are not my relatives," answers Trix, boldly.

"Well, and, if we were not, was that any reason why you must go off and slave and toil, with some Quixotic notion of getting your own living?"

"It was right," says Trix, wistfully, but rather disturbed. It had not entered into her calculations that any one would blame her for wishing to be independent.

"Right! I've no patience with such absurdity! The idea of Colonel Fanshawe's daughter being at the beck and call of a parcel of old women! To me it seems as wrong as it can be." Bestowing an angry glance on Trix, Fred marches out of the room, banging the door after him, and muttering anathemas against the whole tribe of governesses, big and little.

"We meant it for the best," declares Gertie, tearfully.

"I am sure you did," says Mrs. Arnold, kindly; "but you should have remembered we are able and willing to take care of both you and Trix. It must be all done with now; you will come to us; here will be your home."

Gertie's face of tears and smiles is like an April day. Trix makes no further remark, but her lips are pressed together determinedly, and her steady eyes show no sign of acquiescence in the proposed plan.

To climb Skiddaw is one of the pleasantest and safest feats possible. The road is wide and plain, and—excepting in one or two places—not particularly steep; so there is not much chance of adventure or peril, unless one goes out of the way to find it. However, notwithstanding this, one bright July day, half-way up the mountain, two persons have come to unmitigated grief. They are ankle-deep in a morass, a suspiciously green bog nearly all round, and a pretty wide stream of water exactly before them.

"You would take a short cut!" says the lady, looking in dismay at the bedraggled skirt of her blue muslin dress.

"Well, you said you were tired of the straight road up!" retorts the gentleman.

"How was I to know there was a bog?" says the lady. "You never told me."

"How was I to know there would be a bog here in July? It's generally dry enough," returns the gentleman.

With the imperious toss, meant to represent her utter disbelief in this statement, Trix throws back her head, but the effect is lost. Swish-swish go her feet into the deceptive emerald grass at every step, and the brook in front is already an object of considerable dismay. Arrived at the brink, she stops short. So does her companion. She contemplates the stream dubiously. It is both wider and deeper than she anticipated. She looks up at her companion, to find him gazing down at her with infinite coolness.

"Well," says Trix, "we shall have to go back; for I can't jump over."

"I must carry you over," observes the young man, calmly.

"No, you shall not!"

"Yes, I shall," and, before Trix can assume an attitude of reserved dignity suitable to the occasion, she is safely landed at the other side.

She tramps on silently in high indignation for the space of five minutes; then they come to a convenient ledge of rock forming a natural seat. Her cavalier spreads a shawl on the rock and intimates that they may as well rest awhile. Trix sits down sulkily—she is very tired—pulls a handful of the heather at her feet, and begins to dissect it, keeping her face carefully averted.

"Trix!"

Trix tosses her head by way of answer; her face is as red as a rose.

"Don't be foolish, Trix; it is not the first, nor the second, nor the last time I mean to carry you."

"Yes, it is!"

"No, it is not. In the walk you and I are going to take together I mean to carry you over the rough and pilot you over the smooth places."

"You take everything for granted—even my consent," says Trix, rebelliously.

"I always do when it is naughty little Trix."

"I am not a child now!"

"Then you ought to know what is good for you."

Trix pulls her heather to pieces and scatters it all over the blue muslin.

"I am going back to my teaching next week," remarks she, at length, with suspicious humility.

"No, Trixie!"

"Yes, Fred," she rejoined, "I wrote to Mrs. Holden yesterday to make arrangements."

"Yes, I know—here is the letter;" and, putting his hand into his pocket, the audacious young man draws out an unopened letter and hands it to Trix.

Trix's eyes flash.

"How dare you?" cries she. "What right have you to touch my letter? How do you know what is in it?"

"By the expression of your face for the last fortnight," is the composed reply—"stern determination in every feature, Trixie."

"What did you stop it for?"

"Because you are not going—you are wanted here."

"But you don't know; you have no right to interfere. It is most—" Trix stops, and in confusion her eyes fall from his.

"Yes, I do know. I want my wife; and, if she won't be won by fair means, I must employ unfair. Come, Trix, turn your face to me; it is tantalizing just to see the tip of your ear." He puts his arm round her and draws her, half-willing, half-reluctant, closely to him. "Little Trixie, listen. I think I have loved you ever since the day I first saw you, a mischievous, laughing girl. All these years I have thought, 'When Trixie comes again—when Trixie comes again!' And now she is here, my darling, my wife!"

He raises one hand, and turns the beautiful, shy face round, then stoops and kisses the sweet, willful lips. And Trix—all her imperious little coquetties and coy contradictions vanished, her face softened, her eyes dewy—makes neither resistance nor remonstrance.

In an hour or so afterwards this interesting couple manage to reach the summit of Skiddaw. With a serene assumption of indifference they approach the cairn, the rendezvous of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Annis, and a large party of friends are scattered about here and there; but, as Trix and Fred, with the hardihood of complete innocence, approach on one side, Arthur and Gertie, equally and delightfully unconscious, appear on the other. This is rather trying, but the state of affairs is so transparently obvious that even the laughing audience are

merciful, and deal very leniently with the culprits, contenting themselves with a few gentle hints about the total inability of preoccupied individuals to find and follow the very straight road up Skiddaw.

"Fred and Trix of course will live at the Holme," observes Mr. Arnold, a few days later, discussing affairs with his wife—"it belongs to him by right; and I think Arthur and Gertie might have that cottage on Ivy Crag till he is a regularly qualified M. D. They can set up more ambitiously afterward if they choose."

"Trix, I just wish to warn you," observes Fred, on the evening before the wedding, "that, if you take a fancy to tumble into all the polls and streams of water that we may come across on our wedding-tour, I am not going to wade in after you. It will be at your own peril."

"Not at all," laughs Trix back again. "To-morrow you will promise to succor and help me on every possible occasion. Do not make any more rash vows, lest I put you to the trial."

**INABILITY OF BIRDS TO DISTINGUISH EGGS.**—A writer in the *Zoologist* states that this year he met with the nest of a blackbird, in which he found two misshapen three-cornered flints (evidently from the road), upon which, in addition to an egg laid that morning, the hen was complacently sitting. A week or two later he found the nest of a spotted flycatcher, containing three eggs, which he exchanged for hazelnuts, completely filling up the bottom of the nest. Upon returning a day or two later, he found one of the eggs ejected, and a fourth egg laid in its place; the bird was sitting when he approached it. Since birds evidently do not distinguish either stones or nuts from their eggs, it is easy to exchange the egg of one bird for that of another. A blackbird having built in a plum-tree in the garden, and laid two eggs, the same observer having noticed that each evening she regularly left the nest for about a quarter of an hour, added an egg of the song thrush. She never noticed the addition, but sat on the three until the same time next evening, when, seeing that she had laid a third egg, he exchanged it for a second egg of a song thrush. This was repeated the next day, and had it not been for a cat, she would undoubtedly have laid her last egg, and reared an equal number of thrushes and blackbirds. Like experiments with the linnet and greenfinch were followed by the same results.

A NEW YORK paper says that a popular doctor in that city, while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and might need this one.

## Religious Reading.

### THE FEAR OF DEATH.

"IT'S an awful thing to die!" There was a shiver of dread in the speaker's voice.

"Awful!" came in a solemn response.

"Going to sleep in a narrow, dark chamber, and waking up in a sun-lighted palace."

The voice of this speaker was calm and confident, and her face serene. A silence fell upon the little group of women, as one after another drew closer about her, with looks of interest in their faces.

"Returning home after a long exile; entering upon a true life; coming into visible association with angels. This cannot be an awful thing, my friends," she added, with a stronger assurance in her tones.

Then it was said: "From a child up I have had a dread of death. Its mystery hangs over me like a pall. It is the haunting spectre of my life."

"And of mine," responded another. "The dark shadow that plays in every beam of my sunlight. I would give worlds to have your faith and confidence, Mrs. Barclay."

They had been talking in low, half-whispering voices. Then the solemn hush which had been brooding over the house of mourning was broken by the voice of the minister: "Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

And then, as best he knew, the minister tried to improve the occasion by dwelling upon death and the judgment to come, and warning his hearers to make preparation for these solemn events. It was a dreary and depressing ceremonial, and did not lift the shadow or the burden from any heart.

The coffin-lid was shut down over the calm white face on which the attendant angels, as they released another spirit from its earthly investiture, had left an impression of serenity. And then all that was mortal and perishable of the departed one—the shell in which the imprisoned soul had dwelt for a few brief years—was borne away as a useless thing, to be buried forever out of sight.

Two women, one of them she who had spoken of death as a going to sleep in a dark chamber and waking up in a sun-lighted palace, and the other she who had said, "I would give worlds to have your faith and confidence, Mrs. Barclay," went homeward from the house of sorrow together, and thus they talked by the way.

"These funeral occasions are fearfully depressing," said the latter. "I am days in getting over one of them. Oh, death! death! He is indeed the King of Terrors!"

"Say, rather, an angel, who folds us to sleep in his arms, after life's weary day is over, as a mother folds her babe—tenderly and lovingly."

"Ah, if one could only think of it so—believe in it so! But where is the assurance? The light goes out of beautiful eyes; ears once attuned to exquisite harmonies become deaf; the heart is cold and still, and the face rigid as marble! I cannot see the angel, nor hear his voice, nor feel the pressure of his enfolding arm."

"Because he is far away from you now."

"Has he not been very near? And though our eyes could not see his shape, did not our hearts

shiver in the cold and darkness of his shadow as he passed?"

"No, not of the real death-angel. His heart is warm with love, and his garments shine with light. It was from the angel of your imagination that the shadow fell."

"With what a strange confidence you talk, Mrs. Barclay."

"Is it strange to believe that God, when He calls us to go up into the higher life, for which our brief stay here is only the first and preparatory stage, should be less considerate of us than He is of an unsightly worm? Should expose us to harder conditions and a more painful ordeal? Has he not given us in the wonderful transformation of a worm into a butterfly a beautiful symbol of the resurrection? And shall the casting off of our chrysalis shell be any less a natural and orderly process than that of the worm? As in every other circumstance and condition the tender mercies and loving care of the Lord are round about us, so will it be in this great and momentous change. Death does not come to shut us up in a prison, but to swing open for us the doors of life. Shall the dull, crawling worm, held to narrow limitations, be afraid of the change that is going to transfigure it into beauty, to lift it upon light wings into the free air, and to give it the honey of blossoms for food?"

"Ah! if I could only have your faith—your assurance!" repeated the friend. "What you say is very beautiful, and it may be true. It ought to be true. But there is something beyond this change—beyond this shutting of one door and opening of another. How will it be with us then? That is the great question before which the heart grows faint."

"Why should it grow faint?"

"Faint in its depressing uncertainty."

"About what?"

"The future happiness or misery that awaits the soul."

"There need be none."

"How am I to be sure that God will open for me the doors of heaven, or shut them against me?"

"The doors are never shut against any one. All may enter if they will."

"All?"

"Yes."

"Then all will be saved?"

"None are saved but those who obey the Lord's commandments."

"I thought you said that all could be saved?"

"So they can if they will; but, unhappily, all will not. 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' To be saved is to be rescued from the power of evil—the evil which rules in our affections, the loves of self and the world. If we would get free from the power of these loves, and so pass from under the dominion of evil into the kingdom of good—from hell into heaven—we must do what the Lord tells us. We enter into heaven—that is, into a heavenly state of the soul—when from a true heart we keep our Lord's precepts. No amount of faith, or prayer, or formal worship, will open heaven for us, unless we at the same time put away the evil of our lives. Most beautifully in the symbol of the vine and its branches has the Lord given us the true idea of His salvation. He is the vine, and we are the branches. If we abide in the vine, we shall bring



forth fruit; but if we fail to abide in the vine, we are cast forth as a branch, and are withered. We abide in the vine so long as we keep the Lord's commandments—"If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." From the very moment we begin, in a spirit of sincere obedience, to avoid and put away the evil things which are forbidden by the Lord, will His life begin to flow into our hearts, and that life is what makes heaven. We then become the friends of God. 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' And to His friends the Lord says: 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, \* \* \* that where I am ye may be also.' If, then, we become friends of the Lord through keeping His words, and have His Divine assurance that we shall be with Him forever, what room is there for doubt or fear?"

A deep sigh, as of one who had cast off a heavy load, came through the listener's lips.

"It is all in vain," Mrs. Barclay went on, "that we trouble ourselves about death and the future. What we call death is only an orderly transition, a forward step in life. There are no terrors to be encountered in the passage from this world to the next. Only a quiet sleep, and a peaceful awaking. And as for the future, that will be in everything what we desire to have it. We can live with angels or devils, choose our own society and manner of life, be in heaven or hell, just as we will."

"Who, if this freedom of choice be given, would prefer hell to heaven?" was asked.

"All who, in this life, take more pleasure in the society of devils than of angels," replied Mrs. Barclay. "Death does not change the character, does not give a single good desire, nor extinguish a single evil one. It only removes us from one state of existence to another, leaving us, as to our inward quality, exactly the same beings we were while living in this lower world. If love to the Lord and the neighbor

be the inward ruling affection of our lives, then we will seek the society of angels and dwell with them; but if self-love and love of the world be dominant over all other affections, then angelic society, where each one loves another better than himself, will be utterly distasteful to us, and we will turn from it, and consociate with those who are of a like character with ourselves."

"Who loves the neighbor better than himself? Who loves the Lord supremely? If none others can enter into heavenly society and dwell with the angels, will any be saved?"

"Love to the Lord and love to the neighbor are, so far as our natural life is concerned, impossible affections," was replied; "for we come by inheritance into a love of self and a love of the world, and cannot change these loves. Heavenly affections are the gift of God to all who keep His commandments. In the very beginning of our efforts to do as He teaches, new affections are implanted, and they gain life and power in the degree that we refuse to do the things which are forbidden in the Holy Word. We need have no fear about the result if we faithfully do our part. What we cannot procure for ourselves, the Lord will freely give. He is the great, the good, the loving Giver, ever seeking to bestow upon us a thousand fold more than we are willing to receive. If, then, my friend, you would rise out of the bondage of fear, and come into a full assurance of a blessed immortality, think of death as but an orderly transition, and of heaven as a state of the affections with which God will gift your soul if you faithfully try to live according to His precepts. Every sincere effort that you make He will accept and bless, and will care as tenderly for the starting germ, and shooting blade, and unfolding leaf, as for the opening flower and fruit-laden branches; for His life of love will be in the germ, and blade, and leaf, and whether the fruitage be large or small it will be garnered in heaven."

RICHMOND.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 6.

**T**WO ladies called to ask Esther how many yards of silk it would require for dresses. I was sitting in her room at the time. One of them was a tall woman, the other smaller. She said sixteen yards, twenty inches in width, was a good pattern, cut economically and made princess style. But, if she were making a good black silk dress for herself, instead of facing the sham skirt upon the outside with silk of the same, as is the custom, she would use nothing but alpaca. The wide flounce around the bottom would cover it.

Then she brought out a dress of her own that had been made up a year, and wherever the wigan had creased or broken, the silk had correspondingly broken a little, or showed signs of breaking. Besides economy in saving the goods, one has the satisfaction of knowing that all is well about her dress if it is crumpled up or crowded into a small compass. But this plan will save at least three yards of the silk; and every woman knows the value of such goods to run to when she is trimming a hat, or cashmere dress, or saque, or dolman. Why a fresh, new piece of silk is as good as cash in the bank.

For the smaller lady, a pattern three yards less was all that was required, made in princess style, or any fashion in which the goods were not much cut up. This plan was advisable because at some future period the dress would probably be turned and made over.

One lady desired her dress to be trimmed in lace, the other with fringe. Now there is so much shoddy in the latter, that I was glad to hear Esther caution this lady about it. She told her that almost any person would be deceived in purchasing fringe, and gave her directions about it. Break off a thread of the fringe and try its strength; if it breaks easily, or is fuzzy, there is cotton in it, or some other foreign stuff. Sometimes you can tell by burning it, beginning at the end the same as you do when you test a piece of silk. Real pure, all silk fringe is glossy, and bright, and shiny, and if compared side by side with mixed goods, a difference is perceptible. Swing the fringe to and fro; if it swings heavy, and smooth, and glossy, and falls into place instantly and heavily, it is pure. If a thread here and there fluffs up, and it swings cottony, you will not be deceived in it.

Now this is very hard to make plain through the slow, tedious medium of the pen; when, if I were before you, looking into your black, brown or gray eyes, I could certainly make it very plain. And for this reason. When Mary, and Lottie, and Aunt

Chatty bought cloth for coats last winter, the fringe cost seventy-five cents a yard—seven dollars' worth—and it began to break, and tag out, and hang stringy and ugly, long before the coats were laid aside in the spring. It was beautiful to look upon in the store, but we had not learned how to judge of such goods then. Good fringe will last twenty years, and one should select and purchase with caution. The same with lace. It pays to get a good quality.

Such things are very reasonable now. Esther purchased a piece—heavy silk lace—for trimming, for fifty cents a yard; the same piece sold three years ago for one dollar a yard. As long as good lace holds together, it is serviceable. A lady brought some in to be made into a fichu that had been in wear several years—had been torn, and mended, and fixed up; but in Esther's clever hands it blossomed out into a beautiful article of lady's wear, an adornment that added the finishing touch to even a plain toilet. It was brightened up with tiny bows of ribbon.

Well, I guess that was all we had to tell about the two ladies who came to consult Esther about silk dresses.

A woman wrote a kind letter one time, and said she felt under obligation to us for the silk dress she wore; some suggestion of ours had helped her to plan it over, after the old family relic had been laid aside for years. It had been her mother's at the time of her marriage; had been turned and returned; had been turned top to the bottom, front to the back, thin places out of sight, and had been modernized until, she said, she "looked like a lady in it." We felt glad that our suggestions had been such as were available and useful.

Not very long since we ran into a neighbor's house to get some hops to make yeast. She was up-stairs sorting some clothing in a closet, and hearing and recognizing our voice, called us to come up.

"You are the very woman I want to see, Chatty Brooks," said she, holding an old, plain-waist silk dress on her arm. "This dress," said she, "was bought when we lived out on the farm—cost one dollar and a half a yard—twenty-five years ago, in the city. I sent for it when our merchant went for goods, and I paid for it with butter and eggs, and such little things that we had to spare. I wore it, perhaps, twelve years, and then gave it to my sister Maggie for a present on her birthday. Six years afterward I visited her, and among the things in my trunk she took a liking to a black silk shawl that I set store by. She tried it on, and it matched so well with her best suit that she proposed trading something for it. We girls were always trading when we were together; we were real Yankees to swap, and bargain, and make exchanges. I proposed taking the silk dress back again and giving her the shawl, to which she agreed. Then I had the dress made over again, let down longer, and made higher about the neck, and the sleeves changed into the prevailing fashion. Three years after, I gave it to a younger sister, Ella. She had the skirt made with gores; but the goods were cut into as little as possible, because Eli was a good manager, and not one of those who plan only for the now. It was very becoming to her fair face and pretty figure, and she got a good deal of real service out of it; and when she went away to a home of her own, I told her to leave that old family relic with me, that I would take care of it for the good it had done. I just blundered on to it this morning. And now sit down, Aunt Chatty, just a minute, and let us figure on the subject."

Well, we looked it over. The basque had been used up, every whit of it, cut into bias and not-bias

strips for trimming; and as nearly as I can remember I will tell you how we disposed of it. With other things, it made two suits—mind, I say with other things. The best parts were taken to work in with an old black cashmere dress. This dress was about half worn, some grease-spots on it, which were readily taken out with benzine, by laying the spot flat on the table over a soft, folded paper, dipping a bit of rag in benzine and rubbing the spot with it, holding the goods firmly in place all the time. On removing it, the obnoxious spot was found on the paper. It is well to do this job thoroughly, but carefully, the first trial. When done, hang the goods out in the air until the odor has passed off. Gloves and clothing cleansed with benzine should never be allowed to offend the nostrils of the most fastidious, or those who are not fastidious at all.

Some of the silk was used to trim the skirt. Indeed, we had silk put on, and worked in, in every way that was pretty, for silk and cashmere go together so nicely. For fear the old silk was not quite good enough to make the vest front, new silk was ordered. Buttons and jaunty little bows of heavy gros-grain ribbon, with fringed ends, trimmed down the front of the vest. Then the balance of the silk was made into a skirt to wear with a linen, or lawn, or gingham polonaise, or one made of gray hunting, or any other kind of traveling-dress goods. The skirt was of heavy black and white gingham, and the silk facing extended up perhaps ten inches; then up about another ten the facing was of good old mohair alpaca. That saved silk, and ensured a good report if the polonaise were to be displaced by the freaks of the wind. Because the silk was old, and to make the best of it, it was trimmed very handsomely with black velvet.

You would be delighted to see what a nobby suit that rich-looking skirt and the polonaise did make put together! For a pretty, and respectable, and serviceable rig to wear abroad, or in the cars, this is one of the most admirable and lady-like that we know of. It don't appear affected, or as aping style, nor as though one was desirous of impressing another with an imposing manner; it is modest, pretty, neat and sensible.

So, out of that old relic, a quarter of a century old, came forth new things and good, and modern withal.

How impressive an old silk can be. We remember once sending our help out into the country for vegetables, and we were immensely diverted on her return to hear her say: "The land sakes, Mis Brooks! don't you think that those Smiths where I got the new pertaters are a powerful stuck-up set, anyhow? Why old Mother Smith had on a silk frock, with lace all fixed a nice about the neck and wrists as though they expected company, or belonged to the quality; and you could e'en a'most see yerself in her hair, it was so slick; an' she up and smiled at me, and called me Mary Jane, just as if she'd known me always. And when she went out to tell one of the boys to dig the pertaters, she sailed along like as if she was somebody. Tom says, when he worked there in harvest, the girls wore jewelry every day, and had their hair fixed up nice, and in the afternoons they put on nice light or white dresses and slippers, and wore their watches; and yet Tom said kinder, better-hearted people he never saw. Oh, some folks are naturally stuck-up, and fixy, and dressy!"

Another time, Mary Jane's mother called to see her, and she had hardly sat down until she took out her snuff-box and took a pinch, and offered the open box to me. I shook my head and smiled, and merely declined with a "Thank you, madam."

When the woman started home, she and Mary Jane leaned on the gate, and she rolled up the white sides of her eyes, and I very distinctly heard her say: "Oh, her pride will have a downfall some o' these yere times, I tell ye! She'll know what it is to be poor and feel a hankerin' for a pinch o' snuff, an' like's not she'll not know where it's a comin' from, either!"

It is strange that some people associate pride with neatness; that they think nicely-arranged hair, white cuffs and collar, and like accessories, betoken a haughty spirit. There is no possible connection.

We often laugh over an incident of our girlhood—our later girlhood it was—or, perhaps, not to put too fine a point on it, it was our womanhood.

A learned man, who took real pleasure and pride in a very careless style of attire, thinking it betokened a rare degree of intellect—a man who admired and almost worshiped Henry Ward Beecher—said to his niece once on her return home from a young ladies' seminary, as with a sneering, wrinkled nose he lifted her hand and surveyed the pearly laces about her wrists: "You! Lucelia Bennett! What nonsense! I'd as lief see Beecher tricked out in feathers!"

He could think of no other comparison more odious.

There is a charm in laces. A woman feels comfortable when she has a good supply of this dainty, snowy gear for neck and wrists laid up ready for use at a moment's warning. One has a restful, well-fed, conscious feeling, then, that this special little necessity is not lacking.

We have a standing joke among us here at the Nest on this subject. A poor girl boarded with us once for nearly two months, and she was obliged to live just as saving as possible—but, oh, a better feeling girl we never did see! She was like a pursey old hen, rolling around singing her little, low, broken, chuckling song, that Josie called her "cackle of contentment." Now that poor thing had about ten yards of narrow footing—plain lace—that she pleated inside her collar and sleeves—a really saving and nice arrangement, and one that she first introduced here among us, thanks be to her! She bought it for one cent a yard—can be had for that now—and every Saturday she washed, and clear-starched, and patted, and picked, and fussed over it in a wonderful degree, always dignifying it as "my laces," which phrase she used with a great deal of empressment, making her mouth twitch, and pucker, and prink in the funniest way imaginable. We have a good deal of humorous joking about "my laces" whenever we do up our own.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### OUR LIFE MUSIC.

"EVERY day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music and sings itself all the way through." Yet there are some days which seem devoid of all melody, as they come into our lives. To some natures the music seems, ever, like a dismal chant. Others hear at times the sweetest tunes, but harsh discords will come to break the harmony. There are others, yet, who seem always to hear the calm, sweet music which speaks peace to the soul. Relying implicitly on Him who rules the universe, "the days of their years" go peacefully by. They hear no false notes, because their ears are attuned to catch the music of the golden harps. Perhaps, after all, it is true that, "Thou shalt make of them a dance, a dirge, or a grand life-march, as thou wilt."

E. GREEN.

### TWO AT A TIME.

"IT seems to me you are making one sleeve too many to that apron, Jenny. That is the third, I am sure."

"Here is another," said Jenny, smiling. "The fact is, Laura, I am making two aprons. I almost always make a pair of every thing I undertake. It may be a notion of mine, but I like it; and I really think I get on full one-third farther with my work by the means. I suppose I began the fashion ten years ago, making up clothing for those twins. Everything runs to pairs in our house since then. When you are about it, there really seems little difference whether you make two garments or one. It is the getting under way that takes the time; when you have such a good sewing-machine, I had as lief cut out two aprons as one when I have my pattern and cloth out. Then, you see, I run up the seams of one and lay it aside and take up the next. Then I make the four sleeves. Then I sew them in to each, just as I am going to do now. Then I bind the necks of each, then hem them around, and lastly work the button-holes. Two o'clock will see me with both aprons fairly done and folded away in Netty's drawer. If I had cut out only one I should have done little more than finish it. I know other people like to finish one article fairly and squarely, and lay it aside before they begin another, and no doubt that is the best way for them; but for my use I like this plan best. I know I get along faster by it, and I get about twice as much done. It is always pleasanter to think there are two new articles ready for use, instead of one. Very likely I may cheat myself a little and think I save more time than I do, but it is a very harmless kind of cheating. The more easy we make our work seem to be the easier it really is for us."

"I often wonder how you keep those four boys and girls always so well and seasonably dressed, Jenny. The seasons always surprise me, with everything unready."

"The one secret with me is beginning in time. Summer clothes are overhauled in winter, and winter clothes in summer; especially all underwear, on which the comfort of children so largely depends. It takes economy and calculation these hard times, but somehow or other we worry along."

Here Mrs. Jenny paused to wind two bobbins, and her friend made a mental note of her system of sewing-work, to use herself on some future occasion.

J. E. McC.

### DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

"I CAN'T find the little bit I cut from the paper the other day, meaning as I did so, to copy it for the benefit of 'young wives' who read the 'Home,' so I must tell you as best I can in my own words. 'Don't complain of your husband to anybody. Not even your own mother. If she is the wise woman you think her, she will respect you all the more. Did you think when you married your Harry or your Will, that he was the one perfect man in all this world, and now you have found out he is very human, after all? That it does seem, *sometimes*, as though he loved himself a little better than you? That he even can bear to differ with you, *sometimes*, in matters that concern you very much? And, oh, dear little woman, that he will *forget* just what you want him to *remember*, *sometimes*? Now, take a middle-aged wife's advice, I beg you. Don't tell anybody."

He is your husband—your other self—and you ought to cover his faults, just as you do your own." There! that is about the 'gist' of what I read the other day. I am not going to comment on it—only tell two little stories, or *facts*, rather.

When I was a young girl, "once upon a time," I heard my mother say, speaking of a far-off relative who was a dissipated man, "I don't believe his wife ever uttered a word of complaint about him, even to her own mother." It seemed strange to me, then, little girl as I was, how a woman *could* bear such a trial as that woman, and not tell her mother. But I always watched that woman with a queer sense of respect in my little heart. I noticed, too, how she always spoke of her husband as though he was entitled to as much respect as any man. She *deferred* and *referred* to him, as though he were indeed the "head of the house." That woman has her reward. In this world, too, "she didn't have to die to get it," as I heard one say once of another. Her husband reformed long ago. To-day he is a man respected in town and church.

A few years ago, when I lived in the city. I used often to attend the "ladies' prayer meeting," connected with the church of which I was a member. Most of the ladies were elderly women—their saintly faces seem to come before me as I write, faces which showed traces of bitter sorrows, of hard trials, and battles fought with sin and sorrow, and yet, God's peace was written there, too—a few were young women, earnest and hopeful, and full of zeal for the Master. One of these latter was a sweet-faced, sweet-voiced woman whose word was often heard, both in speaking and praying. I used to like to hear her very much, at first. Most of us had husbands who were Christian men, and I well remember the revulsion of feeling that I had when I heard her say, one day: "But you ladies have not the trial I have; your husbands are Christians." If she had stopped there, but she *didn't*. She went on to tell how she had talked with him, how she tried to reason with him, and what he said and what she said. I began to feel as though I didn't wonder he was not a Christian, if she talked at him and to him as she said. This was not the only time she alluded to her husband thus, and I heartily indorsed the remark a good sister made as we left the vestry, one day, together: "Mrs. J. is a very good woman, but I do wish she wouldn't mourn over her husband in public quite so often." I do not know how it is with good Mrs. J. now, but I believe Mr. J. has not yet joined the church.

VABA.

### THE HIGHER LIFE.

HOW hard it is for us to learn the lessons which our God would have us learn! How little we understand of His great love! We wander far from the light, the source of all blessing, and raise our eyes feebly to what we deem His reflection in some of the creatures He has made, and through them we approach to our great, loving Saviour, as one who, going from the east toward the west, wishes to travel so swiftly as to leave the sun behind, and live ever in the reflected light of the moon. How the great heart of our Father pities us, as He sees that the reflection must be taken from us! But, thanks be to His name, He never flinches, as earthly parents sometimes do, but inflicts the pain He must give, lovingly and wisely, but gladly, because He knows that we shall by and by understand that it was for our best and highest good.

We *think* we love Him when in the bright days of joy and gladness; when all the circumstances of our life are as we would have them; we think we would do anything, bear anything, give up anything for His sake who giveth all blessings. We thank Him for them and rejoice in them. But He who looketh at the hearts sees them all blinded with selfish idolatry, our life one thought of the idol, our every aim to please *man* rather than God. He knows that we must be made purer, that our hearts must be purged from the dross, and that we must be refined, even as by fire, into finest gold. He knows, and He loves us; so He will not let us stay in the darkness, but says, "My child, come up higher, into the light where I am." We cannot reach Him, but through suffering. We may live years in the world ere we know this, but the truth comes sooner or later to every thinking, earnest one, who in the mist and darkness of this lower life ever will

"Reach blind hands of faith, and grope  
Up through the darkness unto God."

How dark at first the void in our hearts and lives! How the soul cries out for the idol, even though it has learned to know that that which it worshiped was but *clay*, after all the worship—common *clay*!

Life looks dark, and it is long ere peace comes, but soon God sends her, the white-robed angel, to steal into our hearts, and give the consolations that can only come from Him whose sorrows when on earth "angels ministered unto."

His love is close around us, nearer than ever before, and we learn to trust Him, and to abide in His care, knowing that no evil can there befall us. We can live higher, truer lives than ever before.

God! keep us in that way by any means Thou seest fit. All blessings are in Thy hands; give what is best!

"So I go on not knowing,  
I would not if I might;  
I had rather walk with Him by faith,  
Than go alone by sight.  
I had rather walk in the dark, with God,  
Than go alone in the light."

EINNA.

### LETTER FROM AVIS.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Many a wishful glance have I cast toward the charmed circle that gathers around the hearth-stone of the "Home." And to-night some voice from the dreary storm without, or the lonely calm within, bids me knock at the open door. Look not upon me as an intruder and an alien, for my heart claims kinship with you all. From the far, far northland do I come to meet with you to-night, dear sisters. Here, early does the frost-king don his jeweled crown; and long and well do the north winds, snow and sleet, obey his royal scepter. Every morn I see the sun rise above the frowning forehead of a hill-top, every eve, watch for his smile to die from off another. Whichever way I look, the dark, still fringes of the pine-trees rest against the sky. The river, winding out and in the "links of its long, dark chain," and many weary miles of forest and valley, separate from me my dear ones. The moaning wind is not the voice of brother or sister, nor the sighing of the pines the music of their laughter. Is it strange that I plead to sit sometimes at the feet of those sweet, true friends who make bright and cheery the fireside of the "Home?" I would like to tell Lichen about the lovely wonders

of our damp and dusky woods. "Here are cool mosses deep," of such exquisite beauty and variety as could scarcely enter into the heart of a Ruskin to conceive. Here are ferns, from the dainty feathery tips to those tall and stately as a city belle. And the lichens—her namesakes—cover the hoary tree trunks, the mossy logs, and brown, old rocks, some faintly flushed as a sea-shell, and others that seem, by their scars and seams, to say, "We have looked upon the sunsets of a thousand years." I know Pipeey would enjoy taking a peep into some of my neighbors' windows.

The saying that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, is surely true of our little world with its ever shifting, changing elements. In the course of a year we welcome many strange faces, and watch the departure of many familiar ones. I think it was of us the poet wrote:

"The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet, and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form."

In spite of all my efforts, there will a little homesick cry wail up from heart to lips, as Chatty speaks; for the dear old home-nest nestles beneath the classic shades of an "Academy," and sees the spire of the village church rise just beyond its fragrant orchard-trees. Oh, noble Earnest, tell me what lands thou hast searched, what fields gleaned, what gardens plucked, to have gathered in such stores of faith, and hope, and love. Many thoughts come thronging to my pen, but, alas, I fear I have already said too much. Your pens, dear sisters, drop shining gems of thought, jewels imperishable; perchance mine may leave a flower, here and there, along life's dusty highway, with power to bring a transient smile to the eye, or glow to the heart of some weary traveler. AVIS.

### AMUSEMENTS.

"WHAT shall we do in regard to dancing?" was the question put to me by some young friends, and I replied: "A thing may be right under some circumstances and wrong under others. If in a circle of young folks it is the custom to dance at their weekly sociable, there is no harm in it. The simple act of dancing is not wrong. But, I would ask if these young persons have weekly meetings for reading? for the cultivation of mind and heart, as well? Do they devote even one hour of the week to religious culture, and the advancement and growth of a true Christian life? We are not placed here for amusements only; but for nobler and higher ends. We should seek first of all, moral excellence and spiritual good. 'The kingdom of God and His righteousness.' This done, amusements of all kinds will occupy a much lower place in our minds than they now do. God throws us upon our own resources, and leaves us to work out for ourselves the problem of life; and whatever we pursue, if religious motives direct, He will strengthen us and add His blessing.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell."

"But whilst we need not do this, there are pleasures innocent, and pleasures harmful, between which we must choose, trusting lovingly to a kind Providence to help us choose a road

"To bring us daily nearer God."

"Our great business in this life is, not to perform certain good actions, but to seek constantly the per-

fection of our natures; to cultivate in our minds such a disposition as may fit us to obtain, and qualify us to enjoy, that heavenly blessedness which flows from love to God and the neighbor. This may be done in every situation in which, under Providence, we may find ourselves; for however various the duties which we are called on to perform, if we try to do them unselfishly they will conduce to the same end. If we make our pleasures what they should be, recreations, they will be good and innocent, and give us renewed strength when we take up again the life-work that our weary hands laid down for a little while. Whatever helps to make us more cheerful; to dispel the care, and gloom, and discontent that gather so often about us—is good; good not only for ourselves, but good for those who come in contact with us, and are influenced by our states of mind. In this view, recreation through rest, and change, and amusement becomes a duty. E.

### EARNEST TALKS.

#### No. 5.

"If you would put your heart in sweet attune,  
Take a journey in the middle of June."

WHY not take it in the middle of May? thought we, when for a day or two the busy wheels of toil stopped, and we had leisure to roam at will among the beautiful home-scenery, so well worth seeing. Why wait for June when, from every side, birds are calling us to come; when, from bush and tree, and mossy bank, flowers reach out fragrant hands of welcome? Surely our country can never be fairer than now, and "giving care to the winds," we take our well-earned vacation and drink our fill of beauty.

Over hills and through valleys we go, not knowing which to call the fairer, for, though the hill-tops give us wider views, the valleys welcome us with charms wholly their own. Here glide brooks and streamlets—some of them dashing on in mad haste to their destination, heeding not the beauties of the way, others going with deeper, slower motion, waiting to bless each flower and fern seeking their cool depth. Noting it all, we can but think how human they are, how like to man! for do we not every day see human beings so intent on reaching the goal of their ambition—be it money, power or what not—they ruthlessly trample many of life's brightest, best gifts under their feet? Do we not every day see men and women reaching so eagerly for some great future good that the angel at the door waits in vain for a welcome? How often our public men, in their mad chase for power and notoriety, give to the sacrificial fires home-comforts, home-joys, the dear delights of companionship with wives and little ones, and at last, as if this were not enough, respect, honor, manhood, all are laid there—laid upon the altar of unholy ambition. "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" All comes to be but "vanity and vexation of spirit" at last, and empty hands reach into the past for the joys, the blessings once so little prized, but known now to be of more worth than all else. We wonder if sometime our crazy little brook will not think longingly of the flowers passed unheeded by, the sweetness and beauty unnoted. Longfellow bids us "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a steadfast heart." This seem they to do who, though deeply busy, yet wait to give a friendly greeting and heart felt God-speed to all around them, and so send

each on his way gladdened and refreshed. All are journeying over the desert-fields of life, and these greetings and warm hand-clasps of friend for friend, make the oasis where each may rest and find new strength. Love maketh even the desert to blossom, and he who is truly wise, will never be in too great haste to note the fragrance of the wayside flowers.

So we find "books in running brooks," but cannot linger longer for, just beyond, "tongues in trees" are talking for us. Each apple-tree is a massive bouquet now—how beautiful, oh, how beautiful! Past whole great orchards we ride, all our senses feasting. We hear the low whisperings of the petals and catch the prophecy of coming riches. Blossoms are beautiful, but would we wish to keep them mere blossoms? Is it not better that the fairy petals fade and die that fruit may come? better to yield the present joy for the greater joy of the harvest time? Who wishes for the blossoms when the fruit has come?

Passing the orchards, we come to fields bare and brown yet, showing still the deep furrows made by the plow, but well we know of the soft carpet of green coming by and by. Seed time and harvest! how surely they follow each other in their unceasing round. How surely the husbandman and all must reap as they sow! The plowing is slow and painful, but what would the harvest be but for it? How shall the good seed take root except the ground be stirred and watered? Alas, that evil seed take root there just as easily! Only by patient trying; only by earnest, unceasing effort can they be kept from choking out the good. But He from whom cometh our strength is ever near to help, and the harvest will not fail us. For many miles we ride by the side of a beautiful lake, along

"Old roads winding as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry and there to a mill;"

past pretty villages and ambitious towns; past humble farm-houses and more pretentious dwellings, past woodland, plain and meadow. We hear

"The wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
We see the branches downward bent  
Like keys of some great instrument,"

and some way the music and sweetness, the peace and beauty all around steal into our hearts. We forget all that has hurt or grieved us; forget all that would vex or make afraid, and only remember how good is the great Father God who planned all this wondrous beauty, and gave us hearts to feel and appreciate the lessons He would teach. All day hills and valleys, birds, brooks and flowers have talked to us of Him, and now, as we turn homeward, the good-night kiss of the sun touches our cheeks in softest benediction. All that is best and purest within us stirs and starts into newer life, and we pray that we may be made daily more worthy of our homes; that we may not creep abashed, ashamed, beneath the shadow of the beautiful hills, but by earnest work and prayer may rise to match them, strong and steadfast as they in our goodness and truth, fruitful and peaceful as the valleys around them. We feel that it is not in vain we have read from the great book of nature this rare May day. Our hearts are warmer and kindlier for the words written there; our helpful thought reaches out to all.

Amid all the beauties of the day we could not quite forget the "worn and faded inscriptions" written elsewhere, could not quite forget there are hearts that ache and weary. Even lovely May cannot banish earth's sin and misery, and still there are many

"Out in the dark and the danger,  
Out in the night and cold;  
Though He is longing to lead them  
Tenderly into the fold."

Oh, souls! see ye not the

"—warmth and the beauty,  
The infinite love and the light,"

and know ye not it is all for you, for you if you will but enter and partake? Daily, hourly, the call cometh, daily, hourly, He waiteth for you, why will ye not hear? Why will ye not come? While you wait, the bonds of sin grow stronger, still stronger and harder to break. Break them now! Break them now ere it is too late! God and all good angels are waiting to help you. Oh, begin sowing the good seed while yet it is spring, that the harvest may not find you with empty hands. The narrow road may seem hard, but, oh, it grows brighter all the time, for One walketh with you step by step and lighteth all the way. Leave the wrong and sin behind you—His mercy can forgive and blot it out—and be ye from henceforth one of His workers. Work with the sunshine, work with the flowers, work with the angels! Let the brightness of the day shine into your hearts; let the music of the bird-songs be around you. So shall the world be better and richer for your life; so shall you hear the Father's "well done" at last and go to a fairer, more beautiful world where awaiteth rest and peace, joy and blessing untold.

EARNEST.

### TRUE CHARITY.

LAST summer it was our good fortune to pick up a little anonymous book, evidently one of the earlier efforts of a young writer, entitled, "Together." While its crudity would have prevented its ever taking a very high rank among the works of fiction, we could not help wishing that we knew the author, for from beginning to end, it teemed with precious thoughts. By its general freshness, sweetness and purity of style, we might almost suspect it of being one of the first ventures of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Among the noteworthy aphorisms gathered from this obscure little volume, we were especially struck with this, "One life made complete is better than fifty helped a little." And the application was made by a touching story of a friendless, afflicted girl, for whom a worthy lady of fortune undertook great expense, fully restoring the sufferer to health, and then giving her a complete musical education. While occupied with this good work, of course the kind benefactress had very little means or leisure to distribute loaves of stale bread, or cut out clumsy garments from damaged calico.

We all have a faint idea of what charity means—a very faint one, some might say, glancing into the bare, cheerless, ugly wards of some orphan asylum, gaining at the same time a clear sense of the satirical expression, "Cold as charity." Many of us have advanced a little further in our interpretation of the word while we think we fully understand the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. But how many of us, in our actual works of charity, do as we would be done by?

We may learn much of what goes on around us from ordinary conversation. And here are a few notes taken down at random. "There's no use in doing anything for poor people! They're too ungrateful! I got Mary Black two or three places to wash, and when I sent for her to come and clean



house, she said she had to stay home and *make pies*! The idea!" "Yes, and I gave Susan Long an old dress that I laid aside ten years ago, and she didn't want to wear it because it was *out of fashion*!" "It's the same old story. Give them good things—quite good enough for *poor people*—and they want to look as well as you do yourself. And to think of the dressmaker whom I *employ*, wearing silk! I have more means than some, and I don't put on any such airs!"

Oh, good friends, suppose you were kind in considering the bodily needs of your less favored neighbors. Did so doing give you any right to interfere with their liberty—did it clothe you with any authority over their time, their taste and their self-respect? Would not you feel it deeply, were the many little dainties in which you delight placed beyond your reach? How much more, then, if any one assumed the right to tell you that it was presumptuous in you ever to aspire to them.

Suppose that you have made donations of food and clothing. What have you really done? You have only given your pensioners a foundation upon which to rear a better mode of living. How can you say, then, that this is all to which they have any claim, they must know their places, and keep humble, etc? You have made, then, your works of good, instrumentalities of evil, preventing any further rise toward perfection—your foundation-stones have become instead stones of crushing.

No, we fail always when we leave out the heart-element. If we give grudgingly, or with overbearing restrictions, we hurt ourselves, for we immediately reflect, "How generous I am to such an ungrateful set!" But let us give, as true brothers and sisters share, simply, naturally, their best with each other, and we will probably, if we think of ourselves at all, do so in sorrow that we can accomplish so little. Only when we have bestowed in this manner, if at all, will we understand that the mere desire of any one to rise above the depressing, degrading circumstances in which he is placed, gives him a right to do so—and a right, also, to take advantage of every assistance offered.

It is no kindness to say to an ambitious young woman, struggling along, scarce able to keep life within her body, "Yes, yes, you deserve a great deal of credit—and here's twenty-five cents to buy a necktie." Find her a suitable situation, and she'll buy her own neckties. And we fear that it is not entirely in a true Christian spirit that one says to an ill-dressed, awkward school-girl, enduring constant mortifications because of her miserable clothing, and feeling within her the same longing that all girls do for beautiful things, "Why, my dear, that's all vanity. Set your affections upon things higher, and never mind ruffles and lockets." Put a becoming suit and a gold chain upon her, and you may have averted her ruin by taking temptation out of her way—certainly, having so bound her to you, you will then find it an easy task to lead her to talk of "things higher." Human nature is weak, remember, and beware how you neglect an opportunity of strengthening it. You expect better, you may say—but it is not our business to expect—we have simply to do.

Ah, sisters—and brothers, too—who feel themselves aggrieved because those whom they have aided are not willing to wear a poverty-badger, there is a distinction between giving and charity, though the two ought to go together. We may know this, because in the grand chapter before alluded to, we are told that, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor—and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

And, depreciate it as we may—ignore it, put it away from us, and be ashamed of it as much as we please—whoever has a real human heart knows that there is a peace of mind which only good clothes can give.

Help completely, if at all. Don't refuse the little calls for scraps and pennies, but let your regular benevolence be such as will save for us many noble hearts which are slowly perishing for sympathy. We have had, we had nearly said, too much of the alma house system of soup, check suits, dreary dormitories and binding-out—we have had far too much of this shutting off God's poor as a herd unclean. With the genial smile of your tender interest, warm into life the deadened hearts of the embryo poet, and singer, and artist—give to society, as crowned leaders and influential teachers and earnest mothers, honored and valued men and women who else would have languished and died for the want of a congenial atmosphere. Every time you have fostered in one human being the desire to live a life more worthy of himself, you have made the whole world better. And this is charity well deserving the name.

MARGARET.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 39.

O robin! sing in the map!  
Your blitheest, cheeriest strain;  
O flowers! look forth in the sunshine  
That follows the April rain;  
For winter has loosened its icy chain,  
And spring-time is with us again.

MY bluebirds are talking gayly over it this morning, warbling so sweetly that I want to get hold of the dear little things and hug them; but I am afraid they would not appreciate such an expression of affection as I would wish them to. Early in the spring we had a box put up for them under the projecting roof near the door of my room, and there they built their little home. A small board nailed under it, serves for a porch, and every day they sit there and chatter, and congratulate each other on their comfortable dwelling, and the nice family of children they are raising.

I have been sitting for a long time this morning with my head in the open window, trying to drink in strength from the fresh air, listening to the birds and looking at the flowers. The sun is veiled with soft clouds, which temper the light pleasantly. The pink rose-vine, my old favorite in our former home, nods its graceful branches and rosy blossoms toward me again, from the new frame which has been given it to twine upon. The clover-blossoms lie like great pearls upon the green plat in front of me; and, beside the thoughts they always bring of childhood's days, they now remind me of an unknown friend in the far West, who sent me such pleasant words of encouragement and cheer long ago. I wonder if she still reads "our" magazine, and finds as much enjoyment in it.

Madge is working in her flower-beds in the pretty front yard across the street, and now and then her clear, young voice sends out a snatch of song. Verbenas and phloxes thrive under the care of her hands. Everything she cares for seems to grow luxuriantly. I can just catch glimpses of crimson blossoms through the fence, and sometimes she raises her head above it to tell me how some favorite plant is growing. Two girls were passing by awhile ago, and stopped to speak to her—or, rather, one of them

stopped, with a pleasant "Good-morning" and an inquiry about the flowers. The other only gave a word of recognition, and, walking on swiftly a few steps farther, called back in a rude tone: "Come on, Belle! I'm in a hurry." Her companion was already starting on, having only paused long enough to exchange a remark with her friend, who was also a friend of the other girl; but the latter was one of those careless people who do not always think to be polite, and are always brusque when in a hurry. It was a little thing in itself, but it clouded Madge's bright face for a time, and brought a sarcastic remark to her lips; and it set me to thinking, as I often do when I see young folks together, of the difference in the atmosphere of persons who are polite, and those who are not, and of the pleasure or discomfort which one and the other can give those around them.

People often hurt each other by a trifle of this kind, when they are not aware of it, because they do not think such things of any importance. But this is a great mistake. The wheels of life cannot run smoothly unless the oil of courtesy is used by the travelers in its moving caravans, although obsequiousness and hypocrisy should be shunned just as much as bluntness. True politeness springs from the heart, and will come natural to any who cares enough for the feelings or pleasure of others. But all cannot have it, and those who have not should cultivate it, and in time it will become natural. It costs nothing to be polite, and it makes any one more loveable, and their way through the world much easier; so there is much to be gained by it. There are some persons, members of the same family, brothers and sisters, or husbands and wives, who, as a general thing, receive little favors or attentions from each other, such as the loan, or bringing of some article wanted, the going of an errand, or help with a piece of work, without seeming to think it worth while to say, "thank you," because "it is just home folks, and they know we feel it." Home folks will appreciate the expression of our feeling just as well as outsiders, in most cases.

The little amenities of life help along greatly in making it pleasant, and I doubt not many lives are rendered much more dull and meagre than they would be otherwise, just by the absence of the little home attentions and expressions of interest which many deem unimportant, because underneath this careless exterior they really have affection for each other. A pleasant greeting when meeting the home faces in the morning, a quiet "thank you" for any little favor or kindness received, cost no time or inconvenience; yet there is no one—unless it is a very churlish or selfish nature—but feels better for its being said.

Keep it in mind, girls, as you walk your daily paths, trying to grow into good and loveable women. Many of you are careless about it merely because you do not think. And *thoughtless* girls are often really cruel to each other. If politeness is not a necessary quality to possess, it is certainly an important one. Indeed, I think if not placed among the highest virtues, it should be among the chief *graces*, for no man or woman can be a really agreeable companion or friend without it.

Madge has gone in now, and the sun has come out, sending me from the window to the lounge, where I must finish winding the zephyr for the fleecy shawl my little neighbor is making. I begged this part of the work as something which would afford a little employment for the hands, without involving much eyesight. I like to do it, and enjoy getting the skein in a tangle occasionally, and seeing how I can smooth it all out with care without putting the ball through or breaking the thread. It makes me think sometimes of the tangled threads in our lives, and how carefully and patiently we need to work to smooth them out; and sometimes we cannot do it, but get them pulled into a knot, and go on, leaving a rough, ugly place in our web. It is well for us that we have a patient task-master, who forgives our carelessness, and pities our inability, and winds around our tangled, broken lives the arms of His love, that we may find strength and support there. LICHEN.

## Mothers' Department.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

THE boys and girls we love so well; yet for whom we are so fearful when we think of the rash confidence of youth and the snares for the unwary. We want them to grow up wise and good, strong and brave; and how shall the work be accomplished?

It is safe to say that all parents desire this, even those far from wisdom and goodness themselves. If it is true what the good book say, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," the evidence is conclusive that heretofore there have been terrible defects in the training.

The numbers of young men who have gone out into the world but to become a curse to themselves and to humanity, the bright-faced girls who, little by little, have drawn away from goodness and virtue, are far too numerous for us to hope that our sons and daughters are safe without the best example and the most careful training.

We hear people talk flippantly of the "wild oats" young people are expected to sow; but it is terrible to think of the fearful harvest that inevitably follows.

Even could we be sure that those who, so rashly now, are scattering the seeds of sin, and perforce of sorrow, would some time, somewhere, set diligently about the task of uprooting the evil weeds and sowing pure wheat instead, yet would there be cause for bitter regret. There is a terrible vitality about these noxious weeds, and they have a trick of springing up in unexpected places, when we least desire them; they choke out and dwarf much that is good, if once they get rooted in the heart. The sins of youth that spring oftener from carelessness than deliberate evil intention to do wrong, mar the whole life, and, though bitterly repented of, the scars are never quite effaced. Then there are so many to whom the errors of youth are but the first steps in a life-long way of sin that at last leads down to death, that we can but feel there is an awful responsibility resting upon parents, who, for their own present ease, leave their children to find their own amusements among companions of their own choosing.

What shall we do? Begin the work in season. They come to us, weak, helpless, that we, with our greater strength and experience, may, under God, teach them what is right, molding the wax, training

the sapling, till the work required of us is all well done.

Don't let the children run wild and without restraint or guidance, and think that by and by you can put on the strong, tight curb, and "bring them into the traces" without a struggle. Teach them lessons of unselfishness and honor early, and show them by your example that nothing on earth is so good in your eyes as honesty and uprightness of character. Don't give them a chance to draw comparisons between your preaching and your practice, but let every action prove the sincerity of the precept. Do not refuse their innocent requests—denials *must* come, when to gratify them would do them harm—if you are wise in your love; but make them as happy as you can; and remember that God also is training your children, and when He sees they need sorrow as a matter of discipline, never fear that He cannot administer it more wisely than you. In this world of sin and death, sorrow must come to the most sheltered life, and neither you nor I are called on to add needlessly to the measure of suffering.

Let us be careful, then; little hearts are tender and very sensitive, and few of those who speak harshly really understand how those small hearts ache at an injustice they are as quick as you or I to feel.

When you consent, do it heartily, as if you were as glad as they. Too many give grudgingly of kindly words, as well as of money. Little hearts have much innocent pleasure spoiled for them; and many a child has started off to some gathering of friends and playmates with tears in his eyes and sorrow in his breast because of fretful words the father or mother forgot as soon as uttered.

We should not only consent graciously, but we should, on occasion, deny firmly. Do not be in haste to refuse, but think it over, and if the thing asked for is wrong, let the denial be so kind, but withal so decided, that there will be no "teasing." A child is quick to learn; and if he sees that we deny his petition only when it will do him harm in our judgment, and that neither caprice nor selfishness has anything to do with it, he will soon learn to yield gracefully.

One great source of trouble in families is to let our feelings instead of our judgment rule. If anything goes wrong on the farm, in the store or in the kitchen, the children have too often to pay the penalty. They meet gruff refusals, when at another time they are allowed the very things asked for now, "because father or mother is so cross."

Don't be afraid to praise them a little when they try to do well, even if you might have done a little better. I have seen children wholly discouraged by continual fault-finding. Doubtless this proceeds from a laudable desire to keep the child from undue pride, but the results are disastrous. When a boy feels that "it is no use to try to please father, he'll find just so much fault, whether I do well or not," the boy is likely to go to ruin, and the father to suffer bitterly for his mistake.

Study diligently to find amusement and occupation for your children. In these days, when good books and papers are cheap and plenty, let none of our children be left to invest their spare change in dime novels. There are good magazines for the young folks, suitable to "Babyland" and the "Nursery," and others admirably adapted to the wants of "wide-awake" boys and girls.

I have been, in my day, a country "schoolma'am," and have "boarded round" extensively, and I think I can safely say that a great majority of the mischief the small people fall into is the direct result of not knowing "what to do with themselves."

I know that fathers and mothers get tired, and would like quiet evenings; but don't, good people, secure them by sending your children into the streets for amusement. It is as natural and as right that a child should like fun and frolic as that a kitten should play, or a lamb skip about the green field in the spring-time; and it is our part to see that their fun is of the right kind.

Let the boys and girls share in the work of the household, too; let them feel that they help make home pleasant, and I am sure they will love home better.

Too much indulgence makes selfish children, and too great severity makes rebels and deceivers. Ah! we need much of that wisdom which is peaceable, pure and gentle, that we may guide our children rightly.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

## LESS WORK AND MORE REST.

A RECENT writer in the "Home Circle" says something about overworked women, and how numerous they are. Yes, overwork is sending yearly many victims to the insane asylum and the cemetery. Women who have the care of a house devolving upon them, are too apt to degenerate into mere drudges, sacrificing every pleasure and recreation in the endeavor to minister to the physical needs of their families.

O mistaken mothers! you owe something more than food and raiment to those little ones. You must allow yourselves time for rest, or perhaps when they most need your care they will be motherless. You must take time to read and study, so that your children need never blush because of mother's ignorance. You must give yourselves time to listen to their childish questions, showing an interest in whatever concerns them, for they need mother's sympathy and advice every hour in the day.

Many good *housekeepers* do not have pleasant homes. You never see scraps of paper strewn about by busy little fingers, nor toys lying on their floors; everything is in perfect order; but constant scolding makes it so. And mother is always tired, and often impatient. Her weariness and ill-temper many times are the means of driving the boys away from home to seek more congenial company.

Take all the pleasure you can with your children; devise and suggest pleasant games, and help execute your plans. If you have a taste for music, cultivate it, for this talent adds much to home happiness. And above all, teach your children to help you in every possible way, for they can save many steps if only taught to do so. The mother's mission is as noble as the noblest, and her earnest efforts to do what seemeth best shall be rewarded.

E. GREENE.

It is a sublime spectacle, that of a noble-hearted woman, left a widow, with dependent children, struggling against the frowns of fate, rearing up her offspring with sound principles, teaching them correct rules of life, and covering them against the world's harms, as a hen covers her brood with her wings. It is one of the most touching features of human life.

PARENTS and teachers do well who teach their children and pupils to aim high, to be first in moral and literary excellence, and to be foremost in solid acquisitions. They may not reach the most advanced rank, but they will be among the leading spirits of their time.

# Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

## TOMMY'S WOLF.

HOW many of our readers here ever stood outside the door of a settler's cabin, away out on the prairie on a clear, cold night in December, when every star seemed to blink and glimmer with a freezing light, and listened to the howling of the wolves, as pinched with cold, and savage with hunger, they roamed over the dreary waste in search of something with which to appease their ravenous appetites?

I have often thought that if I were a wolf that I should want to freeze to death during the first cold spell, instead of starving and freezing all winter long. But in spite of the inclemency of the season, these animals live and thrive to an extent that induces the county authorities of northern Iowa to offer a bounty for every scalp taken within their borders. Five dollars is the sum offered in our county, and that was the way that little Tommy Field came to have his adventure.

His older brothers, Will and John, had been trapping for wolves, but the animals were shy and crafty, and they had not taken a single scalp.

"I believe that I could catch one if I had a trap," said Tommy, one evening after John had brought in his traps intending to set them in a new place.

John and Will were large boys, and like too many others they enjoyed teasing their younger brother, and so John said: "Let's give him the traps, Will, and let him catch wolves on the shares."

"Agreed," said Will, "after we have both failed, no doubt we will do a great deal better to rent our traps to the little man. What share will you give us, Tom?"

"I don't want you traps, but I'll give you half of the first wolf I catch, if you'll mind your own business," said Tommy, angrily, for the boys were always tormenting him.

He went and hunted up an old trap of his father's, and taking some scraps from the lard that his mother had just been trying out, he went on the prairie about a mile from the house, and carefully set the trap, with a clog attached to prevent the wolf from traveling too far, if he should get into it. It was nearly dark when the work was completed, and the wolves must have scented the savory odor of the bait very quickly, for Tommy was scarcely half-way home, when he was startled by a single howl, then another, and another, until it seemed, to his excited imagination, that the prairie was alive with wolves, and they might be after him. He started upon a brisk run, and did not stop until he reached the barn, and there he paused to take breath, for he was only eleven years of age, and did not want to be laughed at for being afraid. As soon as he thought he had recovered from the effects of his race, he went into the house.

"What are you going to buy with the bounty that you are going to get for the wolf that you are going to catch?" asked Will.

"The chances are that my wolf will buy as much as yours," said Tommy, wondering if the boys had seen him run.

"Can't I have a pair of boots out of it?" asked John.

"Buy us all a Christmas present, Tom," said Mollie.

"Mother's all the one that'll get a cent," said Tommy, angrily.

"Come, now, you mustn't get stingy because you're getting rich," said John.

"Let the child alone," said their father, "he may have better luck than any of you."

"Oh, wouldn't it be jolly if I should catch the first wolf?" thought Tommy, as he went to bed, very much out of patience with his brothers.

He was the first one up the next morning, and as soon as it was light enough to see, he climbed to the top of the hay-stack, and looked off toward the trap. Sure enough, there was a dark object distinctly to be seen against the wide sheet of snow that covered the prairie, and Tommy knew at once that it was a wolf.

"It's my turn now, we'll see who will laugh when I get back," said he, sliding down from the stack, and calling Bounce, the large farm dog, he took a hatchet and started.

As soon as the wolf discovered him, he began to move off, traveling slowly and painfully, of course, dragging the trap and clog, but he had nearly half a mile the start.

How cold it was? The prairie may be beautiful as a dream in summer, with its oceans of verdure, its lakes and streams, and birds and flowers, but it is bleak and desolate in winter, and the sharp morning air cut like a knife against the boy's face, but he never thought of turning back. He had traveled not less than three miles before he came up with the wolf.

"I've got you now, you sneaking coward," said Tommy, gleefully. "Take him, Bounce."

The dog sprang at the fettered animal, but quick as thought the wolf snapped a piece out of his neck, and sent him yelping back to his master.

"He's not such a coward as I thought," said Tommy, rather surprised at the turn affairs had taken. "Now hold him, Bounce, and I'll knock him on the head with the hatchet," but the dog would only run around the wolf and bark, without going near enough to take hold of him, and Tommy was afraid to go close enough to hit it.

At length he threw the hatchet at the wolf's head, but the animal dodged it. Then he picked it up and threw it again, and continued to do so until his fingers became so stiff that he could not pick it up.

"What's the matter with my fingers? I believe my hands are frozen!" and sure enough they were. "What shall I do?" thought Tommy, my feet are so cold that I don't believe that I can walk back to the house. I can't kill the wolf either. Oh, dear, I wish I had let the boys come with me. Bounce, if you was as smart as dogs that I have read about, you could go and let them know that I am in trouble. Stop fooling around that wolf and go home."

After while he succeeded in getting the dog started, and Bounce ran off at full speed in the direction of the house; but when he reached the top of a little hill about a quarter of a mile away, he stopped and looking back toward Tommy began to bark.

"Go on, you stupid dog," said Tommy, "and I guess I had better be walking that way, for if I should get cold enough to be helpless, that hungry wolf might eat me."

So he ran toward the dog as fast as his cold feet would carry him, but he soon saw what Bounce was barking at, for just coming in sight over the brow of the hill, were John and Will, with the horses and sleigh. As soon as Tommy saw them he ran back to the wolf.

The boys soon reached the spot, and sprang from the sleigh to dispatch the wolf.

"You have beaten us both, Tom," said Will, "but why didn't you let us come with you? Mother was terribly frightened when she found that you had gone off alone on this cold morning, without your overcoat, too."

"Cause you made so much fun of me," said Tommy, with his teeth chattering with cold.

The wolf was soon killed and thrown into the sleigh, but when Tommy attempted to get in, he had no use of his hands, and had to be helped.

"Look at him, Will, he's going to sleep," said John.

"He's freezing to death!" exclaimed Will, excitedly. "*Shake him, John, as hard as you can, and I'll drive home about as fast as the horses can travel.*"

John seized hold of Tommy and began to shake him furiously, and away they went over the prairie like wild fellows.

"Let me alone," growled Tommy, drowsily.

"*Don't stop a minute, John, shake him harder,*" shouted Will, "if he goes to sleep he'll never wake again, and if we were not always teasing him, this wouldn't have happened."

"I'll never plague him again," said John, turning pale in spite of his vigorous exercise.

"I'm afraid you won't get the chance," said Will.

"So am I," replied John, bouncing Tommy up and down as if he meant to shake him to pieces."

He didn't resist much for the first few minutes, then he began to say: "*Quit. Let me alone, I tell you. You'll break every bone in my body.*"

"He's getting better," said Will. "If you can make him mad enough to fight, he'll be all right. Keep him shook up well, anyway."

It was the roughest ride that Tommy ever experienced.

"You're the meanest boy I ever saw. Do make him quit, Will, before he kills me," begged Tommy.

"I can't let go the lines, but you strike and kick him, and when I get home I'll help you," said Will.

John continued to shake him about, roll him over, and tumble him around, until they drove up to the gate. Then he sprang from the sleigh, and taking Tommy in his arms he ran into the house.

"Tom's hands are frozen, mother, and his feet, too, I'm afraid. We've had all we could do to keep him awake till we got home," he said, dropping him into the rocking-chair, and seizing the pail he ran to the spring for water.

By the time he came back, they had taken off his boots and stockings, and they plunged his feet and

hands into the cold water, and kept them there for more than an hour.

"I felt sorry enough for you, when John was shaking you up so," said Will, after the frost was taken out of Tommy's hands and feet, which nothing but judicious management saved from amputation, and he had been made comfortable, "but I knew that if we let you go to sleep nothing could wake you."

"I thought 'twas some of your jokes," said Tom.

"It was to serious for joking," said John, "and I never worked harder in my life."

His hands and feet got well, but he didn't try to catch any more wolves that winter.

ISADORE ROGERS.

## THE RUINED CASTLE.

A TEAR-STAINED little face looks up  
For comfort to my own,  
Because when dire disaster comes  
Mamma can help alone.  
"I'd built me such a splendid house  
With just the highest tower,  
It surely must have taken me  
The best part of an hour.

"'Twas 'Windor Castle' don't you know,  
My Mabel was its queen,  
While Dot and Lill were princesses,  
The sweetest ever seen;  
Oh, what a lovely crown I'd made  
For Mabel's curly hair,  
And silken train bespangled o'er  
With gems for her to wear.

"Upon a gorgeous throne I placed  
My queen in royal state,  
Then called 'ye lords and ladies fair'  
Upon her grace to wait.  
How can I tell you how they fell,  
My castle throne and all,  
And lovely Mabel's head, alas,  
Was broken in the fall.

"She was my pride, as dear to me  
As I can be to you;  
I know my heart, just like her head,  
Is broken square in two.  
You'll never see me try again  
To make my children great,  
I'd rather see them whole and sound  
Than queens in regal state."

RUTH ARGYLE.

## The Temperance Cause.

### BUSINESS MEN'S MODERATION SOCIETY.

IN the city of New York a new temperance society has been formed. It is called the "Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation." Its first public meeting was held at Chickering Hall, in April last, and was largely attended. Peter Cooper, Rev. Howard Crosby, Thurlow Weed, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Walt Whitman, and other prominent and influential men, were upon the platform. The president, F. B. Thurber, made a brief opening address, in which he said that the society sought to utilize the influence of a large class of persons who did not entertain total abstinence views. "We are," he said, "fighting the same enemy that the most extreme total abstinence advocates are con-

tending against; but we choose rather to flank the enemy than uselessly to hurl our forces against his strongly-intrenched position."

Mr. Hadley, the secretary of the society, then made an address, in which he set forth the principles and objects of the organization. After alluding to the importance of the work, he said that the society had made no "new departure." Its founders had carefully surveyed the position, and perhaps had felt as deeply in regard to the matter as their brethren who advocated total abstinence or nothing. They also believed in total abstinence, and would not raise the banner of moderation had they not become convinced that, after a century in which total abstinence and prohibition had had uninterrupted possession of the field, drunkenness was more than ever on the in-

crease. The new society proposed to direct its efforts against excess. It offered four different forms of pledges. The first, of a red color, is a *pledge of total abstinence*. The second is white, and *binds the signer not to drink during business hours*. The blue pledge *prohibits treating at public bars*; and the last, on which is a flag of red, white and blue, *limits the signer to nothing stronger than wine and beer, and permits these only at meals and in moderation*. The pledges all begin with the words: "I hereby solemnly pledge my sacred honor," and no appeal is made to God for help. Mr. Hadley explained this omission by saying that heretofore "entirely too much responsibility has been placed upon the Almighty."

Rev. Dr. Crosby made an address, in which he said: "This looks like business. It looks more like business than anything I have seen in thirty years. When the business men of the country take hold of such a thing as this, it inspires hopes in me that never were inspired before. \* \* \* The good men who have been fighting intemperance for thirty years started with false theories. They confounded moderation with excess. \* \* \* As I looked at the four pledges, I thought that I preferred the blue one. The great trouble in the community, I believe, grows out of the miserable business of treating. I never believed for a moment that moderation leads to excess. I think that from this time forward the rum-shops of this city will recognize you as their greatest and most formidable enemy."

While hailing with pleasure this new and important movement against an enemy more hostile to the well-being and happiness of the people, and more cruel in exaction than any other, we must take exception to the sentiment of Dr. Crosby, given in the words, "I never believed for a moment that moderation leads to excess," as a dangerous fallacy when applied to drinking. There is only one way to drunkenness, and that lies through the habit of moderate drinking. It is never reached by any other way. There is no true analogy between the danger of excess in eating and the danger of excess in drinking, because food is a friend and waste-builder, while alcohol, the substance which gives wine, and beer, and brandy their attractions for the palate, is an enemy to every organ, nerve, membrane and fibre, deteriorating almost everything that it touches, and disturbing the balance of health in both mind and body. Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who confessed himself a moderate drinker, had a clearer apprehension of the dangers which attend that habit.

"It gives me unfeigned satisfaction," he said, "to see such a demonstration as this in such a cause as this. The evil of intemperance breaks up the family, eradicates the manhood of men and the womanhood of women, and ruins all hope of the progress of civilized men. It is impossible that a republic can be carried on by drunkards. I have a profound sympathy for those who advocate total abstinence. Though not a total abstinence myself, I recognize the fact that there are a great many persons who must abstain wholly or be wholly lost. \* \* \* Drinking is a social vice. It is the most popular vice. It touches the gentleman and the boor, the workman and the idler, the man of luxury and the man of drudgery. There is no solitary drinking in the world. If the practice of treating is abolished, a heavy blow will be struck at drinking usages. This is the emphatic and decisive step. If I were a young man beginning life anew, I would never touch a single drop of anything that could intoxicate. Although I cannot say that I have suffered in principle, character or health, from the very moderate use of wines in which I have indulged, I think my mind

would have been clearer, and I would have had more useful hours and more available purpose if I had never touched a drop."

We must also take exception to the remark of Mr. Hadley, the secretary of the new society, that "after a century in which total abstinence and prohibition had had uninterrupted possession of the field, drunkenness was more than ever on the increase."

Now, we who have been familiar with the temperance movement for fifty years, know that this declaration is wide of the truth, as abundant evidence will show; and we are glad to have the past and present condition of society, as to its drinking usages, so clearly presented as has been done in a communication to the *New York Tribune* by Hon. William E. Dodge, in reply to Mr. Hadley's statement. Mr. Dodge says:

"Those of us who can go back to the very commencement of the temperance reformation, know that in all parts of the country outside our large cities there has been a most remarkable change in the habits and customs of the great mass of the people as the result of the temperance efforts. Then there was hardly a family of any standing that sat down to dine without some kind of intoxicating drink on the table. Men were hardly expected to work on the farm or in the shop without their regular allowance. It was kept in every country store; was used at all public gatherings; and, in my remembrance was passed among the attendants at funerals. As you sat down at the hotel tables, every second man had his bottle or glass of some kind of intoxicating drink. Now we know that, to a great extent, this is changed. Go where you will throughout the country, sit down to the tables of the great majority of our families, and you will find no kind of intoxicating drinks. Sit down in our hotels on the great lines of travel, and you will not see one person using strong drink where fifty years ago you would have seen ten.

"Had it not been for the vast increase of population from the Old World during the past half century, the results of the great temperance movement would have been more apparent. But those of us who have watched it, feel that its progress has been most encouraging.

"I have just returned from an absence of two months, in which I have traveled through ten States and over two thousand miles, and I have seen less drinking and fewer drunkards than ever before in the same time and distance.

"But the longer I live, and the more I examine the subject, the more fully am I convinced that *the only hope for one who has an appetite for strong drink is total abstinence*. No such thing as moderation can ever save him. And, knowing this, I feel it my duty to take Paul's position—'touch not, taste not, handle not'—lest by my example I make my weak brother to offend.

"But, while this new movement is in the right direction, and yet does not go the full length, I wish it God-speed, and trust that many of its members will take the pledge which stands first—the pledge of total abstinence."

And we repeat the "God-speed" of Mr. Dodge to the new movement. Our exceptions are taken in the cause of truth and safety. We trust that the New York example will be followed not only by business and professional men in all our cities, but by workmen everywhere. Let the pledge against treating at public bars be widely circulated; and let total abstinence men and prohibitionists help in the work. Whatever is gained in this direction, is a gain to the cause of temperance.



## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

**A**MONG the most striking of summer novelties are the new parasols. They take the shape of the Japanese in flatness, and have sixteen gilded ribs, which add greatly to their weight. The lining is placed next to the outer covering, leaving the ribs exposed. They are shown in great variety as to color and design; satin polka spots, striped satin, brocade and plain satin, are the newest. The handles are made of bamboo, with an ivory crutch; of teak wood, beautifully carved; of ebony, carved in the shape of a coiled serpent's neck; and of Malacca and rattan. More costly handles include pearl and ivory, celluloid, malachite, carved ivory and ash inlaid with tiny shells. Sun umbrellas have the Pekin satin stripes introduced, and parasols of last year's shape are very elegant of black satin and black brocade silk, bordered with a wide flounce of French lace.

Fancy garters and garter-buckles are the newest caprice. Garters are made to correspond in color with stockings. Satin elastic ribbon of various colors to match stockings is purchased as needed, and the buckles are attached. These last are often of silver, with gold filagree, or even of gold set with precious stones. Garters for brides have beautiful rosettes of point or duchesse lace, mingled with sprays of orange-blossoms. Stockings are embroidered with flowers in floss silk, and are also shown in open-work designs, horizontal stripes, interlacings, polka dots and mingled dashes of color. Those who prefer plainer styles may be satisfied with delicate pearl

tints and cream-whites and flesh-colors; but it seems that the days of plain white hose are past.

As for several months past, dress fabrics and their ornamentations show a great profusion of color and variety of combination. This style is seen in the new lawns and light summer goods, in which appears a brilliant array of many-hued flowers with bright, wreath-like borderings for trimming. A new material for vests, cuffs, pockets and collars, as well as revers, is a combination of silk and wool, showing gay effects of small floral designs in bright shades. In Persian patterns these fabrics are called *jardinière Persane*; and *Yeddo melange* signifies Chinese designs and tints; *Lahore damassé* shows the popular Indian patterns. The various striped Pekins of silk and velvet, satin and velvet, satin and silk, brocade or flowered, are introduced as accessories to all dress toilets. These are only rivaled by soft twilled and plain ground *jardinière* (or garden-like) foulards, in combination with India cashmere satins and silks. Moire stripes, alternating with stripes of velvet or armure silk, gain in popularity; and there will be worn, as the season advances, Pekins of transparent, gauzy stripes, alternating with velvet, their colors toned down by quantities of beautiful white lace.

The two skirts of a dress are now frequently made as one complete garment. A skirt may be made long for the house and short for the street by means of a loop attached to the waistband and a button at the bottom of the placket. A very long skirt will need an additional button and loop on each side. The shirred apron front is revived especially for soft goods. Princess dresses, particularly of white, are often shirred entirely down the back breadth.

## New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Castle Howenwald.** After the German of Adolph Streckfuss. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Our verdict upon this book, if expressed in one word, would be "Charming!" From beginning to end, the interest never flags, while all the accessories of language, description, personality and sentiment are exquisite, vivid, life-like and tender. We find here none of the heaviness, sombreness and inferiority of women, which so often spoil many an otherwise fine German romance. We do not feel the oppressive atmosphere of a different country than our own, filled with institutions repugnant to our feelings. We forget that we do not see and converse with men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves, living beneath walls, and trees, and skies exactly like our own. To be sure, we meet with a great deal of frivolity, treachery and villainy; but we are not suffered to see their inner workings nor feel their corrupting influence, as is too often the case in popular novels injudiciously praised. Whoever has not yet read this work, does not know what a choice treat is in store for him.

**Treatment and Prevention of Decay of the Teeth.** By Robert Arthur, M.D., D.D.S. Second edition. Fifty Illustrations. The first edition of

this book, in which the author, widely known to the dental profession as one of its most advanced thinkers, explained a new method of treating the teeth, which he had adopted in his own practice, and by which decay, as he alleged, might be entirely prevented, was published in 1871. In this second edition, and after eight years further application of his new method of treating the teeth, he now reaffirms, and with added emphasis, all that he claimed for it in the beginning. "1. That all the teeth of every individual, with rare exceptions, may be preserved. 2. That decay of the teeth may be prevented from occurring at places where it is most destructive and requires the most difficult, painful and expensive operations to arrest. 3. That all the attention necessary for the certain preservation of the teeth, provided it is given in time, is of simple character, and quite within the ability of any dentist of ordinary acquirements. 4. That the pain usually attending dental operations may be entirely avoided. 5. That, as the operations required are of simple character, the cost of the preservation of the teeth will be diminished."

This new method of treating the teeth is described in the work before us in such plain language, that it can be readily understood by any one who will take the trouble to read it with ordinary attention, and at the same time in such detail as to enable any dentist to practice the system explained.

The loss of teeth by decay is enormous. We learn from the preface to this volume, that over three millions of artificial teeth are annually manufactured in the United States, and sold to supply the places of natural teeth lost through decay; and that at least twenty millions of decayed teeth are extracted every year. In a single establishment in one of our larger cities, where nitrous oxide gas is administered to patients, ten thousand teeth are annually extracted. In filling and preserving decayed teeth, it is estimated that three tons of pure gold are consumed each year; and that the cost of the gold foil into which this precious metal is beaten is nearly three millions of dollars. But this sum represents but a fraction of what it costs the people of the United States to save their teeth from utter destruction.

Now, the fact ought to be within the knowledge of

the people that there is a system of treatment which has for a long time been known to every intelligent and progressive dentist in the land, and which he may adopt if he will, and at no additional cost to himself, which claims to prevent the establishment of decay in the teeth. The gain in comfort, and the relief from suffering, often of a most intense character, that would follow the general introduction of this new treatment, if what is claimed for it be true, cannot be estimated. The profession of dentistry would then assume the higher attitude of conservation. Its chief business would be to prevent decay, to keep the mouth full of sound and well-arranged teeth; not to spend three-fourths of its skill in repairing the damage which intelligent care might have prevented.

## Notes and Comments.

### "The World Moves."

YES; and, what is of higher significance, moves in the right direction. One might not think so, if he read only the records of crime, and studied only the grasping, aggressive, selfish side of what is passing in the world. But there is another side, less obtrusive, but holding its steady parallel and onward movement, and one that is rapidly growing in strength. Christian charity is becoming less and less a cloistered sentiment, and more and more a living and active principle. While many Priests and Levites still go passing over to the other side, we have a hundred good Samaritans ready to bind up and heal, and to care for the wounded, the helpless, the oppressed and the neglected, to one that could be found a quarter of a century ago. Every year witnesses the inauguration of some new humanitarian movement.

"Six years ago," says the *New York Tribune*, "a proposal to take a pauper child and its mother to the seashore in August would have been regarded as an absurd Quixotism; now, in all of the seaboard cities, there are innumerable plans for systematically giving to this class of our poor once a year the breath of fresh air and glimpse of nature which are essential to healthy life both of soul and body, and all of these plans have received hearty and ample support. The sanitariums in the mountains and at the seaside have been filled to overflowing. Twenty thousand children and mothers have been received and cared for by a single organization in our city. Thousands have been entertained by charitable farmers. The hospitals provided by the free excursion societies in Philadelphia and elsewhere, receive many more Summer homes for sick babies, for workingwomen and many other classes, have sprung up out of this movement. There can be no doubt that the mortality among children in the summer, in this and other cities, has been greatly reduced by these means."

Men and women are beginning to see more clearly the common obligations that rest upon them, and to be moved with a desire to help the weak and the suffering, and to redress the wrongs of those who are borne down and cruelly oppressed. The old selfish indifference is giving way to convictions of duty, and to a feeling of personal responsibility in regard to social evils. "It is my business," is a growing sentiment. And "You shall not!" is the stern interdict which men, individually as well as socially, are

beginning to say to those who hurt, or wrong, or make gain out of the weakness or corruption of their fellows. Yes, the world does move, and in the right direction; and only those who shut their eyes, or are too blind to see, fail to recognize the movement.

### The Stage.

UNTIL the church, or those who assume to speak for her and to lay down arbitrary laws for the social government of her members, learn to distinguish between the use and the abuse of a thing, we shall have no true reform of the stage, one of our most powerful instrumentalities for good or for evil. Unhappily, the influence of the stage up to this time has been too largely on the side of evil; and this because the managers of our theatres had either to close their doors or cater to the tastes of such audiences as they could get; and these have been too largely made up of persons who enjoyed what was indelicate, coarse or obscene. Many attempts have been made to lift the stage to a higher standard; but the church steadily maintained its hostile attitude, condemning the play as a sinful pleasure, and so giving no aid to those who sought to elevate and purify it.

A recent and notable effort in this direction, and one the success of which is exceedingly gratifying to all who truly desire to see coarseness, indelicacy and profanity driven from the stage, is to be found in the lyrical comedy now so popular throughout the country, known as "*Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore*." Speaking of this play and its success, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* says: "Since we began to observe theatres at all, nothing has had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it, and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful—pure fun—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity. What is true of this play is true of any and every play. There is no apology whatever for making the stage impure. Even vulgar people do

not seek the stage for impurity. They seek it for pleasure, and they find the purest plays the most satisfactory, provided only that the pleasure-giving element is in them. A playwright who is obliged to resort to coarse means to win the applause of coarse men, convicts himself of a lack of capacity for writing a good play."

And yet, for singing in Pinafore, innocent as the play is in every respect, one of our city churches actually discharged from its choir an efficient member! The stage is not an evil in itself, any more than poetry or painting are evils; and the church might just as fairly condemn poetry and painting, because they are so often made the ministers of vice and a debasing sensuality. There is no positive evil. It is always the perversion of something good. Let us, then, wisely, reject the evil which has debased the drama, that it may have free course and potential influence in the elevation and regeneration of humanity.

#### Constantinople.

OUR engraving presents a fine view of Constantinople from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. A portion of Scutari, an Asiatic suburb, is seen at the extreme left, with the Sea of Marmora beyond. The left portion of the city brought to view, lying between the Bosphorus in the foreground, and the Marmora beyond, is Seraglio Point, with a palace of the Sultan, and the Mosque of St. Sophia—the second large dome from the left. The high tower, with heavy top, somewhat midway in the picture, but nearer the right, is Seraskier Tower. A little to the right of this is the entrance of the Golden Horn, not very distinctly brought to view, and on the nearer (northerly) side of this is the suburb, Galatea (back of which is Pera), with the Tower of Galata at the extreme right of the picture. The buildings more in the foreground in this part of the engraving are in the suburb, Tophane.

#### In the Lap of Spring.

WRITING from Vermont, under date of April 12th, a correspondent says: "Last year at this time the lawn was growing green, the willows were yellowing, the maple buds were swelling and the woods were sweet with May flowers. To-day I look from my windows upon a scene of wintry desolation. The snow is falling fast; the sky is leaden gray; there is not a green thing to be seen out of doors, and the wind sweeps down from the mountains with a dreary wail. Yet I heard the robins singing in the dark this morning, and the blue birds are here, and doubtless I shall gather my roses as usual. 'Seed-time and harvest shall not fail.'"

On the 9th of April, three days preceding the date of this letter from our correspondent, the following appeared in the *New York Tribune*: "A year ago to-day the rattle of the lawn-cutter was heard in the land, and a respectable burden of grass could have been clipped from any suburban plat of rich ground. Hyacinths were fading out of bloom, the maples were almost in full foliage and apple-trees were ready to burst into blossom. To-day the turf is scarcely green. Only the most adventurous of hyacinths have begun to open a single bell, and the trees, although their buds are slowly swelling, have yet a bare and wintry look. This year is unusually backward, and last year was quite as unusually forward, and it is worth remarking that in each case the lunar conditions would have warned our weather-wise ancestors just what sort of an April to look for before it came.

'March is in the skies till the March moon dies,' and

'March snow flies till the March moon dies,'

were slightly varied formulations of the same great truth which our grandfathers learned as a part of their meteorological education. Last year the March moon died, and with it the March weather, on the 2d day of April. The first new moon of April, 1879, is still a week off, and March snow was flying, at least a snow-storm was raging, last night, a few miles to the northward. Spring has been postponed for a good while on account of the weather, but it is comforting to know that we will have nothing further to dread from this particularly obstructive moon after Monday the 21st instant."

Whether foul or fair weather be the result of lunar influences or not, the new moon of April 21st made her advent, in this latitude at least, in the most agreeable manner.

## Publishers' Department.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year . . . . .	\$2 25
3 copies . . . . .	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

#### THE OXYGEN CURE.

The cases of relief and cure in chest and lung diseases, from the use of Compound Oxygen, which are given on the fourth cover page of this number, cannot fail to attract the attention of all who are suffering themselves, or who have near friends or relatives who are suffering, from that most widely-fatal of all diseases, consumption. The first and natural query of most persons, on reading these testimonials, will be, "What assurance have we that they are genuine?" To this we take pleasure in answering, that all the letters containing these reports from patients have been submitted for our inspection, and we can, therefore, testify to their genuineness. And it is but right that we should state, in this connection, that the two physicians who are administering this new Treatment are men of integrity, whose statements may be thoroughly relied upon.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

THE NATIONAL SILVER PLATING COMPANY, whose advertisement appears in this number, is reliable, and the ware it advertises will be found as represented. It has recently published a handsome illustrated catalogue of goods furnished by mail, which will be sent free on application.







SUMMER.—Page 364.



ARTHUR'S





# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

JULY, 1879.

No. 7.



VIEW OF CHESTER, FROM THE COP.

## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 3.

### THE CITY OF CHESTER.

"MAY I be permitted to ask," said Mr. Elmore, at the meeting of our traveling club which followed the one in which the history of the river Dee was given by Katherine, "how we reached Chester? Are we supposed to have taken flight like birds, and alighted on the spot? Can any one give us the route and distance?"

Harry Halstead, a bright-looking youth, spoke at once: "Yes, sir. At Liverpool we cross the river Mersey in a ferry-boat, and drive to Chester, which is only fifteen or sixteen miles from Liverpool. I think Chester was very happily chosen as our next resting-place, for here we will find ourselves near the coal-fields of North Wales, the mines of Lancashire, the mills of Manchester, the docks and quays of Liverpool, its sea-rival, and on the border of a large

manufacturing district. With all this, it is one of the oldest and quaintest towns in England."

"Frederic and I have been studying the history of Chester," said Miss Alice, our pretty teacher. "You know it was very truly called the key of England. The famous Twentieth Legion—the *Valens Victrix*—of the Romans held it in their hands long ago, and with it Britain. You may walk about Chester now and see the remains of the strong and solid Roman masonry, the walls nearly perfect, a Roman hypocaust or subterranean passage, and even a piece of a Roman column and base still stands among the evergreens. Chester was also the last city to give up to King Harold's cause and yield to William the Norman; the last that fell in the cause of the Stuarts. To the old Church of St. John, in the Saxon days, King Edgar steered his barque, with six Welsh kings as oarsmen; and near it lived the widow of Harold after his defeat. Here also dwelt for a time the great ecclesiastic Anselm, among the

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Benedictine monks who came to Chester from far-off, sunny Normandy. Farther on, at Flint Castle, which is within view, took place the affecting scene between Richard II and Bolingbroke, when Richard's grayhound, who had never noticed any one but the king, suddenly left his poor disrowned master and fawned on Bolingbroke.

"'Cousin,' said Richard, bitterly, 'it is a great, good token to you, and an evil sign to me.'

"'Sir, how know you that?' asked the duke.

"'I know it well,' answered the king. 'The grayhound owneth you this day as king of England, as you shall be, and I am no longer. Take him; he will follow you and forsake me.'

itself is built unlike any other in England. First of all, there are the great walls for the defense of the 'loyal city,' now used for the walk of the citizens. The surface is five or six feet broad, with a coped parapet or iron railings on either hand, and some parts of the promenade are overshadowed by stately trees as venerable as the walls themselves. The old gates are gone, but three great archways penetrate the walls, and there are still iron staples in the walls of the old tower, showing where the ships used to be moored.

"But the quaintest feature of Chester is its being laid out in 'Rows.' The principal streets—especially the four great ones which in the old military days of the

Romans quartered the camp—are sunk and cut down deep into the rock, while the Rows are on the natural level of the ground. The carriages roll along as in an artificial ravine far below. 'The back walls of the ground-floors are everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the court-yards of the houses, their kitchens and back buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street.' It looks very much as if all the fronts of the houses were suddenly removed, and the upper floors were supported by pillars and beams, and formed one long gallery, walled up for three or four feet, and variously decorated, now with stately columns and handsome antique ornaments, now with decaying wooden piles and mean shops—for this is really the 'Cheapside' of Chester, and here merchants and buyers congregate.

"The Rows are connected with the streets by staircases; sometimes, when a lane breaks through the gallery, by two flights of stairs. As the wayfarer ascends, he sees the latticed windows and strongly-clasped doors of ancient houses,

and gable ends fronting the lane ornamented with strong woodwork curiously painted, and Scripture texts and mottoes carved or painted above the doors of houses and shops. I remember the front of God's Providence House as especially rich in its designs. Sometimes these houses, and the pillars of oak that support the long galleries, look so old and tottering that one might fancy they were about to give way and fall upon the motley crowd of passers-by; the figures, grave or gay, young and fair, or old and commonplace, that appear and disappear as if by enchantment through galleries and open archways that rise far above your heads as you drive through the deep streets below. A stranger never grows weary of watching the strange and picturesque effects



REMAINS OF ROMAN WALL, CHESTER.

"Years afterward, another disrowned monarch, Charles I, saw from one of the old towers of Chester his brave troops flying before the iron blows of Cromwell's men, and knew that his kingdom was lost; but I doubt whether the bitterness of that sight equalled the pang with which Richard saw his very dog lick and fawn upon the hand that was raised to tear him down.

"The city itself looks venerable and ancient, and all the scenery around it wears an alien air. One might fancy one's self in Holland when one looks abroad at the low, rich lands reclaimed from the sea, the pastures and cattle, the broad and sandy estuary of the Dee, the queer fisher-folk at work among the muscles and cockles on the shores. But the town



of this unique arrangement. There is a similar style of structure at Berne and Totness; but to American eyes the streets of Chester are wholly unlike anything he ever beheld before. A writer on old places speaks of these Rows as of unknown origin and antiquity; and indeed the 'long-covered arcades' suggests images of old years.

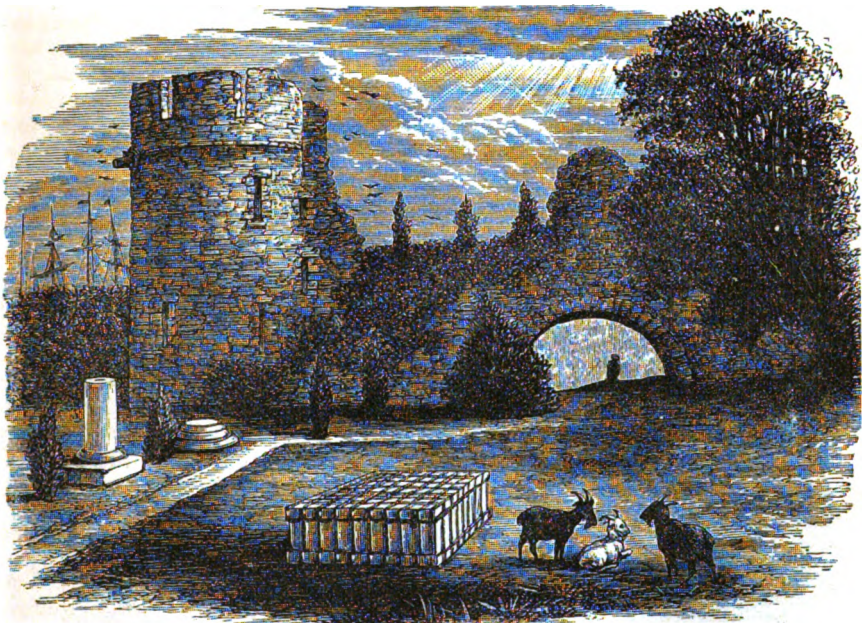
"Nor is this impression lessened by the old churches of Chester. From the ivy-grown Water Tower you see St. John's Tower, looking venerable and sombre, with its dismantled walls and lonely pinnacles. The Cathedral of Chester, the Episcopal palace and the Cathedral School, are old, and interesting in their stately grandeur of architecture; but the Cathedral impressed me with a certain feeling of melancholy, as well as admiration, as I noticed even the solid walls crumbling into slow decay. Nor did

saints and angels have been taken away. If one could put aside the falsities that have crept into such honor of mere humanity, it might awaken noble and true thoughts to see the still faces of good men who have ended the struggle and the journey looking down upon us like a cloud of strong and earnest witness from the immutable past.

"Nothing could be lovelier than the old closes which surround most of the English Cathedrals with a wide space of fresh, green turf, and 'seem like still meadows through which one sometimes enters a deep, solemn wood'"

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Katherine, her eyes softly shining as they seemed to see a perfect picture, invisible to other eyes.

"Still, I doubt," said one of the gentlemen, with a little satiric smile, "whether the See of Chester



WATER TOWER, WITH ROMAN HYPOCAUST, CHESTER.

I think it as beautiful as the Cathedral of Hereford, with its rich interlacings of arches, its pillars standing with the deep shadows underneath, like the oaks of a primeval forest, the exquisite windows and the colored glory of the light that streamed through them. I could not half begin to paint in words the wonderful variety of columns in clusters or alone, the carved foliage of arches, the manifold decorations of every part, the smallest and most concealed from view equally with the imposing front and open aisles.

"'In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with equal care  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
For the gods see everywhere.'"

"There is one thing that always seemed sad to me in these great Cathedrals—the utter silence of the vacant niches, from which the old carved images of

would be regarded with much favor unless it were usually a stepping-stone to something higher; for, in spite of its ancient and stately Cathedral, the See is very poor—so poor, indeed, that most ecclesiastics are promoted after holding it a short time; and so few have ever died bishops of Chester, that it has passed into a popular proverb that 'the bishop of Chester is immortal.'"

"Are there many interesting places in the neighborhood of Chester?" asked Frederic Kent.

"Oh, yes," replied his father. "If I remember rightly, you see from Chester, on the Welsh side of the Dee, the old ruins of Flint Castle and of Basingwerk Abbey, where the dark old elms hide the rents in the walls, and from whose pointed arches one sees glimpses of the 'Sands o' Dee,' of which Kingsley so pathetically sang."

"A poet's memory is indestructible, and clings

forevermore to everything he touches," quotes Miss Alice, prettily. "Ah, to realize that you should visit Ludlow Castle, where Milton wrote his masque of 'Comus,' and see the baronial hall where it was acted! Now, this same old hall is so overgrown with grass, ivy and vines, that it looks like some woodland scene which the poet loved to draw—some 'bushy dell, dingle or bosky bourn.'"

"Is not Holy Well in the neighborhood of Chester?" asked Mrs. Elmore.

once honored bard of Wales used to sing, and much curious, old Welsh armor. It was a finely-situated old place, surrounded by noble woods, through which the deer ranged in joyous freedom. There are many other beautiful Welsh estates near the Dee, but none, to my fancy, more suggestive than Ewloe Castle. There seems to be a history about a castle so strongly built against assault and siege; its walls are eight feet thick, and the curious staircase is inclosed within the wall itself. There are deep, shadowy glens



RUINS OF ST. JOHN'S, CHESTER.

"Yes, it is not far off. It contained formerly the shrine of St. Winifred, and was the resort of pilgrims continually, on account of the wonderful healing powers which its deep waters were thought to possess."

"When I was in England," remarked Miss Mary Taylor, a bright-eyed little lady who was visiting the Kents, "I remember being so much interested in the old Welsh places. Mostyn Hall had a fine collection of Welsh manuscripts, and the harp on which the

around it like a dream of a Canadian forest. The ferns nod their green plumes from the steep edges of the rocks, and you hear the trickle and flow of unseen water in deep ravines hidden 'under cloistered boughs.' In all sultry noontides and weary days of intolerable heat, I could always remember distinctly this sound, and the sight of the shadows down the long glen."

"Did you visit Eaton Hall, the residence of the earls of Grosvenor?" asked Dr. Kent.



"Oh, yes; that is only four miles from Chester; quite a different place from Ewloe—a show place, with fine drives, and all the modern improvements, | dered on either hand by the velvety greensward of a narrow lawn, which is skirted with shrubberies and woodland. The hares, rabbits and English pheasants



CHESTER CATHEDRAL AND CITY WALL.

especially advanced scientific horticulture, displayed in the gardens. The ride to Eaton Hall from Chester is charming. You cross the river, and then, leaving the main road, take a graveled carriage-road, | come out in numbers from the neighboring shelter of the bushes to feed on the grass. A little farther on is the northern lodge, with a fine Gothic arch over the entrance to the park. Here we saw large herds



of sheep; and deer of various kinds, with branching antlers and proudly-tossing heads, appeared through the trees. A very pretty phaeton, drawn by two exquisite ponies, passed us, and I saw a high-bred, handsome lady, the Marchioness of Westminster, seated in it. She drove well, and was not accompanied by any one but her footman.

"Eaton Hall is a fine Gothic structure, finished with towers, turrets, pinnacles and battlements of white freestone, which is, however, so discolored and overgrown with moss that it has lost much of its whiteness, and has the appearance of age, although the building was begun within this century—a very modern date for an English edifice. The stables are built in the same stately style, and at a little distance appear to be a part of the building, so that the whole *façade* has the effect of great length. We were shown through the whole house. The entrance hall was very handsome, hung with many paintings, and in its niches you see effigies in full suits of ancient armor. Everything is on a scale of magnificence; but I cared most for four paintings by our own countryman, West, of whom the Earl of Grosvenor was an early and liberal patron.

"The Grosvenor motto was displayed everywhere: '*Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*'—or, 'Virtue, not descent, the true mark of nobility'—a strangely republican sentiment for an old Norman family, which the Grosvenors claim to be.

"On the east side there is a beautiful slope to the Dee, and here are the pleasure-grounds and a conservatory of exotic plants. On the other side is a little temple, with an antique Roman altar four feet high, dug up near Chester in 1821. It has inscribed on both sides in Latin a dedication to 'The Nymphs and Fountains from the Twentieth Legion, the invincible and victorious.' The floor of the temple was brought from the palace of Tiberius, in the Island of Capri.

"The other grounds contain many hot-houses for foreign and tropical fruits, grapes, figs, oranges, lemons and pineapples; and we were told by the gardener, who spoke with intense pride of the gardens, etc., that no less than five hundred of the pineapples were needed for the use of the noble family."

We all thanked Miss Taylor for her description, and she added: "There are some other places very well worth visiting in Cheshire—Hawarden Castle, which belongs to Mr. Gladstone, and an old house of the Leghs, besides others of which I only heard. The Leghs are very proud of the unique breed of wild cattle that graze on their moors, and a peculiar set of mastiffs, both of which bear the name of the house."

It was suggested then by our secretary that Dr. Kent should give us at our next meeting a description of his visit to Warwickshire.

He acceded to this, on the condition that he should be allowed to choose the things which had interested him most, "For I am sure my descriptions of these will be more accurate than if, like other tourists, I

were to describe Kenilworth Castle to you, or tell you of the legends about Guy of Warwick and his fabulous exploits, or even the famous Warwick Vase, a celebrated antique which was found near Adrian's Villa, in Italy. I want to carry you this time to somewhat homelier scenes in the country, or perhaps the provincial towns of England."

"We all wish that," said Miss Alice. "I want to realize how people live in England, and how it would look to us in the familiar home atmosphere. I don't wish to feel that I am being whirled by on the railroad, only catching fleeting glimpses of its fair country side, and honest, sturdy people, but to know and love them as belonging to our own mother country."

So we bade each other adieu until the next Friday.

E. F. MOSBY.

### THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

WAITING at the window  
Of a mansion bright,  
In the golden city,  
Wondrous world of light!  
Bends an angel-maiden,  
While her tender eyes,  
With a shade of longing,  
Scans the pathless skies.

"Far away to earth-land,  
Precious message, fly,  
While I wait in patience  
For my love's reply."

\* \* \* \* \*

In an earthly city,  
In a haunt of sin,  
Bacchanalian revelers  
Make a horrid din,  
While bright lights are gleaming  
On the frescoed walls,  
And soft music echoes  
Down the lofty halls,  
There is one who seemeth  
Strangely out of place—  
Type of noble manhood  
Mirrored on his face.  
What tempter drew him hither?  
What glamour holds him here?  
A man whom men would honor,  
And women's hearts hold dear.

What power is this which wins him  
To leave the heartless mirth?  
What silent, unseen presence,  
That seemeth not of earth,  
Hath warned him of the danger  
He woos in lingering here?  
Was it the angel message  
Love wafted to his ear?  
Was it her patient watching  
That saved the soul so dear?

ALICE HAMILTON.

## RED GERANIUMS.

**D**O I like red geraniums? Indeed I like them so well it seems to me I can't get along without them. Maybe you haven't read about places underground where day never dawns, and a guide's lamp is all there is to depend on to lead up to sunshine again. I've pored over such descriptions many a time, and have been there, too. That is, the soul of me has; and while I was there in the dark, the flame of red geraniums came flickering before my eyes like the light in the guide's hand, and led me to a new and living way—the way of holiness.

Now that things are looking so gloomy around you, I may as well tell you the story. It'll take your mind off your trouble a bit, even if it don't take a bit of trouble off your mind. If I start out and give particulars, George and David'll be back from school before I'm through; so I'll make sure baby's asleep, get Bettie her bag of beans to scatter around, and begin in the middle of my story.

George Arnsthall was earning a good living when he married me, but came to want soon after our second child, the one we buried, was born. He lost his place, and for nearly a year failed to get into another. Dear old George, it was his misfortune, not his fault, and in my secret soul I knew it, yet I couldn't have heaped more blame on him if he'd been the laziest creature alive.

Now, as it happened, Gideon Smith was the only person in the world we could look to for help. At that time he was running a woolen and cotton mill, and employing about fifty girls. That sounds big, yet the business didn't amount to much, and wages were so low nobody but women could afford to work for them. Mr. Smith gave us a room on the fourth floor of this establishment rent free. Dark and dusty as the place was, we lost no time getting into it; nor did I lose any time taunting George, and being as disagreeable as I knew how to everybody that came near me.

"Hettie," said my husband one morning, "you scold at me for sitting by the fire 'toasting' myself, and when I get ready to go out you fret about my exposing myself to the cold 'for nothing.' What can I do?"

Poor fellow—I was young then, not yet twenty, and selfish—I almost worried the heart out of him.

Beside the watchman down-stairs, there was only one other tenant in the building, a Mrs. Havener, who had a room next ours. There was no earthly reason why I should hate this woman, yet I did, and I was determined to hate her to the end. We'd hardly got our things up before she came in.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" she asked

"No," I snapped, short as short could be.

George was fixing something just then, and could neither look nor get up, so he whispered: "Hettie!" in a way that, before this trouble, would have touched me in a minute.

Stuck-up little thing as I was, rebelling against the Providence that had brought me low, I could not be moved. I kept Georgie from running that way, and turned my back on our neighbor.

"I beg pardon, I see I have intruded," she said, and went out.

About a week afterward, stooping to lift the tea-kettle with Louie in my arms, I let him drop his little hand against it. It was only a mite of a burn, but he screamed as if he was half-killed; Georgie followed suit, and before I thought, I called: "George! George! Oh, won't somebody go for my husband?"

Of course Mrs. Havener ran in; and, like the cat I was, I ordered her out. That was the last of her for a long while; still I didn't stop hating her. Sometimes when I'd pass and see her door open, and her room neat and bright as a picture, rebuking the untidiness and discomfort of mine, I was like a child in my spitefulness. If I carried ashes or slops, I almost wished some accident would happen to make me spill them in there. Intimating as much to George one day, he said: "O Hettie, little sunbeam—you recollect I used always to call you little sunbeam—don't make yourself out so dreadful!"

"I will," I answered. "I feel dreadful. The world hasn't treated me right; I'm not going to treat it right."

Things went on from bad to worse; George got sick. I believe I didn't tell you before we were in a strange city. With the exception of Mr. Smith, who was away on business, we had no acquaintance whatever. At last, my will for the time subdued, my pride in the dust, I knocked at Mrs. Havener's door, and asked for something to eat.

"I'm sorry, but I have nothing," she said.

"You mean nothing for me," I answered. "I don't ask for myself, I ask for my sick husband and helpless babies"

I was a fussy, fly-away thing usually. I would have been frightened if I could have realized just then how quietly I stood there asking for bread. Another queer thing about it, too, was, that, like the instrument that takes a photograph, I had all the whiteness and brightness of the small room creep in upon me, until memory even yet holds each trifle and bit of color just as I saw them that day. There was a cheerful rag-carpet on the floor, red and green mats before bedstead and bureau, ferns and autumn leaves framed in red splints, shelves curtained with creamy, unbleached muslin bound with red braid; and, altogether, such a flow of color and ripple of home cheer around the room, it was almost like listening to good music just to see it. Above all, I remember a row of geraniums on the window-sill, all crimson with blossoms. What with snow and hail sputtering on the outside ledge, and greenness and flower-flame shining inside, it was a sight that spoke to me like a voice, although I didn't understand one syllable. I seemed to be meeting the room and Mrs. Havener for the first time, yet you may be sure that deep in my heart was the recollection that I'd behaved like a savage,

and could hardly expect civilized treatment in return. However, it didn't take the dear old lady and me long to come to an understanding. She showed me her closet, and, excepting half a pound of corn-starch, it was entirely empty. Fortunately I had a little sugar, so these were put together, and gruel made for George and the children. While Mrs. Havener was preparing this—I gave right up the moment she entered our room—she told us something of her history. She had worked for Mr. Smith's father, and for Gideon himself until she lost three fingers in the machinery. After this occurred, and being pretty well advanced in years, she was given that room, and her church supported her.

"If that's the case," said George, "how is it that you've nothing to eat to-day?"

She laughed. She was the cheeriest woman I ever met in all my days, and the most charitable.

"Well," she answered, "such a thing seldom happens; but, you see, each one thinks somebody else has provided for me, so my store runs out occasionally. I had a nice breakfast, but there was nothing left. I've asked, though, and don't expect to go to bed hungry."

Soon after she went back to her room, I heard voices; it was evident she had company. When these were gone others came.

Returning to us half an hour later, her motherly face shone radiant over a basket of provision.

"I told you I didn't expect to go to bed hungry," she said. "Nor do I intend you shall. See here."

"My dear lady," exclaimed George, "these things are not for us! We won't dare rob you."

Mrs. Havener laughed, and made us laugh, too, telling a story about a country youth offering to divide an orange among a lot of girls. They objected, on the plea of not wishing to rob him, and he assured them he had more in his pocket.

"I've plenty for myself," she said, in conclusion; "just go into my room, Mrs. Arnsthall, and see how much there is there."

"Yes, but if you share with us, your closet will be left empty again."

"No," she answered, "I'm going to ask for myself and you, too, after this."

It was a long while before I found out exactly what this asking meant. We were in such distress, I didn't dare think. People came to see us, brought us things, prayed with us, set up with George—for he got worse and worse—helped lay away our little Louie, who died in my arms, and did by us as though we'd been their own kith and kin; yet I never put one question. This last sore trial not only completely humbled me, it struck me almost dumb. One of my greatest comforts at this time was a geranium in full flower Mrs. Havener brought and set in my window-sill. I never tired of looking at it, and at its blossom torches reflected in the panes. It proved something like the scarlet thread Rahab bound in the window, and that was to save her own life and the lives of her household. That steady blaze of color did more toward keeping me calm at that time than anything else,

and, I am quite sure, saved me from going entirely out of my mind.

"O Mrs. Havener!" I exclaimed one day, after George had got about, "my husband may never be strong again. He may not be able to take this situation your kindness has secured. What can I do?"

"Ask," she replied.

There was that little word for the hundredth time in six weeks—ask. I questioned her about it then, and the dear, sweet lady taught me a lesson precious in all ages. It was the lesson of the Cross, the sacrifice and a risen Redeemer, mighty to save.

"Give yourself to Him," she said; "and, come what may, all will be well. You will then be privileged to ask for whatever you want, feeling sure your need will be supplied. Bear in mind, however, that God's promises are not for you unless you comply with His conditions. Enter into the everlasting covenant, my child, then all things are yours."

Well, neighbor, George got strong and well, and he and I entered into the covenant; we joined the church. The floods may drive us thither and yon, but they can't prevail against us, we are in the ark of safety. With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm.

You have a splendid lot of plants. I never see bunches like these pressed against the panes on a winter's day, but I say to myself:

"There's a light in the window for thee."

We see such crimsons in the east at sunrise, and in west at sunset, they say, too, that's the color of the first stone in the walls of the Holy City.

I'm so devoted to red geraniums, I have them all the year round. It seems to me I can't get along without them.

MADGE CARROL.

**BRAIN-WORK AND BRAIN-WORRY.**—Brain-work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain-worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement, and its application to what we see around us, are evident enough; yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed. Intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our highest courts, or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixed with excitement and followed with regularity, is seen to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental cares, attended with suppressed emotions, and occupations which from their nature are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest.

**OUTSIDE HELP.**—We should gladly welcome all assistance, eagerly grasp it and earnestly strive to profit by it, only remembering that it can never supplant, but only supplement and invigorate, our own exertions. Just as the warm sun-rays and refreshing rain-drops descend to bless the plant that is charged with vitality, but fall powerless on one without root or sap, so outside help is invaluable to the energetic living worker, but impotent to one who lacks brains or energy, or the will to exert either.

## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

## CHAPTER I.

THE scene is before me now, with all the distinctness of an event not ten days old; and yet more than forty years have passed since its occurrence. It was my first day at school, and my first contact with the real life that lay outside of the pleasant home in which it had been my happy lot to be born—a home so full of mutual kindness and loving ministration, that each of its members seemed to find more delight in service than in being served.

The morning recess had come, and we were out on the playground. I was a stranger to most of the boys, and felt shy and ill at ease. It was a miniature world into which I had been cast, and representative of the larger grown-up world on whose busy stage I was in due time to become an actor. All shades of character were there, and as clearly differentiated as they are to be found anywhere in our common social and business life. I can remember the shocked surprise which I experienced in this my first encounter with vulgarity, rudeness and selfishness. I was a new boy, and as there were types of the ruffian as well as the gentleman among the scholars on the playground, I did not escape insult or aggression. One coarse fellow made game of me; another, older and taller than I was, smote his heavy hand on my head and drove my hat down over my eyes; while another, coming up behind me, held one of his fingers to the side of my face and called my name. Turning my head quickly, I struck my nose against his finger with an impulse so hard as to occasion much pain, the nail cutting through the skin. A loud laugh at my expense ran over the playground.

It was the first time in my life that I had felt angry enough to strike, and only by a strong effort did I keep from dashing my fist into the boy's face. He saw the flash in my eyes, and moved off quickly. Indignation at any wrong to myself was a new experience, and for a few moments it was so hot that I could scarcely keep it under control. It did not die out and leave me as it had found me; a sense of injury and a desire for retaliation remained. It would not have been well for that boy if he had ventured upon any further annoyance.

A diversion now took place, relieving me from my tormentors. A boy named Donald Payne, older than I was by three years, had all at once become a centre of attraction. As I turned my eyes toward him, I saw the meaning of this diversion. He had taken from his pocket a long mintstick, and stood coolly eating it, while a group of lads were gathered close about him, gazing at the candy with longing eyes.

"Give me some!" "And me!" "And me!" cried one and another, eagerly.

But Donald, moved by no entreaty, and touched by no generous feeling, went on snapping off bit after bit of the sweet confection, and crunching it between

his teeth with an enjoyment that found increase in the evident disappointment of his companions. Not the smallest portion did any of them get, though importunity went on until the last morsel vanished through his lips. Then the cry of "Mean!" "Mean!" "Greedy!" "Selfish!" broke from one and another. But no blush of conscious shame rose to the boy's face. There he stood, cool and quiet, a sense of pleasure expressing itself in every lineament. After the candy was all gone, he drew from one of his pockets a large red apple, and biting off a mouthful, began eating slowly, and with great apparent relish. Again the boys closed about him, begging with clamorous importunity for a share of the juicy fruit; but piece after piece went down his throat until only a thin core was left; and this he gave away with the air of one conferring a special favor. There was a boy in the group mean enough to accept and devour this core with the greediness of a pig. I could never bear the sight of him afterwards.

This was the scene to which I have referred. It was something so new to me, and so opposed to all the generous impulses of my nature, that I was shocked and disgusted beyond the power of words to express. The face of Donald Payne stood then to my boyish ideal as the type of all meanness and selfishness; and as I saw it then I have seen it always, and see it now.

I went home from school on that day a wiser but not a happier boy. I was never as happy afterwards as before that time. A new world had opened before me, and I was already feeling the jar and friction of its restless, aggressive life. All my better instincts had been rudely shocked, my sense of personal freedom and sacredness outraged, my childish faith in human nature impaired.

Two characters, new and strange to my limited experience, stood out from all the rest; one the representative of selfish greed, and the other of mean and cringing dependence. Toward Donald Payne I had a feeling of indignation; but toward the boy who had accepted the core of his apple a feeling of contempt. This boy's name was Dan Stoker. His father was a poor, shiftless sort of a man, by trade a carpenter, too lazy to work steadily, day by day, as a journeyman, and so get regular wages; preferring to job about among the people in our neighborhood, and pick up what he could; taking his pay in money, or in provisions for his family, just as it might happen. He would accept anything you chose to give, from an old, cast-off hat or garment to a loaf of stale bread or a remnant of boiled potatoes. He possessed neither pride nor shame, nor the smallest sense of independence. And his son Dan was like him—a chip of the old block.

Donald Payne's father was a miller. He owned considerable property, lived in a handsome house, and was a rich man in comparison with most of his neighbors. As to the man himself, he was coarse-grained both physically and mentally, had considerable force of character, with some shrewdness, and was a full believer in the doctrine that men were

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sent into the world to take care of themselves. He had started in life poor, but soon contrived to advance himself—never being overscrupulous as to the means, and never playing the Good Samaritan to any sick or wounded traveler that happened to fall in his way.

My father, David Lovel, was the owner of a farm lying a short distance from the village of Oakland. He and Andrew Payne, the miller, had been playmates and schoolmates in early boyhood, but gradually drew apart from each other as character developed and the ruling life-quality of each began to assert itself in action. My father had too much of human kindness and generous regard for the neighbor in his composition to find pleasure or profit in any intimate association with a man like Andrew Payne. Mutually they fell away from each other as the years went by, until not even the pleasant memories of boyhood were strong enough to draw them together. My father held the man Payne in aversion for his meanness and selfishness, which had in them neither scruple nor pity; while Payne had come almost to hate my father, because in more than one instance his regard for justice and humanity had brought him between the hard aggressor and some weak unfortunate on whom he was trying to set his iron heel.

My father, when he was twenty-one years of age, came into possession of a farm of three hundred acres of good land. He was an only child, and received the fine old homestead by inheritance. He had been well educated, and was superior in taste and culture to most of his neighbors, but lacked the energy and concentration that give business success. His father had started in the world without a dollar of patrimony, and by patient toil and close economy succeeded in accumulating a handsome property, which set his son just so far in advance of the point from which he had himself started. If the son, holding this great advantage, had inherited also the father's tough will, strong purpose and practical knowledge of affairs, with some love of gain, he would have gone on accumulating. But he had come up through more easeful ways than his father—ways in which self-reliance and thrift are but rarely developed. At twenty-one, when the death of that father gave him possession of all the property which had been slowly and patiently gathered through long years, he had no trade or calling, nor any practical knowledge of business; only some acquaintance with farming, to the prosecution of which his tastes and habits inclined him rather than to any other pursuit. Marrying soon afterwards, he gave himself as earnestly as he knew to the cultivation of his land.

Andrew Payne, after leaving school, was apprenticed to a miller. Physically well-knit and strong, at eighteen years of age he could do as much work as a man. The mill did grist as well as merchant work, there being three run of stones, one used chiefly for grist-grinding and the other two in the manufacture of flour for market. At the time of my grandfather's death, his sale of wheat to the owner of this mill was from twelve to fifteen hundred bushels

yearly. He rarely had less than a hundred acres in grain. Andrew was intelligent and ready at figures. The mill-owner, who was not an educated man, found in him a good assistant in account-keeping, as well as in tending the mill, packing flour and handling bags and barrels. The young man, who was a natural reader of character, and quick at perceiving any advantage, soon saw his master's weak points, and the way to ingratiate himself into his confidence and favor. With a shrewdness and cool calculation, born of his dominant selfishness, he managed to gain a larger and larger influence over the mill-owner, until almost the entire control of the business came into his hands. At twenty-five he was a partner, holding a valuable interest in the mill. At thirty he bought out the whole establishment, thus becoming sole proprietor. Just how he had managed to do this was a problem over which many puzzled themselves; and the one who puzzled himself most in trying to get at a clear solution, was the original owner himself. Of one fact there could be no question, the latter, after paying his debts out of the money received for the remnant of his interest in the mill, had only a few thousand dollars left, while Andrew had the mill property clear, and sufficient money in hand to prosecute the business.

How it was with my father at this time may be inferred from the fact that his sale of wheat to the mill in the year Andrew Payne became full owner was but six hundred bushels, while the number of his acres had fallen from three to two hundred.

The original owner of the mill grew poorer and poorer after he was crowded out by Payne—for that was the real truth in the case—lost heart and fell into intemperate habits. He was very bitter toward Payne, openly charging him, when under the influence of liquor, with fraud and robbery. Most people held that there was a great deal of truth in his allegations; but Payne had covered his tracks so well that nothing was ever proven against him.

My father was a gentle, sweet-tempered man, with an element of firmness and decision in his character that only manifested itself on rare occasions. He was fond of books and loved his home; was very tender and indulgent toward his children, and often joined their sports, romping with them in all the abandon of a light-hearted boy. He was a just man in his dealings, and highly esteemed by his neighbors, who often sought his counsel, especially in cases of personal disagreements, which he had great skill in healing. My mother was different from my father in many respects, and had a more careful spirit in regard to the affairs of this world, looking forward with a prudence and calculation unusual with him. He had great confidence in her judgment, and left many things to her discretion, which were managed far better than they would have been had they remained under his control. It was through my mother's foresight, care, prudence and skill in affairs, that the steady waste of patrimony, which began with my father's accession to his estate, progressed so slowly, and with little or no abridgment

of comfort in the family, which gradually increased, and filled with child-music the pleasant chambers of the old homestead.

My mother did not possess the cheerfulness and happy flow of spirits peculiar to my father. There was always a look of care in her soft, blue eyes—always a shadow of something unseen resting on her quiet countenance. But her temper was as sweet as that of my father. She was not indulgent but wiser in her home-government. Her word was a law which, whether from love or fear, we rarely thought of disobeying, but our love was always a stronger element than our fear; and her sorrow at any act of disobedience more potent in its influence over us than her anger. The sphere of her child-life had been very different from that of my father's. In his home there had never been that haunting spirit of care for the future which lies like a nightmare on so many households; while in hers it had been a perpetual presence. She could not remember the time when pinching economy and anxious care for the morrow had not dimmed the sunshine in her father's house. Self-denial for the sake of others had been one of her earliest life-lessons. As she advanced toward womanhood, and the needs of younger children drew more heavily on the family resources, self-dependence became imperative, and my mother was literally crowded out, and obliged not only to earn her own living, but to help those who were left behind. Not until my father drew her into a home that was crowned with plenty, had she ever been wholly free from the pressure of concern for the future which was often burdened with anxiety. We never got wholly free from the states of feeling which are wrought into the texture of our minds during early life; and my mother was no exception. She was the care-taker in our family; the one who bore always a weight of concern; the one who saw the slow wasting of her husband's fine estate, as the family increased, and the cost of living kept steadily, for all she could do, a little in advance of the income. It did not relieve her mind to be assured, as she saw the number of acres growing less, that what remained was so appreciated in value as to be worth more than the whole farm a year or two back. My father's arithmetic was of a more cheerful character than hers, and gave results that she did not find.

But my wise, and prudent, and self-denying mother held the waste to so slow a movement that it did not touch the comfort of her family. She made the most of every thing, not by a pinching economy that hurt, but by the careful utilization of every article of food and clothing, so that little or nothing was lost. That household looseness and extravagance so general in this country among well-to-do people, and even among those in very moderate circumstances, and which eats out the substance of so many, was never known with us.

At the time of my introduction to the reader, I was ten years of age. I had three sisters, all older than myself. Edith, my oldest sister, was like my father, of a bright and cheery temper, living nearly

always in an atmosphere of sunshine. She was sixteen years of age. Fanny, two years younger, was like our mother. Rachel, just entering her twelfth year, was gay, light-hearted and impulsive; a little quick in her temper, and impatient under opposition or restraint. If there came an occasional ripple on the surface of our home-life, or a gusty break in its quiet atmosphere, the fault lay usually at her door; still she was so sweetly repentant for hasty words, and so loving in all her ways, that none held her long to blame.

But with all her seeming lightness of character, and her gusty breaks of temper, Rachel was true as steel, and wise beyond her years.

Our farm was nearly two miles from Oakland, and as there were only one or two families in the village with whom we were on terms of intimacy, we did not often go there. Thus it happened that, on entering school, I was a stranger to most of the boys and girls into whose democratic society I was thrown.

## CHAPTER II.

I WENT home, as I have said, after that first day's school experience, a wiser but not a happier boy. My nature had been stirred to a lower depth than ever before, and elements of character, hidden until now, made manifest. I was not old enough to reason; but feeling and perception were very strong and acute. I did not like the new associations into which I had come. They hurt me at every point of contact, and the hurt remained, going deeper and deeper. This new world into which I had been introduced was so different from the old world wherein I had dwelt; so different that I had not conceived its existence possible. I had read in story books of naughty, and selfish, and cruel boys; but, somehow, they were away off in a distant region, and never associated, in my childish fancy, with the real boys and girls among whom my life was to be cast.

I had awakened as from a pleasant dream to hard and real things; and the awakening was attended by a new revelation of myself to myself. Until now, I had come only into the inheritance of my father's gentle and loving spirit. The sterner and stronger elements of character, both in my father and mother—love of justice and hate of wrong—had been latent with me. But now they leaped suddenly into a vigorous life, and stirred my soul in every fibre with a sense of indignation and antagonism.

My mother stood waiting for me at the garden-gate as I came home that afternoon, and I saw in her eyes a questioning, half-anxious look as I drew near enough to read her countenance. At sight of her all my feelings softened, and the weaker and gentler things in me prevailed over the sterner. I burst into tears, and threw myself sobbing into her arms. She smoothed my hair with her soft hand, and kissed me in her loving way.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Davy?" she said, with a repressed concern in her voice.

It was sometime before I could answer her, and



not until she had twice repeated the question. Then I told her all the day's experience, and how I had felt about it, concealing nothing in regard to the state of mind into which I had come. She had drawn her arm about me, and we were now in a little summer-house covered with vines, and all alone. She still clasped me with her arm very tightly. I know now what was in her thoughts, and why she remained so long silent, holding me very closely to her side. How was she to meet this new experience into which I had come, and so direct me that I might not go astray? There was danger on my right hand and on my left—danger of becoming a weak coward or a fierce antagonist, losing in personal hate a sense of justice and scorn of wrong.

"Tell me all about it again, Davy," she said in a low, serious voice, as we sat together in the summer-house.

I felt her sympathetic tenderness, and looked up gratefully into her eyes. She seemed very calm. There was no quiver of anger on her lips, and no flush of indignation on her cheeks.

I went over the whole story again, she listening to it all without a word of comment or interruption. Then she laid her cheek down upon my head, not speaking for several minutes.

"My son must be true and brave," she said at length, lifting her head, and speaking slowly and with impressive earnestness. "He must be just and kind, never doing wrong, and always defending the right."

I felt a thrill pass through me as she uttered this sentence. Its fuller meanings came to me more in the tones of her voice than in the simple import of the words she had spoken.

"You know what a coward is, Davy?" she asked, after a little pause.

"Yes," I answered. "A coward is one who is afraid."

"I don't want my little boy to be afraid of anything but doing wrong," she answered; "for nothing else can really hurt him."

I was puzzled at this, and she saw it in my face. A nut was lying upon the ground. My mother took it in her hand, and holding it toward me, said: "Why has this nut such a hard and strong shell? It is to protect and preserve the unseen kernel, which is the real nut. You may scar and batter the shell, but cannot really hurt the nut, unless you crack its outer covering. Now think of your soul as the nut in the shell, and of your body as the hard, tough, outer covering."

She paused for a little while to give me time to think, then resumed: "Hurt to the soul comes in a different way from hurt to the body. A blow or a wound cannot reach the soul nor do it any real harm, unless the blow or wound cause us to have wicked thoughts and bad feelings. Now, in defending the right, we may often be sorely hurt in our bodies, and even wounded in our feelings; but so long as we are true to the right, and just and merciful to others, our souls, which are our real selves, will remain unin-

jured like the sweet kernel in its shell. Not to defend the right, when we are strong enough to do so, through fear of hurt to our bodies, is to suffer an injury to our souls. It is cowardice which enfeebles the soul, and leaves it a prey to a host of enemies."

"Was it right," I asked, catching swiftly at her meaning, "for a boy to knock my hat over my eyes, or for another to play a mean trick on me, and cut my nose with his finger-nail?"

"Boys do a great many annoying things to each other in mere sport, and not from ill-nature. You will often have your patience sorely tried from this cause. If you get angry and retaliate, you will be hurt—hurt in your soul, I mean. Where a boy does not show ill-will, or a mean spirit of aggression, you must bear with him, even if his tricks and little practical jokes are unpleasant. In going through life, whether as children or men and women, we need to have great patience with the faults and follies of the people into whose society we are thrown. It is another thing when they assail our rights, or the rights of those we are bound to protect. Then courage and resistance must take the place of forbearance. The aggressors must be held back with all our strength. We must not be weak cowards, but stand up bravely, and do battle for the right. Don't you see the difference, my son?"

"Yes, mother," I answered, "I can see it. And I am not going to be a coward."

I felt my blood grow hot, and a new life thrill along my nerves. My mother saw the flash in my eyes and the straightening up of my form as I uttered the last sentence. I know she felt proud of the spirit of her boy.

How much I had lived and learned in that single day of school-boy experience. But for my wise and loving mother, I would have been sadly hurt by this first hard contact with life. A false idea as to the way I should bear myself toward these boys, might have made me a sharp and angry combatant whenever touched by trespass, or left me half a craven; for I had two elements of character that needed careful treatment, lest one should receive a higher stimulus than the other, and gain the mastery over me. The weaker side of my character left me in danger of becoming a coward; while my individuality, and sensitive regard for personal rights, with an underlying quickness of temper, were strong enough to make me, when under provocation, forget all consequences in a suddenly aroused indignation. This feeling had stirred in me so strongly while passing through my first ordeal on the playground, that I was almost frightened afterwards when I remembered how near I was to getting into a brawl with one of the lads on my first day at school—the bare thought thereof causing my cheeks to burn with shame.

I had entered two new worlds—an outer and an inner world. The change in my external relations had been attended, as such changes nearly always are, with a change in my states of thought and feeling; and my new states of thought and feeling were almost as much a surprise to me as my new surround-

ings. Up to this period, I had been a happy and unreflecting boy, simply enjoying the life that flowed in upon and around me, as life flows into a well-tilled and sheltered garden. No sun had scorched me; no frost-laden wind had chilled me; no drought had wasted the rich soil in which I grew. But the Heavenly Gardener, whose providence is over us all for good, set me for a little while out of my sunny border, that I might become used to a different and more rugged soil, and to a colder and more vigorous atmosphere. It was not meant that I should always remain a tender plant, living where all things were fragrant and beautiful. My roots must strike into deeper and firmer earth, my trunk grow larger and stronger, and my branches lift and spread themselves abroad in the upper air. So it was ordered that I should be taken for a little while each day from the home-garden to outer fields and colder and more rugged places, that I might become harder and tougher for a new life in the years to come.

Prior to that first day at school, memory has no record that is very clear. Over all that precedes lies a dim, golden haze; and as I look back on the land of childhood it more than half conceals, I have an old, sweet sense of rest, and peace, and safety. Ah, that I should have lost this feeling when my new life began, and lost it for so many, many, many years!

From my mother I passed to my sisters. They saw us as we came from the summer-house, and crowded about me, full of eager questions.

"All right!" said my mother, cheerily. "Davy's going to make a scholar and a man. He's passed the lions, and is not at all hurt, you see."

I tried to look brave and assured; but my soft young heart was trembling in my throat, and the tears I could not hold back were pressing into my eyes. Edith, my oldest sister, saw instantly how it was. I had been hurt, and could not conceal the pain which I still suffered. She put her arms about me in her impulsive way, and a single tender word caused my tears to gush and my sobs to break as I laid my head against her bosom.

"Poor Davy!" she said, in pitying tones, stroking my hair and kissing my wet cheeks. "Poor Davy!" she repeated. "It's hard, I know. And the boys are a dreadful set. What did they do to you? And was the master cross?"

"Edith!" My mother spoke with a rebuke in her voice. "You must not talk so to Davy. He's our little man, and is going to grow up and be large, and strong, and good, like his father."

"Of course he is," broke in Fanny, in her clear, steady tones, so like my mother's. And,

"Of course he is," dropped from the lips of Rachel, my loving but impulsive little playmate, two years older, and more than two years wiser, than her brother.

Then she drew me out of Edith's arms, saying: "Come! I want to know all about it." And glad to get away and hide the unmanly tears that were still on my cheeks, I broke from my elder sisters and ran back with Rachel to the summer-house, where we

had a long talk together, I relating the trials and experiences of the day, and she counseling me with a child-wisdom far beyond her years. My account of the manner in which I had been treated on the playground, made her eyes flash, and drew her lips to an angry curve. That I, her tenderly-loved and cared-for brother, should be so set upon and outraged, filled her with pain and indignation; but when, fired anew by the passion which I saw in her face, I clenched my fists and set my teeth, vowing that I would knock down the first boy who touched or insulted me, if he were as big as a giant, she laid her hand on me and said quickly: "No, no, Davy! You mustn't fight. That would be dreadful!"

"I don't want to fight, sister—and I won't, if I can help it; but I'm not going to be a mean coward. Do you want me to be a coward?"

I saw the flash come again into her eyes.

"I'd rather you'd be anything else than a coward," she answered, with a ring in her voice.

"Don't brave men have to fight sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Is it wrong to fight?"

"Not always. For doesn't the hymn say,

'Sure I must fight if I would reign?'

And didn't the minister say last Sunday that life was a warfare, or something like it? He talked about our having to fight, and that we must be good soldiers, and never turn our backs upon the enemy. I asked mother about it after we came home from church, and she said that he meant the enemies of our souls—the evil things that come into our minds and try to make us do wrong. We must fight against them and destroy them, just as the old Israelites fought against and destroyed the Canaanites; for, she said, the enemies of our souls are Canaanites, trying to keep us out of our Promised Land—the land of goodness."

"If it isn't wrong to fight the enemies of our souls, it can't be wrong to fight the enemies of our bodies," said I, a stronger sense of courage, and a more determined feeling of resistance, taking hold of me; "and I'm not going to stand things as I did to-day. I won't trouble any of the boys, but they've got to let me alone."

"It's a dreadful thing to fight, Davy," replied my sister, her face becoming a little pale. "I can't bear to think of it."

"Oh, I don't want to fight, and I'm not going to if I can help it. But you wouldn't have me stand like a coward, and let the boys kick and cuff me about, would you?"

"No," she answered, with a little throb of indignation in her voice, and a quick play of her sensitive features, "that would be worse than fighting. Oh, dear!" she added, with a sigh, "why are boys so dreadful bad?"

"They're not all bad; only a few of them, but then they set others on, and make them worse than they'd be if let alone. There are some nice boys at the school, and two or three who were ever so kind to

me; and one of them told an ugly fellow that if he didn't let me alone he'd give him a good thrashing. And he'd have done it; I saw that."

"And then the other boy let you alone?"

"Yes."

"Which was the biggest boy?"

"Oh, the fellow that kept pulling and shoving me about."

"And he was afraid of the smaller boy? Why was that?"

The true answer came to me. I saw just how it was.

"Because the small boy was a brave boy, and the large one a coward."

"That was it; and I guess you'll always find, Davy, that brave boys are generally kind and peaceable; and bullies and braggarts a set of mean cowards, who are cruel to the weak, but afraid of the strong."

This idea, new at the time, took hold of me, lodging itself in my thoughts. I saw that it must be true; and it gave me a strength and confidence which I had not felt before. I remembered how the boy who had played off a little trick on me, and cut my nose with his finger nail, got out of my way when he saw the angry fire in my face. He was larger and stronger; but afraid in the presence of my anger. I felt myself rising above him with the consciousness of a master. Henceforward he must let me alone.

"But you won't fight if you can help it, Davy?" pleaded my sister, as she fell back into a weaker state.

"No, not if I can help it, Rachel. But I won't be a coward, if I die!"

I felt at that moment, under an influx of feeling, stronger than usual, as brave as a lion.

"I don't want you to be a coward, and I don't want you to be a fighter, Davy. Oh, I wish boys weren't so bad! Why can't they let one and another alone?"

"They won't, and so there's no help for it," I returned with the feeling of a philosopher. How fast I was beginning to grow. What new ideas and impressions were being received. How large the world around me had become in a single day.

My father's advice was given in a very few words; but they had no uncertain meaning.

"Never do wrong to another, my son; and never suffer a wrong without trying to defend yourself. Don't be afraid of a little hurt. The pain of a blow soon passes off, and is nothing in comparison with the pain of that humiliation which is sure to follow a cowardly shrinking from duty. And it is our duty to resist evil, let it come in what shape it may. Stand up for all rights; for the rights of others as well as for your own. Be kind and generous; and as ready to help and defend the weak as to help and defend yourself."

I turned to my mother as my father ceased speaking. She was looking at him intently, and with an expression of loving admiration on her face. She was very proud of my father, and always referred to

him in terms of praise; saying, sometimes, that he was the best man in the world. She never opposed him in a direct manner, though her judgment was usually better than his in the common affairs of life. But love gave her tact, and she was able to lead him often into safer ways than, if left to himself, he would have chosen. Direct opposition would have destroyed much of her influence over him; for below his placid exterior lay an element of firmness and self-assertion which, when it became active, made him sometimes as immovable as a rock.

That look from my mother, so full of approval, gave to my father's admonition a double force. All was very clear to me now. True and brave; kind and generous; these were the ideals of character set before me. How beautiful they seemed in my eyes on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. How my heart swelled with an unselfish heroism. How strong I was; how manly; how courageous.

I was a young knight, preparing for the field. Loving hands were casing me in armor, and buckling on sword and shield. Loving lips were speaking brave words, and loving hearts trusting me with the honor of a house that bore an untainted name. Was I not better prepared for my coming conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, than if I had been sent forth without sword or mail? I had weapons now, of finest steel, and the skill to use them and I had shield and armor. If this had not been so, I should have been worsted in many conflicts from which I came off victorious. I should have been marred and crippled, and all my life blurred by imperfections. I might have been, too often, a terror and a curse, instead of a brave defender.

With what a new feeling did I start for school on the next day. I had a sense of largeness and strength never experienced before. In my mother's eyes, as I kissed her at parting, I saw loving confidence. She did not say in words—"Be brave and true, and kind, my son;" but in her face she said it with a stronger emphasis than could have been given in oral language.

As I neared the school-house, and remembered the ordeal through which I had passed on the day before, and thought of the new ordeal that awaited me, my heart began to tremble. I was small and weak compared with some of the boys; and especially with those who had annoyed me most. To play the coward, however, was now impossible, for all the brave spirit, which had been aroused in me was alive, and I was prepared for suffering and endurance; but not for shrinking and craven fear.

Donald Payne was two or three years my senior, and much stouter and stronger. Besides being selfish and greedy, he was something of a bully. What I had seen of him on the day before left a strong impression on my mind, and I felt for him both dislike and disgust. It so happened that I reached school ten minutes before the opening hour. A number of lads were on the playground, and among them was Donald Payne. He saw me while I was still at a short distance, and greeted me in a loud, sneering

voice, calling me at the same time by a coarse nickname. I felt the angry blood rise suddenly to my face; and in that instant all fear of the boy died out. But I tried to control myself. I must be patient and forbearing. This was one of the lessons I had received both from my mother and Rachel. "Be slow to anger, Davy; be very patient and forbearing, but full of courage and endurance. Never strike but in self-defense, and then strike quick and hard." My mother's breath was hot on my cheek as she said this, and I felt its inspiration as I walked into the playground under a fire of insolent words. My sister Rachel had crowded into one of my pockets a large apple. Donald saw it, and as I passed him on my way to the school-house door, he snatched it out and bit a large mouthful from its ruddy side. A tiger could hardly have leaped more quickly on its prey than I did upon the boy, wrenching the apple from his hand, and dashing him from me with a strength that sent him staggering off for a dozen paces. Then he fell forward, striking his face upon the ground.

It was the work of an instant. Donald sprang to his feet, his face almost black with passion, and swearing an oath—the first I had ever heard from the lips of a boy—came toward me with clenched fists. I stood firm, with my eyes upon him, and every muscle as strong for the conflict as my heart was brave to meet it. I was equal to the occasion, thanks to my wise home-counselors! But the shock of battle, for which I was ready, did not come.

"Donald!" cried a quick, stern voice.

I turned at the sound, and saw our teacher standing in the school-house door. At sight of him, Donald shrunk back, looking frightened and ashamed; but I stood still, nerving myself to meet whatever consequences might come. The teacher regarded me steadily for a few moments, and then went back into the school-room. I could not interpret the meaning of what I saw in his face. I thought its sternness had softened a little, but I was not sure. A low growl and a muttered threat from Donald came to my ears as the teacher's form vanished from the door, but I did not turn to look at him. A fear, greater than any fear that he could inspire, lay before me now—a fear of being misunderstood and misjudged by the teacher; of being regarded by him as ill-natured and quarrelsome, and of receiving unjust punishment, the outward suffering of which would be slight in comparison with the inward pain and humiliation.

Nothing was said to me during the morning session, but more than once, on looking toward the teacher, I saw his eyes resting on me with an expression I did not understand. I could not detect any anger in his voice when he addressed me, as he did several times while I was reciting my lessons, which were not so well said as they should have been; not for lack of preparation, but in consequence of the disturbed state of mind into which I had been thrown by the incident just described. Two or three times during the morning I noticed that he spoke sharply to Donald Payne; and I also noticed that he called

him up to his desk a little while before the session closed at noon, and said something that caused Donald to throw a quick glance toward me.

I did not go out when the school was dismissed. Most of the scholars lived close by in the village, and went home at noon. A few like myself came from a distance, and brought their dinner-baskets. These were in a closet. I had taken out my basket, and was opening it in a corner of the room quite distant from where two or three of the scholars were already engaged in eating, when the teacher came and sat down by me, saying, as he did so, in a grave voice that seemed to me a little troubled: "I saw all that happened this morning, David, and I feel sorry about it. It isn't well to be too quick in our resentments. Donald acted very wrong in taking your apple; but—"

He did not finish what he intended saying. Some question of its influence upon me must have come into his mind. I lifted my eyes to his face, and looked at him steadily. I don't know what he saw in them—no craven spirit, I am sure. He dropped his own to the floor, and remained silent for some moments.

"We must not be too quick in our resentments, David," said the teacher, repeating the thought he had uttered a little while before. "There may be better and easier ways of getting through the world than by fighting through it. Your father will tell you that."

"My father says," I replied, "that I must never do wrong to another, and never let another do me a wrong without trying to defend myself." I spoke with some timidity of manner, and in a respectful tone, as to one who stood above me.

I noticed a change in his countenance. There was a look of approval which he could not hide—a look that softened until it became almost compassionate. He regarded me for awhile as one who takes the measure of another and calculates his strength. I was small and slender, and looked three or four years younger than the lad whose assault upon my rights I had so bravely resisted.

"And you are going to follow your father's advice?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," I answered. There was a clearer ring in my voice than I had meant to give it.

"But what does your mother say?" inquired my teacher.

"She says that I must not be afraid of anything but doing wrong."

"Then you've talked it all over at home," he said, manifesting a new interest.

"Yes, sir."

"And what do your sisters say?"

"They don't want me to be a coward, and they don't want me to be a fighter."

He was silent for awhile.

"David, your father and mother have given you good advice. But did they tell you that if you always endeavored to stand firmly by the right, and always tried to defend yourself, you would sometimes be hurt and have to suffer pain?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are not afraid?"

"I will not be a coward, if I die!" came with a sudden impulse from my lips.

My teacher laid his hand on my head, and held it there for a few moments. Then, without speaking another word, he turned from me and left the school-room. For many minutes after he had gone out, I sat with my dinner-basket open before me, not thinking of the food it contained, nor tasting it. His approving words sank deeply into my heart, and gave me new strength and courage; not the courage that wantonly assails, but the courage that is ready to suffer if needs be in defense of the right.

I was not entirely satisfied with myself on account of the way in which I had resisted Donald Payne. My passion had burned out too fiercely. I had not been content with recovering my apple. In my anger, I had thrown him violently to the ground. This left a troubled weight on my feelings, which I could not shake off. As for the apple, which had wrought this discord, I gave it away. To have eaten it would have been next to impossible. The teeth of Donald Payne had crushed in one of its beautiful cheeks and taken out all the sweetness.

Half an hour before the afternoon session of the school commenced, the boys began to assemble on the playground. I had been out of doors, after eating my dinner, for more than an hour, when I saw Donald coming down the village street. He was walking rapidly. As he came near the school-house, he saw me on the playground. My heart gave a quick bound, and then beat heavily. I felt a choking sensation. The reaction which had followed the morning's excitement and severe strain on my nerves, left me in no condition for a new trial of strength with this young ruffian. I would have gone quietly back into the school-room, and so kept out of harm's way, could I have done so without attracting notice. But I was too proud to give a sign of weakness like this. And, besides, I was wise enough to know that if I exhibited the slightest fear, all the advantage I had gained over him would be lost.

The irritating annoyances of the day before had not been repeated by any of the ill-natured or thoughtless boys. The lesson given to Donald had worked a revolution in my favor. Those who had manly and honorable impulses, found something in me to respect, while the rest thought it safest to let me alone. They stopped their sports as they saw Donald enter the playground, and all eyes were turned in rapid alternations from him to me. I was standing by the fence, with one arm around a post, and not far from the gate. He saw me, and paused; then, after a moment of irresolution, came toward me with a threatening look and gesture. If he could have seen into my heart, he would have struck me, but I did not betray my shrinking fear. With closely-shut mouth and steady eyes, I confronted him. He stood for almost a minute, glaring at me fiercely.

"I'll beat the life out of you!" he cried. "See if I don't!" And he shook his fist in my face.

"No you'll not!" And a lad his equal in age and strength came up quickly. "Let Davy Lovel alone, and take a boy of your size, if you must have a fight. He's thrashed you once, and can do it again; but he's done enough in one day for a little fellow like him. If you want another thrashing, I'm your man. So square off!"

A shout of applause went up from the playground, and a dozen boys or more came crowding about us. But Donald had no wish to measure his strength with that of the brave-hearted boy who had so generously come to my succor.

I turned with an instinct of gratitude and gave my hand to the lad. He caught hold of it warmly, saying: "You're a brave little fellow, Davy, and I'm proud of you. Don't be afraid of Donald. You can whip him any day; but once a day is enough for a light chap like you. Don't be quarrelsome, Davy; and don't let the boys impose on you; and they'll not try it often when they know that you'll not stand their nonsense."

"Hurrah for Davy Lovel!" cried a dozen voices. The tide had turned. I was a hero. The maiden knight had won his first victory, and the shouts of applause that filled the air were sweet to his ears.

(To be continued.)

## ONE OF AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

Suggested by reading Chatty Brooks "Lessons and Lectures" in the December number of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

A PRETTY little maiden fair,  
With azure eyes and silken hair,  
And modest, winsome, graceful air.

That is (I think I'm understood),  
She had these graces—*when she would*;  
But—well, she was not *always* good.

She stormed, sometimes, like April skies,  
When, after sunshine, clouds arise,  
And, fitful, ope' their weeping eyes.

But not for long the genial sun  
Hides from the world like veiled nun,  
Wrapped up in cocoon saintly spun.

And not for long my lady fair,  
With azure eyes and silken hair,  
Hid her sweet graces rich and rare;

They beamed from a repentant sigh—  
From this frank word, "Ashamed am I!  
O auntie, to be good I'll try!"

What life is so exempt from sin  
That churlish thoughts will never spin  
Their cobwebs o'er the heart within?

And plain to me it doth appear  
That none but God can sweep them clear—  
Let's ask Him! He is always near.

Mrs. S. B. HARDY.

## WHY MISS DOLLIE CHANGED.

TWO years ago everybody remarked Miss Dollie wherever she went. Her dresses were so short and so scantily trimmed, her linen collars and cuffs were so severely plain, her abundant, glossy hair was brushed back as hard and smooth as glass, and she seemed verily to believe that she owed somebody an apology if she ever gave way to the momentary weakness of wearing a bright ribbon. She almost never went out, let the day be ever so sunny, without being armed with waterproof and umbrella. Old ladies gazed at her admiringly as "a sensible girl," and upheld her as a model; young ones broke out into exclamations of wonder over the items of her rigid costumes. Old gentlemen laughed at her, and asked her if she *really* thought it wicked to wear frizzes and jewelry; young ones set her down as a conceited prig.

But, after awhile, what a revolution! The members of her circle suddenly became aware that Miss Dollie had appeared with her hair puffed, and wearing a trained skirt. Soon it was rumored that she adorned herself with a locket and earrings. And at last she was seen with a soft lace *ruche* encircling her dainty throat, and a coquettish hat perched airily upon her fluffy waves. And almost immediately after this series of wonders, it was discovered that the young lady had natural charms hitherto quite overlooked—a pair of bright eyes, and exquisite pink-and-white complexion, and a slender, graceful figure.

Some of the old ladies sighed, and murmured: "Alas for youthful vanity!" But the wiser ones smiled and said: "'A sensible girl' is against nature. She couldn't escape any more than the others." The young ones cried: "How sweet she is! Why didn't we find it out before?"—that is, all except those who began to fear that the transformed Miss Dollie would encroach upon their territory. The old gentlemen said: "Dollie, we can trust you now; we were not sure of you before." The young ones wondered: "What ever possessed such a pretty girl to act so old-maidish?" Of course there were plenty of somebodies to say that she had been "converted the wrong way."

Suppose we interview Miss Dollie herself.

"Well," she says, "I always loved pretty things, but I thought it was simple to spend one's whole time, and thought, and means in dress. I wanted to be sensible, and to look so. But after a time I accidentally found out that if I crimped my hair I could easily arrange it in a few minutes, while if I wore it smooth I had to brush, and fuss, and worry to get it just so. And I discovered that if I wore my skirt untrimmed, the least little break would show and spoil the whole dress; while if I had flounces, I could fix up my clothes ever so many ways. So, really, if I dressed a little more like other people, I wouldn't have to think about my dress one-half so much as I actually did. And then I began to think, was I, in fact, so sensible as I thought myself? Wasn't I

making myself conspicuous? What good could I hope to accomplish in the world, what influence for better could I ever exert, if nobody could attend to my conversation for thinking of my appearance and remarking how peculiar I was? Did I not, by my Puritanic attire, carry with me an odious air of bristling virtue, a sort of holding myself up above my fellow-beings, an odor of I-am-holier-than-thou? My mind was made up. I would—not be vain—but shun vanity. There was far, far more of it in my old fashion than my new."

And so her friends think. They have found that a lovely and intelligent young woman was long buried away from them under a superincumbent mountain of prudery.

Miss Dollie now adopts any novelty simply and naturally, consulting only her own taste and means; whereas, before, she had to hesitate, and cogitate, and wonder whether it would be consistent in her to wear it, or whether she would be foolish if she did. And she has learned that one extreme in anything is likely to be as unwise as the other, and that reaction will most likely be the consequence of either. She believes also that, so far from its being the outcroppings of a carnal mind, it is just as natural for a healthy girl to love the beautiful as for the roses to bloom or the birds to sing.

MARGARET.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT most women need next after health and power of acquisition, and the confidence which springs from having acquired something, is a tolerable amount of administrative capacity. Housekeeping is administration on a small scale. It includes the faculty of getting the most for one's money and managing servants and children. If it were likely to be a man's vocation to the extent to which it is likely to be a woman's, he would undoubtedly be prepared for it by some sort of apprenticeship. He would have to learn in some subordinate capacity the proper mode of buying and preparing food, and of procuring and taking care of furniture and clothing, and of ruling servants. He would be trained to receive company by some experience of the art of entertaining, both in its material and its aesthetic aspect. No one would ever guess, however, from an inspection of an average school course, that a girl was to be the head of that most complex result of civilization, a modern household, with its thousand duties, responsibilities and relations. No one would ever suppose that the very end and aim of the nation's existence, the main use of its armies and navies, commerce, police, manufactures and inventions, was the multiplication of well-ordered parlors, with agreeable and efficient women in them—and yet this is strictly true. All our toiling, fighting, traveling and producing ends in this. When a man has set up a happy home, he feels, and the whole community agrees with him, that the best work of his life is done.



## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 6.

SOMETIMES I could cry out in very despair from the annoyance of the shiftless poor in our neighborhood. Not the unfortunate poor, nor the planning, managing, worthy poor; none of these who endeavor to help themselves, but the idle, aimless, thoughtless, vagabond poor. Not the tramps who infest our land and sneak up to our back doors and either cringe and whine, or put on bravado airs when they tell us they have not eaten a morsel for three days, the funny tricksters whose barricade of lies will crumble away under the influence of a laugh; not these, for they will go away with a lunch in their hands and we never see them again. We can get along very well with the tramps, and their name is legion, and the traveled route, the line of railroad from the great cities in the West to the cities in the East runs through our farm, and our house looks down upon them with a grinning welcome, but they come, and go, and are easily disposed of.

But these beggarly, little, open-mouthed children, with slits in their dresses, and limp cotton bonnets flapping over their faces, whose grimy hands never lave in water, and whose little heads are never brushed and made pretty; who will sit three or four in a row, gaping like young crows, for hours at a time; oh, you wise women needn't tell me you'd do so and so, and you'd elevate the mothers and encourage them, and teach them to work, and make them realize the importance and responsibility of bringing up a family for time and for eternity!

Hav'n't I tried to do it? If a woman who comes up to the age of forty has no desire to be taught better ways, aspires to nothing higher, is content to live in the dirt, and burrows in old log houses like a mole, she is incorrigible.

Monday morning I said: "To-day I will write; I hope nothing will hinder me," and went to the room and arranged my papers, and thought of my subject, and had just written the first sentence, commencing, "Augustus Le Moine and Felina Fitzgerald were lovers, and he was fat and she was slim, and he liked her and she liked him," when I heard the clatter of shuffling feet coming on the porch—across it—into the house, and they filed themselves in a row on the lounge like squabby young birds on a perch.

I let 'Gustus and Felina wait, and going out said: "Good-morning, children." There they sat, three little girls, ranging from the ages of eight to twelve years. They were pretty children, really sweet young ones, only for the hang-dog look and the drooping shoulders, and the sneaking eyes that turned away whenever they met another's eyes.

They sat, and sat, and sat. Finally I said, kindly, "Did you children want anything to-day?"

"Mother she wants to git a little flour; pap, he's gone to Uncle Joe's to see about gettin' a little wheat, an' he'll take the grist to mill an' then we'll take an' pay you."

It was the same old story. I had tried one of my old dodges on this very family a good many times;

had said "We have no flour to sell or lend, but I will give you some and you need not pay it back." Among honorable people this plan will work well. I gave them some; enough to do two good bakings, saying as I handed it to them in their pillow-case, fresh from last night's service, "Don't pay it back, and please don't run here for flour unless you are almost suffering; now, that's a lady," and I endeavored to smile a little by way of softening the refusal.

"And mother she wants to know if you could let us have coffee enough to do over Sunday; Zeke he's workin' for Nathan Dickerman, an' when they pay him we'll buy some coffee an' take an' pay you back agin."

I hesitated. I didn't want to do a mean thing, and I did not like to have the deacon buy coffee to give away to stalwart, healthy people, who never planned for the needs of to-morrow, and yet, the "mother, she" was a nursing woman, and, who knows! perhaps her baby worried her all night, and what if the breakfast table, bare and bleak, brought no cheering cup of coffee to this poor human woman—a woman like myself in all her physical needs—yes, I'd let her have enough to last a couple of days.

The fair, fat, pretty face of the twelve years' old girl turned toward me as I laid the coffee beside her, and in a hesitating, sneaking way, just above a whisper, she said, quite like a child declaiming, "Mother she'd like to git a mess or two more o' that sausage like you gin us t'other day," and then her large, blue eyes fell, and she began walloping one shapely hand over the other until they looked like the gambols of a couple of kittens. I thought of my Augustus and his Felina on the desk, and growing almost desperate, I said: "For those who like sausage, that is certainly very nice; I put it down in sweet brine and cared for it myself, but you told me the other day you didn't like the mess I did give you."

Then the next child, with eyes as sharp as the glittering eyes of a mink, squealed out, "Me an' mam we eat too many of 'em, we did; they most allus make me sick if I eat too many of 'em."

Lily laughed out and said: "They need a commissary to deal out their rations."

We got the sausage, hunted up something to put it in, washed our hands and took off the kitchen apron and prepared to go back to our work. Still they sat. Just then one of them moved, and a tin-cup fell on the floor from under her shawl. "Did you want anything else?" we asked, in the door of our room.

The fair girl, the speaker, wriggled sidewise, hustled her feet, thrust her tongue from one side of her mouth to the other, and said: "Mother said she'd like awful well to have some apple-butter. Aunt Sade, she's comin' down and she's goin' to stay over Sunday, an'—an'—"

"She's fond of apple-butter, is she?" said I, with an effort to assist the poor little vagrant to give variety to her stories.

"Yes, m'am, awful," was the answer.

And then little girl number two, piped out: "Maybe Dick Ryall he'll come with her; he's her feller; he goes wherever Sade goes." And then, as though she had not said just the right thing, the little midge gave her head the drollest twist, and hooked her upper jaw over the top of one of the chain-posts, and hung that way.

Where did these young ones pick up such uncouth manners?

I filled the tin-cup with apple-butter, and then went back and made an effort to resume my story, but bursts of suppressed giggling from the poor little vagabonds disturbed me. Had they laughed aloud, or even halloed, it would not have annoyed me half so much. But I worried along. Augustus said some very flat things, and Felina was not proving to be a character worth the telling of, when Lily came into my room, and with a very disturbed expression of countenance laid her hands on my head pityingly. I knew what that meant, and, rising, I went to the kitchen and said with a semblance of cheer: "Come, girls, maybe your mother needs you to tend baby."

They all grinned broadly, and the fair, fat one answered: "Oh, mother she nusses it all the time most! Whenever she sets down to smoke, she holds Andy and rocks him like."

"Yes; well," I said, almost "quenched," as Artemus Ward called it; but I opened the door and tried to smile as I continued: "You'll have a nice walk over the hill and in the woods. How I did like those woody paths when I was a little girl long ago!" And I held the door invitingly open.

They hitched a little, as though it were hard work to rise; they coughed, and grunted, and looked at each other, and finally the frame of the fair, fat one gave a little lurch forward, then settled back. I smiled away, my hand still on the door. The frame gave another movement, the two feet hustled, the elbows twitched; a long breath came, and, bending over, the fair one essayed to rise. She did rise to her feet; she tucked her bundle of sausage more safely under her arm, and then she began to move. The mink-eyed one moved gradually, and the little wee one, that Lily calls a chestnut-worm because she is so plump, and waxen-white, and limp, rose and clattered after. Just as they went off the porch, they remembered the civilities that ladies pass, the currency so common, and the elder said, in a soft, cringing voice, barely raising her beautiful eyes: "You must come over and see me."

"Thank you," I reply; and no doubt a good deal of pleasure and relief was seen in my face framed in the doorway.

"Come over and see me," pipes out number two.

I bow my thanks.

"Tum an' see us," lisps the little white worm.

"Bless the child!" I say, all the womanly and motherly instinct of my nature alive and warm. And though those children annoy and hinder me, and keep me from my work, I could hardly help catching up the baby-one and hugging her to my

bosom. There is nothing sweeter than little children and babies, and our fingers tingle to play with them, whether they be vagrant, Indian, negro or white folks-y.

At least three times a week this is our experience, and the experience of our neighbors. We hold that teaching the shiftless poor how to economize and manage is the truest charity; but if the mother and father are of that very idle, aimless, heedless type of vagabondism, the work will require a great deal of patience.

Sometimes, in very despair, I lock my fingers and look away to the rim of the fair horizon beyond the hills in the blue distance, and I say aloud to my ease-loving, selfish self: "Do something! Up with you, Miss Potts! Find the right tools, and go to work renovating, and elevating, and Christianizing this woman or that woman! Who knows but you may be an instrument in God's hands of doing some good in the world! 'Why sit ye here all the day idle,' with your pen gliding over the sheet, sometimes in visionary mood, or talking to people you never saw and who don't care a straw for you, when that woman over the hill, or that one down the valley, are drifting along through life as heedless as the grazing cows in the lane, bringing new children into the world every year or two who will grow to be like the mothers who gave them birth; and in the years to come they will put on the crown of the father and the mother, and wear it just as thoughtlessly and as wickedly. If the sprawling rose-bush be trimmed, and pruned, and tied up to a stake, so that the blessed sunshine can warm and invigorate its branches, and the revivifying winds and rains bless its buds, how beautiful will be the flowers; how sweet the blush that will redden the very hearts of the roses; how delicious the fragrance; how rare the symmetry; how fine the tints! But, if neglected, the weeds will riotously run over all, and it were better that the beggarly blossoms, ill-shapen, had never starred the grass with their faint semblance of roses, that were not roses."

I lecture myself unsparingly and often in this wise. Sometimes I drop a few tears in my bewilderment, and wonder how to begin, and if the effort for good would pay in any sense, and if the results would continue—would abide even for a little while.

Last evening I called on one of my poor neighbors to get her little boy to run of an errand for me. I sat down and waited until the child returned. She is very poor—a kind, industrious, tender-hearted woman.

"I am so glad you called, Pipesey," said she, "for I needed your counsel. Take the rocking-chair, do, and sit where you can see the sunset from the window while I talk to you."

This woman used to live with us in the years ago, in which we were writing "Other People's Windows;" and when in the evenings we read aloud our day's work for criticism, she was always present, sometimes wiping her eyes in response, and oftener laughing with all the jollity of a frolicsome boy. So

we liked to sit in Kitty's rocking-chair; and well the little woman knew where to place it for our delectation.

"I feel quite guilty," said Kitty, "and I want to tell you all about it. The Murrys sent here to-day for meal, and beans, and coffee, in their usual beggarly way, and I gave them the meal and the beans, and told them that their father and brother were as able to work and buy coffee and groceries as my Tom was. You know poor Tom has the dyspepsia so that he's never feeling well, and that old battle-wound in his leg makes him miserable in damp weather. They looked very mournful when they started home. Then I began to put the house in order and lay away the children's playthings. A tract, given me by old brother Warnfield, lay on the floor, and as I stooped to pick it up, my eyes fell upon one sentence: 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.' I felt guilty. I thought it was meant for me, and now it seems providential that you came, for maybe you can tell me whether I did wrong or not."

Poor Kitty! I laughed at her and told her it was not the duty of herself or her husband to minister to the wants of a family in good health, who were able to do for themselves; that if they were sick or suffering, temporary relief would be a duty due from any of us.

We have not written for two or three days. This morning we sat down and took up the pen, when there was a sneaking rap at the door. We opened it and admitted two women of the class we have been talking about. One was a foul old smoker of the pipe, and brought the odor with her—that smell that makes one dizzy. As poor old father says, "they are women," and with the respect due to all the sisterhood we sat down with them. One wanted outgrown clothes to make over for "Sonny," and a scrub broom, and the other whooped out that they were going to move away off to-morrow, and she wanted lard, meat, coffee, apple-butter, soap, flour and tobacco. Her "old man" would work and pay the deacon—a better man never was when he had plenty of work to do and didn't have the sciatica in his hips. He was a very tender-hearted man; fond of fish as he was he never could bear to go fishing and take the life of the poor innocent, harmless angle worms, that were used for bait! She wondered if "old man Potts" would trust her man with the horses and wagon when they moved. Father assured her that he never allowed strangers to drive his horses. Then she wondered if the Potts were here were anyways connected with the Potts in Old Virginia; they were second cousins of her mother's; she thought there was a little resemblance; they were all sandy and kind o' white-eyed like us, and they, too, went as if old Sattan was hookin' it after them when they walked. And did we raise beans to sell? And was the white heifer calf in the lot of the same breed as that old cow with the branching horns? And did we want to sell the calf? And had the old man any ashes to sell, or any soap-grease, or any chickens?

And did the boys from the village steal our chickens? And had we any clearing to do? Not that her man wanted her to ask, she just took it on herself.

And there they sat and sat. The time was passing; my thoughts were among the papers on my desk. I was so anxious to get them off that I gave them all they asked for.

We don't want to complain; we pity the poor, but our thoughts grow bitter sometimes in trying to bear with the poverty-stricken of the vagrant type. We said to father, "What plan can you devise, think of something," and the reply was, "Oh, they would have to be born again! Their constitutional make-up is of very poor material; their blood is tainted with the dregs of an old-time vagabondism; they are naturally easy, and lazy, and unthrifty. They will eventually 'peter out' into tramps." It were easier to make flowers out of weeds by nice cultivation, than manly men, and womanly women, of these. Not that the ban is upon them, but that they will not rise up and crowd into clean, high places, with uplifted foreheads waiting to be starved, and to be illuminated by the "the Light that is never off sea or land." They might clothe themselves anew and become consecrated and live good, plain, quiet lives, if not lives such as crown the efforts of the aspiring souls who walk on the mountain tops anear the glory that shines down upon them like a blessing and a benediction.

PIRSEY PORTS.

**DRAWING OUT HIS FEAR.**—A traveler in Portugal says: I witnessed a beautiful and touching incident illustrative of the early lessons which make the peril of the future occupation familiar to a child from his cradle, in a little scene on the banks of the Douro. A fisherman and his wife stood at the water-side, opposite to a deep and dangerous spot. Their child, a boy of about a year old, was already habited in the costume of his future life, that of a sailor, the trousers tucked up above the child's knees. Leading him toward the river's brink, the mother purposely wetted his tiny feet; he was alarmed, and clung to her. With soft and affectionate caresses, again and again she led him to the water, until the little imp, emboldened by her encouragement, ventured down alone, and, only just able to walk, tottered unsteadily to the stream. I trembled at the risk; a few feet farther, and the water deepened dangerously. But there was no cause for fear. Guided by a watchful eye, the mother's hand was ever ready to catch the little scrap of infant humanity, just in time to save it, and to render my half-uttered exclamation unnecessary: "*Que está fazendo?*" (What is she doing?) "*Está lhe tirando o medo.*" (She is drawing out his fear), was the reply.

TOO MANY are in the habit of looking away from the blessings they have to think of those they have not. They engrave their deprivations and sorrows on the rock, but write their blessings on the sand or the waves.

## FROM OMAHA TO CALIFORNIA.

IT was almost night when the train crept slowly from the depot through the smoky, dingy part of the city out into the fresh country air. The exhilarating movement, the delicious air and the extensive view, soon dispel the feelings of sadness and dejection with which we parted with our friends in Omaha. But the scenery, though beautiful, is not new to us, and we presently turn from it to the scene within—to the more interesting study of humanity as represented by our companions, who in very exclusive little groups are variously occupied. Though our own party seems sufficient to meet all our social requirements, yet we have a natural desire to know what our fellow-travelers are like; and after carefully, though covertly, observing them, we decide that, with a few exceptions, they will prove pleasant and agreeable.

As twilight deepens and the lamps are lit, in subdued tones we converse of the homes and friends we left behind us, of anticipated pleasures during our journey—perhaps of each other. But altogether this first evening on the train is rather dull; so we "retire" early, and are surprised when morning dawns to find we have slept so well on so rude a couch. Glancing from our window, we behold the vast prairie, grand in its immensity, though autumn has robbed it of its summer glory.

As hour after hour we speed along, these extensive prairies become monotonous as a landscape, but are suggestive of grand possibilities, when time and wealth, united with labor and perseverance, will transform these immense plains into cultivated farms; where now waves the tall, luxuriant grass will be seen fields of golden grain, relieved by young groves and orchards. The humble "dug-out" will be then replaced by tasteful cottages.

We had never seen a dug-out before; and as we pass one after another, without tree or shrub to shelter them from the heat and glare of the sun, without flower or vine to give them a home-like appearance, we begin to draw mental pictures of the loneliness, the discouragement and dreadful homesickness of their inmates. But as we pass one, in no way better than its neighbors, we catch a glimpse of a woman with a child in her arms; a man stood near holding a horse by the bridle, apparently for their mutual admiration. The beautiful animal, with head erect, gazed fearlessly at our passing train, the infant clapped its hands with delight, the wife wore the sunniest smile and the man's face said plain as words: "This is my world; with these, what a blessing is life!" The whole group, in the single moment we saw them, was like a revelation of happiness.

After this, we draw no more gloomy pictures of these humble homes. After all, it is not what we have in "worldly goods" that renders our lives happy, but our own estimate of their value.

During the day we have made the acquaintance of our neighbors, and the evening passes very pleasantly, each one helping toward the general amusement.

Songs are sung, half-forgotten school performances are revived for the occasion, and rehearsed amid mistakes and laughter. A gentleman whom, from a certain Spanish air, we had privately termed "the Don," recited a touching poem, in a voice so earnest and pathetic we were ready to weep. The moment he had finished, he commenced singing a modern comic song with such spirit and zest—his face the very picture of melancholy gravity—that peals of merriment mingled with the clatter of the car-wheels.

After that we made a sort of hero of "the Don," and in the evenings that followed he won much applause by the aptness with which he assumed various manners and characters.

Another day of far-stretched prairie, alkali, dust and wind. No enthusiasm over the scenery to-day; no sociability; we are all so tired and spiritless, that the merest civilities become irksome.

The third day is beautiful. The atmosphere is clear and bracing, and soon the snow-capped mountains appear in view like bright, fleecy clouds, forming a striking and brilliant contrast to the deep blue sky. We draw nearer and nearer, but it is a long time before we are among them, and when we are, they fail to realize our expectations of mountains; and in our ignorance we wonder how tourists can so exaggerate. But as we speed along they gradually become larger, higher and grander, until their lofty peaks seem to touch the fleecy clouds. Our car is now all disorder and confusion; for a better view, many rush to the platform, the more timid contenting themselves with that from the windows. On all sides are heard exclamations of delight and admiration. Though it is mid-afternoon, yet the shadows convert the day into the softness of twilight, while yet the mountain-tops are lit up by the sunlight, revealing the mouths of great caverns, projecting crags and great rocks, that seem ready to topple off and fall at any moment. We wonder if they have hung just so since the foundation of the world. As we rapidly pass them, dim, shadowy forms seem chasing each other from rock to crag, and it requires but a little stretch of the imagination to people these impenetrable heights with a savage race of fairies. Numerous small animals, which in our speed it is impossible to identify, scamper among the rocks and underbrush, and on a forlorn ledge, which seemed the very spirit of desolation, a group of mountain-goats had clambered, and were curiously surveying our passing train. In places, the mountain sides were covered with beautiful creeping vines, which still remained green, and twined themselves in graceful festoons from rock to shrub, forming lovely, natural arbors.

Even these romantic scenes have been profaned through mercenary motives. High up on some prominent rock we see the name of some patent medicine, the memory of which we hoped to have left behind us.

I think a geometrician would be puzzled to describe the figures formed by our train in its serpentine course. From our windows we frequently see the

engine as it puffs and groans on its upward journey. We pass the mouths of great cañons, their rugged sides fringed with mountain sage and flowering shrub; their enchanting shades seem so inviting we long to stop and explore them, and it is so provoking to be whisked past so rapidly.

After awhile fortune (or perhaps the presiding genius of the train called it misfortune) favored our desire. Our train halted to repair some defect in the engine, in a place wild and beautiful as the most romantic heart could wish. How eagerly we rushed out and climbed the rugged mountain sides! What a variety of specimens we gathered as souvenirs! Flowers, vines, ferns, stones, and even the bark of trees, were selected and admired far beyond their real merits.

We were sitting on a huge boulder, half-concealed by drooping vines, alternately enumerating our treasures and admiring the landscape, when we were startled by the appearance of a man dressed in the traditional garb of a hunter, his face almost concealed by his heavy beard and slouched hat. He addressed us with more courteous ease than we expect from one long deprived of the benefits of society, and soon entered into easy conversation. He manifested a pardonable pride in the domain he called *his*, but evinced little curiosity in regard to the world from which he professed to have been an exile for years. He told us there was a beautiful Indian legend connected with that very spot. We begged him to relate it, and in a sort of chanting monotone he began. I will write it for the benefit of the reader.

A beautiful Indian girl, named Mareta, the daughter of a famous chief, was loved by one of her father's most humble subjects. In fact, the attachment was mutual, for he had been her companion from infancy, had led her carefully over rough, stony paths in search of wild berries or nuts. While yet a mere lad, he was very skillful with his bow and arrow, and brought her many beautiful feathers from bright-plumaged birds, and tanned the skins of the finest animals to adorn her lodge. As youth and maiden, they were almost inseparable, and had agreed to a union in which all their hopes centered. But, on applying to her father, the young lover's plea was met with the haughtiest contempt. The old chief called him a coward, and asked what act of bravery he had ever done to merit the daughter of a mighty ruler. He even threatened to take his life if he was ever seen again with his daughter. The old chief was very proud of his only child, and was a more indulgent father than is usually the case with Indians. He had marked out what he thought a noble destiny for her; he sought to unite her in wedlock with a young brave who had already won great distinction for bravery during a recent war. But the warrior found no favor in the eyes of the maiden. The pride he manifested in the scalps at his belt was revolting to her; his manner of assured success in his suit angered her, and she hated the brutal tyranny in his treatment of his inferiors.

One night, soon after her father's dismissal of her

lover, Mareta was awakened by a well-known whistle, soft and low, yet near her lodge. She quickly dressed, and noiselessly stole out to meet him. He urged her to fly with him; but she said: "Nay, my father is old, and I am the light of his eyes; if I leave him, who will fill his pipe for him, and bring him the cool drink when he comes weary from the hunt? Who will sing the songs he loves, and spread his couch of furs? Nay, I will leave him not; but I will meet thee; and sometime thou, too, wilt be a great brave; then my father will consent to our union."

So they agreed that this rocky arbor should be their place of meeting, and often they sat here unobserved and happy. In softest, clearest tones he told her the legends of his race—tales of wildest bravery and daring engaged in by their fathers. Each night at parting they knelt together beside this rock and prayed the Great Spirit to soften the father's heart, and preserve her from a union so distasteful to her feelings.

One night a hunter, who had stopped to rest near them, saw and recognized them, and overheard their conversation, and treacherously sped away to tell her father and other lover, who were in consultation. The mighty chief was very angry, and struck the mischief-maker for daring to slander his daughter. But at the instigation of his companion, who was naturally jealous and suspicious, they repaired to the place designated, and, at sight of the lovers, the old chief was so enraged that, with his battle-axe, he killed them both, and their mingled blood flowed over the rock in indelible stains.

But ever after, the spirit of the powerful ruler seemed broken. He no longer delighted in the war-path, but was often seen sitting in dignified sorrow upon the rock where he had slain his child, singing lonely dirges, and smiting his breast, as if in expiation of his crime.

One night after many moons had passed, he was seen as usual; his once erect form was now bent, and his proud step faltering. His raven hair was now almost white, and streamed in tangled masses over his shoulders. He sat down and began to chant a dirge, when, floating in the air between those two peaks, came the spirits of his daughter and her lover, bearing between them a long, silken scarf of rose-color. They approached, and Mareta laid her hand on her father's head and said: "Mourn no more, my father, the Great Spirit has forgiven thee; come with us, and thou, too, shalt be happy." As she spoke, she skillfully draped the scarf around his shoulders. Slowly it assumed the shape of wings, and together they floated in the air, disappearing in a bright, fleecy cloud.

The inexpressible pathos of the speaker's voice, the sombre foliage, and deathly stillness, and unutterable sadness of the place, rendered more effective by the fast-coming twilight, brought such a feeling of sadness and depression, that we all sat some time in silence. But the spell was broken by the sound of a low, derisive laugh, and, starting up, we recognise in

our bold hunter, "the Don," who, with his hunter's shaggy garments and false beard in his hand, stands regarding us with a quizzical expression of compassion. We suspect he is some stage-player taking a holiday trip across the continent, carrying with him sundry costumes for the amusement (?) of his fellow-travelers.

As another suspicion enters our brain, namely, that the legend to which we listened with wrapt attention and moist eyelids, was an invention of his fertile imagination, with what lofty scorn we reject his offered escort to the train. How we deplored the poverty of words to express our indignation. All the while we secretly admired the imperturbable gravity and self-control that so thoroughly deceived us, but longed for opportunity to repay the imposture so unwelcome to our sense of penetration.

Some hours before we reached Ogden we passed the "Devil's Slide." This point has been so often described I will not attempt it, but its name furnished the theme of numerous amusing remarks concerning the *genius loci* of the place.

The scenery in this vicinity is all wild and gloomy, yet casts over us a sort of melancholy fascination. We strain our eyes to catch the beauty of each scene, but ere we can appreciate one, it is passed, and another equally attractive meets our gaze. We now approach "the Devil's Gate," and though its name is not euphonic, it yet seems appropriate. The river which has been madly plunging along for miles, is here crowded between two gigantic rocks, where it dashes, roars and foams most furiously, throwing up masses of foam in a thousand ghostly shapes. The surrounding landscape is undefinably wild and grand, but so obscure is the shade that it casts a gloom over the whole scene. The trees and rocks cast dark shadows that seem mocking each other—one can easily imagine this the abode of some evil spirit, and half expects to see some wizen face peering from behind each rock and tree; and we give a sigh of relief as the train moves on, though we appreciate the kind courtesy of our conductor, who frequently checked the speed of his train to gratify the desire of the passengers for a better view of the beautiful scenery.

At Ogden we merely stepped across from a U. P. train to a C. P. drawn immediately alongside, and were soon speeding across the plains of Utah. Here we make our first acquaintance with the Chinese character; when we stop at the occasional stations, Chinamen come in with divers eatables, at which some of our companions cast looks of suspicion, but we put prejudice in our pocket and do ample justice to John's "fruit and bread," which are really very good. Meanwhile John stands passively by an old lady who has frequently wearied us with her lengthy discourses on the relative merits of her own creed compared with certain others. She feels an interest in John's spiritual welfare, and after vainly trying to convince him of the absurdity of his religion, she offers him a tract (forgetting that he cannot be expected to read it), which he eyes with an expression of in-

nocent wonder, which, changing to one of sudden comprehension, he said: "Me no likee nat kind me makee one heap good," and tearing off a piece of the brown paper in his basket, he produced from some mysterious pocket a bag of "fine cut," a portion of which he dexterously rolled into it in the form of a cigarette, and, with guileless gravity, laid it in the lap of her ladyship, saying: "Me no sabe long time."

With such a look of horror as we bestow upon a worm that creeps too near, she shook the hapless cigarette from her dress, amid the suppressed merriment of the other inmates of the car.

After the grandeur of the mountains we have passed, these dry plains seem rather commonplace, and the monotony is rendered less endurable by the wretched water we have to drink, or which we do not drink. Our parched throats and smarting eyes prevent our enjoying the few objects of interest that occasionally present themselves. Half-sleeping, half-waking, we dream of cool, green meadows, fringed with graceful willows that bend their veil-like branches to kiss the laughing brook. We hear the gentle lowing of the bovine mother, as she stands knee-deep in the cool, sluggish stream among flags and rushes. We hear the trickling of the water as it falls from the overflowing bucket into the well at the old homestead, and smell the sweet perfume of the damp clover-blossoms just beyond. We see a spring by the wayside, the stones are slippery and moss-grown, a long, straight-handled gourd hangs on a peg driven in the stony wall; we reach forward to seize it, and quench our burning thirst, when, oh, misery! we are recalled to our unhappy condition by a smart bump on the forehead, which in some inexplicable manner came in contact with the next seat.

But now the dullness of the landscape is relieved by a range of low, arid hills, which gradually verge into mountains, and presently a great wall of rocks and earth rises far above us. Here and there little streams of water come trickling down from a spring whose source is hidden high up among the mossy boulders; merrily they flow from ledge to ledge, as if in very tantalization of our thirst. At last our train lags, stops, and we hear the blessed sound of flowing water; simultaneously we snatch our tin-cups and rush out in search of the precious beverage. We find a miniature waterfall dashing at our very feet, clear as crystal and cool as ice-water. We fill every available pitcher, cup, and even empty fruit-cans, with the liquid treasure, and as we move on our car presents a scene of confused and merry enjoyment, in striking contrast to the dull apathy that reigned before. What appetites we have acquired; our lunch which we thought ample to last the entire trip, has disappeared long ago, and at each stopping-place our male attendants are seen *en masse*, wending their way to the nearest grocery or bakery, and return laden with various edibles. Somewhere among these mountains a woman came in with apple-pies which she said "were good as your mothers made." And how delicious they were! Flaky crust, and real



juicy green apples! They vanished like the traditional hot-cakes, and she soon returned with a fresh supply. I trust those pies will be remembered by all our party, so much did we appreciate every trivial enjoyment, especially those that gratified the comfort of "the inner man."

The beautiful pines that grow among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, give them a more cheerful aspect than the Rocky, and as we ascend them, breathlessly we gaze at their majesty. Though we grow dizzy and tremulous at sight of the frightful precipices and yawning chasms, yet we cannot withdraw our gaze. Hour after hour magnificent pictures wheel past us, in endless infinite succession, yet never becoming tedious because of their surpassing beauty. The air is filled with a peculiar odor—a kind of aroma of mountain pines, mingled with the perfume of a thousand unknown plants that thronged the underbrush. Our tired and aching eyes at last reconcile us to the coming darkness, and this last night we are lulled to sleep by the creaking and moaning of the machinery, as if lamenting the necessity that compelled their service, and morning finds us in California.

Californial magic word, fraught with so many hopes and aspirations, so many unfulfilled dreams of the treasures of the land of gold. What has thou in store for us?  
H. B.

**DISCONCERTING AN ADVOCATE.**—Curran had a sensitiveness in public speaking which often hindered his success. He was painfully affected by any mark of inattention in his audience. If any one fell asleep, or stared vacantly about the room, his eloquence began to flag, and much of his power was lost.

This fact became so well known at last, that some of the eminent advocates opposed to him, resorted to unworthy tricks to help their clients. If they saw that Curran was particularly eloquent, and was carrying the jury with him, they would hire some man to go into the court-room, and, sitting near Curran, to show signs of weariness by visible and loud yawning. The stratagem rarely failed of success. His eloquence would forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

**"HARDENING" CHILDREN.**—The system of "hardening" children, by allowing them to go thinly clad and exposing them to all sorts of weather, is a delusion from which the minds of some parents are even now not altogether free. It is thought that, if the little ones' chests are kept warm, there is no need of caring about their arms and legs. But that is a great mistake. In proportion as the upper and lower extremities are well clothed will the circulation be kept up and determined to the surface of those parts, and in proportion to the quickness and equable distribution of the circulation will be the protection against those internal congestions which are but the first stage of the most fatal diseases of childhood. The same observation holds good with respect to grown-up people who are predisposed to pulmonary complaints.

## EXCERPTS FROM "SIR GIBBIE," BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHEREVER there is a humble, thoughtful nature, into that nature the divine consciousness, that is, the Spirit of God, presses as into its own place.

THE man who loves most will love best. The man who thoroughly loves God and his neighbor, is the only man who will love a woman ideally—who can love her with the love God thought of between them when he made them male and female. The man, I repeat, who loves God with his very life, and his neighbor as Christ loves him, is the man who alone is capable of grand, glorious love to any woman.

If men would but believe that they are in the process of creation, and consent to be made—let the Maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion, and submissive, hopeful action with the turning of His wheel, they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe but to recognize the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory; whereas, behaving like children who struggle and scream while their mother washes and dresses them, they find they have to be washed and dressed notwithstanding, and with more discomfort; they may even have to find themselves set half-naked, and but half-dried, in a corner, to come to their right minds and ask to be finished.

No work noble or lastingly good can come of emulation any more than of greed. I think the motives are spiritually the same. To excite it is worthy only of the commonplace school-master, who is ambitious to show what fine scholars he can turn out, that he may get more pupils. Emulation is the devil-shadow of aspiration. The set of the current in the schools is at present toward a boundless swamp, but the wise among the scholars see it, and wisdom is the tortoise which shall win the race. In the meantime, how many, with the legs and the brain of the hare, will think they are gaining it, while they are losing things whose loss will make any prize unprized.

It is a ruinous misjudgment that the end of poetry is publication. Its true end is to help the man who makes it along the path to truth; help for other people, may or may not be in it; that, if it become a question at all, must be an after one. To the man who has it, the gift is invaluable, and in proportion as it helps him to be a better man, it is of value to the whole world. But it may, in itself, be so nearly worthless, that the publishing of it would be more for harm than good. Ask any one who has to perform the unenviable duty of editor of a magazine; he will corroborate what I say—that the quantity of verse good enough to be its own reward, but without the smallest claim to be uttered to the world, is enormous.

LENOX DARE:  
THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning Lenox Dare was out in the orchard. It was a grand old place, stocked with the finest fruit-trees in the county, and spreading for acres over a broad, southern slope of hill.

Lenox had loved the old orchard from the time when she first came to Briarswild. Her favorite resort here was a corner close to the stone wall, under an ancient tree whose branches stretched a wide, green roof over her, and dipped their burdens of ripened fruit into the deep grass. There was a long, low bench here, on which the girl could lie and gaze down the slow incline of the land. She could see the long vistas of mossy trunks, the play of shadows, the witchcraft of sunlight. It was one of those places that would have been certain to fascinate a painter if he could have come some summer morning and sat down by Lenox Dare in the shadow of the old tree that had whitened with the blossoms of a hundred Mays. Sitting there and gazing down into the heart of that still loveliness, he could not have failed to think of dim old Gothic aisles, and great vaulted arches, where sweet strains of music rose, and floated, and died away at last in tender raptures, like voices that sink into Heaven.

But this morning Lenox Dare, stretched at full length on the low bench, had no thought to spare for the long, green vistas that sloped down into the heart of the orchard. She did not know that the light and shadows were making the loveliest tapestries all around her. The robins sang, and the insects hummed dreamily about her; but she was wholly absorbed in a book she had brought with her.

The air had cooled during the night, and a light breeze was stirring in the tops of the branches. The girl in the shadows of the great tree read on. Through the still brooding midsummer morning, there came no whisper to her that she had reached a great turning-point in her destiny. An hour was striking now which she could not hear, but which signaled to the watching fates that she had reached the turning of the roads.

"There is a gentleman in the parlor has asked to see you, ma'am."

Lenox looked up from her book, and saw the girl standing there, who, after searching the house over, had come to the orchard in quest of her.

It was anything but agreeable tidings. There was not a man in the world whom Lenox regarded worth leaving her book for at that particular moment. It was dreadfully aggravating, she thought. Why had he appeared just as she had reached the thrilling climax of her story!

"Who is he? What does the creature want?" she asked, in a vexed tone, as she scrambled off from the bench and shook out her rumpled dress.

The girl could give her no information, as she was herself freshly imported from a neighboring county, and had been only a week at Briarswild. Mrs. Mavis and Ben were away for the morning. Lenox had no choice but to go.

The walk from the orchard to the house gradually restored the girl's good humor. As she mounted the steps of the side piazza, she took off her shade-hat, and half her hair, carelessly gathered at the back, tumbled after it. She brushed the dark, shining masses behind her ears, vexed at the accident, and not dreaming what a background it made for the delicate, girlish face. The heat had brought a glow into her cheeks that usually lacked the bloom of their age. She wore a white dress—she remembers it to this day—and partly because she loved color, and partly for girlish caprice, she had tied a bright scarlet scarf around her waist that morning.

As Lenox crossed the parlor threshold, she saw a stranger standing by the window. He turned as she entered. He was a slender man, a little above medium height, with striking, delicate features. He was probably a little past fifty. His beard was white, and his dark hair was deeply threaded with gray. His complexion was sallow, like that of one who had been ill, or dwelt long in southern latitudes. The eyes, under well-arched brows, were of a bright, piercing gray. He wore a dark traveling-suit. One would have seen at the first glance that he was a gentleman.

Lenox stood still a moment in mute surprise. The stranger was silent, too; but the gaze of those piercing gray eyes seemed to devour the girlish figure on the threshold. What an eager, riveted look it was! It seemed for the moment to absorb the man's whole soul—to take away the power or the will to speak. One might fancy he would have looked like that had some ghost from the dead stood in the doorway.

Lenox was naturally shy with strangers. Her cheeks grew scarlet under that breathless stare. She felt a strange thrill of uneasiness, as though the air about her was burdened with some mystery. Involuntarily she moved forward a step, and, grasping her shade-hat a little nervously with both hands, said: "I was told you inquired for Lenox Dare."

The stranger seemed to listen a moment before he spoke. One might fancy again something in the voice struck him as an old, familiar sound.

Then he moved forward a step, and spoke. His voice was usually clear and pleasant, but just now it was husky and broken.

"Yes; I asked for Lenox Dare, and Evelyn Apthorp seems to have risen before me!"

"That was my mother's name!" cried Lenox, forgetting everything else now. "Oh, sir, did you know her?"

"My child, did you ever hear of Tom Apthorp?" And as he asked this the stranger drew nearer.

"He was my mother's brother," Lenox answered. "He went to India, and died there, before I can remember."

"No, he did not die there, as you have been told.

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My child, *I* am your mother's brother, Tom Apthorp!"

For a moment the room whirled about Lenox. She grew very pale. Then she gave a long, gasping cry, half of pain and half of joy. A new feeling awoke in her soul. The mysterious bond of kin drew her mightily toward this man.

And he—his arms were around her the next moment—he was kissing her, while the tears shone in his eyes, on his silver beard; he was calling her his darling, the daughter of his long-lost Evelyn!

Three hours later, Mrs. Mavis and Ben returned. No words can depict their amazement when Lenox met them at the door, her face radiant with happiness, leaning on the arm of the distinguished-looking stranger, whom she introduced as Uncle Tom, her mother's brother—not risen from the dead, but come from the Indies, after more than twenty years' absence.

Tom Apthorp had been an only son, a handsome, promising youth, a good deal spoiled by his parents. He had barely got through college when his father died, and Tom, not coming into possession of a fortune, as he anticipated, went into business. Ten years later, he suddenly sold out his interest in the house where he had been the youngest partner, and went to Calcutta, where he entered the India trade.

Young Apthorp was a little over thirty at that time, and his sister Evelyn, his only living relative, a good many years his junior, had just married her brother's old classmate.

Tom had left his native land a disappointed and rather embittered man. The woman whom he loved had failed him at the last, sacrificing herself to the ambitions of her family, and wedding a richer suitor. Tom felt, with good reason, that the older members of his firm had not sufficiently regarded his interests, and he made up his mind to "burn his ships behind him, and challenge fate in a foreign land."

In less than five years, Tom Apthorp heard of his sister's death, and a little later of his brother-in-law's. Evelyn's loss was a great blow to him, for he had been extremely fond of her, and young Dare had been more to him than any other man in the world. With their deaths, he lost all inclination for a speedy visit to his native shores. He meant to return sometime, of course, and see Evelyn's little orphan daughter—his only living relative—but there was always some good reason why he should postpone the long journey to a more favorable time. His business held him; and the years slipped rapidly away. The indolence superinduced by the climate and luxurious habits, grew on him. He became ambitious to build up a great fortune; not that he was avaricious—he was too generous and kindly-souled to be that—but the pursuit of wealth had its fascinations for him.

Meanwhile, he had no idea of the condition of his orphan niece. Had he known the real state of affairs, Tom Apthorp would have hastened to the ends of the earth to find her. But he had the impression that the child was tenderly sheltered in the home of her

father's relatives. He knew she had gone to these when her parents died. It never crossed the man's mind that Evelyn's orphan daughter might need his care or his money. He took for granted that the child had inherited a moderate fortune from her father. He contented himself with writing home several times, but his letters met with ill fate. For more than half a score of years, Tom Apthorp had said to himself: "I must get off to America next year and hunt up my poor Evelyn's little girl!"

At last one of the fevers of the climate seized him; brought him to the borders of the grave. In the slow, weary convalescence which followed, the old, long dead memories came to life; the scenes and faces of his boyhood and youth rose fresh and vivid as though they belonged to yesterday, and the face that came oftenest and lingered longest, was that of the beautiful dead sister who had been the idol of Tom Apthorp's youth.

He was a boy again—this man whose prime of life was slipping from him in that gorgeous, luxurious life of the Indies; he was in the happy old home in the pleasant New England town; he was chasing Evelyn's bright face through the old rooms; he heard once more the ring of her joyous laughter; he was walking with her in the old, tree-shaded garden, while she bloomed into lovely maidenhood, and he was telling her stories of his college-life, and she was listening in eager sympathy to the hopes and dreams of his opening manhood.

Tom Apthorp realized for the first time in his life that he was a lonely man. His fortune, his many friends—for he was extremely popular in the foreign society of Calcutta—could not disguise that fact.

In this mood, his thoughts naturally reverted to the orphan child of his dead sister; that young girl, the last of his race, the only kin he had on earth. He grew curious and anxious about her; he counted up her birthdays, and found, to his amazement, that she was on the threshold of womanhood. He had always regarded her as the merest child. His long indifference to her welfare struck Tom Apthorp for the first time; he saw he had treated his dead Evelyn's daughter, his solitary little kinswoman, with cruel neglect. The man's heart and conscience awoke together. In the still nights, in the slow-wearing days, he brooded over the matter, and at last he made a solemn resolution that, as soon as his health admitted of a sea-voyage, he would sail for America and see his niece.

But while the man was laying his plans in his sick-room, very serious reverses had befallen his house in the India trade. Its old name and its high credit carried it through a commercial panic which bore down many a smaller house; but when the worst was over, Tom Apthorp saw that his dream of building up a princely fortune would never be realized. It did not seem of so much consequence now as it did in the pride and strength of a few months before. His health was a good deal broken; his physicians insisted on change of climate and freedom from business. He was still a tolerably rich man. The settle-

ment of his affairs detained him at the East some time after his recovery; but he never for an instant lost sight of the purpose he had formed in his illness.

Tom Apthorp sailed first for England, where he rested only a few days before he took passage for America. He reached New York after an absence of twenty-two years. He set out almost immediately for the old home of Colonel Marvell. Here the man learned tidings which filled him with dismay. For the first time he heard the fate of his brother's fortune, of the marriage of the old man in his second childhood, and of his death a year afterward. So Evelyn Apthorp's daughter had been thrown a penniless orphan upon the world.

Tom Apthorp set out for Cherry Hollows with feelings not to be envied. He had heard that Colonel Marvell's housekeeper had married a second time, and taken the little girl with her to the home at the toll-gate. It was easy to imagine what her lot would be in the power of a soured, selfish, narrow-souled woman.

Tom Apthorp did not, however, reach Cherry Hollows. A few miles from the town, the man who was driving him across the country encountered an old acquaintance, a farmer, who proved to be a neighbor of the Cranes. When he learned the stranger's relation to Lenox Dare, he indulged in one long, amazed stare, and then, drawing up his team as near the other's as the narrow road permitted, he began to talk in a high-keyed, rasping voice.

After a good deal of long-winded gossip, he imparted to his eager listener the story of Lenox's flight three years before to Briarswild. From that time, he averred, the neighbors had lost sight of her, although there was a general impression that the girl's fortunes had immensely bettered with her change of homes.

"Take the shortest road to Briarswild," shouted the traveler to the amazed driver.

Two hours later, Lenox's uncle was awaiting her in Mrs. Mavis's parlor.

Mrs. Mavis and Ben could not fail to share Lenox's joy. Her uncle's advent seemed almost as marvelous as though one had risen from the dead. At the dinner-table, where the four assembled, and did not rise until the summer afternoon had almost waned, they heard the story of Tom Apthorp's long residence at the Indies; of his late dangerous illness, which had awakened in him an unappeasable longing to behold the face of his orphan niece; of the resolution he had formed to seek her at once, and how he had carried it out in the teeth of every obstacle.

While they all listened in breathless silence to this story, Mrs. Mavis and Ben watched the play of the stranger's features. A flash in his countenance at times, reminded them of Lenox. The family look was there—not always apparent, but coming to the surface with certain expressions, and in moments of strong feeling.

The stranger's advent at the Mavis farm had all the charm and mystery of romance, not only to his young, imaginative kinswoman, but to the more

practical natures of the woman who had mothered her, of the youth who was in secret her lover.

The man's presence, too, was an element of fresh life and pleasure in the household. He was familiar with the world; he had a wonderful facility of making himself at home in any society where he was thrown. He impressed one at once as no ordinary man. But perhaps nothing charmed his present audience quite so much as the stories he related of his life at the East, of that mysterious, gorgeous Asiatic world out of which he had so lately come. There were times when his fascinated hearers seemed almost to catch the hum of mighty cities, to see the spacious streets along which the natives glided in their loose-flowing, picturesque robes, and with their stealthy, eastern tread.

It was no wonder he charmed his small audience. Tom Apthorp had, among people of the highest cultivation, a reputation for his conversational gifts—for his powers of vivid, pictorial description.

The man, in his turn, was charmed with that restful home-life among the hills. He was a good deal world-wearyed and shaken in health. In some moods, it seemed to him that he would be content to stay forever in this sheltered, soft-lined home-nest, and pass the rest of his days in dreaming indolence, like the mariners that never drew anchor from the golden shores of lotus-land.

But the lightest heart at Briarswild was, at this time, the youngest one. The tie of kindred was like a new, priceless treasure in Lenox's life. Had not the heart of her childhood gone famished for lack of this family-love that had come to her at last from the ends of the earth? How proud and happy the girl seemed in these days!

Mrs. Mavis told Ben it was a real pleasure to hear Lenox say "Uncle Tom." The very name seemed to acquire some new, beautiful meaning on her lips. Then, with what kindling eyes, what tender, absorbed attention, she hung upon his words—his very looks even!

If Lenox had felt any shyness at the beginning, it soon vanished under the perfect kindness of her uncle's manner. In his own ways he drew out the fresh, young soul; he sounded its depths, he guarded its capacities, he discerned its possibilities.

And Lenox frolicked and sparkled about her uncle as though she had known him all her life; she plied him with eager questions, whose simplicity often amused, and whose acuteness often amazed him.

To the two who watched the uncle and niece day by day, there was no doubt that Tom Apthorp soon grew immensely fond of the girl. He did not like to have her out of his sight, unless it might be when he desired to have a private talk with Mrs. Mavis or Ben regarding her past. For, painful as the subject evidently was to him, he was still resolved to know all the facts of Lenox's history; and he drew from Mrs. Mavis a full recital of the way in which she first came to them. His remorse over that pitiful tale was so great that the tender-hearted woman tried to comfort him.

"Don't attempt to excuse me, Mrs. Mavis," he burst out in the middle of her speech. "I have acted like a monster! I can only say I had no idea what I was doing, or failing to do, all this time."

The man's gratitude to Mrs. Mavis and her son was inexpressible. Had it not been for them, he might have come too late, and found Lenox done to death by the slow torture of the factory, or an out-cast—he dared not finish the thought. But sometimes the girl, looking suddenly up in his face, would find the piercing gray eyes bent on her with an expression she could not fathom. It was partly grief and partly tenderness. What could Uncle Tom be thinking about? she wondered; and she would go up to him and clap her hands on his shoulder in a way that made him think of a dove's soft wings nestling there.

"Uncle Tom" was at this time having thoughts and plans about Lenox which would have startled her immensely had she in the least suspected them. She had become in these few days the central interest of the man's life—the object about which his affections and ambitions would in future revolve. He spent hours by himself in devising a brilliant programme for her future. He resolved that she should have every opportunity for developing the rare graces and gifts with which nature had endowed her. She should see the world, he said to himself. She should have every advantage which the best culture and the widest travel could afford her. The man congratulated himself that he had sufficient means to carry out all these projects, though he had missed the princely fortune which had been his dream for years. No doubt remorse for his previous neglect had a powerful influence in shaping Tom Apthorp's plans for the future of the niece who had dawned on him first a great surprise, who soon became the priceless treasure of his heart.

The consciousness that he had failed her through so many critical years, must always rankle in the breast of the proud man. But he found some consolation in reflecting that it was not too late to make up for the past. Lenox's future was all before her. Under his fostering care, that fine mind, that rich imagination, should unfold into gracious womanhood. He saw, too—this critical man of the world, used to the society of fascinating women of all lands—the slow-dawning promise of Lenox's beauty.

"The splendid-eyed, graceful-limbed creature!" he said to himself. "What a beauty she is going to make one of these days! It is the sort of flower that comes late to its perfect blossoming—all the finer for that!"

Two weeks from the day on which Tom Apthorp came to Briarswild, he and Lenox went to walk in the orchard. She had taken him, frequently accompanied by Ben Mavis, to most of her favorite haunts; but this afternoon the two were alone together. The uncle had something to say to his niece; he had been waiting for a fitting time. It seemed to have come now.

They reached the ancient apple-tree by the low

stone wall. All the way from the house Lenox had been sparkling and talking by the man's side.

"This is my favorite corner of the old orchard," she said. "I was here with a book the morning you came. I had just reached the fascinating climax of my story; and I was dreadfully vexed when the girl brought me a message from the house. I have hardly glanced inside a book since you came, Uncle Tom," and she glanced up, half-tenderly, half-archly, in his face.

He looked down fondly on the beautifully-shaped head, with its crown of darkly-bright hair, just above his shoulder.

"So I spoiled your book that day, did I, Lenox? I've spoiled other books since. My dear, uncles are a dreadfully tiresome set of old fellows! You will find that out before long."

While he said this, they had seated themselves on the low bench among the cool, wavering shadows.

"You precious Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Lenox, and with a sudden impulse of the young heart that overflowed toward him with love, and pride, and joy, she wound her arm about his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "You are worth all the books in the world!"

He understood just how great a compliment that was. Few things about Lenox had more amazed her uncle than the extent and character of her reading.

But his look was very grave as he answered: "My poor child, you have little cause to say that!" Then, before she could reply he continued, "During these days I have been revolving some thoughts and plans in my mind, about which I would not speak until they were all quite clear to me. They concern you, Lenox—they involve all your future."

She looked startled, for the words were sufficiently impressive and the tone made them solemn. I cannot here repeat Tom Apthorp's words, I can only relate their substance as Lenox did, long after, to me. At that time he laid before the astonished girl the plans which he had so lately formed for her. What offers he made, what glowing pictures he painted for her future! He would take her abroad with him, he would show her the world, she should see its great cities, its grand cathedrals, its stately palaces. They would visit the most famous picture-galleries, the sublimest and loveliest scenery, the points of richest historical association in northern and southern Europe. She should have the best masters in the languages, and the best society of every land they visited. His long residence in the East had given him a world-wide acquaintance, and he had friends and influence that would afford them access to any social circles they might desire to enter.

They would travel slowly so as to gather the bloom of things wherever they sojourned. He had money enough to indulge any reasonable wish either might form. There was no need of being in a hurry, Lenox was young and life was before her. He told her, too, in few words, but all the stronger for their briefness, how he would watch over her young life,

how he would shield it from every harm, how her comfort and happiness should be the supreme care of his life.

And all the time he was talking the leaves of the great apple-tree stirred dreamily overhead, and the dim sunshine dappled the great shadows at their feet.

I suppose no young girl standing where Lenox Dare did, just on the threshold of maidenhood, could have listened to such words as she listened that summer afternoon and not have been greatly stirred by them.

Lenox had sat quite still, her lips parted, her breath hovering on them, but as her uncle went on, her whole soul thrilled, her great, dilated eyes burned, her face flushed with joy and anticipation. What a future it was that opened before her! How eager she was to go out and meet it—to see the glory and beauty of the world!

She was about to speak when she started suddenly, the light which had kindled in her face went down, a shadow crept into her eyes.

"But, Uncle Tom, must I leave Mrs. Mavis and Ben?" she asked.

"I suppose there would be no help for that, Lenox. They could hardly go with us. But I give you my word that you shall come back and see them, whenever you desire it."

Lenox sat quite still after he had spoken. Her thoughts had suddenly gone away from that hour to another—it was the night when she first came to Briarswild. Again she stood at the gate, her breath gone, her brain on fire, her limbs trembling with the terrible walk of the day. Again she watched with wistful, longing eyes the light as it shone out from the hall and showed her Ben Mavis's figure while he stood there and gazed up at the gray clouds of the summer night. Again she heard his first words of dismay as he recognized her—his swift, pitying welcome that followed. Again she saw his mother's tender face as it first bent over her, again she felt the touch of the soft arms as they closed about her.

Lenox had, in answer to her uncle's questions, fully described to him her life at Cherry Hollows, but she had always avoided any allusion to her last days at the toll-gate or to her flight from it.

The whole subject was so distressing that she dreaded for her uncle's sake to approach it, while for her own she feared to recall that time. But Lenox felt quite assured that Mrs. Mavis had related all the circumstances of her first appearance at Briarswild. This conviction was only strengthened by the fact that, in all their talks together, her uncle maintained an absolute silence regarding the most momentous event of her life.

He, too, had been silent, watching for some time the delicate, half-averted face over which the shadows of the apple-leaves flickered. At last he leaned forward.

"What are you thinking about, Lenox?" he asked.

She turned and faced him with steady eyes. The flush in her cheeks had paled. What a resolute line had come about the mouth. This was a side of Lenox her uncle had never seen before.

"If I were to go away, Mrs. Mavis and Ben would miss me," she said. "I know them. It would grieve their hearts."

"But, Lenox," said her uncle, in the kindly, reasoning tone with which one might answer the rash, generous impulse of a child, "do you expect to stay here always? Do you mean to give up all your life to these people?"

His question went to the quick with her. All that "these people" had been to her, all that she owed them, rose up in a moment to Lenox Dare. An instant later she stood, with her pale face and her flashing eyes before her uncle. At that moment, she would have reminded one of the way she looked when Guy Foedick came up to meet her in the moonlight on the beach.

"I remember what I was when I came to them," she said, and her low, shaken voice grew clearer and steadier as she went on. "I was a lonely, desolate, broken-hearted orphan girl when I sank faint on their threshold. In all the world, I had no friend to succor me, no roof to shelter me. I had fled from a life that was more terrible than death to me. And they"—there was a little pause, a sob in her throat, but she mastered it—"they took me at once, a stranger, into their home, into their hearts. How their love and care nursed me back to life and happiness! How I learned, for the first time, what a mother's love meant, what a brother's care could be! Think what they have done for me in all these years! Think where, had it not been for them, you might have come at last to find me! O Uncle Tom, I was your dead sister's orphan girl, the last of your kin, and you forgot me! You left me to the cold charity, to the harshness and cruelty of strangers. You knew what the world could be to such as I left all alone in it—you knew what fiends lay in wait for the young and the helpless. If you had come sooner, Uncle Tom, I would have gone with you to the ends of the earth, but you have found me too late. I thank you for all your splendid offers, but if you gave me the world, I could not take it now, I could not go away from Mrs. Mavis and Ben!"

There were times when Lenox Dare's face had the look of her mother. This was one of them. She had scarcely known what she said. In the midst of the awful memories and the passion of gratitude which possessed her, her words had been like a cry forced from her heart to her lips. In her moments of strongest feeling there was a grand power in this young girl. We have seen the effect it had on Guy Foedick; how it had penetrated through all his pride and self-conceit to some courage and manliness at bottom; how it had made him cast aside for the time the habits and influences of a life, and worked a change in him that was almost like a miracle.

Lenox's power at these rare moments was due partly to the intensity of the feelings and convictions which mastered her. Her pale, young face, her clear, solemn tones made her seem almost like a sorrowful, accusing angel.

But Tom Apthorp felt at that moment as though



his dead sister stood before him. He saw her eyes, he heard her reproachful tones in her child's. His lips trembled, he was a proud man, he covered his face with his hands. "O Evelyn! Evelyn!" he cried.

The next moment Lenox's arms were around his neck.

"O uncle, what have I said! I didn't mean to accuse you!" she exclaimed.

In a moment he lifted his head. His keen, gray eyes gazed at her with a tenderness, touched with remorse, that hurt her.

"Don't reproach yourself, my child!" he said. "You have only spoken the truth."

"I had no right to say what I did, Uncle Tom. It seemed to come of itself."

"I know that, my child. Do you suppose my conscience has not said all you did to me? Do you suppose that the consciousness of my long failure toward you will not rankle to my latest hour?"

She looked shocked and pitiful at that. She would have tried to comfort him; but he was not the sort of man to make that easy. While she sat quite silent, he rose, bent down, kissed her forehead tenderly, and then, without speaking a word, went away and left her in the summer afternoon under the shadows of the old apple-tree.

Those who knew Tom Apthorp were aware that he seldom gave up a matter on which he had set his heart. He made in his niece's hearing no further allusion to the plans he had formed for her future, but he did not in the least relinquish them. He was perhaps more bent on carrying them out, after the talk they had had in the orchard. So far as possible, he told himself, he would make up for his failure in the past. He would prove to his niece, to himself, that he had not come too late to make her womanhood something gladder and richer than it could ever have been without him. This became the fixed determination, the central passion of the man. As he revolved his plans he saw the important aid that Mrs. Mavis and her son could render him at this crisis. If he took them into his confidence, if he once secured their influence on his side, he did not doubt but Lenox could, in the end, be prevailed on to leave them for awhile. He felt confident, too, that he could set before them, in such a light, the importance to Lenox's future of the change he proposed in her life, that they would consent to the separation, whatever pain it might cost them. He made up his mind to broach the subject first to young Mavis.

Lenox's uncle had expressed great surprise and delight at the perfect way in which she managed her horse. This was largely due, as we have seen, to young Mavis's training. When the elder man learned the share Dainty had borne in his niece's fortunes, he never let a day go by without visiting the stall, where the creature soon learned to recognize his step, almost as quickly as she did that of her young mistress.

Late one afternoon, Ben Mavis, alighting from his

horse at the stable door, met Lenox's uncle. They went up toward the house together. As they reached the gate which opened from the large garden into the back yard, Mr. Apthorp touched Ben's arm.

"Let us go back," he said. "I want to have a private talk with you."

It was singular that young Mavis felt at that moment a secret reluctance to turning back, as though something disagreeable awaited him; but he could not refuse the other's request. The path, heavily bordered on either side with currant and raspberry-bushes, stretched long and straight before them. The sun was going down over the distant hills. To this day, Ben remembers all that, and how he braced himself, as a man might who expects a blow.

Young Mavis had had from the first an instinct that the appearance of Lenox's uncle boded him no good. He had tried to rid himself of this feeling. The two men had been thrown a great deal together, and Ben had yielded to the charm of the elder man's society. Lenox's uncle had the most cordial liking for the young fellow, apart from any grateful sense of all he owed to him.

Ben Mavis was such a manly fellow, so kind-hearted; he had such keen humor, with such sturdy good sense, that it was impossible not to feel drawn toward him. Yet, if Tom Apthorp had had the faintest idea to what test he was about to put that brave, generous young soul, he would not have talked as he did in the shadowy, fruit-scented old garden that afternoon. The elder man linked his arm in the younger's.

"My dear young Mavis," he began, "I am going to take you into my confidence—to tell you of a plan on which I have set my heart, but which I shall never attempt to carry out unless I have your assent—the promise, indeed, of your hearty co-operation."

"I shall be glad to serve you, Mr. Apthorp," answered Ben, looking at the man with his clear, honest eyes. "But I am wholly in the dark as to your meaning."

In the next half hour, Ben knew. When he first caught sight of the other's drift, his heart gave a single bound, and then sank like lead. The elder had all the talking to himself. He laid open his whole plans regarding his niece; he showed their immense importance to all her future; he related the scene which had occurred three days before in the orchard, and he concluded: "My dear fellow, you see now I am at a standstill. I shall never move another step in this matter without your consent to help me. It would be hopeless, on my part, to attempt to shake Lenox's determination not to leave you. Indeed, I have neither the heart nor the will to do that. I would not, if I could, take her away without your consent and your mother's. You have a far higher right in her than any I can lay claim to. What is our tie of kindred but a perpetual reproach to me!" And he spoke now with exceeding bitterness, and ground his heel into the gravel.

Ben looked off at the sun hanging just above the pines on the crest of the distant hill. It seemed as

though a cold shadow had fallen over all the pleasant landscape. He could not at once bring himself to reflect on the consequences of what Mr. Aphthorp proposed. What would the days be—what the home—the world itself, if Lenox were to go away from them?

But he put that thought away, with a kind of blind instinct that he must conceal his real feeling from this man, and he answered almost at random: "It will hurt my mother cruelly to part with Lenox."

"I am certain of that, Ben," answered Mr. Aphthorp. "I have gone over the whole ground many times. That explains my coming to you now. You know your influence over your mother—her faith in your judgment. If you were first to broach the subject, if you brought her to look at the matter in the light of its advantages to Lenox, you might prevail upon her to consent to a temporary separation."

Ben was silent. He knew his mother's heart.

"You see how the matter stands now, my dear fellow," Mr. Aphthorp continued in a moment or two. "I leave it entirely in your hands. Lenox's fate rests now with you. I give you my word I shall never attempt to take her from Briarswild unless you aid me."

At that moment the supper-bell rang. It was a relief to Ben.

"Give me a little time to think this over, Mr. Aphthorp," he said, and the two men turned and went up to the house together.

The night which followed, dragged its slow, wakeful hours over young Mavis. Through all the long watches, those words of Lenox's uncle kept repeating themselves like the endless ticking of a clock, like the regular fall of waves on a beach—"Her fate rests in your hands!"

Could he let her go out of his life, he asked himself, just as he had learned she was the heart of all its joy and gladness? What would the mornings be without the sound of her voice? What the long days? What the drearier evenings? For he loved Lenox Dare—this brave young fellow—with all the pure passion and all the loyal strength of his young manhood. And it was the heart of the lover which spoke now, which pleaded for its dearest life.

But the heart of the lover could not warp the native good sense of the man. Ben saw perfectly all the benefit Lenox would derive from going abroad with her uncle. The time had come when it would be vastly for her interest to leave Briarswild.

Ben's love made him, at this time, keen to forecast the future. He was honest enough, generous enough, too, to admit all that side of Lenox's nature which was superior to his own. As he had told her in the pine woods, he was perfectly aware he could not hold himself to the level of her thought, of her imagination. If she went out into the world, if she enjoyed all its finest opportunities for culture, if she saw its choicest society, if she met its grand men—men of noble intellect and polished manners—would not she, so keenly alive to all goodness and beauty, be impressed and charmed? Would not her standards

change, her tastes become exacting? Would not he suffer by the contrast—he, a very common-place fellow at best, brought up in a back-woods town?

But here the pride, the sturdy self-respect of the young fellow, made itself felt through the lover's jealous fears. Was he fallen so low as that? it asked. Could he bring himself to hold back the woman of his love from the best and highest, because, seeing that for herself, he feared she might not choose him above all men? Would not Lenox's presence at Briarswild be hereafter a thing not to be borne—a perpetual reminder of his selfishness?

So his passion and his pride pleaded alternately. So they pleaded for days and nights that followed. And all the time Mr. Aphthorp's speech about Lenox's fate resting in his hands, haunted the air and saddened the summer days. He was so grave that Lenox rallied him at times on his seriousness, and his mother, looking at him with her tender eyes, asked: "What has got into you, Ben?"

Then he would rouse himself, and be witty and gay, as they had hardly ever known him. Nobody suspected the struggle that was going on in the brave young soul.

Tom Aphthorp, man of the world, reader of men as he was, was as thoroughly deceived as the others. Had he suspected the truth, he would never have sought Ben Mavis's aid at this juncture. He would, no doubt, have desired a more ambitious marriage for his niece; but had he seen that the young people were sincerely attached to each other, he probably would not have opposed their union. In his remorse, he would have told himself that it was only right his pride should pay the penalty of his long neglect. He saw, too, that young Mavis was no common man. He had already, in a way, grown fond of him.

Lenox's uncle was, however, gratified that matters stood as they did between the young people. He knew that Lenox's frank, grateful affection for Ben Mavis was not that of a maiden for her lover.

Several days passed—the hardest that had ever fallen into the young man's smooth, prosperous life. Yet one who knew him thoroughly would have had little doubt of the decision to which he would come at last.

One afternoon, when Mr. Aphthorp and his niece had gone out for a drive, Ben Mavis went into his mother's room. To this day, neither could tell how Ben first introduced the subject of Lenox's going abroad. But the young man remembered for years his mother's look when the first notion of his meaning dawned on her.

"O Ben, Ben," she cried out, sharply, "do you mean to say that the man wants to take our little girl away from us—that he has dared to speak of such a thing!"

"But, mother," answered Ben, "you are a reasonable woman. If her uncle can do for Lenox something that we never can—something that will make all her future life larger and happier—ought we to stand in the way? Ought we to keep her here?"

"What can he do for Lenox Dare that we cannot

do as well, or better?" asked Mrs. Mavis, in a half-vexed, half-defiant voice, very unlike her usual chirrupy tones.

Then Ben related the interview in the garden. He dwelt on the splendid opportunities which had been offered to Lenox, and which, if she persisted in refusing them, would hereafter be a matter of life-long regret to her. He showed his mother that the responsibility of the girl's fate rested with them alone. The poor fellow pleaded the more earnestly because his heart was not in the matter.

Mrs. Mavis was not convinced in a single talk; but Ben's arguments had their weight. Other talks followed. Taught by sharp experience, the young man said to himself: "The worst will be in making up her mind to the thing."

One day after dinner, Mr. Aphthorp sat reading his paper on the piazza, when young Mavis came up to him and said: "I have done what I could. My mother has promised me nothing. But she will listen now to anything you may choose to say."

Mr. Aphthorp acted at once on Ben's suggestion. He and Mrs. Mavis had a long, private talk that afternoon. Other talks followed. The result was easy to foresee. Nobody could question the immense benefit which Lenox would derive from the plans which Mr. Aphthorp so adroitly laid before his hostess. He fervently repeated his assurance that he should never move in the matter he had so much at heart unless her friends promised him their entire co-operation. Their claims, as his niece had told him in the orchard, were supreme.

"Claims!" he repeated, in a bitter tone. "What of those had he to make in the face of his long desertion of the girl?"

Mr. Aphthorp gained his point. Mrs. Mavis gave her consent to the separation. From that moment, as Ben had foreseen, the worst was over; and her generous soul found a real satisfaction in contemplating the grand future that lay before Lenox.

All this time the young girl had no idea that her fate was hanging in the balance. The talk in the orchard had never again been alluded to by either herself or her uncle. She never for a moment regretted her decision. But it was impossible for the soul and imagination of Lenox Dare not to have been thrilled by her uncle's magnificent offer—impossible for her not to dwell sometimes on all she had put away from her that summer afternoon.

The time came to speak at last. Mrs. Mavis opened the subject; but Ben was there to second her arguments. In requesting his presence at this juncture, Mrs. Mavis had no idea of the cruel pain to which she was subjecting the brave fellow. Had she known the truth, she would have plunged her right hand in the fire sooner than allow Lenox Dare to leave Briarswild.

When Mrs. Mavis first spoke, Lenox started, and looked wildly from mother to son.

"Has Uncle Tom told you anything?" she burst out.

"Everything, Lenox," answered Mrs. Mavis. "We know all about the plans he has made for you—all about your talk in the orchard!"

"And are you willing to have me go away from you?" she asked, with surprise and reproach in her voice.

It was Ben's turn to speak now. He rose and stood before her.

"Lenox," he said, and his voice was steady, and his eyes, bright and calm, gazed at her, "if my mother and I were quite out of the question—if we were out of the world, for instance—what would you say to this grand offer of your uncle's?"

There was a pause. He saw the sudden light that leaped into her face. Mrs. Mavis saw it, too. Lenox had answered before she had spoken.

"But you *are* in the world! You are the dearest friends I have in it. I will not leave you for anything it can offer me!"

But her look before her words had settled Ben's last doubt. In the talk that followed, he fully sustained his mother. He sometimes took the words from her lips, and set her arguments before Lenox in his calmer man's fashion.

Here, again, the end could easily be foreseen. When the talk was finished, Ben, by a prearranged signal, summoned Mr. Aphthorp to the conference. As he entered the room, Lenox went up to him; her cheeks were flushed, the tears were in her eyes; but the lights dazzled through them. She laid her hands on his shoulder.

"Uncle Tom," she said, "they will have it so. I am going to Europe with you!"

A fortnight of hurried preparations followed. Lenox was very busy, and for the most part very happy, in these days. She made farewell-visits to all the old haunts with her uncle or Ben Mavis—sometimes with both of them.

But the days that went swifter than a weaver's shuttle to all the others, dragged slowly to the young man. Now that the wrench must come, he longed to have it over. He laid a terrible task upon heart and soul at this time; but he bore himself so that neither the mother, who idolized him, or the keen-sighted man who spent hours every day in his society, dreamed of what lay at the heart of things for Ben Mavis.

The four went to New York together. It was in early September. They spent a week seeing whatever was worth seeing in the great city; then Mr. Aphthorp and his niece sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Mavis and Ben went to the steamer with them. That was the last of the young man's long, cruel test. Lenox clung, sobbing, to Mrs. Mavis at the last moment.

"I shall come back in a year," she said.

Ben doubted that. So did Mr. Aphthorp. But the man had solemnly promised that whenever her friends summoned her, Lenox should take the next steamer for America.

The mother and son watched from the pier the great vessel as she passed slowly out of sight. Lenox

stood on the deck by her uncle's side, and waved her last farewells to them.

You and I, reader, will stand also for a moment and watch her—the little girl whom we met first at Cherry Hollows' Glen. How like a fairy-tale her changed fortunes seem! Beyond that blue, dancing sea the old world awaits her. She will see all its glorious treasures, its grandest and loveliest scenes. The wisest care will enwrap her life, the most doting love will encircle her wherever she moves. No wonder her young soul, amid all its grief at parting, leaps at the thought of the land she goes to while her native shores fade dim and gray in the distance.

And as the great steamer fades from our view, you and I, reader, will have to turn and leave Lenox Dare for awhile. Her life has passed now beyond the "turning of the roads." If we meet her again, she will know what the years and the world have taught her—she will be, with God's grace, what the years and the world have made her.

THE END.

### CHARLES LAMB.

SAYS Mr. James T. Field, in one of his articles on "Famous Authors," in the *Youth's Companion*:

I cannot too strongly recommend young people to make acquaintance with the writings of Charles Lamb. Everything published connected with his name is valuable. His letters are models, and rank with the best specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

The "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and his sister Mary, are delightful helps to a better understanding of the plays—the best, in fact, ever prepared for youthful readers. Macaulay used to read them over and over with fresh enthusiasm.

The juvenile works by Lamb and his sister are admirable, and will not stuff the head and starve the heart, like much that is written nowadays for young people. Lamb's poems are full of pure sentiment, expressed sometimes in a very quaint and original manner. Some of his verses once learned can never be obliterated from the memory. In such pieces as "Angel Help," "Herbert" and "The Christening," we recognize a master's hand—not a *great* master in verse, but a very devout and skillful one. He had that priceless quality of intellect, a capacity for veneration, which is always indicative of superior intelligence.

Lamb's sympathies through life were with the humblest first. He liked chimney-sweeps, especially the young ones, whom he called "innocent black-nees." He said the little fellows preached a lesson of patience to mankind from their narrow pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning.

A lonely, childish man himself, he dearly loved little children. He could not bear to think of them as being trundled off to bed alone at eight o'clock in

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the dark, and he pleads from his heart to have the candle left a-burning until poor nervous Tom and Alice drop fast asleep in their downy cribs.

Homely dwellings and plain hospitality were the magnets that drew him oftenest. Old books, old chairs, old tables, old china, old companions, he loved most to see about him. He used to say, with Shakespeare, "The heavens themselves are *old*!"

His jests are memorable oftentimes for their wisdom as well as their fun; as when somebody was discoursing to him one day of the three acids, and he said: "You have not mentioned the best one—*assiduity*." He said one day of a lady: "She is not an intellectual woman; she is only *tinted* with intellect." They were speaking once at Proctor's of a person who had gone wrong, and a lady present said, with much feeling: "Oh, where was his guardian angel?" "Maybe, marm," returned Lamb, "he tired him out."

Lamb's lifelong devotion to his poor insane sister Mary is one of the most beautiful traits in the annals of affectionate care. His interest in early life had been strongly drawn toward a sweet young girl, every way worthy of his attachment; but he smothered the feeling in his breast, and resolved that no earthly tie should ever be permanently formed that might interpose a divided duty between him and his unfortunate sister. And so he put aside all thought of happiness in marriage, and lived solely to protect and cherish the stricken woman by his side.

Wordsworth, in his most tender and pathetic lines written after the death of Lamb, says:

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"

And Barry Cornwall, who loved Charles Lamb with undying affection, tells us that "Elia" never "gave pain to a human being, and his genius yielded nothing but instruction and delight."

READING SERMONS.—The Scotch are strong in their prejudice against reading sermons from the pulpit. The late Norman McLeod, however, was so eloquent in his reading that even Scotch antipathy was removed. He once preached in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old lady, overflowing with enthusiasm, said to her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Was na that a sermon?"

But all her expressions of admiration being met with a stolid glance, she shouted: "Speak, woman! Was na that a sermon?"

"Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily; "but he read it."

"Read it!" cried the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whustled it!"

GARMENTS that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is man's good name once tainted with just reproach.

## THE MOTHER'S TRIP.

"One

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,  
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;  
 No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
 In angel instincts, breathing Paradise." TENNYSON.

YOU could scarcely find a sweeter country home, on a long summer day, than "Aspen Cottage," a dwelling deriving its name from "the light quivering aspen" trees that shadowed it with their beautiful boughs. The inmates of the cottage consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Logan, two daughters aged respectively eighteen and twenty, and a son about twelve years old.

Mr. Logan was a kind, upright, energetic man, simple and laborious in his habits, but disposed, like his wife, to be exceedingly indulgent, to his children. He would probably have been equally as indulgent to his wife had she not so long and so sedulously disclaimed the idea of her needing or wishing any recreation or indulgence, that he had come at length to regard it as something out of the question. To describe Mrs. Logan in the fewest words possible, I will merely say she possessed the qualities that cause a woman to diffuse peace and comfort through a household. Her unwearied love and sympathy, and her constant thoughtful ministrations to her family were quiet and unobtrusive as the falling of the dew and equally as refreshing.

I must now give a flying sketch of the daughters. Helen, the oldest, had had many advantages of education and was really an accomplished and cultivated young woman, but she had not yet learned the true end of education, or, in other words, she had not yet learned that "nothing is wisdom which has not relation to use," so as yet she had not learned to apply her accomplishments or culture to any useful end, but drifted on in a rather indolent and aimless life.

Constance, the second daughter, aspired to the rôle of a beauty, and she really was uncommonly pretty, but she spent quite too large a portion of her time in adorning herself and making her clothes with an ultra elaborateness. It will appear to my readers that both these young girls were hopelessly selfish, but their conduct was partly the result of thoughtlessness and partly the result of injudicious parental indulgence, for Mr. and Mrs. Logan, although such a good and sensible couple, had not escaped the spirit of the age which leads parents to subordinate themselves to their children; and besides this, they had lost several children, which made them cling with trembling fondness to the remaining ones. It is indeed the spirit of every age for a mother to spend and be spent for her children, so Mrs. Logan's case was no rare one. She went on patiently and cheerfully, day after day, in a monotonous and laborious round of household duties, unvaried by any change or recreation, everything of this kind being given exclusively to her daughters.

One day in June, Mrs. Logan received a letter from a first cousin and old friend, a maiden lady, Miss Celia Miller, independent alike in character and

in fortune. They had been like sisters in their youth, and though they had been but little together since that time, still they never had lost sight of the old affection, so it was a joyful announcement to Mrs. Logan that her cousin was coming to make her a visit in a few weeks. The conclusion of the letter also threw the girls into a considerable state of excitement. Miss Celia said: "After spending a few weeks with you, I shall go to the sea-shore for the month of August. I always carry a friend with me on my summer excursions, and this year, I wish to carry one from Aspen Cottage."

This passage quite intoxicated the girls, but it perplexed them, too, with the problem "which shall it be?" Helen thought she ought to be the favored one as she was the oldest, but Constance thought the claim of being the youngest was equally strong, especially when the youngest was the prettiest, she said to herself. Helen commenced practising anew her most showy French and Italian songs, whilst Constance began to remodel her dresses and polonaises, and tried to find space to add a few more puffs or knife-pleatings to them. They felt that they could scarcely endure the suspense till Cousin Celia arrived, which event occurred about the last of June.

The meeting between Mrs. Logan and Miss Celia was refreshing and gratifying to both, bringing back troops of pleasant memories (along with some sad ones) of the days of their youth. In some respects their characters were very dissimilar, and the difference in their lots had still further widened these points of natural dissimilarity. Miss Celia had been accustomed to command and to rely on herself almost exclusively, hence she was a little brusque, but withal so generous and kind-hearted that she seldom gave offense. She had seen a great deal of the world, and had closely observed and studied life and character, thereby greatly enlarging and improving a judgment naturally fine. Mrs. Logan was shy, shrinking and unassuming. Her energy was so quiet, and her goodness so unobtrusive that even those who felt their beneficial effects were scarce conscious of where the *largesse* flowed from.

The girls were so impatient to know who was to be the favored guest at the sea-shore, that they could scarcely contain themselves, but at length the vexed question was ended, a few days after Cousin Celia's arrival by her remarking to Mrs. Logan: "Bessie, I think it is time we were beginning to furbish up your wardrobe for the sea-shore."

A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen on the assemblage. Mrs. Logan was literally too bewildered and too astonished to reply, so Miss Celia thinking she had not heard her remark, repeated it, on which Mrs. Logan stammered out: "I did not know you expected me to go with you."

"Oh, yes, I wrote you of it; I thought I made my meaning clear enough; but at all events, I want you to distinctly understand me now as inviting you to be my guest at the sea-shore."

Involuntarily Mrs. Logan glanced at her daughters, who sat with pale faces and eyes heavy with unshed

tears. Miss Celia's quick eyes noted the glance, but without directly commenting on it, she went on.

"In selecting my summer companion, I am guided by two considerations which I always require to coincide in my choice. The first consideration is to select some one who really needs the trip for purposes of mental or physical health, some one who requires rest, relaxation, recreation and change. Sometimes I select a friend convalescing from illness, sometimes one who has just undergone a great mental strain or great bodily fatigue, and sometimes one who has been going too long round and round the same set of cares and employments without change. You come under the last category, which is one reason why I have selected you this summer. The second consideration that determines my choice is a selfish one (you know how apt self is to creep into our actions). It is my personal liking for and congeniality with the companion I select. You see I compound by making my selection on one selfish and one unselfish principle. On the plea of mere personal liking, I might have selected one of these young girls, but the other principle that guides my selection totally debars them from the trip. They have been under no strain, mentally or bodily. They have no more care than the lilies of the field, and they have each had the recreation of a pleasant trip within the last six months."

Mrs. Logan, though the mother's heart within her yearned for the proffered trip to be enjoyed by one of her daughters felt that it would be useless as well as indelicate for her to say so—and therefore she merely tried to excuse herself from a trip, the bare idea of which was startling to her. She had stayed at home so closely that she had come to believe it impossible for her ever to go away. Her household duties, she urged, were such as to quite preclude the idea of her going away, and her family seemed inclined to take the same view of the question. It was not till Miss Celia had taken Mr. Logan and the girls aside and called their attention to how pale and worn Mrs. Logan looked, and how much a change would benefit her, that it began to glimmer over them that her taking a trip was a thing that ought to be promoted, or even that it was a thing possible. Not that they did not love her, but she was so quiet and unassuming, "seeking not her own," and she had so long and steadfastly put aside the idea of her taking any indulgence or recreation that they had gradually come to acquiesce in this state of things.

"What will become of the housekeeping when Bessie goes away?" asked Mr. Logan.

"Oh, the girls must do it," said Miss Celia. "It is time they were learning, any how, and this will be a good opportunity. They may be called on to keep houses of their own before very long," she added, archly, which remark caused the young ladies to smile amiably and considerably sweetened the prospect of their having to take their mother's keys.

Miss Celia at length succeeded in making the whole household agree to her plan, and gentle Mrs. Logan, who had not gone more than a few miles for more

than fifteen years, found herself committed to a trip—bewildering thought not only to herself, but to her family.

Next the active Miss Celia wanted to have Mrs. Logan's wardrobe gotten in trim. Here she found much to do, for Mrs. Logan's clothing, though neat, was very plain and scant. Every indulgence in dress that she could afford had been given to her daughters, whilst her own clothes did not compare as well with theirs as that of a lady's maid does with the wardrobe of her mistress—a discrepancy which, by the by, speaks badly for young girls, and shows an injudicious tenderness on the part of mothers.

Mr. Logan generally trusted such matters to his wife, and being much engrossed by masculine pursuits, paid but little heed to the garb of his women folks. The daughters had become so accustomed to their mother scrimping for their benefit, and always placing herself in the background, that they had come to regard it as a matter of course, and it did not occur to them how thoughtless, not to say selfish, they had been till it broke over them in the searching light of Miss Celia's gray eyes, and the "*disinheriting*" expression of her kind, frank face when the glaring discrepancy between their wardrobe and their mother's was brought to light.

"Bessie," said Mr. Logan, who was present at one of the feminine conferences over her wardrobe, "you must have your black grenadine made up, that I brought you from town last summer, at the same time that I got dresses of it for the girls."

Bessie made no reply, but colored, whilst the girls fidgeted in their chairs. The truth was, they had wished to make their dresses in such an ultra elaborate manner, with such myriads of pleatings, that Mrs. Logan had cut her dress pattern in two between them to enable them to carry out their ideas. She had thought to bury forever in her own bosom the secret history of her grenadine dress pattern, but the projected trip to the sea-shore wrung it, not from her, but from her daughters, who felt themselves impelled to make the confession (albeit with shame and reluctance) in view of their mother's preparing to make a trip, and consequently needing new clothes to make a decent appearance. Miss Celia could not forbear giving them a little homily on the subject.

"It does not redound to the credit of young girls," said she, "for their mother to appear dressed scarcely as well as a housekeeper or upper servant. It is true that young girls ought to have a greater variety of clothes, and gayer and more fanciful ones than settled women, just as the spring-time has a greater profusion of gay blossoms than the other seasons, but the mother ought not to debar herself from suitable clothing, and go skulking about in the background, in order that her children may have every advantage of dress."

Helen and Constance were too conscience-stricken to resent Miss Celia's reproof. They laid it to heart and profited by it later.

A new grenadine was procured for Mrs. Logan, also other things needed to make up a neat and



tasteful wardrobe. It had been so long since Mr. Logan had seen his wife dressed in anything pretty or stylish, that he stood transfixed with admiration when she tried on the new grenadine, tastefully made by an accomplished dressmaker, and set off by a creamy lace tie presented by Cousin Celia. He stood gazing at her with something of the same expression with which he had gazed twenty odd years before at the fresh, lovely young face of Bessie Miller.

Charlie, the son and heir of the house, determined to add the finishing touch to the grandeur of his mother's outfit, so he slipped off to the neighboring village and spent all his pocket-money, accumulated since Christmas, in buying her a flaming red neck-ribbon with embossed bouquets of green, blue and yellow flowers on the ends of it. The finest barbs of point lace could not have pleased the gentle lady so much as this testimonial of her little boy's love. She laid it away bedewed with her tears.

The first of August arrived. The trunks were packed and the travelers went off, Mrs. Logan as much fluttered and agitated as any timid young bride just leaving her father's home. Without minutely describing the trip, suffice it to say that it was a thoroughly delightful and refreshing one. Mrs. Logan's fresh, innocent, child-like disposition was one peculiarly susceptible of enjoyment, and she had so long lived in deep seclusion that everything had the charm of novelty to her. It is true her pleasure was at times dampened by anxiety about the home folks and her various *protégés* on the farm—her flowers, poultry, cows, calves, etc.; but the rest, the change, the recreation, the bracing sea-air, and all the lovely sights and sounds pertaining to the sea, were highly invigorating to her, and brought a bloom to her cheek that had been foreign there for many a year.

After spending a month at the sea-shore—or in fairy-land, as it appeared to Mrs. Logan—they wound up their summer pleasuring by a little trip to New York, where Miss Celia carried Mrs. Logan to the opera and various other points of interest, giving her an opportunity to store her memory with enough of the delightful and marvelous to refer to in all her after-life.

But now let us take a glance at Aspin Cottage in the absence of its mistress. It was with a sinking heart that the household watched her go off, and yet they had no conception of the extent to which they were going to miss her. This was her first absence (except for a few days at rare intervals) in all her married life of twenty-one years. She was so gentle and so quiet that no one appreciated fully how much she effected in every way, until her presence was withdrawn. The machinery of the household moved on so smoothly and comfortably under her quiet and judicious management, that you were scarcely conscious there was any machinery in the case. *Things seemed to do themselves*; at least Helen and Constance had some vague impression of this kind, and perhaps Mr. Logan, too; but they became totally undeceived in the mother's absence. The girls found, to their cost, that things did not do themselves, nor were there

any kind pixies or elves to come at night and wind up the work delayed or neglected by mortals in the day-time. The rhythmic regularity that used to mark the recurrence of meal-times as well as their other domestic arrangements, was disturbed. Helen and Constance both disliked so much to get up early and attend to breakfast, that Mr. Logan's farm-work was much thrown back by his inability to have this meal early under their *régime*, and when it was served it was such a different affair from what it was under Mrs. Logan's supervision. In a thousand little particulars, her dainty, careful touch was missing. They had thought their servant remarkably efficient, but in Mrs. Logan's absence she was not half as much so. Mrs. Logan's wise management and supervision, and clear, exact directions, had added greatly to the servant's efficiency.

The girls' experience in housekeeping enabled them to form some estimate of the laborious round of duties their mother performed, and they both determined to lighten it on her return by assisting her. Constance resolved to do all the sewing her mother did not put out, as well as to replenish the vases daily with fresh flowers and clean the silver; whilst Helen announced her determination to assist her mother in preserving, canning fruits and vegetables, and doing any other household work about which her mother needed her assistance.

Cousin Celia had dropped some good, wholesome seeds of advice and admonition into their minds during her visit, and now, during the dreary weeks of their mother's absence, these seeds were germinating.

It was not only nor chiefly in the decrease of their material comfort that they all felt the mother's absence. They felt it in spirit and in heart. They found out how her gentle kindness, and sympathy, and patience, and calm cheerfulness had made the sunshine of their home, and they soon began to count the very hours that would elapse before her return. Mr. Logan and little Charlie were probably, of all the household, "the most dejected and miserable." It was hard to say which of them clung to her and depended on her most. Not only did they feel her absence keenly on the grounds of sentiment, but, after the manner of most of the masculine tribe, neither of them could find a clean handkerchief or pair of socks for themselves if their life depended on it.

One bright evening in September the Aspen cottagers might have been seen joyfully wending their way toward the nearest railway station, reaching there an hour before the train arrived. At last the whistle of the engine was heard, the train came rushing up, and a few moments later Mrs. Logan was encircled by the arms of her loved ones.

"O mother!" cried Charlie, "you have gotten to be so young and pretty!"

And indeed she did look so, with the flush of excitement and of renovated health on her sweet face, framed in soft, wavy hair, surmounted by a little black lace bonnet, trimmed with pansies, the gift of the ever kind Cousin Celia.

Mr. Logan was as much enraptured with her as

when she was a bride. He candidly avowed that he had not fully realized till she went off on a trip, how dear and how important she was to him, and how she had filled his home with sunshine.

"I can never let you leave me again, Bessie," said he. "But I tell you what I'll do. I'll go with you once a year on a little pleasure-trip, and if it has the same effect on me as it has had on you, we will both get to be as fresh and youthful as we were in our

courting days. We have both worked hard all our lives, and I think we are entitled to take a little recreation now; besides, the old farm is doing so well, that I think I can manage to afford a trip once a year for us all, as well as an occasional trip between times for the girls. I am heartily obliged to Cousin Celia for opening my eyes to the fact that middle-aged people need recreation, and can enjoy it, too, as well as young folks."

MARY W. EARLY.

## Familiar Science.

### FAMILIAR BOTANY.

AND now for the *Apetalous* division. *Apetalous* means destitute of petals. Here I expect some will wonder what I mean by flowers destitute of petals. In true Hibernian fashion I would answer such a question by asking, "Do all plants bear flowers?" And I am almost certain that my questioners would reply, "No, indeed! Trees don't."

Ah, but they do. Most trees, all, in fact, except tree-ferns—do blossom. Yes, but not with real flowers? Real flowers, friends, are so when they have stamens and pistils, even though they may be destitute of petals. You have all seen catkins and the like. Now we have it. Trees largely belong to this third division of exogenous plants. Though apetalous plants are not always trees by any means, nor are trees always apetalous. This last you may know by the pears and cherries.

The common pokeweed (*Phytolacca decandra*), forms a family by itself, the *Phytolaccaceæ*. Many blossoms have stamens and pistils directly in the calyx. *Chenopodium album*, the pigweed, noted for its disagreeable, oily smell and vermifuge qualities; and *Amarantus retrofractus*, green amaranth, are our most common weeds, each forming a representative of the very large tribes *Chenopodiaceæ* and *Amarantaceæ*.

The *Polygonaceæ*, or Buckwheat Family, is known principally by its odd, three-cornered pericarps. The large genus *Polygonum* contains some striking plants, as well as some coarse seeds. *Polygonum orientale* is the tall, handsome prince's feather, or, as it is called in some localities, kiss-me-o'er-the-garden-gate. (It is brilliantly-colored, but calyxes are often so.) *Polygonum dumetorum* is the graceful wild buckwheat; and *Polygonum hydropiper* is the smart-weed. *Fragopyrum esculentum* is the true buckwheat. In this family, also, are found the different species of dock and sorrel (*Rumex*.)

The *Lauraceæ*, or Laurel Family, contains, as its representative, the true, or classic laurel (*Laurus nobilis*), a distinct plant from our American laurel (*Kalmia*). In company with it, we find the cinnamon and camphor. In our native woods, the laurel tribe is represented by two beautiful, aromatic shrubs, the sassafras (*Laurus sassafras*), and the spice-bush (*Laurus benzoin*). The former is well-known for its fragrance, its mucilaginous sap and its bright red berries, the latter, for somewhat the same qualities, but especially for its bright yellow blossoms, showing themselves before the leaves. These plants are now generally known respectively as *Sassafras officinale* and *Lindernia benzoin*.

The *Euphorbiaceæ*, or Spurge Family, is a large

one, all of whose members are shrubs more or less poisonous. Here we have the superbly-colored poinsettia, the acrid box and the burning croton. *Jatropha elastica* is the India-rubber tree; *Ricinus communis*, the castor-oil bean; and *Euphorbia corollata* gives us ipecacuanha.

The *Urticaceæ*, or Nettle Family, is very extensive, comprising several sub-orders, one of which contains the elm, another the bread-fruit and fig and mulberry. *Ulmus fulva* is the slippery-elm; *Morus rubra* and *alba*, the red and white mulberries; *Urtica dioica*, the stinging nettle. The common hemp (*Cannabis sativa*) is found here in company with the hasheesh (*Cannabis indica*), and the hop (*Humulus lupulus*).

And now for some of our forest-trees. The well-known sycamore, with its curious bark (*Platanus occidentalis*), forms a family, the *Platanaceæ*. The *Juglandaceæ*, or Walnut Family, contains the butternut (*Juglans cinerea*) and the hickory-nut (*Carya microcarpa*). *Juglans nigra* is the black-walnut; *Carya alba*, the shell-bark; and *Carya porcina*, the hog-nut.

The *Cupuliferæ* is the Oak Family, containing, like the *Juglandaceæ*, large, strong trees, noted often for valuable timber, graceful foliage and edible fruits. The oaks alone might form the subject of articles innumerable—I shall mention only the white oak (*Quercus alba*), the scarlet oak (*Quercus coccinea*), and the live oak (*Quercus virens*). *Castanea vesca* is the beautiful and valuable chestnut-tree; *Fagus ferruginea*, the still more beautiful beech-tree; and *Corylus americana*, the hazel-nut.

The *Betulaceæ*, or Birch Family, contains the birch and the alder, of which the paper birch (*Betula papyracea*), is probably the best-known member. The *Salicaceæ*, or Willow Family, also contains two genera, of which *Salix viminalis*, the basket-willow, and *Salix babylonica*, the weeping-willow, are the most familiar of the willows; and *Populus tremuloides*, the aspen, and *Populus dilatata*, the Lombardy poplar, of the poplars.

The *Coniferæ*, or Pine Family, properly forms a division by itself. It contains evergreen-trees having needle-shaped leaves and bearing cones. *Pinus rigida* is the pitch-pine; *Abies alba*, the white spruce; *Larix americana*, the larch. These belong to the Fir Family, which seems distinct from the Cedar Family. *Cupressus thyoides* is the white cedar, and *Juniperus virginiana*, the red. *Thuja occidentalis* is the beautiful arbor-vitæ, or tree of life.

And now we have completed our study of the *Exogens*. Let us remember that in passing to the next order, *Endogens*, we recognize not merely the difference between the various modes of growth and flowering, but in external and internal construction.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

## Religious Reading.

### "SO GLAD TO BE ALIVE."

I DO not know what brought the words to my mind a few minutes ago. Some good angel, maybe—I was very tired and there was "so much to do," and only my one pair of hands to do it.

I turned the lid of my desk down. I must write a letter to the old home, but there lay the button I promised to sew on Ned's jacket, the handkerchiefs I promised to mark to-day. My work-basket beside the desk is piled high with garments to be mended, the cloth for Ned's jacket lay there not even cut. I thought of the needs of my own wardrobe, and the leanness of the family purse. And my head went down on the desk-lid, and a long sigh escaped my lips.

"So glad to be alive this beautiful morning." The words came without bidding to my memory, and instantly there flashed before my mind the time when I heard them. Dear "Uncle Doctor!" as we used to call him. The good old man whose seventy years sat so lightly on him. It was his custom to run up to my room every morning, before he made his round among his patients, for a frolic with baby Ned. Baby would clap his hands and begin to crow and spring, whenever he heard the well-known step. Such a pretty picture as they used to make. The good old man with his gray head, but vigorous form; his homely, but kind, good face. He would toes baby high in his strong arms. Baby with clean, white garments, his eyes bright with fun, and his chubby hands striving to clutch doctor's hair or whiskers. After a frolic one morning "Uncle Doctor" gave Neddle a parting squeeze and shake, saying as he put him in my arms again: "Bless his heart, he is so glad to be alive this beautiful morning."

"I think you are glad 'to be alive,' too, doctor," I said.

"Yes, indeed," was the quick answer, and "doctor" ran down the stairs almost as quickly as a lad of sixteen. Seventy years old and 'glad to be alive,' I mused. If I had not known it to be otherwise I might have thought from his manner that life for him had been one long, bright sunny day. But I knew how often that gray head had been bowed with anguish. I knew that sorrow, trouble and bereavement had come often to the dear old man. Yet he didn't say either in word or manner, the "Lord hath dealt bitterly with me" With something more than patience and trust was his daily life a lesson to us. For he served "the Lord with gladness." With a

"gladness" that carried sunshine to many a weary heart. A gladness that drew little children to him as honey draws the bees. With the kind of gladness that made those in trouble turn to him for comfort and sympathy, sure that they should get it.

"Glad to be alive." Not many months after these words of his taught me a lesson I stood beside his coffin form. And we that loved him so well, knew that he had gone to "live forever with the blessed of the Lord."

"Glad to be alive." Yes, I am. Tired hands and feet, you shall not take the courage from my heart. Tired head and quivering nerves, rest a moment, and take courage. Thank the Father for His love, and rest a little under the shadow of His wings, and be glad for the beautiful blessings He giveth us daily.

VARA.

### THE LIFE THAT LEADS TO HEAVEN.

THE life that leads to Heaven is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world. A life of piety, without a life of charity, which can only be acquired in the world, does not lead to Heaven; but a life of charity does. And this consists in acting sincerely and justly in every occupation, in every transaction, and in every work, from an interior and thus from a heavenly origin; and such origin is inherent in such a life because it is according to divine laws. Such a life is not difficult; but a life of piety, separate from a life of charity, is difficult, and leads away from Heaven.—SWEDENBORG.

### WHAT KIND OF A REVIVAL?

THE revival which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth, and sticks to its promises; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which lives in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press and commerce from roguery and rottenness, would be a boon from Heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible-knowledge, but a Bible-conscience to all, is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want, to-day, is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is more sermons in shoes.—CUYLER.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

THE following story is from an exchange. Read it, boys, and take the lesson to heart.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boys' own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equiva-

lent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a fine melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Williams.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will in a little while have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.

### LATE IN BED.

WHEN Farmer Milton's boy went after the cows, there was one who was called "Old White Face" that always stayed behind. No sooner were the bars let down and the call made, than "Brindle," and "Bright Eyes," and "Broken Horn" would move at once, and make their way to the road. But "Old White Face" would keep cropping and cropping a bit more, as if nobody had called for her and nobody wanted her milk. Sometimes the boy had to crack his whip pretty smartly before she would stir a peg.

"Lazy old brute!" he muttered one day, "why can't you come home when you're called, as other cows do? I have to go after you almost every day. Why can't you come when you're called?"

"So I say, Tom," spoke out Farmer Milton, who was just on the other side of the fence, and heard what he said. "I often call you in the morning, and you sleep and sleep till I come up close to your bed and call out as loud as I can. You used to hear at first, and start at the first call, but you thought you would lie still a minute longer one day, and two the next, and now the habit is very hard to break."

Tom drove home his cows without saying another word, and it is to be hoped that he remembered what Farmer Milton said to him, and jumped out of bed on the first call next morning.

### THE STORY OF A SCAMP.

JOCKO was a merry fellow,  
Clad in coat of gayest yellow,  
With a bright blue band or two,  
Just to keep him trim and true.

Eyes like jet beads brightly beaming,  
And with mischief ever gleaming;  
And at learning, oh! how quick,  
If 'twere but some funny trick.

With his tongue's unceasing chatter,  
Hands and feet kept up a clatter;  
Not a regiment of boys  
Could have made a greater noise.

Spied he flowers finely growing,  
With their fairest colors glowing,  
You'd be sure to find him there  
Making havoc everywhere.

And he was a greedy sinner,  
For, when cook was getting dinner,  
He'd creep up with look so sly,  
And for dainty tid-bits pry!

If his presence once forgetting,  
And to keep close watch neglecting,  
Then a dish of something nice  
He'd make way with in a trice!

How he loved through drawers to fumble,  
And each box and basket tumble,  
Then to scatter on the floor  
All the things he'd rummaged o'er!

But while thus with vicious living  
He was such vexation giving,  
On a sunny autumn day,  
Lo, our Jocko ran away!

And maybe the naughty fellow,  
With his jacket gay and yellow,  
In an organ-grinder's train  
Sometime will appear again!

RUTH ARGYLE.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 7.

A COUNTRY girl said to her bashful lover: "Do say something or other, if it isn't very smart." And we said this to ourselves while debating what to write on this occasion. We have questions to answer; but which ones are the most timely is what puzzles us.

Some of the girls were pleased with our talk on the women's work in the church, and write us that it helped them wonderfully in their own work. Well,

maybe we can tell you something else that will be like an encouraging hand reached out, its grasp full of cordiality. This may not suit wealthy churches—we are not meant for them, indeed—so we will tell how we plan in our own village.

Women must be united; you know that. One will work well in one place, while she cannot succeed in another. For the president, or the leading member of the society, choose a woman whose name is above reproach—an active Christian, liberal in giving, liberal in her views, loving everybody, not suspicious of the motives of others, especially those who are members of other churches, not niggardly of her time, not selfish or at all a bigot—in short, your best wo-

man. She may be all this, and not a very good financier; so see that your treasurer is a good business woman, manly in her judgment, far-seeing, calculating, shrewd to manage and plan, not emotional, not rash, not hasty in making up her mind; let her be also a woman against whom no tongue can wag—discreet, modest, cautious, careful and one who can keep accounts properly. We have these two women filling these positions in our little circle, and, having tried them, we mean to keep them where they are.

If you have a good woman who talks too much, this steady team will keep her in her place. Their influence will help to hide her fault, and make others, in and out of the church, look more leniently upon her. Deal kindly with these erring Peters if they are in your church; they fit in well in their places; they are generally willing to work, and to give, and they only need a little restraining hand to hold them in check. On festival occasions they are invaluable; they are so willing, so light of foot and hand. But what "kneading down" it does require, what watchfulness lest they talk too much, lest they show temper when a placid countenance is proper! The stingy woman—how do you get along with her? Ah me! how glad she is to save a dime! How she will twist and connive, and what strategy she will devise to save her money!

Our last gathering was a very pleasant one, and we realized a snug little sum. Every neighborhood can hold such a meeting with profit to themselves socially, and to the church, missionary society or Sabbath school financially. We had, perhaps, five essays, a few pieces of music, and then the event of the evening was a lecture by the village doctor, called "Men of our Times." He went back a period of forty years, and gave a running scrap of biography of all the leading men of that time. It was very interesting to all of us. Some of the names were unknown to half the citizens of our town—men who had lived here and hereabouts, died, were buried, and quite forgotten in the space of time that to the speaker seemed very brief. An excellent moral was contained in the lecture, especially for those busy, bustling men on our streets who think the world lies close around them, and that they are in the centre, the pivot, which, if lost, would cause dire destruction. Poor fellows! the birds would sing on, and the flowers bloom on, and the wheels of trade would lag not one instant. Only for a few nights would the tired watcher, mayhap, waken suddenly, and reach out the helping hand for the medicine that was no more needed, because the voice was still, the pillows undented by any anguished head, and the sick one gone where there is no more sickness, and where no death ever comes. The characters mentioned in the lecture read by the doctor were only those who had been residents of our village in the length of time specified.

Lawn fées pay well, either afternoon or evening, or both. Business men cannot well leave their stores, offices and shops until night, while the mothers and children can attend in the afternoon. In the evening we had our tables set between the church and the row of beautiful maples. The house was lighted, the blinds thrown open, and the crowd could go inside if they preferred. Lights were suspended in the trees and over the grounds. We had cake, ice cream, candy and lemonade, and all the children of the poor were gratuitously fed and made happy.

Such undertakings must be controlled by committees; a good deal of real generalship is necessary, else one will find to her dismay the truth of that homely old adage, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Judas with the bag must not be

forgotten. We were at a festival once where ice cream was served abundantly; but that department had no treasurer through neglect, and the result was, "hard work and no pay."

Spelling schools gotten up on the old plan of having captains and "choosing sides," takes well even now, after the spelling-school furore is over. Manage it adroitly, and it is really provocative of a good deal of fun. In choosing up, be sure and have for captains those who understand the old-time formula, who have practiced it in their boyhood. Carry out the primitive style as far as possible. Don't forget in choosing to call the names in full, "the good old way," such as Mary Ellen Jones, Sarah Marg'et Fisher, 'Liza Jane Ayers, July Ann Sneddicor, Hanner Marier Conant, Katy 'Lizabeth Davis; and the boys, John Quincy Adams Tannehill, Joseph Elias Peterson, Richard Henry Jackson, Peter Washington Welch, Aaron Nelson Quick. You remember that this old way of giving double names on all occasions was common every-day usage. At "intermission" pass 'round the dinner-baskets with a nice bit of lunch for a "piece." And try and find common old splint baskets with a handle over the top, not the tasteful, pretty baskets of the prevailing styles. Let the programme be made out by those who understand the form. Even at a dime a head, you will find that this pays in more ways than one. It is very funny at the close when the lads come hustling along with hearts beating almost audibly, and ask the Mary Janes, and 'Liza Ellens, and Martha Anns, to see them "safe home," or if they "will 'cept of their company," the bashful swains!

The old-time singin'-schools are a fruitful source of pleasure and good-will, and—profit, too. They will never grow old or tiresome; indeed, they seem to grow better and better, and the attendance not to decrease as they are better known and appreciated. Let them be conducted as they were in the long ago, when our grandparents, rosy, and broad, and buxom, and all aglow with health and vigor, rejoiced in them, and sang the beautiful anthems, with China, and Mear, and Evening Shade, and Ninety-third, with a zest that was worship.

An elocutionary entertainment in an intelligent community is a treat; so is a public reading; but, strange as it may appear, the house is never filled, the audience is generally small, though appreciative and select.

Mite socials bring in a small revenue, but it does not take long for these informal gatherings to become too informal; the little lads and misses monopolize them; with all the abandon of Young America, they rush in and crowd the modest and middle-aged to the wall, or into the background. They clang and bang the piano or organ with deafening noise; they run against you; clatter like little animals, with hoops, up-stairs and down; they slam doors, and talk loud, and laugh louder, and get up tableaux under your chair, or use your shoulders roughly in guessing charades. If you laugh at their spelling in that cheery game of "the ship's come in," they get mad, and with red lips pout about the prim ways of "old fogies." But hold the young American in check, and with conversation, music, reading, recitations, delineations, pleasant games, etc., very delightful evenings can be spent in this way, the choice side of your nature made ripe and mellow as the sunward side of a peach, a better and friendlier feeling established in your social circle, your treasury kept from collapsing, and the "wheels made to go round" with a motion so smooth that you will be gratified and delighted.

We did tell you of the supper in mask, in our other article. A little lady at our elbow said: "Now you couldn't deceive me in this town. Why I know every woman's figure, and voice, and laugh, and I guess I would know her by the dress."

To which we replied: "Not so fast, my lynx-eyed one. Wait and see."

We said the mask could be a pillow-case, but it need not be unless one prefers. Muslin is cheap, make the covering to hide the dress half-way down the skirt; make it of calico or black paper-muslin, or any drapery you choose. Ours was the skirt of a thin black dress laid aside a dozen years ago—we forget the name—pretty goods—fifty cents a yard—we damaged ours loaning it to poor women to wear at funerals. You all know that there are instances in which a black dress, ready-made, fitting, laid before a broken-hearted, poor creature when dazed and almost dumb with the sudden sorrow that came like a thief in the night, would lift from her a tinge of the grief, especially when she felt that she had "nothing to wear." The wide old-time skirt of six breadths was readily fashioned into a very graceful drapery, with no ornament save a white cross. That stamped the wearer as a nun. Now a nun would not be expected to laugh or talk loud, so the voice led not to betrayal.

The little lady who was so positive about recognizing her acquaintances could not name half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, their disguise was so complete. Her escort at supper was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a gruff voice, a glittering ring on one hand; very polite, bowing frequently to save speaking—as we all did. It took some time for the company to be seated, and a few minutes elapsed then before they were requested by the president of the ladies' society to remove their masks. Her partner turned toward her, snapped his eyes wide open to see who was the lady—the Highland lass in her plaidie beside him. Now he was the last one she suspected. She told me, confidentially, that she thought he was the minister, in disguise, instead of that he was one of the boys 'bout town, an easy, clever, loafing, good-humored young man who had barely been on terms of acquaintance. In the words of a skipping ditty, this young man wasn't over-pious,

"And his eyes were on the bias,  
So to speak;  
And his beauty took vacation  
About the time of his creation,  
And he had no education,  
So to speak,"

but for all that he conducted himself genteelly and contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening.

Well, in planning social gatherings for church or Sabbath-school purposes, great watchfulness must be observed least the cause suffer injury or indignity, or be lowered into a truckling, money-grabbing, greedy belittling thing. That would be such a pity, and the injury would be so great. You women, praying Christian mothers, wives and sisters, must consider these things, and must not even approach too closely the boundary line. We think you can all be trusted. Remember that the young must be conciliated—met half-way, treated affectionately, respectfully, kindly, show them that you love them, and their souls, and desire their happiness. Don't be like the church officers at Alder Valley. The young people there wanted the use of the house for a concert and literary entertainment, but the old straight-outs utterly refused them, on the grounds that a church was only for divine worship; that it would be sacrilege to use

it for their purpose. No other house in the vicinity, but the school-house; the young people coaxed long and earnestly—half of them were members in good standing—but the trustees refused; angry words and recrimination followed, and to-day, that beautiful building, stands—moles, and bats, and swallows hiding under its wide eaves—beginning to settle and decay—a useless thing, when it might have been a blessing to that populous neighborhood.

It is a serious calamity when between the old and the young members in a church there springs up a feeling of bitterness and hatred; or between the old and young outside of the church—for the best safeguard for the inexperienced is the friendship of their superiors.

We know elderly people who set their hard faces squarely against all the innocent enjoyments that are pleasant pastime for the young, and as a result they are not loved nor respected. One old lady in our prayer meeting is always praying dolefully for the young; asking the Lord to impress on their minds that they must shun the pitfalls, and devices, and snares that lie in their paths; that He will make them remember all the time that they must die, and be buried, and go to judgment; and she paints it so painfully, dreadfully, hopelessly hard and real, that the very room seems to have a taint of sulphur in it! Cross? she kicks the cat, and starves the dog, and kills the spiders, and sets the wickedest fly-traps; bars the doors, nails the windows, draws the curtains, locks the cupboard, and cellar, and milk-house, and smoke-house, and is so 'fraid at night that she never sleeps long, honest, restful slumbers like the poor woman across the way who takes in weaving and tends other folks' babies while the tired mothers go off to hunt ferns and winter-greens. She, the weaver-woman, sings:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

never losing a note when she drops the shuttle, or toddles round to turn the yarn beam just a few inches "farder round." And she always has a kind word for the young—makes suggestions when they get up church fairs and festivals; tells them how she used to cut and make her "frocks" when she was young, and when such a "rig as an over-skirt" was never heard of. The girls often go in and sit awhile with Aunt Hetty Ray, and go away with bright faces, and no shadows laid on their jubilant young hearts. Not so with the crooning old creature who meets the girls with a pious whine about the ways of the evil one; the wickedness of the human kind; the traps laid to ensnare every body—how she misses her fattest chickens o' nights; how them pesky boys stoned her out-buildings; and how "hard it is to be a Christian, and to bear the cross, and the shame, and the persecution for righteousness' sake." And when she sings, which is through her cavernous nose, and seldom, she invariably selects, "And must this body die," or, "Thy flesh shall crawling worms consume." The time matches the words—a dragging, drawling, doleful, dolorous thing that has no ring, or rise, or swell, or melody in it. Oh, such people never find any of the sweets of religion in this burlesque that they stigmatize as "piety," "a heart renewed," "serving God."

God despises such a sham; He turns away from such prayers and such pretense; He is not deceived with harangues purporting to be communion with Him; He does not shower down His revivifying grace upon such shallow souls; He does not scatter seed in such waste places for the fowls of the air to pick up or the winds to bear away.

An upright, pure, cheerful life preaches a sermon



daily; one that entereth into the heart and abideth there. No matter how humble the soul if it only has learned the beautiful truth that there is "no peace out of Christ, that in Him is perfect peace, and if He giveth rest who then can give trouble." "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

CHATTY BROOKS.

### "MARBLE-TIME."

I WONDER where that boy lives, who, waking up some morning, in *very early spring*, jumps out of bed and declares "to-day marble-time begins." Or are there several boys who catch the "epidemic" together, and inaugurate "marble-time." If it begins with only *one* boy, I think I would go a good many miles to see him, and beseech him not to begin another year. If, as I suspect, it commences simultaneously all over the country, why I give it up, and *endure*.

But I do dread the time of marbles so! It isn't my Neddies' grimy little hands; it isn't the worn little knee-pants, and the great holes in the knees of his stockings that are sure to come in "marble-time;" it isn't the coaxing for pennies to buy marbles that I dread; and it isn't so much the peculiar "slang talk" that boys always have over a game of marbles. (I wish some woman, who never had any boy playmates when she was a girl, could stand beside a group of boys playing marbles and listen to their talk for ten minutes. I wonder how much of it she would understand!) But I do dread very much to hear, "Mamma, most all the boys play for keeps." "Mamma, what is the reason you are not willing for me to?" Or, "Jimmy Tucker cheats so when he plays marbles that nobody wants to have him play with them."

And so for the twentieth time I explain my reasons why it is not *right* to play for keeps. For the twentieth time I urge my boy to "*play fair*."

This year my heart was made glad to hear Neddies say one day: "I guess Mr. P. thinks as you and papa do about playing marbles." (Mr. P. is the grammar school-master, and Neddies, this year, being promoted to the intermediate department, comes under his control somewhat.)

"Why so, my son?" I ask.

"Oh! after we were in line to go into our rooms to-day, he told us he thought playing marbles for '*havins*' was a kind of gambling, and he didn't want us to do it in the play-ground, or on our way home, or coming to school. I told him," went on Ned, "that I couldn't, because my mother didn't like me for to. And so did Percy and Charlie, and two or three of the other fellows, but most of the boys said their folks didn't care. But Mr. P. said they must only play for keeps at home with their own brothers."

Well, you may be sure I thanked our young school-master the next time I saw him for using his influence to keep the boys in the right. And then he told me something else about the boys. He said that a few days after he told the boys the above, he noticed slips of white paper circulating from boy to boy, and little knots of boys gathered about on the play-ground, and earnest confabs going on, marbles changing hands, etc. So after a time he inquired into it. The boys are very frank with their kind master, and they freely told him. They were "selling chances." Like this: A boy has a handsome "glass agate" or some pretty "chinas," and he goes about asking the other boys to take "a share," or "buy a chance" for two "doggers" as the boys

call a common marble. A boy pays over two "doggers," receives a strip of paper with a number on it, and when enough shares are sold, the drawing begins, and the boy who holds the right number wins the "glass agate" or two "chinas," as the case may be.

"What did you do about it?" I asked the school-master.

"What could I do?" he asked, in return. "Every church fair that has been held in this town since I came here, has done the same thing. The boys have seen bed-quilts, pictures, books, tea-sets, and almost everything you can name, sold at fairs held by the church, in that way."

"O Mr. P., surely you don't think *we all* approve of that way?" I hastened to reply.

"No; but when I asked the boys how many thought that way a right way to get money, out of over fifty boys only *two* thought it wrong," was his answer. "But I have stopped their marble lottery," he went on.

"And if we mothers could only stop lotteries and chances at fairs," I added.

So you understand, mothers of the "Home Circle," why I dread "marble time." I want my boy to hate every form of cheater or trickery, "fair and square" I want should be his motto. But I think a "better time" is coming.

"Ten cents' for a base-ball," explained Neddies, as I saw him shaking and overturning his bank, and rattling out the pennies, to-day.

"Then 'marble-time' is over," I said, and gave a sigh of relief.

"If we have a fair this next fall, don't sell one thing on shares," said the Mrs. President of our sewing-circle at our last meeting, and in my heart I said "thank God." VARA.

### A LETTER.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Won't you please draw your chairs a little closer, so that I may sit among you just this once, and listen to the dear, good words you may say, and perhaps I might venture to tell you how I have learned to love you all, from dear old "Pipey" down to the latest newcomer. I have in my mind a picture of each one of you—bright, beautiful pictures, which to me grows brighter and fairer with the dawning of each new month. How gladly I welcome the days which bring to us the HOME MAGAZINE. Laden with noble thoughts, arrayed in pure and beautiful words, it is a joy to our home, and welcomed by all. I do believe that, with myself, it stands second only to my Bible. From its pages I glean food for my happy hours, my sad ones, and also the weary ones. Do I become entangled in the web of household duties, I have but to advise with Pipey or Chatty Brooks, and I soon find myself at liberty. Truly, their words are like "bread upon the waters;" others will gather the crumbs that have been sown broadcast by their generous hands.

And there is Earnest; I have read over and over her beautiful words regarding our future home, its beauties, its attractions; and the enjoyment of those things that we so dearly love here in this world may still be ours in the "sweet by and by;" for I, too, have long loved to think of Heaven as a place where we may enjoy the beauties of this life with a more intense delight than we could possibly do here in this vale of sunshine and shadow. I have often thought what a monotonous life it would be if, as many people think, all those who go to Heaven shall

wear wings and do nothing else but sing. I have a darling husband, who is a noble man and a finescholar, and yet he has no natural talent for singing. After much perseverance, he has learned to sing "Greenville" and "Rock of Ages," so that I do not always have to sing alone. But what would Heaven be to him if he were allowed to do nothing else but sing? I fear that he would soon regret that he had ever learned dear old Greenville. No, with Earnest I love to think that there will be something in Heaven for us all to do—something that we can do, something that we shall be the better prepared to do because of our work here below.

But how quickly time passes. I did so want to speak of "Lichen," and her sweet lessons of patience and endurance; how they all come trooping up during my thoughtful moments.

I suppose you all wonder who the stranger is who has thus intruded upon your home chats. Well, I am a wife, in the bright morning of life, with a noble husband and a beautiful boy of five years, and I am trying so hard to make home beautiful and life happy for these loved ones, and also to do something aside from my own home nest. How many times have your words helped me in performing the duties so dear to me; and one day, I believe, these same words will serve to brighten the crown awaiting you in the glorious hereafter.

SUNSET.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 40.

"Walking here in twilight, O my friends!

I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

"If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,  
By every friendly sign or salutation.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Therefore, I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought, and uninvited!"

PICKING up a copy of Longfellow the other day, I opened to the poem quoted from, which I had not read for so long. I had forgotten it entirely. It made no impression on me in those early days, and now came to me, just at this time, as something fresh and new, an exact expression of my feelings; for I had been hearing words that made my heart glow with pleasure and gratification. I was spending a few days with friends, at whose home I am always treated so cordially, and petted like one of the daughters of the household. There I met a dear old lady friend, who has lately returned from a long visit in the lower part of the State. Far down on our beautiful river, in a rich, fertile district, she lived years ago in the midst of affluence, and in her hospitable country home entertained many a guest. Now, with all her near kindred gone, and her circumstances greatly changed, with no home of her very own, and living with a friend who is situated much as herself, she is yet so bright and cheery, so warm-hearted and loving, that every one likes to be in her society. She told me several incidents of her visit. One was, that, while staying with some relatives, a young girl who was a member of the family was one day reading the HOME MAGAZINE in her presence, and exclaimed that she wished she knew

who "Lichen" was, for she had an idea that she lived in this State. Whereupon the old lady told her she thought she could enlighten her, for she knew her personally, and then gave some bits of information concerning her, which proved that she was no fictitious person. They were heard with pleasure, and the young lady made some comments which warmed my heart, and made me feel as if I had one more friend to add to my number.

And a few days after, I found another, whose written words hold especial worth to me, as she is a woman much older than I, an author, and a student of nature and science, and was interested in my petrified ferns. She, too, is an invalid, and I shall never forget her words.

Both friends have done me good, for sometimes of late I feel afraid, after my chat is over, that there is very little in it of interest to others, and that my words will no longer do the good which some have had the kindness to say they did. So these things encouraged me. I do not think it wrong to commend people for what they do that is good, or tell them pleasant remarks that others make about them, *unless* they are already vain or egotistical. It ought not to make any one vain, and it often strengthens a timid heart, or gives a proper amount of self-reliance or confidence to those who depreciate themselves; or perhaps encourages some one who is faulty to persevere on an upward track which they are trying to walk. Like persons whom Talmage speaks of in his lecture "On the Bright Side of Things," we can do a real good sometimes by repeating to a friend a pleasant or commendatory remark we have heard made about them, where an unpleasant or critical one would depress them, and even unfit some natures for the duties of the day.

Just here I laid my pencil down three weeks ago, and whatever I was going to say next—and I have a vague remembrance of something I had in my mind—was effectually banished by what followed. During all that time I have been ill—too ill at first to think of much but the terrible pain and the remedies which must be taken for relief. Sometimes, when soothed by sedatives, pleasant fancies would float through my brain, which seemed to weave themselves into connected articles or stories, which I thought I could write out easily as soon as I was able, but soon found there had been more dreaming thoughts than waking ones, and they mere allusions that faded away. Then, when pain had spent itself, and days of slow convalescence came, when too weak and exhausted for any effort, I lay watching the shadows creep along the wall, looking at the pictures opposite me, and watching a great black spider who had hidden his cell above the window-curtains, as he sallied forth each morning for a long promenade around one corner of the walls in search of his matutinal meal.

Have you not all passed through just such days, when you were too weak to think or care about anything, and felt like the best and pleasantest thing one could do was to sleep?

Sometimes friends sent lovely flowers to brighten my room; and soon came stronger days, when they came themselves, with cheery words, to sit and talk with me. Again, over sixty miles of dusty, noisy railway, traveled a grand bouquet, composed of all the flowers of the season, each one bearing its message, giving hours of pleasure, either to lie watching it, or to study over the different variety of flowers with some friend, find out the name of each, and pick out cuttings from which to grow new plants.

Now the bouquet is faded and gone, and I can sit

by the window a little while in the morning sunshine, watch the vine-rose swaying gracefully about, listen to my blue-birds and the mocking-bird in the elm across the street, and try to write a little. But my hand is almost too weak yet for the effort, or else

my brain is too weak to think of anything worth writing. I think it must be the latter, so I can only make my apology for the ending of this, and try to grow stronger, that I may do better next month.

LICHEN.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### MISS DODD'S RECIPES.

**D**URING Miss Dodd's lectures on cooking in Philadelphia, she made various dishes in the presence of her audiences, showing every step of the process, from the selection and proportioning of the raw material to their various combinations and preparation for the open fire, boiler or oven; and finally producing them ready for the table. We give a few of her receipts.

**MACCARONI AND CHEESE.**—Ingredients necessary: quarter pound of macaroni, three ounces of dry cheese, half pint of milk, and a small quantity of pepper and salt. Boil the macaroni fifteen minutes in water; then replace the water with milk, and boil for half hour longer. Spread a layer of macaroni on a flat dish; add a layer of dry cheese; sprinkle slightly with pepper and salt. Continue alternate layers of macaroni and cheese until the required amount is obtained. Then place in the oven and brown for from eight and a half to ten minutes.

**To BOIL POTATOES.**—The only method to boil potatoes properly, says Miss Dodd, is to boil them until half-done, then pour off all the water, cover the pot closely and permit them to steam until quite done. Just before removing them from the stove take off the lid of the pot that the steam may escape, and the potatoes will be found to be very dry and very mealy. Young potatoes should be placed in boiling water; old potatoes in cold and boiled.

**AMBER PUDDING.**—In preparing this there were used two pounds of raw apples, three ounces of sugar, a gill of cold water, several drops of lemon-juice, four eggs, six ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. The sugar and one-half gill of water are placed over the fire and allowed to come to a boil. At this point add the apples, which should be cut into lumps, and the lemon-juice, and cook until the apples are quite soft. Weigh out six ounces of flour in a basin, and mix in well two ounces of butter; then add the baking-powder, a pinch of salt and one-half gill of water, and work the whole into a firm dough, and roll out to the thickness of one-third of an inch. Then dampen the sides of a pie-dish with cold water and line it with narrow strips of the dough. After trimming the edge nicely, brush them lightly with cold water, and garnish the outer edge with small circular pieces of the pastry laid close together. The apples, when soft, are removed and strained through a sieve into a clean dish. The yolks of four eggs are then mixed in, and in this condition it is placed into the pie-plate that has been prepared. In order to cook the newly introduced eggs and the dough the dish is put in the oven for ten minutes. The whites of the four eggs, to which salt has been added, are beaten stiff, and when the pudding is done this is piled high up in the centre, and is then well sprinkled with sugar. After smoothing the white of the egg into a cone shape, it can be neatly garnished

with pieces of Angelica or dried berries. It is again placed in the oven to brown for two minutes, and is then ready for the table. Miss Dodd stated that it was never necessary to beat the yolks of the eggs. The whites always beat quicker and stiffer separate. She used the sharp edge of a table-knife, and said the beating could be done quicker in a cool air.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—In making Charlotte Russe she required a quarter pound of lady-finger cake (sponge finger biscuits), one pint cream, half ounce gelatine, the whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, one ounce of sugar, a few dried cherries—preserved cherries with stones cut—and a half a gill of cold water. The gelatine was put in cold water to soak. The lady-fingers, in the meantime, were cut lengthwise, so they would fit closely together, and were then placed side by side within a small pan. The gelatine was then carefully melted over the fire so as to not get too hot. A pint of cream was whipped, to which was added one ounce of granulated sugar. Take the whites of two eggs and whip them until they are very stiff, adding a little dry salt. When the whites are whipped to a very stiff froth add to the cream the vanilla and the gelatine. Pour gently into this, stirring all the time, the melted gelatine, and then mix in very lightly the whites of the eggs. When well mixed, stand one side until it begins to set, then pour into the mould in which the cake has been arranged, and allow it to stand until well set. A few dried cherries were first dropped into the bottom of the pan for flavor.

**WELCOME-GUEST PUDDING.**—In the preparation of this dessert she required four ounces of bread-crumbs, one gill of boiling milk, two ounces suet, two ounces sugar, one and half ounces citron, one and half ounces sweet almonds, two eggs and a few preserved cherries. First put on to boil one gill of milk; put two ounces of the bread-crumbs in a basin; pour over them the boiling milk; allow this to soak for a minute or two; chop finely the suet, beef suet is always used except in the sickroom; here mutton suet is used because it is more easily digested; chop finely the almonds which are first blanched; cut the citron in very thin pieces, having removed the hard sugar from the surface. The bread-crumbs and milk having soaked, two ounces more of crumbs are poured into it, together with the suet, citron and almonds. In a basin put the yolks of two eggs and two ounces of sugar, the sugar is mixed with the yolks to make the latter lighter. To the whites of the eggs add a pinch of salt and beat to a stiff froth; mix the froth with the yolks and sugar; all the ingredients are mixed together; grease a mould; garnish with a few preserved cherries. Put the mixture in the mould carefully, so as not to disturb the cherries, and steam the pudding for an hour and a half. Leave it in the mould a second before turning it out.

**POTATO CROQUETS.**—In preparing this tasty side-dish Miss Dodd required one pound of mashed pota-

toes, one egg, one tablespoonful of milk, a little pepper and salt, and a cup or two of bread-crumbs or cracker-dust. The best utensil for mashing potatoes is a fork, but a good method is to grate them through a sieve. When the potatoes are mashed the salt and pepper are added. The milk and the yolk of one egg are then mixed in, and the whole stirred over the fire until the egg is dry; this requires about one minute. The kneading-board is well floured, and, while warm, the mass is separated into small balls or rolled into any shape desired. The white of the egg is then beaten slightly, and each ball covered with a light coating. The bread-crumbs or cracker-dust is then placed in a piece of paper and the balls separately placed upon it, and by rolling them from side to side are completely covered. This, she said, was the best method of coating fish. To cook anything in fat, such as oysters, croquets or fish, the grease should be heated to three hundred and seventy-

five degrees. This heat could easily be determined, for at that degree the fat began to smoke. At this heat they would be done in about one minute. In order to keep it from burning when not in use, a raw potato or a large crust of bread should be placed in the fat, to be removed again when ready for use. Fat can be used over and over again. When its properties are exhausted it can be readily renewed by adding fresh material. This rule applied to lard as well as drippings. When anything is cooked in fat or lard, it should be removed from the pot and placed at once on a piece of brown paper. This would absorb the remaining grease. The croquets were placed in a pot of smoking drips, and in a few moments were removed, and were found to be beautifully browned. Incidentally, she stated it was never well to boil meats quickly. By permitting them to simmer over the fire the juices were brought out better, and the flavor was therefore much richer.

## Literary and Personal.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is now sixty years old, and lives in London almost a prisoner to her room. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend: "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad. Thank God, who still gives me work to do."

MISS HARRIET HOSMER, the artist and inventor, is preparing to make a year's visit to her native land.

MR. MOODY was recently in Boston, and at a reunion of Christians he said if he understood this Christian life it was a battle. He had been in the fight twenty-four years. He started with the idea that after he was converted all he had to do was to fold his arms and "float right along into Heaven." But he soon found that the Old Man was not dead in him, that the flesh still lived, and that the world and the devil were yet alive. From his experience and from careful reading of the Bible he had learned that when a person is converted he has only enlisted; the weary marches, the hard fights, the wilderness, the deserts and the mountains are all before him.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, writing from Troy (Asia Minor) to a friend in Indianapolis, says: "I think that there is no lady in the world who could have made me so happy as Mrs. Sophia Schliemann, whom I married ten years ago from pure affection, and because, though she then only knew her native tongue, the modern Greek, she showed a great enthusiasm for Homer and archaeology. Since that time she has

perfectly mastered nearly all the European languages learned nearly all the Homeric poems by heart and constantly assists me with fervent zeal in all my undertakings; nay, the French edition of my *Mycenæ* is dedicated to her, and she fully deserves it. You say my work has not been profitable to me; but if, as you say, you read my *Mycenæ*, you ought to know that I work from pure love for science, and that I gave away to the Greek people the immense treasures found by me and my wife at *Mycenæ*. \* \* \* Believe me we have nearly all our money in America, and if we buy a home in Indianapolis it is with the intention to remove thither sooner or later. We spend the value of palaces in our scientific explorations, but are content and happy in a modest little cottage."

MR. GILBERT, author of "The Bab Ballads" and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, are said to be working together on an opera for America. The subject is reported to relate to military matters, which will be treated in the same airy, comic, sarcastic and amusing spirit as naval affairs in "H. M. S. Pinafore."

A LONDON paper says: "Patti and Nilsson were recently stopping at the same hotel in Paris, unknown to each other. Subsequently they met in the corridor, and abruptly facing about, rushed to their respective and adjacent rooms and simultaneously vented their anger upon their unoffending pianos. Some splendid fugue improvisations followed to the delight of listening guests."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

ONE of the latest novelties in summer dressmaking is to mingle washing-goods with silk, foulard, etc. For instance, for the little ones are shown some charming little princess dresses made of white pique, with fronts of colored silk gathered horizontally from the neck to the hem, and some beige and poplin dresses have underskirts and front trimmings

of pique and percale which can easily be removed to wash.

Surplice effects given by shirred pieces down the front are greatly in favor for dress waists. Striped, plaid or polka-dotted silk or satin is used for this purpose; thus, an almond-colored basque and overskirt is worn with a full-shirred front of Scotch plaid silk, and the kilt skirt is also of the gay plaid. Sometimes a broad belt passes over at the waist, and

the part below the belt hangs in two loops, like a great Alaskan bow, or else forms a sash.

White flannel suits are made for ladies to wear at the seaside. They have kilt skirts suspended from a narrow yoke, and the pleats are bordered near the bottom with gay bandana plaid cut in a bias band. The overskirt has a very short, scarf-like apron, with a long, draped back, and is also bordered with plaid. The basque is caught up in the back to give full panier effect, and handkerchief pieces of the plaid are arranged like a sash bow in the back and around the neck.

Cheese-cloth suits are dresses made of unbleached muslin, and trimmed with rows of woolen skirt-braid, or else bias red and yellow plaids in the handkerchief.

The newest wraps have panier attachments. These

will give the bouffant effect of this year to costumes of last season which have no paniers.

The latest styles of hats for young ladies are very graceful round hats. The first is the English turban, with a broad, square, low crown, and rolled-close brim. This is liked in the fashionable rough straws, but is also shown in chip. It is trimmed with a gay scarf, a number of birds' wings and a narrow band of velvet along the brim. The other hat has a straight, wide brim, and half-high, square crown trimmed with nodding clusters of ostrich feathers. The wide brim of this hat may be turned up all around and faced with velvet.

Lace mitts are largely imported in colors to match the suit, or embroidered in contrasting colors. To the regular assortment of mitts, and mitts with half fingers, are added the old-fashioned lace gloves.

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**Resurgit: A Collection of Hymns and Songs of the Resurrection.** Edited, with Notes, by Frank Foxcroft. With an Introduction by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. In the early Church, the Resurrection of our Lord was the one great fact on which Christian faith and hope rested. "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain and your faith is vain," was Paul's emphatic declaration to the Corinthians. The first day of the week, or that on which He arose, was kept as the Lord's day, sacred, to worship in place of the old Jewish Sabbath; and at an early period the annual commemoration of this event became one of the festivals of the Church. No sacred theme has been more fruitful of inspiration to the poet than that of the resurrection. In the volume before us, we have a collection of nearly two hundred hymns for Easter, selected with care and judgment, and classified under the divisions of Greek, Latin, German, English and American.

"A volume of Easter hymns," says Mr. Peabody, in an introduction, "might, at first thought, promise but little variety. The truth is far otherwise. As from a few lines and tints an endless number of patterns all differing from one another may be drawn, so may innumerable combinations and groupings be made from a few simple incidents, with the associations inseparable from them, and the thought that naturally flows from them. It is thus that no two hymns on the same subject are alike, and no hymn that unites devotional and poetic merit can ever be dispensed with because of its resemblance to another. \* \* \* Nor has there been any subject which has called forth so wide a diversity of inspiration. We have the rich mellifluous strains of the old Greek hymns; the terse, sonorous, majestic melodies of the Latin Church; the calm, meditative fervor of the German muse; and, in our own tongue, the quaintness of our early poets, and in later times every mood of lyric rhyme."

The volume is beautifully printed, and cannot fail to receive a warm welcome from those for whom it has been compiled with a care, taste and discrimination worthy of the highest praise.

**The Reading Club and Handy Speaker.** No. 6. Edited by George M. Baker. The adjective "handy" in this connection is well-chosen, for the volume before us is exceedingly convenient, both in size and contents. The selections, especially in the

humorous vein, are remarkably good, and we feel like recommending highly this little book to members of literary societies and to students of elocution.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADA.

**Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book.** The reputation of the author, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, well-known as having been for nearly half a century the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, ought to be a sufficient testimony regarding the excellence of this work. On one point, however, we feel it our duty to raise our voice in protest. Regarding beverages, in her chapter on that subject, evidently seeking to engraft upon the present some of the customs of the past as they were in her own younger days, Mrs. Hale says that the use of wines is not only sanctioned, but *encouraged*, in the Holy Scriptures. To this we would answer, that the best authorities on this question are agreed that in Bible times there were two kinds of wine in common use—the fermented and the unfermented; hence the two kinds of images found throughout the Word, one speaking of wine as a destroyer, the other a comforter. Mrs. Hale, too, speaks of home-made, fermented wines, in which not a drop of distilled spirit is admitted, thus virtually ignoring the chemical fact, and by her strong, wide-spread personal influence leading others to overlook it, that it is not necessary to put alcohol into domestic wines to render them spirituous, for *wherever there is fermentation, no matter how small the degree, there alcohol is formed.* Aside from this dangerous exception, we commend the book to our readers.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

**High-water Mark.** By Ferris Jerome. Sensibility to the beautiful, poetic feeling, elevated philosophy and broad charity, are displayed by the writer. Though the scenes are homely and commonplace, the reader feels himself moving and breathing in a sphere of cultivation and refinement. Taken as a whole, *High-water Mark* is far above the common run of novels.

**For Honor's Sake.** By Mrs. B. Sim Cunningham. A simple story, not striking in its originality, but tenderly and judiciously told, of a young, inexperienced girl whose instincts were for the right, even if she knew not always what that right was, and whose great life-mistake, entered into under a wrong

sense of duty, works difficulty, suffering and tragedy to those dearest to her.

**Manual and Directory of Charities**, published by the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicancy. A most convenient work, intended to aid those who desire to be of real service to the poor. It contains many wise suggestions on visiting, law, hygiene and domestic economy, with classified lists of every organization in our city designed to promote the temporal, mental and moral welfare of those in need.

**Rhona**. By Mrs. Forrester. A rather pleasant story, with an average plot and amount of interest, relating to the doings, wise or otherwise, and shortcomings, trifling or serious, of more than a dozen human beings revolving in and about fashion-

able London society. Just what the book is about; what it was intended to prove, advocate, or perform, why it begins, continues and ends exactly as it does; is not very easy to infer. But, for all this, it is a work of considerable merit.

FROM SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

**Wm. Cullen Bryant**, by Professor David J. Hill, of Lewisburg University. This is the second volume of the popular series of American Authors of which the biography of Washington Irving was the first. In bringing nearer to our understanding and sympathies one who led so true and noble a life, this volume is quite as successful as its predecessors. It is one of the good and useful books which should find its way into every home library.

## Notes and Comments.

### A Few Hints to Young Writers.

**I**N looking over the large number of manuscripts that come into their hands, editors often have a feeling of wonder that so many literary aspirants show so much ignorance in regard to what they are attempting to do. And this not alone in a lamentable unfamiliarity with the spelling-book and grammar, but, even in articles well thought out, a surprising lack of knowledge in regard to the ordinary rules of composition, or the neat and proper arrangement of a manuscript for the press. A badly-prepared or slovenly manuscript, encounters editorial disfavor at first sight, and may not on this very account, receive the careful examination it deserves. Editors are human, and not above the influence of external impression.

In the simple matter of punctuation, a large number of good writers, as well as poor ones, are deficient. As it is presumed that those who show these deficiencies have never studied rhetoric, we may be pardoned if we repeat some of the old and homely rules of punctuation. From their very simplicity, it would seem that any one might learn them all in less than half an hour, and be able to observe them ever afterwards.

The *period* is to be placed at the end of every sentence, except one of interrogation or exclamation, for which latter proper points are provided. Following the period *always*, and each of the two other marks specified *often*, comes a capital letter—unless, of course, such character indicates the end of the composition. Capital letters generally are to be sparingly used, their most common employment being in the beginning of a sentence, a line of poetry or a proper name. The *comma* separates the minor divisions of a sentence; the *semi-colon* a higher division, often including several commas; and the *colon*, one still higher, comprising one semi colon or more—though it is always safest to avoid long sentences as much as possible, thus doing away with the necessity for intricate punctuation. The colon, also, serves to show the relation between the two subjects standing on the two sides of it. Perhaps the point to which most latitude can be allowed is the *dash*—judiciously used, it is a most convenient ally. It is best employed in adding to a pause for which another mark alone seems insufficient, as well as in keeping up a connection throughout the parts of an involved sentence. Still, except in certain cases, its frequent use

is weakening. As to marks of *parenthesis*, they may be thrown in occasionally when commas and dashes will not do, though they are less in vogue than formerly. In case we desire to change one or more words in a sentence, or supply an omission, we insert the new matter above the line, and write under it a caret to indicate just where we desire it to be printed.

In preparing a manuscript for the press, let the beginner cut his or her paper into half sheets, or, if more convenient, compact squares or rectangles; at any rate, prepare it so that it will not have to be turned at all. Then write plainly on one side of the paper, numbering every page. Begin the first paragraph so that the first line will stand in about an inch from the left-hand margin, the second and subsequent lines out beyond it toward the left, about half an inch from it. When the paragraph is finished, leave the remainder of the line blank, and begin the new one upon the next, directly under the capital starting the first, the body of the second, of course, being precisely beneath the body of the first. Where any one is represented as speaking, proper quotation marks should always be used.

There seems to be a common instinct with many to fasten the leaves of a manuscript together; and here, as in some other particulars, much originality is shown. Without attempting to specify, we will briefly lay down a few rules. Never sew the pages together down the back; we have seen some whipped over and over, as if the sender thought her very crumpled papers were to be bound in a form permanent as a volume of Shakespeare. It is scarcely less objectionable to sew them continuously across the top. If writers knew how inconvenient such papers are to read, and how far from easy it is for the printers to tear them apart, they would never do such things. And don't catch the sheets together at the lower corners; one can hardly examine an article so secured for having the leaves fly in all directions at the top. There is no absolute necessity for fastening them together at all, as they are ultimately taken apart.

The following bit of advice will be superfluous to all but the young lady beginner. Remember that creamy-tinted paper and blue ribbons represent so much time and money wasted, if sent to a printing-office. And don't use pink paper nor violet ink. They may prove such a trial to an editor's over-taxed eyes, that he will throw your manuscript aside after reading the first page.



Another thing. Let young writers remember that an editor's duties are many and various, and that his time and endurance are severely taxed. Do not, therefore, send him your first crude efforts, and ask him to "read carefully, criticise and point out defects." This is something which he cannot undertake. He can only accept what is well-written and suited to his purpose, and let the rest go by. The work of training young writers does not come within the duties of his office.

### A Summer Song.

WHEN, oh, when shall the bird begin  
To sing in my orange tree?  
When, oh, when shall my ship sail in  
From over the billowy sea?  
So asked my heart in the winter wild—  
Still came the answer, Wait, my child.

When, oh, when shall the grape-bloom send  
Their incense to wing my hours?  
When, oh, when shall the roses lend  
Their crimson to deck my bowers?  
So asked my heart in the spring-time mild—  
Soft came the answer, Soon, my child.

When, oh, when, asks my heart no more—  
The bird has sung in my tree;  
When, oh, when—all my waiting's o'er—  
The ship has come home from sea.  
The scents and glows are sweet, so sweet,  
Glad sings my spirit, Life's complete!

FANNIE.

### Atlantic City.

THE peculiar quality of the atmosphere of Atlantic City has become so well known to health-seekers, that many of its hotels and boarding-houses are kept open all the year round for the reception of guests. Our physicians choose it as the most desirable place to send such of their patients as need the invigorating effects of sea air. Its proximity to Philadelphia, and the rapid transit and ample facilities afforded by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, give it an advantage for our citizens over every other seacoast resort. Already its hotels and cottages are filling up, and the season promises to be one of the most successful.

THE report of cases given on fourth page cover, this number, are certainly remarkable. That they are genuine, we know. An agent which can give relief in cases so aggravated and of such long standing, is indeed a blessing, and one for which suffering humanity cannot be too grateful.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

THE NATIONAL SILVER PLATING COMPANY, whose advertisement appears in this number, is reliable, and the ware it advertises will be found as represented. It has recently published a handsome illustrated catalogue of goods furnished by mail, which will be sent free on application.

## Publishers' Department.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year . . . . .	\$2 25
3 copies . . . . .	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

### A STRONG VOLUNTEER TESTIMONIAL.

South Amboy, N. J., May 21st, 1879.

MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN: Permit me to add my testimony to that of others, as to the value of your "COMPOUND OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT"

After a most thorough and continued trial of its worth as a remedial and restorative agent, I pronounce its value to be above that of gold and silver. I freely and voluntarily commend it to all brain-workers as THE BEST thing they can use to secure a restoration of exhausted energies.

Gratefully yours,

REV. D. D. READ.

AN invention of inestimable value as a beautifier has at length been perfected, in mask form, and is to be worn at night. While being perfectly harmless and easily applied, it secures to the wearer a blooming and faultless complexion. For descriptive treatise, containing full particulars, address The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York.—Com.

LATEST STYLES IN CORSETS—Corsets with full busts continue favorites with the best dressed ladies, as they give a style to the figure not otherwise obtained. These busts are now stiffened with Tampico Grass cloth, in place of bones, which makes them much more elegant and desirable.

Another new and very popular feature of many corsets is that the bones upon the sides run horizontally around the body. This makes the corset more comfortable, and entirely obviates the breaking of the bones over the hips, which is such an annoyance to many ladies.

It is a deserving tribute to American enterprise that Warner Bros. of New York, who were the first to introduce both of these features in corsets, were awarded a medal at the recent Paris Exposition. These corsets created great interest among French manufacturers, and no doubt explained to them why it is that America has almost ceased to buy foreign corsets.

In these days of conflict between capital and labor, it is refreshing to find such an exhibition of good fellowship between employers and employed as was shown at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company. Twenty-eight men, who had been in the employ of the firm for twenty years or more, dined with the latter, and by resolutions and speeches bore cordial testimony to the estimation in which they held the heads of the concern. Not a pay-day has passed but every one has received the full amount due him, and everything possible has been done on both sides to promote good feeling. The result is great prosperity.—*Boston Advertiser.*





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# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

AUGUST, 1879.

No. 8.

## THE HEART OF LORD MACAULAY.

AT the home of the More sisters, at Barley Wood, among their most frequent and welcome visitors was a remarkably precocious little boy of six or seven years, the eldest of the family of a neighboring acquaintance. With Miss Hannah especially, the child-guest was such a favorite that his stay was oftentimes prolonged from days to weeks, he, like all agreeable visitors, taking in the matter of entertainment, the active as well as the passive part. His reading, writing, declamation and conversation, formed a never-failing source of delight to the good lady, who doubtless often mentally predicted "the honors of his future days."

Such was the high esteem in which this, his early patron and instructor, was held by the parents of the boy, that, upon the birth of one of his baby sisters, they gave her the name of Hannah More. In her we feel the most delightful interest, not merely that she was fraternally related to this same little boy—afterward the most distinguished of scholars, writers and statesmen—but because, of all his family, she seemed always the nearest and dearest to his heart. Nor is it the least of all the good things which might be said of her, that she gave to the world one to whose able and graceful pen we are indebted for a most comprehensive memoir of her brother, Lord Thomas Macaulay.

The world at large will always regard the grandeur of the intellectual man as his distinguishing glory. But there were those who knew Macaulay best when living, and mourned him most when dead, as the "lord of a great heart."

Most pleasant and restful it is, as we are borne along the stream of his public life, to be carried, as we sometimes are, by the good oarsman, Otto Trevelyan, into the quiet domestic haven, where, if ever, we are made to feel that he was akin to us in sensibility, if not in understanding. That it was the happy fortune of Hannah to have been the elect object of his life-lasting regard, there can be no mistake; while that there was a special fondness felt upon her part toward him, is also well understood. The first trial of her life, she asserts, was when he lost the honor of being named as a competitor for one of the Cambridge prizes. "So much," she writes, "was my

whole heart bound up in Tom, that my mother drew me aside, and broke the tidings as gently to me as possible."

In later years, whenever he had attained any long and much-desired success in literature or politics, his cup of joy must be shared with "my dear sister Hannah," so sure he was that it would be equally grateful to her taste as to his own. And more to him was the thought of making "little Nancy proud of her brother Tom," than all the plaudits and congratulations he ever won, however highly, on account of the dignity of their sources, he might esteem them.

Listen, as he speaks of the possibility of there being, at some future time, a rival for him in her affections. Never were the anxieties of the most ardent lover more touchingly expressed. "When such an event arrives," he writes, "I shall have nothing left in this world but ambition. \* \* \* Yet, what am I more than my fathers?—more than the millions who have been weak enough to pay double price for some favorite number in the lottery of life, and who have suffered double disappointment when their ticket proved a blank?"

It was not long before the dreaded ordeal occurred. In the year following that in which these mournful meditations were penned, he received his appointment to India. It was one of great dignity and emolument, and likewise peculiarly favorable at this period of his political career. Yet, the thought of leaving country and friends weighed so heavily upon his great spirit, that it is doubtful whether he would have been strong enough for the sacrifice had not Hannah consented to accompany him to that distant land—a land not then, as now, so abundant in interest and in privilege to those who sought its shores.

Any heart which has been sanctified by the sister-love, cannot fail to be touched at its very core by a letter written from him to her, in which he asks that, at this crisis of his life, she will render him this painful and arduous proof of her affections.

When, with true sisterly devotion, Hannah Macaulay bade "England farewell," it is well known what rich reward awaited her in the land to which she and her brother "exiled themselves." Macaulay declared that, had he been called to "search India," he could not have found for her a like treasure. But

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we are scarcely moved to smile at the jealous watchfulness which he confesses to have exercised over this last fond object of his love, and which led him to discover, even before she herself was aware, that Lieutenant Trevylan had set his heart upon her. Then, tenfold increased, came back the morbidly acute grief which he had felt upon the marriage of another of his sisters. We can imagine him, as he beheld the shy but sure advances of Cupid toward that "shining mark," crying out almost as vehemently as though it were Azreal himself:

"Insatiate Aroher! could not one suffice?"

And what of young Trevylan, the usurper? Is there any more peace or prosperity for him in this world? Does he know that this man, whose dearest purposes his own have crossed, is one called by Charity herself vindictive? One, moreover, who, by a weapon more incisive in his hands than the sword itself, has "slain his thousands." Has he never heard of Croker and Sadler, and how sorely they have suffered for offending him in a matter less serious than that of love? We tremble for the man whose misfortune it is to have seen and loved Hannah Macaulay. But, no; we behold now the full measure of the man of whom it was said, "He knows not mercy."

Never was a more kind and generous critique written by the great reviewer than that which he penned and sent to Margaret Cropper upon her future brother-in-law, after that he had given the man, as he believed, a thorough and impartial reading; and to his everlasting honor be it accredited, that for once at least he kept the "critical ermine" unsullied.

From the period of her marriage until his death, Lady Trevylan made his domestic happiness as complete as he seemed to desire. Yet henceforth we see them go, "each a separate way," in the pursuit of that which was to each the supreme happiness of life. She, year by year, finding her "crown" in her husband and children; he in his book and pen. They who are aware how much of his succeeding life was passed in his library, need be at no loss to determine to whom it was that at last his great heart could say: "My love! my sister! my spouse! Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely!" And she whom he thus cherished, whom in his own most exquisite language he describes as

"The glorious lady with the eyes of light,  
And laurels clustering round her lofty brow,"

was with him in the final hour of life, almost his sole companion.

And when he was laid away in the great halls of that house of England's mighty dead, it was not too much to say that literature was chief mourner, more sorely bereft than Hannah. But certain it is that the bitterness of the widow's grief could find no more fitting expression than the language of the latter, as she writes: "We have lost the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, devoted, unselfish of

friends. What he was to me for fifty years, how can I tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine! The blank, the void he has left, filling so completely both heart and intellect, no one can understand; for who ever knew such a life as mine, passed as the cherished companion of such a man?"

How much the world may have been indebted to Lady Trevylan for the character and power of her great brother's honored and useful life, is a matter not to be weighed, or even guessed in time. Her apparent influence upon him, that to which he himself so often confessed, is enough to illuminate her name and sanctify her memory for all coming time. So essentially do they seem related each to each, that it is next to impossible to dissociate the one from the other in our thought. In her, we feel that the Providence who makes no mistakes in His appointments, gave to this mighty man an help most meet for him—he who of all men could, perhaps, have best stood "alone."

Gazing upon that majestic pillar of renown, upon which the world inscribes the name of Macaulay; admiring, as we do, the grandeur of its towering shaft and the grace of its lovely acanthus crown, we feel that its element of strength may be attributed to Thomas Babington, but that of beauty to that woman in whom his heart delighted and trusted, and "whose name was Hannah."

HARRIETTE WOOD.

## THE UNATTAINABLE.

THERE'S a bird that comes to my window  
In the sunshine or the rain,  
And e'er and anon, with its tiny beak,  
It taps on the window-pane.

It sees a mirage of shady green,  
Of foliage thick and fair;  
There is never a bower so dense outside  
As that reflected there.

And it comes, and comes, and comes again,  
Till my heart is filled with pain  
At the ceaseless, fruitless strife to pass  
That cold, bright window-pane.

I can read its voiceless language  
As it stops for awhile to rest,  
And, with head aside, surveys the spot  
It has chosen for its nest.

Ah, little bird, couldst understand  
A lesson I'd read to thee—  
A lesson as wise, and learned, and true  
As that thou hast given me.

Thou art turning away from the bower green,  
Thou art tiring thy wings in vain  
In search of a dim, elusive good  
That thou never canst attain.

S. J. JONES.

## TEA-TABLE TALK.

WHO, in the early days of the "Atlantic," did not turn first to the "Autocrat's" delightful breakfast-table talks! But we women—at least we housekeepers, have no time to linger over the breakfast-table. There are a thousand things to see to, even when one is not one's own kitchen-maid, and there is no hindrance—blessed though it be—of baby! But when one is wife, mother, maid, etc., in *propria persona*, ah, me! how deft must be the fingers, how systemized the thousand and one things to be done that all may be in order by the dinner hour. Husband must be off to his work, be it office, shop or field, and alas! for the household, alas! for the husband, where there is no lingering for farewell words and kisses. The children must be made ready for school, perchance; and sometimes I wonder if the little ladies—aye! and the little lads, too—are not led to think more of their apparel, and less of the adorning of a lovely life, by the fuss there is made nowadays over their clothes.

It seems a thousand years since I went to school, and a pretty gingham and spotless apron were thought "dressey" enough for that great occasion, the "last day!" even for young misses as well as little children. In these days of costly apparel, when small people are robed in imitation of their elders, and the poor are too proud to contrast their faded garments in church among silks and satins, much I fear that we forget the priceless gift of our children, and in our anxiety to see them becomingly and fashionably attired, neglect their right training and higher good.

But where was I? No! I have no time to linger at the breakfast-table; but as the long summer afternoon wanes, and day is dying a golden death, then may I, while the tea-things wait a little, weave fancy and thought into prose or verse as the mood may suit. Oh! that I could speak words of good cheer to some fainting heart, bidding the sorrowing take courage—God loves us all—every one of His children.

Years ago, a young girl, scarcely in her first "teens," was spending the afternoon in a country neighbor's house. On the table lay a magazine, and while her elders talked of their household affairs, she modestly beguiled the time by looking over its pages. It was ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE! In these days of superabundant literature, when there is a magazine for everybody, old, and young, and middle-aged—nay, for the babies as well—I should scarcely be understood were I to try to convey what a new world it opened to that young girl's mind. Perchance the pages she read were not brilliant; be that as it may, they suggested incalculable treasures of wisdom and goodness. Passionately fond of reading and study—not for amusement, but from a hungry craving for knowledge—she had read everything that came in her way. And these were few enough. The Bible, some religious works more gloomy than salutary, the ill-assorted library of a country district

school, occasionally a stray novel, were all. Little enough for her keen mind, hungry for food! But here was something new. A world of love and beauty heretofore unknown. True, she had dreamed of them in the sunset fires, in the roseate dawn, in the cool depths of the forest where wild flowers bloomed beside murmuring brooklets. Their divine influence had thrilled her heart in the strains of some impassioned lyric.

Reared in a home where hard, grinding toil—made unlovely by unlovely lives, sanctified by no savor of self-sacrifice—ruled her days. Where beauty and taste were deemed worthless because, forsooth, they brought no money! Oh! how had she hungered for better food for her soul—something higher—scarce knowing the meaning of her longing.

Can one number the uncounted thousands who have read and loved the HOME MAGAZINE, and to whom it has been a beneficent friend? Long may it live and prosper, sowing in thousands of other hearts the "good seed" of love and beauty, truth and temperance, a little arithmetic for variety! Suppose you take five cents daily (the price of a cheap cigar or a glass of beer), and see what it will amount to in a year? Five times three hundred and sixty-five are one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, or eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents! For this you can buy at least three magazines besides several weekly papers, including one of each for wife and children! Think of this young men! Aye! and old men, too. Break with the bad habit at once—begin with the new and never say you can't afford books and papers. Boys! form this good habit before you give the other a chance. Evil habits are like noxious weeds, hard to up-root when they once get a place. Girls! give your smiles to the young man who buys books with his spare dimes, and never touches beer, wine or tobacco! One hurts the body, the other feeds the mind.

I see that Mount Vernon—the property of the women of the United States—is in a sadly dilapidated condition. Speaking of it at the tea-table the other evening, Alter Ego said: "Would not a better use have been made of the money if some institution of charity or learning had been erected to perpetuate the name and fame of Washington?" What think you?

One day, my boy, looking over some old numbers of the HOME MAGAZINE, found an engraving of a mother and her children.

"Can't you write some verses about it, just to please me, mamma?"

And so, I call them—

## MY JEWELS.

Where proudly stood, on Tiber's banks,  
The city of old Rome,  
Cornelia had a guest one day,  
As you in modern home.

"Where are your jewels, rich and rare?"  
The Roman lady said;

"Bring forth the gems can vie with these,  
Your diamonds, rubies red."

Cornelia answered not, but smiled,  
And talked of better things;  
Of graces of the soul above  
E'en pearls and diamond rings.

But, when her sons from school returned,  
The "Gracchi's mother" cried:  
"These are my jewels, and to these  
How poor all gems beside!"

So spake a western matron where  
Majestic rivers run  
Through towns as fair and proud as those  
Beneath Italia's sun.

While, through the open window came  
The sounds of merry noise,  
With what a tone of pride, she said:  
"Yes, those two are my boys.

"My eldest born! what thrilling hopes  
With him had likewise birth,  
While, like Cornelia, never gem  
Could rival him in worth.

"To train him for his country's need,  
To keep him pure and true;  
What greater honor could I wear,  
What nobler work could do?

"And here!" she clasped a smiling girl,  
"This is my pearl!" she said.  
It sounded like a prayer, and I  
Inclined my rev'rent head.

"My youngest, Merry Mischief, wears  
For me, another's guise;  
My heart thrills like a girl's, I see  
His father in his eyes.

"And there were two who went away—"  
Her eyes grew wet and dim.  
"These are my jewels, given by God;  
I'm keeping them for Him."

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

### WE MET ONE DAY.

WE met one day, and side by side  
Our pathways lay a little while;  
There was not much, a passing word,  
And now and then a smile.  
But day by day the beaten way  
Grew brighter than of yore,  
Then lo, the paths diverged again,  
And all was as before.

But no, two lives can never touch,  
In grave or careless mood,  
Without an impress on each soul  
For evil or for good.  
My heart proposed, but God disposed,  
Or we had never met;  
He knoweth why—I cannot tell,  
But never can forget.

SIGMA.

## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

### CHAPTER III.

I CAN never look back to my early days at school without a feeling of the profoundest gratitude to those who gave me the wise counsel by which I was able to walk safely along the new and difficult paths into which my young feet were led. To my father and mother first, and next to Allan Fordyce, the teacher of our village school. Mr. Fordyce was a true, clear-seeing and just man, somewhat grave in aspect, and firm almost to severity at times in his government of the scholars. But scarcely a day passed in which the kind and sympathetic side of his nature did not appear. To the orderly and obedient children, he was like an elder brother; but to the disorderly and disobedient, as a stern master.

Mr. Fordyce had been the teacher of our school for only a few months when I came under his care. Nothing was known of him in Oakland prior to his appearance in that village. There was a vacancy in the school district, and he, with many others, were applicants for the position. Mr. Fordyce presented only a single recommendation; but as that was signed by the governor of the State, and testified strongly to his character and ability, the School Board decided in his favor. He was about twenty-five years of age, but grave, and quiet, and reserved as a man of forty. He seemed, as I more than once heard my father say, like a man upon whom some heavy trouble or sorrow had been laid. But if it were so, he did not speak of it to any one; nor did he refer to his early life. If questioned on the subject, he avoided direct answers, and turned the conversation to some other theme. He was not inclined to be social, and spent the most of his time, when out of school, either in reading or in long and lonely walks, often extended to a distance of many miles. His care of the school was thorough and conscientious, and his treatment of the scholars so just and kind that all respected and many loved him. He was his scholars' true friend, and sooner or later every child under his care learned to know it.

My father, who, up to the period of my going to school, had met Mr. Fordyce but once or twice, and knew little of his character, was so much pleased with the way in which he had treated me, that he took an early occasion to call on him and express his thanks, at the same time extending an invitation to make us a social visit. This Mr. Fordyce accepted, coming out one summer evening after school was dismissed. It was the beginning of a friendship between him and my father that was unbroken for many years. The two men drew together by a natural instinct; and the better they understood each other, the closer became the bond between them. From that time, Mr. Fordyce was a constant and welcome visitor at our house, coming often as frequently as two or three times in a week.

\* Copyrighted, 1879, by T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

Donald did not think it best to try my mettle again. He would bully and trespass on boys who were afraid of him, his usual sport being to pounce on them while eating some dainty bit of cake or fruit, and play the robber, as he had tried to play off his favorite rôle on me. A few times, growing bolder, he had made a motion to again include me in his plundering forays; but the brave eyes and set mouth that confronted him, and that meant resistance, gave a warning of danger which he was prudent enough to heed.

From how much of wrong and suffering had my courage saved me! The weak and cowardly invite aggression; the brave are panoplied by their bravery.

Beyond what I have just related, there was little in the first few years of my school-boy life to interest the reader, and I will not weary him with unimportant details. My growth was healthful mentally as well as physically, for I was under the best of influences. There was scarcely a boy or a girl in the school whose character did not receive a finer tone in virtue of our teacher's wise administration of his office, and who did not become in after-life a truer and a better man or woman in consequence. He studied every child's disposition, and dealt with each in a way to repress the grosser and lower tendencies, and to develop the purer and higher.

It was not long before Mr. Fordyce took Donald Payne thoroughly in hand. The boy had a bright mind, and was always prepared with his lessons, generally keeping ahead in his class. He had large vitality, and was strong and healthy. But his moral nature was sadly warped by inheritance. He was selfish and greedy by instinct—a born trespasser on the rights of others, and a stranger to pity or sympathy.

The mere repression by force of these baser qualities would not, Mr. Fordyce knew, eradicate them. Their vitality would still remain, and under favoring circumstances come into a rank and hurtful growth. If he could stimulate the germs of better things, which he knew must lie in the ground of his nature, as good seeds lie in the earth side by side with the seeds of thorns and thistles, and draw them forth into green blade, flower and fruitage, he might save the boy for himself and the world, and make of his future life a blessing to society instead of a curse. This was the high end our teacher sought to attain. Donald's attempt to rob me of my apple, and the unlooked-for resistance which he encountered, with the strong sentiment that was created in my favor and against him, were all so many influences on the side of Mr. Fordyce in his efforts to lead the boy out of the thralldom of his lower and baser nature. But, to change the figure of speech, the wolf was stronger in him than the lamb, and the vulture than the dove; and all, I think, that Mr. Fordyce was ever able to do in and for this boy, was so to chain the wolf and blunt the talons of the vulture as to greatly limit their power to do evil. In so far he accomplished a good work.

Gradually, under the vigilant care of our teacher,

a change began to show itself in Donald. Mr. Fordyce studied him closely, and made himself familiar with every side of his character, and the points at which he was most open to impressions. Just the influences that were brought to bear upon him I do not know. They were not seen by the rest of us. During school hours, order was enforced; but at recess our teacher gave us the largest possible liberty, rarely interfering, even when the ruder and more aggressive invaded the rights of others. But, somehow, he knew all that was going on, and studied his pupils as closely on the playground as when in the school-room. Almost every day, just before the afternoon session closed, he would pass through the room, and say in a quiet voice to some lad whose behavior through the day had not been satisfactory, that he wished him to remain after the school was dismissed.

Punishments were rarely inflicted on these occasions, no matter how bad the conduct might have been. That was not the way with Mr. Fordyce. His first effort was to make the child understand that he was his friend; that he was sorry he had done wrong, and that he wished to help him to do better. He tried to lift him above the meaner things of his lower nature, and to show him how much more beautiful and desirable were the higher things to which he might rise if he would. Few could so spend half an hour alone with him and not come under the rule of better feelings. Gradually Mr. Fordyce gained an influence that held its sway over the children committed to his care, as well at home as in school and on the playground. Even Donald Payne, the one boy of all the rest toward whom I felt a dislike and repugnance so irrepressible that I could never come near him without a feeling of antagonism—even he showed signs of improvement, and gradually gave up his habit of snatching cake or fruit from the smaller boys and cramming it into his greedy mouth. If Mr. Fordyce was not able to awaken in his soul an honest regard for the rights of others, he at least made him feel the meanness and shame of his conduct, and thus led him to repress his robber instincts, greatly to the relief and comfort of the weaker boys whom he had so often plundered.

Five years work many changes in all lives. I move the characters in my story five years onward, at which time I was still under the care of Mr. Fordyce. My growth had not kept pace with my years. Lads younger than myself had gone past me in stature, and put on manly airs, while I was a slightly-formed, delicate boy, who scarcely looked twelve, though well on in my sixteenth year. Donald Payne was a handsome young man, eighteen years of age. He had left school some time before, and was with his father in training for business. Like the rest of us, he was largely a debtor to Mr. Fordyce, whose influence over him had been very great. But for this wise and good man, I think the lower instincts of Donald's nature would have gained a fatal mastery over him. As it was, they were held down chiefly by pride, love of approbation, and that policy

which leads so many to hide their real selves from common observers. Mr. Fordyce did not mean to make of him a plausible hypocrite; but I think the result of all his efforts to lift him to a higher place, morally, than the one to which he would have gravitated, if left to himself, went little farther than this. Whether Mr. Fordyce erred in anything, I know not; but this I know, he was far from being satisfied with the result. No one in Oakland understood Donald better than he; and for no one's good opinion had Donald a higher respect. But after he left school and drew nearer to his father, after he began to receive ideas and impressions from him, and to become familiar with his ways of regarding his neighbor, the natural selfishness and greed which had been repressed for so many years, became active again, and grew into a vigorous life.

I had never, during the four years of our school-boy companionship, been on very social terms with Donald. I did not like him. His presence hurt and repelled me. The sphere of his inner quality touched, by some subtle spiritual penetration, the finer senses of my soul, and offended them as a foul odor offends the nostrils. I speak strongly, but truly. Nor could I ever look at him without, at the same time, by a quick mental transformation, seeing him in the tableau described at the commencement of this story. I do not think he liked me any better than I liked him; but, for some cause, he concealed to a great extent this aversion, and was never as rude and insulting toward me as he was at times to others. He held me in a kind of enforced respect. Though two years younger, I was his equal in scholarship, and in some branches of study his superior. I did not inherit his physical vitality and force of character, but I had a finer brain-quality. After he left school, we rarely met; and then I noticed in him an air of distance and superiority. He was a showy-looking young man, with a watch in his pocket and a gold chain glittering on his vest, and I was still a school-boy in jackets. But my pride was not hurt. I did not care enough for him to be in the least annoyed by his manner.

And here I come to an incident that changed the whole current of my inner life. This current had run along in green and sunny places, and with few breaks in its tranquil surface; but now it fell suddenly into a dark chasm, from which its broken and fretted waters did not come forth again into the clear daylight for a long, long time; and then it never found channels as smooth, nor margins so green, as the ones it left in the dear, old, early days.

Our nearest neighbors were the Radcliffs; and our families were on terms of intimacy. Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff had two children, a son and a daughter, Olive, the daughter, was just the age of my sister Rachel. She was a bright, breezy girl, almost sylph-like in her delicate proportions, and taller than Rachel, with a rosy complexion and clear hazel eyes of wonderful depth and brilliancy. I have never seen more beautiful eyes in any woman. I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with

Olive. We were together for years, almost like sister and brother, playmates, companions and friends. At first we were so near of a size, that few would have thought her the oldest; but when I was twelve and she fourteen, the difference between us had become so apparent that I was beginning to feel an uneasy consciousness that she was growing away from me. At fifteen, the contrast was greater, for she was then a young lady of seventeen, and I a mere lad. Still, our intercourse was as frank and free as ever. When I was sixteen, there came a change in her manner toward me which, like a cloud upon the sun, threw down upon my heart a shadow and a chill. Little of the old, frank, free, sisterly manner, so sweet and tender, remained. She was more reserved and less interested in what interested me. Life had widened for her into early womanhood, while I was still a boy. Ah, if my heart had been only a boy's heart, how different all might have been! But it was not so. Its capacity for loving, and power to retain impressions, were almost abnormal.

If Olive knew that I loved her, she regarded my passion as only a boyish flame that would soon burn out; and I am not sure that her changed manner toward me was not grounded in a true sisterly feeling, that sought to save me from a hopeless infatuation. She did not really know my heart, and why should she seek to sound its depths? She did not look long enough nor deep enough into my eyes to read all they would have told her. Alas for us both!

There was to be a large party in town, and among the families invited were ours and Mr. Radcliff's. I had never seen Olive look so beautiful as when she made her appearance on that evening. She was dressed simply, but in charming taste, and when she entered the room, it seemed as if all the lights burned brighter. I was standing near the door, and her garments touched me as she passed in. What would I not have given for a glance and smile of recognition! But she did not appear to have observed me. Drawn by an attractive force which I did not attempt to resist, I moved into the already well-filled parlor, and made my way to where she had seated herself on one of the sofas. As I stood before her, she lifted her eyes to my face; eyes in which I had so often seen sweet welcomes and tender meanings. A faint smile came to her lips; but her eyes were steady and cold, and gave me no warm welcome now. I felt myself shrinking to a smaller statue—felt, bitterly, that I was only a boy and she a woman—felt it, like an awakening shock.

Before I had time to recover myself, I was pressed upon and almost thrust aside. I saw Olive's face light up and glow with pleasure.

"Miss Radcliff!"

It was the voice of Donald Payne! The old, fierce passion, under whose wild control I had once dashed him to the ground, swept into my heart now, and the impulse to spring upon him was so great that only by a quick, strong effort did I hold my passion in check. What was the juicy apple he had once

snatched from my hand to the priceless love of this beautiful maiden? For a few moments I seemed struck with blindness, as I struggled with the anger, and hate, and bitterness that were well-nigh mastering me. How much of what I felt was betrayed in my countenance, I know not, but on lifting my eyes they met those of Mr. Fordyce. He was looking at me intently, and I saw a startled expression and a warning in his face that restored me to myself. To my old self? No; nothing could ever do that!

I crossed the room to where he was standing, and he put his arm about me; not speaking, however. I felt closer drawn to him at that moment than ever before.

Meantime, Donald Payne had taken a seat by the side of Olive, and was holding her in conversation. From where I stood I could see her face lighting up and responding as he talked, and showing both interest and pleasure. There was no gainsaying the fact that Donald had a fine person, and was handsome after a certain style. His features were good, his complexion clear, and his eyes large and strong; and, with all, he had a manly bearing, a confidence in himself, and a certain ease of manner that gives ready passport to favor with almost every one. Then, he had the further advantage of being well and carefully dressed, and wore a diamond pin in his shirt-bosom, the sign of that worldly prosperity into which, through his father, he was destined to rise.

As I stood and looked at him, and then glanced down at my slender, boyish figure, and the almost boyish garments that I still wore, I felt the great disparity between us, and the entire advantage over me that he possessed.

But Olive Radcliff—Olive, my beautiful ideal of all that was pure, and tender, and loving—to see her eyes brighten, and her sweet mouth break into smiles as she bent her head listening to the words of Donald Payne, the one human being in all the world for whom I had an instinctive aversion; whom I knew to be mean, and coarse, and utterly selfish, and no more worthy to mate with my Olive than a carion crow with a dove! How could I bear it? It seemed as if an iron hand were crushing my heart—as if the fierce agony I suffered would kill me! Oh, what a bitter hate was that which sprang wildly into life; the hate that feels like murder!

Mr Fordyce drew me gently back into a corner of the room, and into a position from which I could not see Olive. I knew that he was closely watching my face, and reading it as one reads a book. He had wonderful skill in face-reading; and it always seemed to me, when I was with him, that he knew my thoughts almost as well as I knew them myself. I would have hidden them now had that been possible—but it was not.

The music of a waltz broke on the air with its sweet, rippling pulses, and there was a call to make up partners for a dance.

"Come, Davy," said Mr. Fordyce, moving toward a window that opened upon a broad piazza. I followed, and we went from the brilliantly lighted

and crowded room out into the moonlight that was flooding the air. The house stood in a beautiful garden, in which were retired walks and arbors. Mr. Fordyce did not linger on the piazza, from which we could look in and see the company; but drew me into the garden and along one of the walks to a little summer-house. We were so far away that the music came to us only in fitful swells and breaks.

"Shall we sit here and talk for awhile, Davy?"

There was something in his voice that I had never felt before.

He sat down as he spoke, drawing gently upon my arm, and I dropped passively by his side.

"Olive is growing away from you, Davy." He spoke gravely, but with a low tremor of feeling that he could not repress. "She has been lifted into womanhood, and you are still a boy."

Hope, strength, life, all seemed to go out of me. I laid my face down upon his bosom in helpless despair, shivering and sobbing. Shall I ever forget the silent tenderness with which he held me close to his heart, smoothing my forehead and temples with soft touches, and not speaking until my soul had grown calmer in his great calmness?

"I have seen how it was for a long time, Davy, and it has troubled me."

I did not reply. I had nothing to say that I dared say. The bitterness in my heart was too great—its feeling of antagonism toward Donald too intense. I saw him only as an enemy and a trespasser, and burned with a desire to fling him back, and punish him for his audacity.

"Love must be free, Davy. It is worth nothing if not free."

I started as if I had been stung, and drew myself up straight and rigid. My conclusions had leaped to the full meaning of his suggestive sentences.

The heart of Olive free to turn itself away from me to Donald Payne! Strong indignation, and then weakness and humiliation. I was passing into a new world of inner life.

"If it had been any one else, Mr. Fordyce," I said, speaking in a voice so changed that it was unfamiliar to my own ears. "But Donald Payne!"

I flung his name out with bitter scorn.

"To see her smile upon him—lean toward him—all her face brighten as he talked to her—and I knowing him for what he is; a base, mean, selfish hound!"

"Davy! Davy! This is all wrong, and unlike my true, brave and generous young friend."

He had never called me his friend before. Did he understand the power it would give him over me? How it would raise me to a higher level and draw me closer within the sphere of his influence?

All the more, for this passionate utterance, had my anger burned toward Donald. I seemed to be on fire with hate. But the flame died out quickly in the purer atmosphere to which I was lifted. I felt rebuked and humbled; for I had shown unworthy passion.

"All our ways are in His hands, Davy," Mr.



Fordyce spoke now low and impressively, "and if we trust in Him, keeping our hearts pure, and loving, and strong, He will lead us in safer and more pleasant ways than we can ever find for ourselves. But whether we trust Him or not, His tenderest mercies will still be over us, and the paths into which our feet are led, whether they be hard or pleasant, will be the best for us to walk in."

He paused for a little while, that what he had said might take hold on my thoughts. All my angry excitement died away; not so much because of the sentiments to which he had given utterance, as for the tranquilizing influence of his calm and trustful spirit which my nearer approach had enabled him to throw around me.

"We will go back, now," said Mr. Fordyce, after we had been absent for nearly half an hour. I can recall but little of what he said to me during the time we spent in the arbor. I only know that its influence has been felt in all my subsequent life.

I arose and walked with him, his arm drawn closely within mine, until we stepped again upon the piazza, from which, through the open French windows, we could see the company within. Waltzers were upon the floor; and a little group was gathered around one of the windows, looking in upon them. I would have held back, but Mr. Fordyce drew me close to the group, and into a position that gave me a clear view of the company. For only an instant did I remain there. Then I broke away and ran back into the garden. What I had seen seemed to blast my eyes—Olive, drawn closely to the side of Donald Payne, his arm about her waist, her face all aglow and partly raised to his, and both whirling in the dizzy rounds of a waltz.

Mr. Fordyce did not follow at once. I was sitting in the little summer-house, helplessly trying to calm the wild tumult of feeling into which I had been thrown, when he came in quietly, and took a place beside me. He did not speak, waiting, I thought, for me. But I had nothing to say. What was there for me to say? We sat, neither speaking, until we heard laughing voices in one of the walks, the sounds rapidly approaching. A purpose had been forming in my mind, and fixed itself now. Rising, I said: "I have a favor to ask, Mr. Fordyce."

"Anything that I can do for you, Davy. Anything that is right," he answered.

"You will come home with my sisters?"

"I don't understand you," both surprise and anxiety were in his voice.

"I can't stay here any longer, Mr. Fordyce. I am not strong enough. You don't know how I feel. I am going home."

"But, Davy! My dear Davy!" he remonstrated, "this will not do. You must have a better command of yourself. Don't let all this be seen. Hold it down in your heart. Keep it as your own secret. Suffer, yet be strong."

I had started from the summer-house, and was walking with uncovered head toward one of the garden gates that opened into the long village street,

he keeping closely by my side. As I reached the gate, he laid his hand on me. I stood still, but kept my face turned away from him.

"It will be better for you to stay and go home with your sisters." Mr. Fordyce spoke in a voice, the very calmness and quiet of which acted like a spell. "Don't turn back because there are lions in the way; you will lose strength if you do. True and brave, gentle and strong—my Davy must be all these!"

He drew an arm about me, and pressed me closely to his side.

"My Davy!" What a new power he was gaining over me—the power of love! "My Davy!" There was an undertone of music in his voice which I had never felt before; a sweetness that assuaged and comforted. All at once he was transformed from the grave and just, but kind and considerate teacher, to a loving friend. He had lifted me to a higher altitude and closer to himself. I felt his arms around me—not of the flesh only, but more really of the spirit.

We were still standing by the gate when I saw two figures move down from one of the porches and come slowly along the walk. They were in shadow at first, but soon passed into the clear moonlight, and then I knew them. Onward they came, Olive leaning toward her companion, Donald Payne, and he bending toward her, talking earnestly. They stopped, when near the gate, the moonlight shining clear on the face of Olive, which was raised a little, as if she were listening with pleased attention. Whether she saw me or not, I cannot tell; but I noticed that she was first to turn. Then they walked down toward an arbor covered with sweet-scented honeysuckles and roses, and were soon out of sight.

Alone with Donald Payne—my Olive!—in the soft, tender moonlight, and with the breath of summer flowers around them! I held my passion in a desperate grip, and kept the mastery.

I did not go into the house again until it was time to accompany my sisters home. They did not ask me why I had been absent from the parlors for almost the entire evening, nor make any remarks about the company, nor say how they had enjoyed themselves. A spell of silence rested upon us all as we were driven home on that cloudless night, in the soft radiance of the full orb moon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

TO sleep that night was impossible. Life seemed shut in as completely as if I had dropped into a pit. I felt as if I had lost everything in a single moment.

On gaining my room I threw myself across the bed weak and helpless as a sick child, and lay there scarcely stirring for hours—the very pain and exhaustion holding me to a deeper quiet; and all the while, like a mocking phantom, I saw before me with even a sharper distinctness than it had been presented to my natural vision, the beautiful form of Olive held closely in the arm of Donald Payne—Olive looking

up tenderly into his face whereon I read demon and not angel! I could not shut the vision away.

Sleep comes in the breaking dawn even to the bed of pain; then, and not till then, did she lay her soft fingers on my burning eyelids and press them gently down. But sleep could not banish this phantom. It haunted me still in a hundred varying shapes. One of these I remember, it was so vivid and startling. Donald and Olive were sitting side by side in an arbor covered thickly with vines and flowers. On a table before them stood a basket of tempting fruit; purple grapes in large clusters; golden pears, and peaches blushing in their ripeness. The face of Olive was radiant with happiness. It was turned toward Donald. I saw his countenance change, and his eyes look at her greedily, and with an expression that made me shiver. He lifted his hand toward the roof of the arbor, pulled a flower, and reached it to Olive. As she took it she gave a start; her face growing pale and frightened. The flower dropped from her hand and fell into her bosom; and as it disappeared I saw that it had changed into a serpent! A quiver of pain and fear marred all her beautiful features, as she caught after the stinging reptile; but it eluded her grasp. Donald gazed down upon her without a sign of pity in his face. Then he lifted from the basket of fruits a bunch of grapes, and held it toward her. I saw her draw back; but he held it with a persistent air that had in it more of command than invitation—his countenance growing cruel and eager. As she took the grapes and began eating them, I saw that, fair as they seemed, they were sour to her taste; but she plucked grape after grape from the heavy cluster, until she had eaten them all. Next he handed her a beautiful peach, large and ruddy as though summer had given it her rarest juices and richest colors. With a slow, half-reluctant manner, Olive accepted the peach and placed it to her lips, but drew it back instantly, and let it fall. As it struck the ground it broke into rotten fragments. All this while she was holding one hand tightly over her heart as if trying to ease excessive pain by pressure. A juicy pear, yellow as gold, was Donald's next offering. But Olive started from the table with a cry of terror. I saw the head of a hideous serpent in the extended hand. In the next moment I was awake, with the cry of Olive ringing in my ears.

"Davy! Davy!" It was the call of my sister Rachel. I sprang from the bed, and saw that the sun was more than two hours high.

"Davy! Davy! We're all done breakfast, and you will be late to school."

I hardly know what I answered; but I noticed that Rachel lingered near my door for a short time, and then went away, not with her usual light tripping steps, but almost noiselessly. I changed my clothing, as I had on my best suit. This I did slowly, trying to collect my thoughts, and get my feelings under some control; for I was strongly agitated by the dream from which I had awakened.

"Why Davy, my son! Are you ill?" was my

mother's greeting when I came down. She looked at me anxiously.

My head had commenced to ache; and my heart was sick.

"I am not feeling very well," I answered, drawing my hand across my forehead as I spoke.

"Does your head ache?"

I had made the sign that she might ask that question.

"It is beginning to ache badly," I replied.

"You will feel better after eating some breakfast. A cup of coffee will do you good. I'll make it fresh in a few minutes."

"No, no; don't take that trouble. I should have been down at the regular hour."

But she had gone from the room and was now in the kitchen to see after my breakfast; and I was alone with Rachel, who knew much better than my mother the cause of my changed appearance; but had no true conception of what I had really suffered and was still suffering.

"I wouldn't think of going to school to-day," she said, as our mother left the room.

I was about replying when the sound of a horse's feet attracted my attention, and looking from the window, I saw Andrew Payne, Donald's father, alighting at our door. Rachel saw him at the same time, and exclaimed, half-angrily: "I wonder what he's coming here so often to see father about!"

My father, who was in the library, across the hall from the family sitting-room, went out to meet Mr. Payne. The two men stood talking for a considerable time before entering the house, and I could see that father looked unusually sober. Our mother, on coming in from the kitchen, where she had been giving directions for my breakfast, saw Mr. Payne from the window, and I noticed a change in her countenance—an anxious, troubled expression coming over it.

"What does he want, mother?" asked Rachel. "It's the second time he's been here this week."

"Your father has business with Mr. Payne," was evasively replied.

Rachel knew, by our mother's tone of voice, that she did not wish to be questioned, and so contented herself with saying a little spitefully: "I'd almost as lief see a hyena or a crocodile. I can't bear the sight of him." Then in an undertone, as if half to herself, she added: "And Donald is as hateful as his father."

"You must not permit yourself to speak so about any one, Rachel," said our mother, reprovingly. "It isn't a good habit."

We rarely, if ever, treated our mother's seriously spoken words with argument or banter. She was usually so much in earnest that we had learned to be silent if we did not acquiesce. But my sister was feeling too strongly now to be able wholly to restrain herself.

"He's not coming here for any good," she answered, "and I wish he'd stay away."

I looked up at our mother, but she had turned her

face so that I could not see its expression. She did not reply. I had a feeling as if a dark shadow had fallen suddenly upon our house; a sense of impending evil; a vague impression of fear.

"Come, Davy; your breakfast is ready," said my mother. "Rachel will pour out your coffee. It will do your head good."

How changed her voice! It had fallen to a lower tone, and had a husky tremor that I saw she was trying to repress. She turned as she spoke and left the room.

My head needed no cup of coffee to quiet its pain, for the aching had ceased.

"What can he want with father!" exclaimed Rachel, in a troubled voice, as soon as we were alone.

"Father owes him money," said I. "He had to borrow last winter, and Mr. Payne let him have what he wanted."

"Do you know how much he owes him?" my sister asked, a slightly scared look coming into her face.

I could not answer her question.

"It isn't a great deal, I hope. Our wheat has failed, you know; there isn't the third of a crop."

I passed, in a moment, from the old feeling of home-security to a startled sense of danger. If we were debtor to Andrew Payne beyond our ability to make payment according to the bond, then had we indeed fallen upon evil times.

My father and his visitor were alone together in the library for nearly an hour, and occasionally we could hear the tones of the latter rise suddenly into a loud and imperative key. At last his heavy tread and coarse voice sounded in the hall, and the two men walked out to the hitching-post where the horse of Mr. Payne had been standing. They talked there for a while longer, the manner of the one half-threatening, and that of the other quiet and firm, but very grave and troubled.

"To-morrow, then?" we heard Mr. Payne say, as he mounted his horse.

"To-morrow," answered my father.

The man struck his beast sharply with his riding-whip, and the animal started off at a full gallop.

For a short time my father stood looking after Andrew Payne, and then, with his head bowed and his eyes cast down, came slowly back into the house, going to the library and shutting the door after him. In a few minutes we heard our mother coming down-stairs. She went into the library, and remained there for a greater part of the morning. When she came out there were traces of tears in her eyes, and her countenance wore a troubled aspect.

All that day our father and mother were frequently alone together in earnest consultation. What the real trouble was we learned soon afterwards.

The steady exhaustion which, in spite of our mother's careful management and watchful economy, had been going on year after year, had at last brought the family estate into serious peril. The product of our farm, and we had no other source of income, was never sufficient to meet the annual expense. The

deficiency would accumulate until it became a troublesome debt, and then, in default of any other means of raising money, a sale of land or stock had to be made. So the acres lessened and lessened, until the fertile three hundred, which had been my father's original patrimony, were now reduced to less than half that number, and against these Andrew Payne held a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars.

The way my father became indebted to the miller was this. In the beginning, small advances were made by Payne on the growing crops, the amount being deducted from the price of the grain when it was harvested and delivered at the mill. Year after year these advances became larger, until at last they equaled the entire value of the wheat product. Then there came a bad season, our fields not yielding half a crop, and my father was left in debt to Payne nearly five hundred dollars. He offered to take ten acres of meadow land in settlement, but that was considered too great a sacrifice. The debt was then secured by mortgage.

The prospect for a good crop was very fair in the next spring, and Payne tendered further advances if needed, as they certainly were. But the rust got into the wheat before harvest-time, lessening its value one-half; and again the advances were in excess of the price of the crop. So it had gone on, until, as I have said, Andrew Payne held a mortgage on our homestead of fifteen hundred dollars. Worse than this, a further sum of money had been borrowed to stand against the harvest of this year, which had proved almost an entire failure.

And now Andrew Payne changed suddenly his attitude toward my father, against whom, for reasons already mentioned, he held a grudge. He had called to say that he needed his money, and wished my father to make as early an arrangement as possible to pay off the mortgage and settle the remaining balance that stood against him. That he was in earnest and meant mischief, was too apparent.

Our parents were in too great concern of mind to conceal the anxiety from which they were suffering, and felt that it would be best to make us acquainted with the exact condition of affairs, which was done that evening, and in the presence of Mr. Fordyce, who had come from Oakland. My failure to appear at school had occasioned him much concern, and this had brought him over. Between Mr. Fordyce and my father, as I have before mentioned, had arisen a strong regard and confidence, and now that we stood in the face of serious trouble, and possible disaster, this friend, as one wise and to be trusted, was taken into our counsels.

As the conference went on, light broke upon our minds, and we saw a way out of our trouble, if we were willing to walk therein; an easy way, and yet a hard way; hard for our personal and family pride—for we had our share of that; and easy, because it not only lay stretched out plainly before us, but rose beyond with a safe and gradual ascent. I will bring our family council before my readers at the time this new way was suggested by Mr. Fordyce, and let them

hear some of the things that were said. They made a deep impression on my mind. Scarcely less marked were their effects upon other members of our family; though at first each felt, except my mother, perhaps, an instinctive rejection, as if something unworthy and degrading were involved.

One expedient after another had been brought forward and discussed, but none of them threw any light on the future. Our family ship was drifting steadily toward a rocky coast, on which, if her course were not checked or changed, she must at no far distant time be wrecked. How to stay her course, and change the direction in which she was going, was the momentous question to decide; and there had come a gloomy pause in our conference, when Mr. Fordyce said: "There is, I believe, a way out of this trouble, if you are brave enough, and independent enough, to take it; and I think you are."

We all turned our eyes upon his face, waiting for him to go on.

"One thing is clear," he continued. "As the farm has been managed for the last few years, its product is not sufficient to meet the annual expense, even if there were no failures in the crops."

None questioned the fact he had stated, for its truth we all knew but too well.

"Now it is worth while to consider whether there may not be a way through which a much larger return can be had. I think there is."

"Even if there be such a way," answered my father, gloomily, "it will take time for change and new results. A year at least. And this trouble is at our very door."

"Let us hear what you would advise," asked our mother, the steadiness of a newly-forming hope in her voice.

"The sale of fifty acres of land for the best price that can be obtained," said Mr. Fordyce, speaking slowly, and in the firm voice of one who wished what he was saying to be clearly understood and well considered. "From this sale enough will be realized to pay off all debts, and leave between one and two thousand dollars as capital and a reserve. Next I would advise the entire abandonment of grain-growing and general farming. The land retained should be the best pasture land on the estate."

I saw a light come into our mother's face; but there was no change in that of my father.

"As a dairy farm, carefully and economically managed, the hundred acres left will pay far better, and give a more certain return, than twice that number farmed under ordinary conditions and risks of crop-failures."

"We know nothing of dairy-farming," answered my father, a husky veil on his troubled voice. "And even if we did, the close personal care, work and supervision that it would entail upon nearly every member of the family to make it successful, is more than I could ask, or they be willing to endure."

A long and oppressive silence followed, which our mother was first to break.

"There is no better grazing-land in all the country," she said.

"None," returned Mr. Fordyce.

"As to the care and work," said our mother, looking round upon my sisters, "I think we shall all be found ready to do our share."

There was no response; for in truth none of us had any clear idea of the work we should be called upon to do if the suggestion of Mr. Fordyce was adopted.

"Starting with, say thirty cows," he remarked, in a quiet voice, "and not at first attempting butter or cheese-making, except in a small and experimental way, the sale of milk would, I think, meet all your family expenses from the very beginning."

"The sale of milk!" exclaimed my father. "Who is to sell it, and where is it to be sold?"

My dear, good father! Wise, and true, and sensible as he was, he had his weaknesses; and social pride was one of these. He had been a gentleman farmer, with broad grain-fields, and the *éclat*, so to speak, of harvests and full-laden barns. He could ride into Oakland, or to the seaboard town fifty miles away, and sell his wheat to miller or merchant in a single yearly transaction that had in it a fine respectability; but the idea of doling out milk and cream in pints, and quarts, and gallons, day by day, and week by week, was something from which he instinctively revolted.

Still speaking in his quiet but earnest way, Mr. Fordyce answered: "There would be no difficulty in selling fifty or sixty quarts of milk in Oakland every day, besides a good proportion of cream."

"Peddling it from door to door!" said my father, in a tone of half-contempt for such work. "It hasn't come quite to that yet, my friend." He shook his head in a decided manner.

"Or," added Mr. Fordyce, still in an assured way, "you could sell the entire product to a milk-dealer in B—, sending in your cans every morning by the railroad, and getting them back at night."

"Turn my wife and daughters into dairy-maids, and establish myself as the head of a milk-factory!"

He smiled bitterly as he spoke. I glanced at my sisters, and saw the light and color go out of their faces. Then our mother spoke out firmly, and with a ring of independent self-approval in her voice.

"I have been a dairy-maid," she said, lifting her head somewhat proudly. "I have milked and made butter and cheese. I have done it for money, and earned many a dollar in the work; and I can do it again if needed; *and do it for love!*"

There was no mistaking her spirit. My father turned and looked at her, his face softening. I think there were sudden tears in his eyes. He did not reply.

"The true honor of work," spoke out Mr. Fordyce, "lies in its usefulness. Its dishonor, in its hurtful effects on society."

No one responding, he went on: "We must set for ourselves higher standards than the opinions and prejudices of the people. If a thing is right in itself,

no regard in which the people may happen to hold it can make it wrong or unworthy."

I saw my father lift his head and turn toward Mr. Fordyce; and as he did so, his mouth, which had fallen apart weakly, closed with a firmer expression. But he did not speak.

"There is a providence which governs in all the affairs of life," our friend continued; "and, do what we may, we cannot remove ourselves out of its controlling influence. Its end is, and must be in the very nature of things, our highest good; and this, we all know, is not worldly honor nor worldly prosperity. Not the regard of men, but the loving favor of God."

Again he paused, waiting for some response; but no one was ready to speak.

"Without fear, and without blame; so let us order our lives. Brave always to do the right, though we suffer in doing it; and just and kind in our dealings with all men."

"*Sans peur et sans reproche*," murmured my father, in an undertone, yet speaking so clearly and steadily that we all heard the sentence.

"The high standard of a true Christian gentleman," said Mr. Fordyce, "but rarely, if ever, attained without stern discipline, self-denial and self-repression."

He had lifted us all into a clearer mental atmosphere. And now our mother spoke again.

"Not the easy and the pleasant way, but the safe and the right way. Let us be wise in our choice. There is no dishonor in work, except what comes from a mean and dishonorable purpose. Is the product of the herd less noble than that of the field?"

I saw my father lift his eyes from the floor and turn them again upon her face.

"The milk and honey, the wool and the corn, are all good gifts from God to men," said Mr. Fordyce; "and the farmer and herdman are alike agents and servants in dispensing them. He is most honorable who is most diligent and faithful, and least selfish in his work."

"Never a truer sentiment," spoke out our mother, her voice gaining in clearness. "We must begin by thinking right, and then we shall find it easier to do right."

"Right thinking is a wonderful help to right acting," returned Mr. Fordyce. "It is because we are not right thinkers that we are so often wrong actors. Thought is inner sight, and by it we see our way in life. To press onward without using this inner sight, is like walking with the eyes shut. It looks very much, Mr. Lovel," now particularly addressing my father, "as if you had been going forward, these past few years, with half-shut eyes, trusting to good fortune, or a kind providence, to make the way safe and the end free from disaster."

"I have set justice and right before me. I have tried to do my duty, and to put my trust in God," was the firmly-spoken answer. "We are all in His hands; and with Him is the outcome, do what we may."

My father's manner was that of one taking an attitude of self-defense.

"The outcome is with ourselves," replied Mr. Fordyce.

"And not with God?" There was a tone of surprise in my father's voice.

"With God only through us. The wagoner in that wise old fable would never have gotten out of the mire had he not put his shoulder to the wheel. And yet the strength was not really his own, only his to use as if it were his own. So, you see, the outcome was such as the wagoner made it. God gives us freedom and reason, and all the material, moral and spiritual forces of the universe to work with; and as we work, so will be the outcome. Our lives are successes or failures, just as we make them. God wills that every life shall be successful, and works with each man, from his birth into this world until his removal from it, for the accomplishment of that end; but only they are successful in a true sense, who, acting in freedom and according to the dictates of reason, wisely determine their course, and steadily walk therein, keeping the commandments of God in their spirit as well as in their letter."

"Then you think a man may lay down his course in life, and follow it as closely as a mariner the lines marked out on his chart?" said my father.

"Every man has two lives—an inner and an outer life," answered Mr. Fordyce. "His outer life is in the visible world, and among men; his inner life is in the invisible world, and among spirits and angels. His outer, or natural life in the world, which can be retained for only a few years, is given solely for the sake of his inner, or spiritual life, which endureth forever. But man has reversed the true order of his being, and set natural life above spiritual life. Gold and silver, and the honors that come from men, are more precious in his sight than heavenly riches and the honor that comes from God. It is because of this that human life has fallen into such great disorder, and that the world is so full of wrong and suffering. Evil came through man's abuse of what made him truly man, his rationality and freedom; and evil can be broken and removed only through the re-establishment of their just control over him. It is to this end that the Divine providence works perpetually, enlightening man's reason, and leading him to act, as of and from himself, according to the dictates of his rational judgment. Only when this is done, does he take a return step in the way that leads back to heavenly order and blessedness. But I am drifting too far away from a direct reply to your question, Mr. Lovel. It involves so much that I find myself unable to answer clearly in a few words."

"We will talk all this over at another time," said my father, in his grave, gentle way. "and come back now to the practical questions so important to decide. And you really think, Mr. Fordyce"—there was a marked change in his manner—"that our way out of the trouble in which we are involved is the one you suggest?"

"I think it the easiest and the surest way out. If,

by selling a part of your land, immediate relief from embarrassment can be obtained; and if by using what remains as a dairy farm you can make the product large enough to meet all your expenses, and even have a little over, what plainer way is set before you?"

"If the product can be made large enough?"

"It can, I am sure."

I saw Mr. Fordyce look toward my sisters. The confidence with which he had spoken a few moments before was not quite so apparent now; and there came a shade of concern, if not doubt, into his face.

"I am certain of it," spoke out our mother. "But not," she added, "unless we are all willing to do our share of the work—good, honest work, from which will come not only health of mind and health of body, but home security and social independence. To get that man's grip off of our farm—his very touch is a dishonor!—I would toil like a galley slave; and the coarsest bread would be sweet to my lips!"

There was a thrill in our mother's voice, a light and strength in her face, and a spirit in her manner that were felt like magnetism. I saw Rachel, who was standing behind her chair, draw her arm about her neck, stoop down, and after whispering a word in her ear, touch her forehead with her lips.

Our dear, care-taking, strong-hearted mother! The time had come for a clearer assertion of herself. Heretofore she had left the helm of affairs in my father's hands; but the ship had been drifting for a long time out of her true course, and now dangerous reefs were in sight. The peril was imminent. The course of the ship must be changed, while the hand that held the rudder hesitated still.

"My daughters," she said, "the loss or the gain lies with us. Shall we keep our home, and make all its walls secure, or weakly fold our hands while the ruin goes on, until the years come when another shall thrust us out, and we be sent forth divided and helpless?"

There was not an instant of hesitation. Edith and Fanny drew quickly to her side, and grouped themselves, with Rachel, around her. Tears were in their eyes, but light, and purpose, and strength in their beautiful faces.

"Where you lead the way, mother dear, we will follow," said Fanny, first to respond in words. "Milk-maids, or dairy-maids; call us what you will so that our hands can help."

"Thank you, my children!" And our mother stood up and drew her arms about them. Her figure was erect, and her bearing marked by conscious strength. There had come a transformation. The old, patient, enduring spirit had died suddenly, and in the moment of its death a new spirit, confident, hopeful, and strong with resolve had been born. She already felt her hands upon the helm, and saw, in imagination, our goodly ship that was almost upon the reefs and breakers, coming up to the wind, and heading away from the seething danger.

"Thank you, my children!" she said, her voice

clear and steady. "We have left all the care and all the burden too long upon your father's shoulders, and the strain and pressure have been too great for his strength. Let us do our part now; honoring God and honoring ourselves by doing the useful work He has set before us. He has given us broad fields, and we can cover them with flocks and herds if we will, and in their product and increase have plenty and to spare. Secured independence, peace of mind, and the ability to render unto every man what is honestly his due, may be ours if we will take them. And what shall hinder? Love of ease? False pride? A shame of useful work? No, my children! Let our estimates of life and its aims be nobler far than this."

I turned and looked at my father. In his countenance I saw almost as marked a change as that which had come into the face of our mother. He was gazing at her with an expression I did not at the time clearly understand. Doubt, wonder, respect and reverence as for a superior, were all in that startled expression. Our mother had revealed an element of character which he had not seen before; a strong, controlling and independent element; which, in its first assertion of itself, bore him back with a sense of weakness, if not inferiority. With a different woman, that would have been the beginning of coldness and alienation. But our mother was wise in her deep respect and love for my father; and that loving wisdom gave her insights and prudence, and kept her from seeming to take his place in the determination of affairs, while he suffered himself to be led, because the way to ~~and~~ which she set her face he saw to be the right way, and she drew him on with a gentle persuasion that she knew how to make irresistible.

I sat through all this family council, dumb. Not that I was indifferent to the situation of affairs. On the contrary, I was keenly alive to everything that passed, and deeply moved by conflicting thoughts and feelings. In all the plannings for work, I had been left out. I knew why this was; for it had long ago been settled that I should go to college as soon as I was far enough advanced in my studies to enter the freshman class; and neither my mother nor my sisters thought for a single moment of any change as regarded me.

In my mind, however, another purpose was forming. It was late in the evening when Mr. Fordyce went away. Up to this time no opportunity to be alone with him had occurred. As he went out I followed. He drew his arm around me, and we walked a little way down the road, neither of us saying a word. The sky was clear and the moon shone down as brilliantly as on the night when he soothed my passion, and held me back with his strong but gentle hand. Pausing, after we had gone a hundred yards or so, he said: "You were not at school to-day."

"No, sir," I replied, briefly.

"I will see you to-morrow."

"That is doubtful," I returned.



"Davy!" There was less of surprise in his voice than he meant to express. "Why do you say this?"

"As I am feeling just now, Mr. Fordyce, to sit five or six hours in school would be little less than torture. Study is impossible," was my answer.

He drew his arm more closely. After waiting for several moments he said: "You will feel differently in a day or two. I shall be sorry to have any interruption in your studies. You are making such rapid progress."

"It is doubtful if I ever take them up again," said I, speaking with more decision, and considerable bitterness.

"Davy! Davy! It hurts me to hear you say this." There was real trouble in his voice.

"The college question has been decided," I returned, "and the preparation had as well cease. There is something else for me to do."

"The college question! Who has decided that? I don't understand you!"

"If my sisters are to become dairy-maids—"

"Davy!" There was a tone of rebuke in his voice.

"While my sisters work, shall I play, Mr. Fordyce?"

"Study is work, Davy, and often the hardest kind of work, as you know."

"But work for self alone."

"No, work that fits us for a higher service and a broader usefulness."

"But, Mr. Fordyce," I said, "shall I turn from the work that lies at my feet to-day, that I may prepare myself for some imaginary work that is waiting for me in the years to come? Shall I see my mother and sisters put their hands to hard service, while I give myself to books and study—drawing my support from what they have earned? No, no, no!"

I spoke from the strength of a clearly seen duty, and with a decision of manner that surprised even myself.

"What our mother said is true," I went on. "Father has so long borne the burden of our support, that at last it has become too much for his skill and strength. And shall I be the only one to hold back, and meanly live upon what the others earn?"

"We will talk this over at another time, Davy," returned Mr. Fordyce, his voice a little unsteady, and his arm drawing itself more closely around me. Then he said good-night, and I went back alone.

(To be continued.)

## UNTO DAY.

PRESS on! surmount the rocky steeps;  
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;  
He fails alone who feebly creeps;  
He wins who dares the hero's march.  
Be thou a hero! let thy might  
Tramp on eternal snows its way,  
And through the ebon walls of night  
Hew down a passage unto day.

## A PLEA FOR CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

UNDER this head, the *Boston Christian Register* has an article on the modern vicious system of over-straining and over-exciting children and youth, which has in it so many good suggestions that we transfer it to our pages, and commend its careful perusal to parents, teachers, and all who have the control of young persons.

There is less need to discuss the grosser forms of cruelty and neglect which have given occasion for the formation of societies for the protection of the miserable little children who are neglected by their parents or abused by showmen, since public sympathy responds readily to any demand made in their behalf. It is, indeed, a sign of improvement in manners and morals that there is an awakening of interest in such forlorn little creatures. But we have now in mind children who are not homeless and neglected, little ones who are loved and cared for, but nevertheless grievously wronged, because they are robbed of some of the most important rights of childhood, viz., the right to be careless, thoughtless and happy, to be warm, to sleep, to grow fat and be strong, to have no nerves (to speak of), no cares and no ambitions, to be ignorant of the evil passions of mankind, unmoved by the rivalries and unworn by overwork and worry.

How hard is it to find a child of a dozen years who is merry, careless, unconscious and healthy! Where will you look for one who is not jaded by the exercise of mental powers, over-stimulated, or fretted by emotions which are not child-like?

We are constantly lamenting the pressure which this eager age of progress forces upon the men and women who are doing the work of the world; but we are adding greatly, and without necessity, to the seeming weight of the burden of life by bringing up a race of boys and girls who will have expended much of their surplus store of vital force before the real work of life begins.

The processes which go on during the years when the child is growing, should be all the more sacredly guarded because they are not intended to produce results, but means. The growing child is supplied with ample resources for daily needs, and more. He has a daily surplus which he may expend in excitement, overwork and loss of sleep, without much seeming loss. But that surplus is intended, not to be expended, but to be invested in new blood and bone, in brain, and nerve, and muscle, which, properly made and properly trained, will stand for a life-time the wear and tear of the hardest work. Certainly, for the first twenty years of life, it is a misfortune if there be any work on hand more pressing than these great undertakings. No child is born with his endowment decided upon and his outfit manufactured for him. These he must make for himself. He creates as he goes along the engines which are to supply him with energy and power of endurance. The most important of all his achievements during the tender years of youth is the putting up of a

machine for the production of nervous force, and another which will nourish the body while that force is being expended and directed to the accomplishment of great tasks.

The child who expends his energy as he goes along, in work or pleasure which robs him of sleep, arrives at maturity jaded already, or, if apparently strong, with no "staying power," with no rush of exuberant and joyous energies clamoring for work, and abundant enough for any emergency.

The home, the school and the church are guilty of crowding the little ones into the excitements of mental contests, public exhibitions and pleasures which would be exhausting even to mature minds and bodies. In an article on "Brain Forcing" (see *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1878), Dr. Allbutt shows from his experience as a physician what great evils are inflicted upon the children of this generation by forcing upon them the excitements and labors which belong only to maturity and strength. As the victims of this cruelty one after another break down under the strain of life, "we label their cases 'dyspepsia,' 'nervous debility,' 'mental disease,' and the like." One paragraph, relating to young ministers, we must quote:

"Men whose steps are faltering upon the very threshold of the ministry come to me lamenting that the hope and the fervor, the peace and the joy of their initiation have fled, and in their place are listlessness, weariness, confusion of mind, nay, even satiety and disgust. Their teachers urge them to drown their reaction in more work, and in unhealthy self-examination. Pallid, dyspeptic, peevish, sleepless, disheartened, many of them creep into orders to come in later years to the physicians, almost cursing themselves because their labors are unfruitful, because they cannot sit down to think nor stand up to pray. The explanation is too clear. The brain has been forced, and has borne insipid fruit out of due season. It may never recover its tone, or recover it only after a long season of rest. It is sad to think how many young ministers have come to me alone with such a history—men otherwise of promise, but whose best efforts have been but as the crackling of thorns under the pot."

That which is related of ministers is told also of others, products of our forcing system, who enter upon life not with full reservoirs of life, not with feelings which give light to the eye and fire to the lips, but with brains and nerves which dole out only the scanty supply demanded by the daily need. At twenty, our boys and girls begin to move with gravity, and to doubt whether, after all, life is a blessing to be greatly desired.

There is one form of cruelty, practiced especially by churches and charitable societies, which ought to be quickly abolished, viz., the custom of exciting the sympathies of the public by the exhibition of little children at unseasonable hours and in public places. Nothing so surely touches the heart as an exhibition of little ones whose innocence and beauty testify to the sweetness which hides itself in human life. But

to use that innocence and beauty as a bait to trap a charity, especially when the children are themselves orphaned and unfortunate, is both a breach of good taste and a cruelty.

Adults are saved from the evils of public display if they have public work to do; but men and women dressed and arranged for display for their looks cannot retain their simplicity. The orator or singer who is displaying himself and not his function, soon becomes contemptible. Children soon learn for what purpose they are put on exhibition, and one hour in a false position may spoil simplicity or engender bitterness of spirit, and thus obstruct the moral progress of a whole life.

If we would have great thinkers, strong workers, sane men and sound women, if we would have strength, purity and peace among the fathers and mothers to come, let us not forget that for little children the most important "tasks" are to be rosy and plump, sleepy at nightfall and hungry in the morning; and that for boys and girls of larger growth, no pursuits can possibly be so profitable as those which call them to the happy and careless exertion of their powers; that even for young men and women not yet well-grown and well-compacted, the growth and perfection of the organs with which they are to work furnish tasks vastly more important to the world than any products of their brains or work of their hands.

Hardship, misfortune and poverty may throw duties and labors upon them prematurely, but such labors and duties should be regarded as misfortunes to them and to society. Boys and girls may become prodigies of devotion, and show brilliant results of their unnatural exertion; but nature exacts her penalties from the youth who spends his youth in pious duties not less than from him who wastes himself by dissipation. Starr King did a man's work at seventeen, but he laid down the work of manhood at forty.

The home, the church, the school, will do their work best by inciting the children to avoid publicity, to love the seclusion of happy homes, and in systematic but unforced study, in spontaneous and child-like play, to give them opportunity to grow under the motherly guidance of the nature which God has appointed to be the guardian of His little ones.

**DIFFIDENCE OF GREAT MEN.**—Orators have often been very diffident in social life. The great Mr. Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men. Lord Camden was on terms of great intimacy with him, and one day remarked, as Pitt was at his house: "My children have heard so much about you, that they are very anxious to have a glimpse of the great man. They are now at dinner. Will you oblige me by going in with me a moment?"

"Oh, pray don't!" said the orator, in great alarm. "What on earth could I say to them?"

"Give them, at least, the pleasure of seeing you," replied his lordship, as he half-led, half-pushed him into the room.

## EASTER EGGS.

## CHAPTER I.

THEY come to you of all sizes and of all colors : purple, and yellow, crimson, orange and puce.

The children bring them, beggars bring them, your friends send them. Some come in china-bowls, some in baskets arranged with moss and flowers, and some are simply presented on plates. You are not bound to eat them—that is one comfort, else the inconvenience might decidedly be very great, since every egg is boiled to the consistence of a bullet, and is, of course, cold. Nevertheless, the custom is pretty, and the eggs themselves are pretty, the bright hues given them by the dye with which they are boiled enduing them with a most picturesque look as they lie piled among moss and flowers. Sometimes they are presented in company with *galettes* and *goffres*—two kinds of cake very popular in Belgium—the latter being a species of pancake, while the other is the identical cake which in foreign pictures of Little Red Ridinghood we see depicted in that hapless damsel's basket, side by side with the traditional butter.

During my first Easter in the Ardennes, a whole love story came to my ears through an Easter egg and a little basket of *galettes*. I will not tell the tale ; it shall tell itself.

"I hear monsieur is going to Liège," said a sweet voice.

I lowered my gun with its muzzle to the ground, and looked at the speaker. She was the brightest, neatest little figure I had ever seen ; a brunette, with sparkling hazel eyes, and blue-black hair, and cheeks of a brownish ruddy hue—a very picture of health and comely strength. Not very delicate or refined-looking, perhaps ; yet, nevertheless, having the happier beauty of a sound mind in a sound body, with all that cheerful readiness about her which is one of the best gifts of robust health.

"Mademoiselle, it is true. I go to Liège on Easter-even. Can I do anything for you there?"

The brown cheek grew ruddier, with just a tiny tinge of crimson, which was gone in a moment, for these brunettes do not show upon their faces every shade of thought and feeling as the sensitive blondes are fain to do.

"Monsieur is very good ; if only I might venture to ask a favor?"

"Ask," I responded, smiling. "I will execute your commission with pleasure."

"First, if monsieur would let me explain who I am. I am Fifine, grand-niece to Madame Rodière."

Madame Rodière was the old lady who did me the honor to be my housekeeper, and I had heard her speak often of Josephine as a good, honest girl, who did much of the work on the little farm which her father rented.

"Mademoiselle Josephine, pray enter and seat yourself: then you shall tell me what you want at Liège."

This little conversation had taken place in my

garden, just as I was going out in the hope of shooting some hoopoes\* which I had seen in a meadow close by. The April wind was cutting and keen, and I was glad, therefore, to get the pretty Josephine into a warm seat by the kitchen fire. She did not use much circumlocution in coming at her request.

"Monsieur, I have a friend at Liège; will you charge yourself with a little basket for him?"

She drew it from beneath her shawl as she spoke—a pretty little covered basket of colored straw.

"It is only a few *galettes* and an Easter egg; but Félix always expects them from me at Easter, and I should be so sorry to disappoint him."

"And is this all?" said I, taking the basket from her hand. "Is there no message, no letter?"

"Alas! monsieur, I cannot write, neither can Félix; but we do not forget each other."

Again the tinge of crimson deepened her brown cheek, yet she gazed at me with steadfast, unshrinking eyes, as she continued in a firmer tone: "We are betrothed, Félix and I. And we have not seen each other for two years. He was home on furlough, then, for a little while."

"So Félix is a soldier," I rejoined, doubtfully. "Is it a wise thing for an industrious girl like you to marry a soldier?"

"He was 'drawn,'" she answered, sighing; "he could not help being a soldier. His family was too poor to buy a substitute for him, so he is obliged to serve. He has served five years now, so in two more he will be free."

"And will it be prudent," I reiterated, "to expect a man, who has been seven years a soldier, to return home and take up industrious pursuits again? Félix will like soldiering too well for that; at the expiration of his seven years' service he will enlist and get his bounty."

Fifine opened her clear hazel eyes wide, and looked at me wonderingly.

"Monsieur has not seen Félix; when he has seen him he will not say that. He will not ask, either, whether it will be wise to marry him. I have known him and loved him all my life long," she added, innocently, as she arose and made me a little curtsy by way of leave-taking.

"Stay, Mademoiselle Fifine; you have not told me where to find your friend."

"At the barracks, if monsieur will not mind going."

"And whom must I ask for at the barracks?"

"Félix Roussel. And if monsieur would kindly put the basket in his hand and say: 'From Fifine Rodière, with a thousand kind thoughts,' there will be no need of more."

"But if Félix asks questions, what shall I say?"

"Please then tell him La Mère Vigneron's rheumatism is better, and my father has bought a new cow—we have called her Blanchette—and we have ten lambs this Easter. Oh, and tell him, too, that his father can walk quite well now with a stick, and

\* These beautiful birds are seen at times in the Ardennes in going or returning from their migrations.

on Sundays, coming home from Mass, he leans on my arm."

She made me another little curtsy, and ran away, as if she thought she had already detained me too long.

"What an absurd commission!" I said within myself, as I eyed the basket with some discontent. "The idea of making me a messenger to carry love tokens! But these Ardennais peasants trouble themselves little about the fitness of things."

## CHAPTER II

AT Liège I hired a fly, and drove up to the barracks with my galettes and the variegated Easter egg reposing on the cushion beside me. At the gateway I found an old sergeant, gray-headed and grim, smoking a surreptitious pipe with an air of fierce satisfaction.

"Can I see a young soldier named Félix Roussel, of the Fourth Company?" I asked, putting my head from the window.

The old sergeant withdrew his pipe from his lips slowly, and shook his head.

"The poor garçon is in hospital," he said. "You cannot see him without an order from the colonel. And as this is not visiting-day, you won't get one."

Deliberately as he had withdrawn the pipe from his lips he restored it, and smoked on stolidly, with a Flemish phlegm sorely aggravating to a quick temperament. Now, while it appeared to me perfectly easy to see Félix Roussel, I had not cared much about my mission; in fact, the affair had presented itself to me in a ridiculous light, and I had once or twice felt tempted to give the fair Fifine's galettes to some hungry street dog, and pelt him afterwards with the Easter egg. But lo! a difficulty springs up; a piece of military routine and a stolid Flemish sergeant stand in my way, and immediately my spirit is roused, and I feel bound in honor to overcome all obstacles, and deposit Mademoiselle Josephine's offering in the hands of her expectant lover.

"Where does the colonel live, my friend?"

The sergeant did not trouble himself to answer. Lifting one heavy hand, he pointed to a house near, and then, with extreme slowness, he permitted his hand to sink again into the pocket of his baggy trousers.

"You are Flemish, I think?"

An almost imperceptible nod was the only reply I received. His first speech, being a long one, had evidently exhausted him. Nevertheless, I was resolved to make him talk.

"What part of Flanders do you come from, friend?"

He looked aggravated, yet with the pipe between his teeth, he condescended to say: "Jabakkuk."

"Ah! a delightful village!" I cried, cheerfully.

"I know it well. Smooth and flat as a table. No nonsensical trees and rocks there to hinder tillage. No hills to tire men and horses. Not a tree to be seen, except a stray pollard willow, or here and

there a straight line of poplars, standing like soldiers at drill. And plenty of fine wholesome water in the ditches."

Was I mistaken, or did a gleam of satisfaction shoot from those small, boiled, blue eyes? Yes, and the pipe comes out of the mouth now.

"Ja! ja! Jabakkuk is a fine place!"

"What corn?" I exclaimed.

"What grass?" said the sergeant.

"What horses!—thick as elephants!" I continued.

"What tobacco! Ah!"

"You are right. What splendid land for tobacco!"

"And himmel! what beer!" said the sergeant.

"Petermann! and Faro!" \* I cried. "Come and have a glass now."

The sergeant was won. He came, he drank, he thawed, he condescended to initiate me into certain military rules and ceremonies, which satisfactorily fulfilled, I might pierce the sealed doors of the hospital, and see Félix Roussel.

Enough that I got safely through them all, and was conducted by the sergeant himself into a long and exquisitely clean ward, lined on either side by white beds. To my surprise, he passed silently through this; as I glanced at each sickly face, thinking first this, then that was Félix Roussel, and coming at last to a small door at the end, he opened it softly, laying at the same time his finger on his lips, and whispering, in a strange voice, "Hush!"

The door was shut again immediately, and to my intense astonishment I found myself in darkness.

"This is the *blind* ward," whispered the sergeant, as I stood silent, groping with my hands, and wondering where I was.

The stillness of the room was so intense that the sound of his voice seemed unnatural, and the echo of our own steps grated harshly on my ear.

In a moment or two my eyes got accustomed to the obscurity, and I perceived the darkness was not so great as I had imagined. And I now saw dimly many a weary figure lying or sitting listless, with drooping head, and hands clasped idly on the knees. Some were in bed with faces hidden on the pillow, as though even the scanty light admitted here was too great a pain for the vexed eyes to bear. It struck me at first as cruel to place these melancholy patients together in their dismal darkness; but then, if their affliction obliged them to shut out the sunshine, it was easy to comprehend why the hospital authorities had assembled them in one ward.

Scarcely a figure stirred at our entrance; the pitiful patience of blindness seemed to weigh down every head in hopeless apathy. Through the long length of the dismal room, the Flemish sergeant led me silently, till we reached a bed on which a young man sat in an attitude of patient weariness. His eyes were bandaged by a thick handkerchief, leaving visible only his pale, haggard cheeks and bearded mouth. One hand, white and thin with long sickness and unrest, lay on the quilt, the other pressed his

\* The names of two celebrated Belgian brews.

forehead. No words can paint upon the mind the picture of lonely, bitter dejection presented by this pale and woeful figure.

"Félix, lad," said the sergeant, "here is a friend come to see thee."

Mechanically at the sergeant's voice the hand upon his brow formed the military salute, then fell down helpless, and no change, no hope, no smile passed over the wan face.

"A friend from the Ardennes," said I—"a friend from Saint Hilaire."

Then I saw his lips quiver, and his thin hand clutched the quilt, as with a sudden spasm.

"I cannot see you," he said, wearily, stretching his other hand toward me; "and the voice is a stranger's."

"A stranger's, yes; but I bring you a message from friends. Josephine Rodière sends you this."

And into the thin hand held so helplessly toward me, I put the little basket that I had so foolishly despised. Heavens! what a treasure it was here! What a light of hope and joy it brought upon that woe-worn face! What a smile played upon the pale lips, as his hand passed over it caressingly!

"Josephine!" he said. "Then she has not forgotten me!"

Word for word, I repeated her message, while he listened with head bent forward, and a life and hope upon his face that, a moment ago, I should have said it could never wear again.

"Your parents, your friends and Josephine know nothing of your illness," I continued. "Why have you kept them in ignorance of this misfortune?"

"How could I tell them?" he cried, as his hand pressed painfully on his darkened eyes. "It is too dreadful to tell."

I was silent. I felt such evil tidings were indeed terrible, and I already dreaded to be the messenger of such woe.

"Cheer up, lad!" said the sergeant. "You will get your discharge at any rate."

The young man raised his patient face with a weary sigh.

"I am a log now upon the earth," he said. "I was a help at home once—a prop—a comfort; but in the weary days to come I must eat bread that I have never earned, and be a burden to those I love best. O sergeant! they should take me out and shoot me now."

His head fell forward on his hands, and he groaned in anguish of spirit. I could think of no words to comfort him, neither could the sergeant, for he stole silently away, and left me with him alone. But the young man himself cast aside his misery for a moment, as he spoke again of his love.

"Ah! Fifine was always a famous hand at galettes," he said; "and here is an Easter-egg. Will monsieur tell me its color?"

"Violet," I answered.

"Ah! a sad color. She must have guessed I was sorrowful."

"No she did not guess it; but I think you should

write to her and tell her. Reflect what a shock your misfortune will be to her, to your mother, to all, if you do not let them hear of it before you return home. The sergeant tells me you will get your discharge very shortly. I will write a letter willingly for you, if you like."

He consented to my proposition with a wistful smile, and, writing materials being procured, he dictated as follows. I put down word for word what he said, altering nothing. At our end of the long, obscure room we were quite alone, the other patients, with kindly tact, keeping away from us. Here is the letter of the poor blind soldier:

"MY DEAR FIFINE: I thank you with my whole heart for your Easter gift; it came to me as the leaves come in May,\* when the sun makes a sudden summer, and winter and frost vanish. For, my dear Fifine, I am very sad; a great misfortune has befallen me. I was at work here on the new fortifications, when a mine we had made to blow up a great rock exploded too soon, and I and six other men were badly hurt. Fifine, dear friend, the hurt fell upon my eyes, and I am blind. The doctors say that, with care and rest, I may see again one day; but the good God knows; I have no hope of that myself. I am useless now as a soldier, so my colonel has sent to Brussels for my discharge, and it is expected every day. Fifine, I shall come home with a sad heart, because my father is a poor man, and I fear I shall be a burden to him all my life long. I sit through the weary day upon my bed, thinking and wondering what I shall do, not to be a burden. My poor mother is getting old and feeble. I thought to help her—I thought to work for her; but all that is over now, and I can only say, may the good God's will be done!

"Fifine, my dear, because I write this to you, do not think I make any claim on you, or wish to hold you to that promise you gave me so long ago. No; I hope I am not so wicked. I shall never see your dear face again; but when you give yourself to some happier man, he will let me take your hand and kiss your cheek, and bless you with my whole heart. And, until I die, you will be my sole and only love upon the earth. There, I will not say any more of this, because you have a kind heart, and I should wring it if I told you all my heavy thoughts as I brood in darkness over my happiness gone. Fifine, when I took your pretty present in my hand, and heard your message, I felt you still loved me; but that does not hinder that we must part, my dearest; I am only a blind burden, a helpless drag, not a man who can work for a wife, and bring a blessing to his home. If Henri Lefèvre still cares for you, I will try to take him by the hand, and wish him and you joy. I will, indeed, Fifine.

"My dear love, will you go to my poor mother,

\* There is no spring in the Ardennes. The weather changes from frost and snow to intense heat, and the trees in a few days are full of leaves.

and break to her the news of my blindness as gently as you can? Do not tell mother the news all at once; relate it to her little by little, and try chiefly to make her think of the joy I shall have in coming home. But do not expect me, dear friend, for a fortnight yet, because you know I must walk home, and, being blind, I scarcely know yet how I shall manage to accomplish the journey. Perhaps I shall find a comrade going my way who will charge himself for a little time with the care of a poor blind man.

"I am glad Mère Vigneron's rheumatism is better. Give my respects to her, and to all friends. Present my duty to father and mother, and embrace my mother for me on both cheeks. I am pleased Farmer Rodière has a new cow. I send my respectful homage to all at your home, and subscribe myself, my dear Fifiue, your devoted servant and friend,

"FELIX ROUSSEL.

"P. S.—Stroke Blanchette for me. Is the rye coming up finely this spring? Ah, Fifiue! I shall not help your father to reap it, as I did two years ago. Do not grieve about me; doubtless things will go happily for me, when I am once more among you all. Always thine,

"FELIX."

On finishing this, I bade the poor soldier adieu, and, after posting his letter, I went straight to call on the colonel of his regiment. From him I ascertained that Félix Roussel's discharge was not expected from the authorities at Brussels for another week. I was glad to hear this, as it would give me time to go on to Louvain and conclude the business I had in hand there, and on my return I would hire a vehicle and drive the poor blind soldier home to Saint Hilaire myself.

### CHAPTER III.

MY business detained me a day or two longer than I expected; but still I had no thought of being disappointed in seeing Félix Roussel when I drove up to the hospital and asked for him.

"He is gone, sir; he left two days ago."

"With whom?—how?"

"On foot. A young woman, apparently a relative, was with him."

This was all they knew. And I drove on to the barracks, trusting my friend, the Flemish sergeant, would be able to enlighten me further. But he was away on a long march, and I was fain to leave Liège in ignorance of all details respecting the poor soldier's departure. And now, having no longer the hope of his company, I renounced my intention of driving home by the hilly road between Liège and Marche, but chose the pleasanter way of going to Namur by railroad, and thence up the Meuse by steamer to Dinant. At this picturesque town I hired a species of tilbury, with a stout Ardennais pony, and drove steadily on through the lovely scenery which lies between the Meuse and the Ardennes.

From hill to hill, over long, straight roads, poplar-

lined, I went but slowly, half-wearying of my loneliness, till on a bridge, at the foot of a steep ascent, I drew up to rest awhile. The bridge was, more properly speaking, a viaduct, and I looked down upon a noble valley, beautifully wooded, and watered by a clear stream which dashed along rapidly over rocks and boulders. Suddenly, amid the deep stillness surrounding me, I heard the murmur of voices, and glancing toward the sunnier side of the vale, I saw two figures seated on a bank by the water's edge. One was a young woman, stout, strong, firmly made; the other was a poor creature attenuated by sickness, and worn out by pain and weariness.

Almost at the first glance I recognized them. They were Félix Roussel and Josephine Rodière. Wondering at the girl's strength and constancy, I stood awhile, listening to their talk.

"Fifiue, *ma chère amie*, I am exhausted," said the soldier, in a feeble voice. "Thou seest I can go no farther. Leave me here, and go on to the nearest village and seek a shelter for thyself for the night."

Fifiue paid no attention to this counsel. "See here, Félix," she replied, "I will sit here with thee on this bank and rest as long as thou wilt; but say no more to me of leaving thee on the road, because that cuts me to the heart."

"O Fifiue! I am weary unto death," moaned the blind man, as he fell back heavily on the grass. "Why should I deceive you? I can walk no more, my poor friend."

"When you have rested, Félix, you will feel stronger. Lean on me, and try to sleep."

"I cannot sleep, Fifiue. My eyes smart, and ache, and sting so cruelly, that my courage is fast ebbing away, and I feel I can bear the pain no longer."

The girl laid his head gently on the grass, and, rising, she went to the bank and steeped her handkerchief in the clear water, then, first removing the bandage that bound them, she laid it softly on his eyes.

"That does you good, Félix, I know."

"O Fifiue, what a weary burden I am to you," he answered, as she went to and fro to the brook, continually renewing the cooling bandage till he felt relieved.

"There now, Félix, you talk like a child again. Why vex me with such words?"

"Because they are true. I have leaned on you the whole way from Liège—it is your arm that has supported me, your strength that has borne me up. But for you, I should have fallen on the road a hundred times. And if I can reach home, Fifiue, it will be your courage, your constancy, that will accomplish the task. As for me, left alone, I would lie down, and only pray to die. O my dear, dear love, you have been very good to the poor, blind, helpless creature who clings to you so wearily."

Fifiue did not answer him; she turned her face away, though he could not see her, and shed tears silently. I had long understood that the letter I had written had brought the brave girl to her lover's aid, and I thought the richest lady in the land might envy her those tears.



"Fifine," said the soldier, anxiously, as though the silence terrified him, "are you there?"

"I am here, Félix," she answered, in a cheerful voice, stifling her tears.

"You are very patient with me," he said, softly. "Are you tired?"

"Tired! a great strong girl like me! No, indeed, Félix."

"I mean, are you weary of my complaints?" he continued, searching gropingly for her hand. "Fifine, I will never forget your kindness; whether I live or whether I die, I will never forget it. I try to think that I may accept it now, on this weary journey, because it is the last time I will give you trouble. Once at home, I will pray the burgomaster to get me into an asylum for the blind."

"You will do no such thing," answered Fifine, quickly. "What! may I not work for you? Do you want to break my heart, Félix?"

The young man was silent. I saw that pride and sorrow chained his lips. To him it seemed impossible to accept this devotion; but he would not say so now, since it pained her to hear it.

"Fifine, if I vex you, forgive me; it is not Félix who speaks, it is the blind, sick soldier, who has wearied for a sight of your face these two years, and now that it is near him he cannot see it."

She stooped forward and kissed him.

"But it will always be near you, Félix. Do you hear me? All your life long my hand will be close by to help you, as it is now."

She put her arm around him, and lifted him gently, as she would a child; and as his head fell upon her shoulder, I thought that if his poor scarred eyes could weep they would weep now.

"Fifine," he said, after a moment's silence, "the sun is getting low; I will try to go on. I feel better now I have rested."

"Then let me replace the bandage on your poor eyes, Félix."

As she spoke, she removed the damp and folded handkerchief resting on them, and he, seizing her hand, instantly exclaimed: "Fifine, I see bars!"

She fell on her knees, gazing at him wildly.

"Félix! Félix! You will not be blind! Oh, thank God! You will not be blind! It is my hand you see—my great clumsy fingers. Oh, how glad I am!—how glad I am!"

The sight of his joy touched me strangely, and I was forced to look away for a moment, lest my own eyes should fill with foolish tears. I would have gone down into the vale to help them long ago, but the pony was restless, and I dared not leave him. So, knowing they must come on by this road, I strove to wait patiently till they should join me. When I turned my head toward them again, Fifine, with trembling hands, was adjusting the bandage which covered the eyes of the soldier. As she aided him to rise, I saw he was wearied and worn to the last stage of weakness, and I perceived by his listless attitude of patience that the hope of recovering sight was far sainter in him than in her.

Up the steep bank, and on between the poplars into the road, she supported him with her firm arm, bearing him along as he leaned on her, in his weakness, heavily. Intent only on aiding him, seeing only him, she did not perceive me, till, with the long reins in one hand, I held the other toward her.

"Fifine, I am here to help you. This carriage is for you and Félix, and I will lead the pony."

She burst into tears of joy; she could not utter a word to thank me, and when at last speech came she could only talk of Félix.

"Ah, now, thank Heaven, he will be home to-night—he will be weary no more! And, monsieur, a minute ago he could see—think of that, he could see?"

"It was only for a moment," said Félix, with a wistful smile. "It is all dark again now, monsieur."

I would say nothing in reply, but in my own heart I had great hope from that momentary flash of sight.

It did me good to see the relief, the thankfulness, with which the poor invalid sank down upon the cushions of that uncouth tilbury. I believe, but for this help, Fifine, with all her courage and her strength, would never have brought him to Saint Hilaire. As it was, we made quite a triumphal procession as we entered the village about eight in the evening, I still leading the pony, and Josephine waving the handkerchief from beneath the hood of the queer little carriage.

I cannot describe the meeting between father, mother and son. To English readers, it might appear strange, extravagant, an exaggeration of feeling. It is not all who know how far stronger and more sacred, abroad than at home, is that pure love which we call filial and parental.

The poor soldier fainted as his mother put her arms around him. This mingling of joy and sorrow, added to his pain and weakness, overcame him. When he recovered sense and speech, he placed Josephine's hand in his mother's.

"Thank her, mother," he said; "I cannot."

In looking on the old couple, I saw in their age and feebleness the girl's reason for walking to Liège to fetch her lover. Their arms would have been of no use to him, their feeble steps could not have aided his. All were so poor that a vehicle was never thought of.

My story is nearly told. In a day or two, when Félix was rested, and seemed stronger, I fetched the good doctor from Saint Elmo to examine his eyes. The result was, as I had supposed, hopeful. Yet, for many weeks it was only an anxious, uncertain hope; for if sight came back for a moment, it flitted away again like a shadow, leaving his darkness more depressing. But as strength and health returned, sight came gradually—not sight, perhaps, as he had once possessed it, but enough to make him happy and to earn his living.

Henri Lefèvre danced merrily at the wedding; love could scarcely touch so careless a heart, and it was he who claimed the first kiss of the bride's cheek, and wished her long life and happiness.

## THE NEW COOK.

"GOOD-MORNING, Nan—why, what's the matter—got the toothache, dear?"

"Oh, no! worse than that," wailed our pretty little Mrs. Jessup, as she raised a flushed face from among the cushions on the lounge.

"Worse than the toothache!" exclaimed her sister, Miss Julia Paxon by name. "Why, you poor, dear child, what *can* it be—is the kitten dead, or have you and Tom been quarreling?"

"Neither," replied Mrs. Jessup, sitting up on the lounge and looking quite indignant at the last idea. "You know, Jule, Tom's most intimate friend, Fred Hastings, who went abroad because he was so put out at Tom's getting married (they had agreed to remain bachelors all their lives); well, he has come home, and Tom has gone to meet him and bring him here to dinner, and the last thing he said was to be sure to have a stunning dinner and get myself up in style."

"Well, my dear," laughed Julia, "is that all? I don't see anything to worry about; your Bridget is a splendid cook; and, as to dressing, you always had the knack for that."

"But that *isn't* all," hastily interrupted the other. "You see, after breakfast this morning, Bridget was saucy, and I reproved her; then she got angry, and we had some words; and then, whether she gave warning or I dismissed her, I don't know—but, anyhow, she's gone, and I *don't* know what to do."

Julia Paxon sat thinking a moment, and then, looking up, said: "I've thought of the very thing, Nan. You lend me a big apron, and tell me what you want, and I will do your cooking, and Tom nor his guest need not know anything about it."

"You best of sisters!" exclaimed Mrs. Jessup, running over to kiss her. "That is just splendid! But, oh dear! I forgot—Tom said to be sure and ask you to dinner, as he wanted Fred to meet you as well as me."

"Oh, never you mind, Nannie; you tell brother Tom that I have a particular engagement (you needn't say what); and mind you don't let him come into the kitchen, or I don't know what the consequences will be."

So saying, Julia took off her hat, muffled herself up in a big apron, rolled up her sleeves, tucked her hair behind her ears, and was ready for action.

"The first thing to be done, Nan, is to see what you have in the house."

"Not very much, I am afraid," replied the other, following her sister into the kitchen. "We had a leg of mutton yesterday—but there isn't much of that left—and we were to have had chickens to-day."

"Wait a minute, Nan, let me think. Yes, that will do—out of the cold mutton I will make a lovely French stew, and the chicken will do to boil; as for the dessert, I will make one of my famous apple puddings, and before dinner I will run over home for a custard pie (we baked early this morning). If you can find some gelatine, I think I will have time to

make some jelly, and to top off with you shall have some delicious Vienna coffee. So, sister mine, all you will have to do will be to set out the table with your best china and silver, and dress yourself. Wear your blue silk and white roses, it suits your style best."

A few hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Jessup answered the summons to the dinner-table, which looked as dainty as possible, with its spotless napery, bright silver and pretty china, while a few flowers, exquisitely arranged by the little hostess herself, greatly added to the effect. Mr. Hastings inwardly commented that if the dinner tasted as good as it looked, everything was perfect; and looking at his friend's pretty wife seated at the head of the table, and doing the honors so gracefully, he concluded that Tom had done a wise thing after all.

Mrs. Jessup apologized for her sister's non-appearance, by saying that she had a particular engagement that could not be broken.

"Too bad," interrupted her husband. "I tell you what, Fred, you would like Jule Paxon—she is just the opposite of my wife here. Why, what are you two laughing about? Oh, I see, one of my blunders—but Nan knows what I mean," with a bright look at his wife. "She's dark, you know (Jule, I mean), and tall, and rather stately. I really wish you could see her."

Nan almost laughed out at the idea of their seeing her at the present moment; but she only very demurely apologized for their having to wait on themselves.

"You see, Mr. Hastings," turning to that gentleman, "our family is so small that we keep but the one servant, who is cook and waiter-girl combined; but to-day she has burned her hand, and is incapable of waiting." (Julia had indeed burned one of her fingers.)

Mr. Jessup saw the sparkle in his wife's eyes, and the arch expression around her mouth, and knew something was up, but what he couldn't imagine. Their guest saw or guessed nothing, only that it gave him a good chance to praise the excellent cooking, saying that he had never tasted better even in Paris.

"You have a treasure, Mrs. Jessup, and I should think you would be afraid of losing her."

"Yes," replied that little lady, "I am always afraid some one else will want her; for, besides being an excellent cook, she is thoroughly honest; I never have to keep anything under lock and key—to speak the truth, I would trust her as quickly as I would my own sister."

Mr. Jessup looked rather astonished at these words, but he soon found out what they meant, for, after adjourning to the parlor, he excused himself to go into the kitchen for something. His wife tried to detain him, but go he would. The first thing that met his eyes was his stately sister-in-law washing dishes.

"Why, Jule Paxon!" he exclaimed, "how on earth!" Then, light seeming to break upon him, he burst into a hearty laugh, and, running into the

parlor, he dragged Mr. Hastings out into the kitchen, saying: "I want to introduce you to my wife's cook, the truthful, honest servant—Mr. Hastings, Miss Julia Paxon."

At first both parties were too much confused to know what to do or say, but finally concluded to join Mr. and Mrs. Jessup in the hearty laugh at their expense.

"It's too bad of you, Tom," laughed his wife; "and to punish you I will make you help Jule wash the dishes."

"Yes, indeed, Tom, you ought to; and, with Miss Paxon's permission, I, too, will lend my valuable assistance."

Turning with an admiring glance at that young lady's flushed and rather disturbed countenance, Mr. Hastings made up his mind that Julia Paxon was the handsomest girl he had ever seen.

With much laughing and talking, the work was finally accomplished, and Julia ran home to prepare for a drive that Tom Jessup proposed their all taking.

It all resulted in Mr. Hastings not going to New York the next day, and finally remaining all summer in the place where his friend lived. And one lovely evening in the early fall, while taking his friend's sister-in-law for a drive, he asked her if she would come and keep his house for him and be his wife.

That evening he gravely told Mrs. Jessup that at last the time had come for her to lose her trusted servant, for she had had another situation offered her and she had accepted.

S. M. D.

## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

### No. 4.

A VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE. (DR. KENT, *loquitur*.)

THE scenery of Warwickshire in the northern part, which, once a wild forest, is still full of woods, and purple heaths, and trackless, melancholy moorlands, is very unlike its southern part, which borders on Gloucestershire. There are the rich meadows where you see long herds of cattle grazing at will in a landscape of gentle and idyllic peace; here also are the great apple-orchards, where if you walk in the spring-time of blossoming, every sense seems to have its separate beatitude. The trees which stood so gnarled and bare during the long winter months, for there is nothing so unsightly as a fruit-bearing tree in the desolate days of cold weather, are suddenly transformed into beauty—all dotted in pink and snowy flowers. Down they drift on your head and shoulders while you walk as if in a dream—the rose-colored and white petals of the finished flower-life—drifting here and there on the green orchard grasses, whirling in a tinted snow-shower as it were, when a little breeze springs up; floating all around and about you. All the air is full of their sweet and subtle aroma—a delicate fragrance, but prophetic of the rich fruity flavors to come when these same boughs hang heavy with their ripening burden. The bees are humming drowsily in the

warm air, and the golden sunshine flickers through the trees and lies in wavering patches of light on the grass, the low boughs and the path. Overhead the merry birds are singing as if half mad with glee "in a world that could never grow old," as an old English writer hath it, and an older saying still pulsed through my heart and memory, "*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.*"

Another beauty of the spring in England is the glimpse which the walker may catch through hedge-rows, full of twittering small birds, or over low walls of gardens, trim and neat, full of early pansies with their royal purple and gold, flexible snowdrops, crocuses, lighting like flames the damp and dark soil of their beds, narcissus and daffodils—all the first flowers

"That take

The winds of March with beauty."

Sometimes "a curtain of glossy, pointed leaves hangs over a fragment of wall, making a background for the star-shaped, yellow blossoms, nearly as large as passion-flowers, of the St. John's-wort, with their forest of stamens standing out like golden threads from the heart of the blossoms."

I need not pause to describe Kenilworth or Warwick Castle, rich in old historical memories, for every one knows of these, and also of Stratford-on-Avon, familiar to all lovers of Shakespeare as their own household names. Warwickshire abounds in beautiful and picturesque villages. There is Leamington with its hospital and baths, gardens, assembly-rooms and hotels; quiet Meriden with its lovely views; Polesworth, venerable and dignified with its great trees and open common, and the remains of its old walls. Near Polesworth stands Pooley Hall, whose owner was allowed by Pope Urban VI, in the days of Catholic England, to build a chapel because the sweeping floods that inundated the lowlands prevented frequently all approach to the great church.

Warwick itself has some interesting relics of old-fashioned architecture in its gabled ends, and bow-windows, and carved wood. At the western end of High Street stands Leicester's Hospital for the followers of the earl who had served under him and been disabled in the wars—a kindly and generous remembrance of their services and loyalty.

A drive of ten miles carries you from Warwick to Coventry, one of the oldest, but also one of the best preserved towns of Warwickshire, and full of interest to the poet, antiquarian and historian, or to the woman who delights in silks and ribbons, for the Coventry wares are famous in the silk trade. Twenty years ago, when the silk trade seemed declining, the queen revived the old fashion of wearing broad ribbons, and again Coventry flourished and supplied the people far and wide with her goods.

In history, Coventry was known as the stronghold of the "Red Rose," and the heart of the town where this armorial device was once so gayly displayed, is still very picturesque and ancient in appearance. This is the shire of the "king-maker," the proud

Warwick, and the long record of the wars of the Yorks and Lancasters might be traced in defeat and triumph through the chronicles of the shire and its towns. But the legend of Godiva stands out more distinct and clear than any record of battle, and is even yet commemorated—so tenacious are English memories—in an annual procession held during the great show fair. We have all heard the story, how the Countess Godiva, in order to obtain mercy for the starving people of Coventry, rode through the town with no covering but her own bright hair, and all the streets were hushed and silent as death until she passed. Watching the “three tall spires” of the city one can imagine the scenes—the fair, noble woman unclasp ing in the inmost tower “the wedded eagles of her belt,” and then stealing on, most “like a creeping sunbeam,” gliding

“From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.”

Afterward the ride along the echoing pavements till the white-flowering elders were seen through the Gothic archways, and then, the ordeal past, the issuing forth, robed and crowned, to claim the freedom from oppression for her poor people. In this beautiful picture we can gladly forget the wretch, smitten blind for his ungrateful curiosity, as one jarring discord soon silenced in a beautiful harmony.

The three spires which Tennyson speaks of seeing, as he waited at Coventry, and shaped the old legend which I have just told you, in his mind, are the spires of Trinity Church, Christ Church—once an old convent of the Gray Friars—and St. Michael's. The last is one of the highest and most beautiful in England. Among other interesting old buildings are the hospitals and schools; Bablake's Hospital for forty-five old men; another, Ford's Hospital for thirty-five old women; Hale's Free School, where Dugdale, the owner of Merivale Hall and the great antiquary was educated; also the noble building of St. Mary's Hall with its arched gateway and inclosed court-yard, and its fine old hall for town councils and public meetings. But even the private homes are full of interest. Each old house has a characteristic individuality and expression. The windows are designed with freedom and an infinite variety of plan; and the chimneys, moulded in rich ornamental devices and grouped together, give character to the outline of the roof, and escape the stiff formality of American houses.

Wood-carving is profusely used, both outside and inside; the gable balconies are rich in wreaths, emblems and scrolls. Even a butcher or a baker, or any ordinary artisan may have his old stall or house carved with all the insignia of his labor, giving a quaintness scarcely to be looked for in the busy trade of to-day. The old corn-market of Coventry is still used, though the great cross, gleaming with gold in the reign of James II, which used to cast its shadow over the hurrying crowds that thronged the square, is now gone.

These crosses in the market-places had histories of their own. They were erected to teach the travelers, busied with the cares and gear of this world, the traders seeking earthly profits, the workers of common every-day lives, that one solemn lesson—“*What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*” Often a cool and shaded fountain, that seemed to breathe a suggestion of heavenly waters, flowed at its side, and overhead a shelter, richly grained and solidly built by some neighboring religious fraternity, gave a refuge for the country people in storms, or the sultry hour of the noontide heat. Here too, was distributed “the dole,” or gift of charity to those in need, and used as a wayside pulpit, it reverberated with the simple, but fervid appeal of many a spiritual teacher. Every proclamation of importance, telling many a vicissitude in human greatness or woe, was read at the market cross; and often the cross itself was raised by some friend or kinsman in memory of one who had died.

It is with regret that one leaves dear old Coventry, and is carried on to that wide-awake, but unlovable town, also in Warwickshire, the busy centre of the hardware trade, Birmingham. It is smoky, and noisy, and ugly, and though one hears much of the education of the masses and the rights of the people, of ultra-radical principles and parliamentary liberties, one feels as if the quiet country-folk in the little villages we have left, with their apple-trees and gardens, are not only happier, but far better and wiser than these busy towns-people. Not far off from Birmingham is Hagley, the home of the late Lord Lytton, once visited by Pope, Thomson and other brethren of the poetic fraternity, who could well appreciate its hours of “charmed repose.”

Our visit to Warwickshire was over, but when we look back to it, we forget Birmingham, and see only the spires of Coventry, and smell the fragrance of apple-blossoms in the old orchards where the birds build their nests, and sing merrily all the day long.

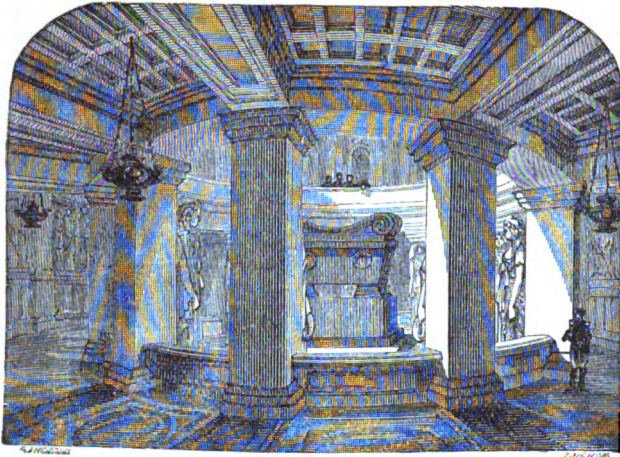
E. F. MOSBY.

**DANGEROUS HOUSES.**—Houses that have been empty may become fever-breeders when they come to be reoccupied. The cause is supposed to be in the disuse of cisterns, pipes and drains, the processes of putrefaction going on in the impure air in them, the unobstructed access of this air to the house, while the closure of windows and doors effectually shuts out fresh air. Persons moving from the city to their country homes for the summer should see that the drains and pipes are in perfect order, that the cellar and closets are cleared of rubbish, and the whole house thoroughly aired before occupying. Carbolic acid used freely in the cellar is a good and cheap disinfectant.

SOME men of brilliant intellects seem to think that their deficiencies will be made up by intuition. It is a mistake. However they may dazzle with their occasional cornuscations, their superficiality will be apparent in critical moments.



## PARIS.



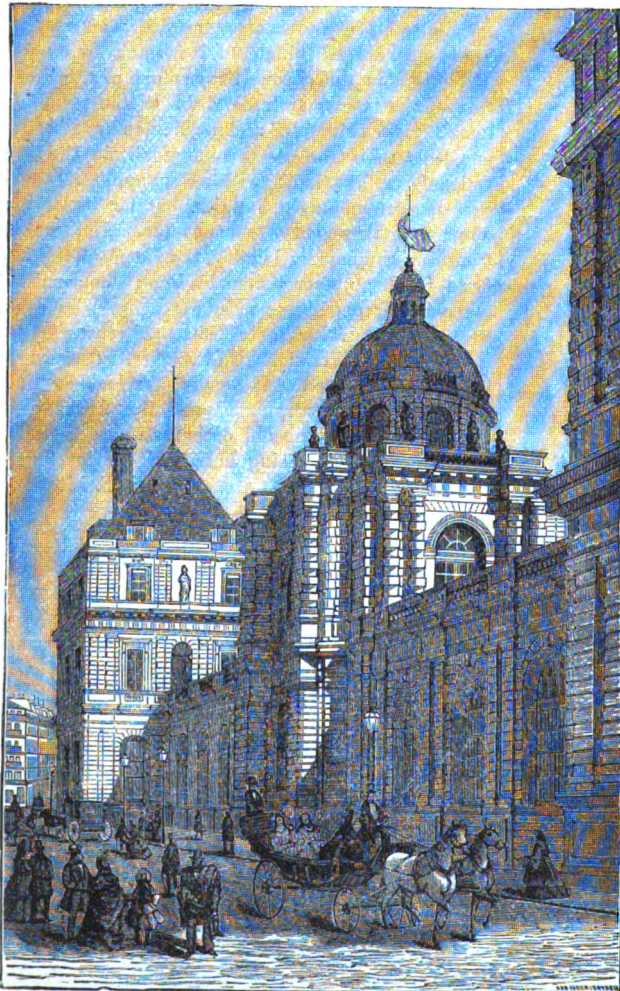
TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

PARIS, famous always from the days of the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties, through the various episodes in the histories of the Capetians and Bourbons, in the horrors of revolutions and the splendors of empires, until at last we behold its wondrous attractions beneath the peaceful sway of a republic, has ever been to the world outside a city of interest. A city of interest not only by virtue of the beauty of its situation and surroundings, the many forms in which appears, and has appeared, its architectural magnificence, the mighty influence which it has exerted upon the realm of fashion, of folly, of politics, of art, of science and of literature, but also on account of the poetry and fable mingling with its early history, the countless vicissitudes through which it has passed, and the numberless memories, pleasant, beautiful, pathetic, tragic, investing every quarter, every edifice, even every stone.

So the approaching traveler is conscious of a strange feeling of awe, apart from any idea of the visible gayeties, and luxuries, and grandeur, so soon to fascinate his senses as he nears the very place in which lived and breathed the heroic St. Genevieve, the holy St. Louis, the invincible Charlemagne, the brilliant Louis Quatorze, the politic Richelieu, and a host of others, saintly, generous, versatile, perfidious, infamous, tremendous, whose names, whether for good or for evil, have been written upon a record imperishable. And perhaps his thoughts will linger longest with that of Napoleon.

But, ah! little remains of the warrior's old-time glory. In place of capitals resounding to the tread of his legions, of costly trophies wrenched from humbled churches, of sacrificed lives, and broken hearts, and desolated homes, of kingdoms and empires overturned and destroyed, we have now only a silent sarcophagus beneath the dome of the Invalides.

This great structure, the retreat for disabled soldiers, dating from the time of the Grand Monarch and his architect Mansard, is situated near the Faubourg St. Germain. It is large, substantial and airy, its chief point of interest, as we have intimated, being the church containing the tomb of the emperor. This part of the hospital has been criticised as faulty in its ap-



PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.



pointments—as, for instance, square pillars supporting a round dome. But being, as it is, the last resting-place of the founder of a dynasty, it remains solemn in spite of its architectural defects.

If the Invalides recalls especially the fortunes of the empire, so does the Palace of the Luxembourg those of the old royalty, even though in latter days it has figured as a revolutionary prison and as the seat of various types of legislatures. Not alone do the splendid apartments of Marie de Medicis, remaining just as she left them, speak of the occupancy of the Orleans family, but the very plan and existence of the palace itself tell the same story. As we survey the imposing façades, the long, cheerful corridors, the gilded saloons and the profuse adornments of

are displayed more true taste, solid sense and real comfort than of old. But certainly he would have gazed in sadness upon some of the sights of to-day—so much so, perhaps, as to forget completely every thought of style in attire. For among the frightful traces of Communistic ravages, none, perhaps, is more melancholy than the remains of the noble park, once the pride of the fair capital; bare stumps are the only relics of the once cherished remnant of primeval forest.

Yes, the revolution as well as the fashion, seems to be an indigenous plant springing from French soil. Let the impulsive, industrious, versatile people seek as they may to hide the marks of the former by the pomp of the latter—the taint of crime, and blood,



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

statues and pictures, we feel that, although it is not nearly so grand as its model, the Pitti Palace, in founding this massive yet beautiful structure the queen did her life's best work. Its near neighbor, the Petit Luxembourg, with its lovely garden, was built by Cardinal Richelieu for his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon.

By the way, was it not this illustrious prelate who said that the fashions of France were more to her than were the colonies of England or the gold mines of Spanish America to their possessors? If this was indeed the case, what would he have said within the last quarter of a century? What would he have thought of the dress and equipage of the gay multitudes frequenting the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne? We cannot say. It may be that, with all the extravagance and show of modern times, there

and cruelty lingers still. The magnificent Place de la Concorde, with its obelisks and fountains, was not always as now, the abode of peace—the Place de la Révolution it was formerly, filled to overflowing with atrocities circling around their terrible centre, the guillotine.

And recollections of seasons of murder and rapine meet us everywhere—even in that elegant street of handsome hotels, gay stores and beautiful residences the Rue de Rivoli. For here we find the Tour de St. Jacques, a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, which narrowly escaped destruction by the same mob that demolished the church with which it was connected. And we may look down from its summit upon a crowded island, reached by a number of handsome bridges, among them the Pont Neuf. From it rise the mighty towers of the Notre Dame; and we



soon become painfully aware of their close proximity to the Conciergerie, bathed, as it were, in horror from its very foundation, but especially so by serving

sorrow, and suffering, and tragedy. And of these there are plenty on every hand. The clean streets, the tall trees, the brilliant shop-windows and the

elegant houses, are alone sufficient to create a pleasant impression, aside from architectural magnificence. More than agreeable, exceedingly interesting sights, are to be seen in many quarters. For instance, the picture-galleries are deservedly renowned, being, as they are, the repositories of choice treasures. The Louvre, as we know, is very rich in the possession of many of the rarest creations of the most illustrious artists of all ages. The gallery at the Luxembourg also contains some of the finest works of older painters, as well as those of meritorious moderns. In the School of Fine Arts, remarkable for its combination of styles of architecture of wholly diverse orders and dates, we may behold a multitudinous collection made up of earlier efforts, many of which are the first exhibited of painters since known to fame.

Schools, not of art alone, flourish in Paris, as scarce elsewhere; for ages has the city been known as a great medical centre. The Latin quarter is the very home of institutions of learning, among the scores of names that of the famous Sorbonne standing

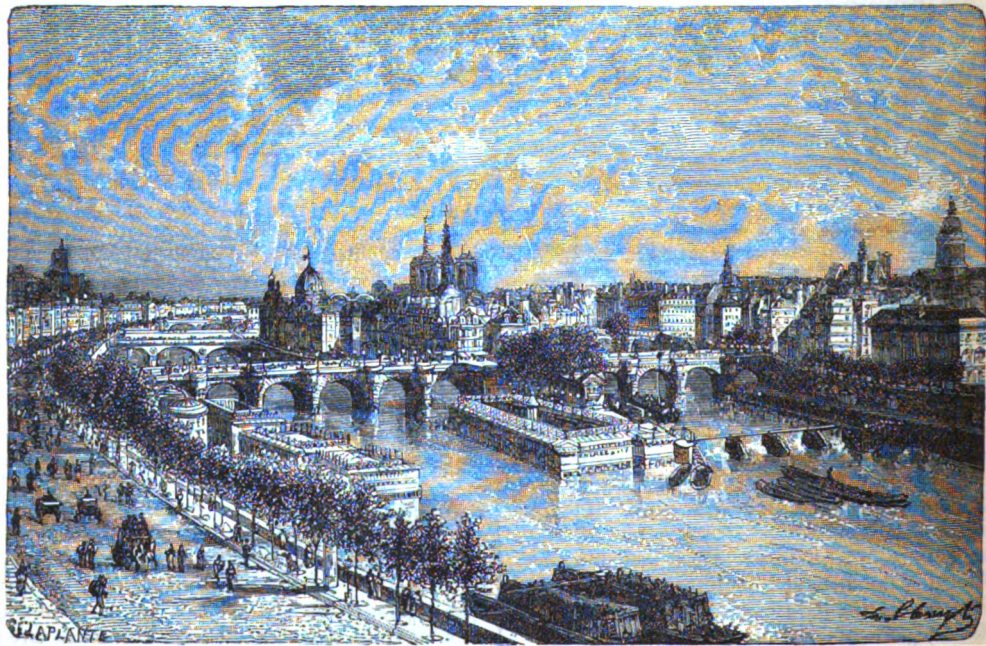


THE RUE DE RIVOLI AND THE TOUR ST. JACQUES.

as the prison of the Girondists, and those doomed to die as did they.

But agreeable sights always lessen our sense of

as a great medical centre. The Latin quarter is the very home of institutions of learning, among the scores of names that of the famous Sorbonne standing



THE PONT NEUF.

pre-eminent. This part of the town lies opposite the island to which we have alluded—the island containing besides the Conciergerie and the Notre Dame the Hotel Dien, the Hotel Lambert, the Palace of Justice, the Church of St. Louis and the Holy Chapel. Though called the abode of infidelity, Paris, nevertheless, is a city of churches. Beneath the grand towers of the cathedral appears the exquisite little sanctuary last-mentioned, built by St. Louis as a repository for relics from Palestine. We remember with interest the heavy Corinthian pillars of the Madeleine and the modern-looking, profusely-decorated Pantheon.

What more shall we say? Time would fail us to tell of the never-ceasing panorama of splendor—a panorama in which appears a bewildering succession of broad boulevards, and charming gardens, and superb structures, and glittering palaces, with their rich and varied accessories of towering obelisks, and waving tree-tops, and splashing fountains, and rushing river, and fair blue sky, with, of course, the restless, surging current of human life.

"See *Paris* and die," seems to be the modern rendering of an ancient proverbial injunction, and we Yankees have been, with a certain show of justice, accused of obeying this precept, in spirit if not in letter. But strange indeed would it be if we, of all nations, could alone resist this beautiful city's wonderful fascinations.

H.

## IN MEMORIAL.

SHE veiled away her sacred dead,  
And dried her tears and kept her way;  
"Thy will be done!" she meekly said.  
"Speak Thou, O Father! I obey."

His voice! And fast she set her hands  
To patient toil—her lips to song;  
Down dropped her gifts to many lands,  
Her steps in music passed along.

\* \* \* \* \*  
His voice! At full of noon He spoke  
Across the water, low and sweet;  
She laid aside her heavy yoke,  
The shallow ripples lave her feet.

The strife is done! Full calmly fold  
Her weary fingers to their rest!  
Full sweet the balmy silence rolled,  
Unfathomed, over her still breast!

\* \* \* \* \*  
What gentle spirit, hushed and fleet,  
Came hither, from the far-off land,  
To make her voiceless journey sweet?  
Who beckoned from the distant strand?

We may not know. Her happy eyes  
Too early shut, in slumber dim;  
We do but feel, in glad surprise,  
Through fields of light she walks with Him!

ROSE GERANIUM.

## FADING FOOT-PRINTS;

OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 5.

COUSIN EBENEZER came puffing into the house one evening long, long ago with "Where's Uncle Aleck?"

"He has gone to the school meeting," my mother said, looking up from the flaxen thread gliding through her fingers.

"Sure!" said he, "this is the night, too, and though I'm not a householder and can't vote I must be there. Maybe they'll need some likely chap to 'lectioneer," and he rose to go.

We followed him to the door and in a low voice said: "Now Eb, don't let's have a cross master this winter! I'm tired of having my head thumped right an' left, and having to sit with the boys, and stand up with their hats on, and I don't want Jake Woodburn to get the school again. If Jake gets it I won't go, now, see 'f I do."

My mother had paused to move the thread to another hook on the flyers and heard this last threat, and in a very clear voice she said: "Take care, my lady! You will go to school and behave yourself and improve the time no matter who the teacher is. I don't care, either, if he whips you every day. If he does, I'll think he is doing his duty."

Eben winked slyly, and said: "Never mind, Zelle; we'll manage; we'll manage!"

The good, kind fellow started off on a run, jumped the low fence and was out of sight in a minute.

I rocked the baby; watched the little ones make a cat's cradle and a saw-mill with a string on their outspread fingers; counted the socks that hung on a pole suspended from the joists; wondered if it would kill a body if the hammer would fall from its place over the door and hit plumb on the head; imagined how old Tom, the cat, would look if his tail and ears were cut off short, and just as mamma rose to set away the wheel and stood shaking the dust and shives off her apron, we heard the stamping of father's feet at the door. My sister and myself, aged respectively seven and nine years, met him with, "O papa, who'll be our master in the winter! Who is he? Who?"

Now our father, to this day, is slow of speech, so slow that we always help him along; we anticipate; we say what we think he means to say in his own time and at his own pleasure; we rush in ahead of him; we pick up a word or a phrase and lug it along and offer it to him. How long he was in answering us! We said: "Say papa! say papa!" more than a dozen times, and seized his coat-tails and looked up into his face, but he shook the snow-flakes off his high, white fur-hat and hung it precise on its peg, shook his coat, smiled, turned the forestick with the glowing side out, looked to see if his watch compared favorably with the clock time, and then giving a short, little, gurgling laugh, he said: "You girls will catch it next winter; we hired a real live Yankee to-night, fresh from the shores of Lake Champlain."

"A Yankee, papa! Does he look like other folks? How does he talk? Did he bring a bundle of rods? And does he say 'heow' and 'keow,' and will he understand our way of talking?" and a lot of other interrogatories followed fast and followed faster.

Father said the directors were to pay the new teacher ten dollars a month, and he was to board round among the scholars. That delighted us; it was so funny to bring the master home with us after school. As father was one of those who employed him, our house would in all probability be his home at least one-third of the time.

School began the next Monday. We wore our best pressed flannel coatie and hood, and speckled mittens, and carried two turn-overs and two apples in our dinner-basket. We ran on early, in time to go with Mary Jane Flemming.

"How do you think the master will look?" said Mary Jane, to us.

"Oh, he'll be tall, and have black eyes, and curly rings of hair on his forehead, and wear a breast-pin," was the answer. "How do you say he'll look?"

"Well, like brother Whitford, the circuit preacher," said little Mary Jane.

When we went in the new master met us and bowed, and when he said: "Good-morning, ladies," his black eyes twinkled very prettily. His hand it was that opened the door. No other gentleman ever had opened a door for us before, and certainly no other one had ever called us "ladies." What a nice man the new master was! I tiptoed along in my heavy cow-hide stogas, as twisty as a flirt of a robin, essaying to swing my poor poky little bag of a blue flannel frock from side to side. As I reached up to place my dinner-basket on the rude, little, narrow shelf, the tips of my fingers couldn't quite push it back and it tipped over, and the turn-overs tumbled out and the span of apples followed after. Such luck! just when I did so desire to impress that young man with my dexterity! He smiled very sweetly, and said: "O, O sissy! let me assist you." Then he gathered up the turn-overs and the apples and put them under the white cloth and took my hood and speckled mittens and hung them in their place.

I wriggled off to my seat, and he resumed his book at the desk. When he asked our names and ages I had to spell my name over for him; he said he had heard the name of Rosalie, but never Rosella. I caught him looking at me a good deal, and it puzzled me fully as much as it flattered. I knew why. I was quite a large girl, and perhaps he thought I was a young lady—people had said that I looked older than nine years. Time would tell. If he escorted me home from spelling-school, then it would be because I was a young lady, sure.

When I gave him my age I was careful to say, "eight goin' on nine." He was twenty-two. He came from the State of Vermont; had wandered off West and, finally, in his travels had taken a liking to the hills that shut in our pretty little village; they rose up like the native hills of New England—why not tarry here and be one of us, and make this his

abiding place? Alas for the poor man, little did he know what these hills would be to him!

That first day at noon I carried my dinner-basket to the master with the white cloth turned aside showing the nest of turn-overs and apples. He took an apple and a piece of one of the little pies, thanking me kindly. While he sat eating, he essayed conversation, but blundering on my odd name and not emphasizing the right syllable, he stopped, blushed and said: "May I call you Rosy?" I laughed a little in a 'shamed way, and whirled round on one foot, and then called his attention to the mark left on the floor by the nails in the heel of my shoe.

"I would like to talk a little if you will listen, sis," said he, and his dark eyes looked very serious. "Are you listening?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, taking up the corner of my apron and twisting it up like a doughnut, at which Mary Jane Flemming laughed.

"Well, Rosy, you are old enough to study grammar. I shall feel very sorry if you spend all this winter only reading, and writing, and studying Parley's geography. You would like grammar, wouldn't you? It is the science of language; would teach you how to write and speak with propriety. When you are a young lady, you will regret it if you do not improve the time now. I hope to do you good, and be a blessing to you while I am your teacher. Will you study it?" he asked.

"Maybe papa won't buy me a grammar-book," I said, nodding my head and drawing nearer to him.

"Yes, my little one, he will do it," said the new teacher, and he laid his hand on my head and smoothed my rough hair, and his touch was magnetic, and I felt that the Yankee school-master was my friend and was interested in my welfare.

Did he look like my ideal school-master? No, he was not very tall, was thick set, heavily bearded, very dark complexion, hair black as jet, features coarse, but his eyes were very pretty, bright and sparkling, and kindly, and when he listened to one in conversation, or laughed, they were very beautiful. But to me he was perfect.

The grammar was obtained, and in a few days others were willing to take up the new study, and a class was formed, and this branch was introduced into our school for the first time.

We do not remember many incidents of that winter. The teacher used to play with us on the ice; the creek ran just below the school-house. We recall one time in which we formed lines—the boys on one side and the girls on the other—on the frozen creek, and the teacher sailed up and down the line on skates, performing some remarkable feats that astonished the boys and won their admiration. Another time we remember a strange funeral procession, in the bleakest of cold winter days, passing the school-house along the winding creek road—the funeral of a very wealthy man; and the body was borne to the grave in one of those great big blue wagons, covered with white canvas, the cover running high up before and behind, drawn by five or six broad, fat, draught



horses. No person rode in the wagon with the coffin; it had plenty of room, for those great team-wagons took in loads of from eighteen to thirty-three barrels of flour.

The teacher leaned his face against the window-sill and saw that weird procession passing, when, suddenly rising, he tapped on the desk and said: "Let us all go quietly after the funeral has passed; remember what the occasion is, and conduct yourselves properly." As we all filed out of the door, he said, "Well, Roey," and took my hand and led me over the bridge and up the hill to the lonely graveyard.

It is a desolate, dreary, sad incident to remember—the little, old, widowed woman, dressed in deep black, leading a round-faced, very rosy, very bright-eyed child, an adopted daughter, little Betty Simmons, followed by nieces, and nephews, and cousins, and second-cousins, and third-cousins, all looking glum, and wearing funereal faces. And tall men in drab overcoats, and knit woolen caps down over their ears—willing men, who spat within their palms when they seized the shovels and attacked the shifting sand and the great frozen lumps of earth. When they tumbled them down, clattering and rattling upon the coffin, the master's hand tightened its hold of mine; the fingers' clasp was like a vice; and as I looked up into his dark face, I saw the tears gathering on the long lashes, and his lips compressed and tremulous.

What were the thoughts of the master? I wondered then, I wonder now. He was a stranger, he was far from the land of his nativity; we had no assurance that the name by which we called him was the name the mother gave him. Why was he among us? Why was he reticent of his former life? What memory, if any, came to him as he stood beside that cavernous grave? In these busy, rushing times, "men may come and men may go," and we make no note of it; but in those long-ago times, a stranger inside of our gates was a rarity.

Only the day after the funeral it was, that we had a fight with our little friend, Mary Jane. We pulled hair, and tossed each others' bonnets up on the roof of the school-house, and she said I looked just like old Polly Watkins. Polly was a rolly-poly old Dutch woman of wonderful circumference, who went about helping people on butchering days, and who could do wonders in the way of making edibles out of pigs' feet, tongues, ears, jaws, tails, livers, top knots, etc., and whose sausage could be measured by fathoms, with never a bulge nor a break in it. And then, after all the work was done up on such occasions, and the floor mopped, Polly must needs dance to show how nimble she was after the day's work.

And I looked like puffy little Polly! That was more than I could stand, and I said she was the very out-and-out image of old Cynthia!

Now, Cynthia was a queer, tall, black, bug-eyed, striding woman, who had a beard like a man and a voice like a coarse, hollow reed. She worked at weaving; her little shop stood on the street, and she

was very poor and bold; and Cynthia's name was not above reproach at all, at all.

That was a crack shot. Mary Jane could stand a joke, enjoyed fun, but her gray eyes blazed with the fire of anger, and she sprang at me like a tigress, and buried her clutching fingers in the tow that covered my head. In self-defense, I caught the blue ribbon about her neck, and twisted it round and round; our feet tangled together, and we fell and tumbled on the dusty floor like puppies.

That moment the master entered, his hat pushed back off his forehead, a smile on his face and in his beautiful eyes; but his countenance changed, and he stood the image of distress and mortification.

"O my little girls, my little girls!" he said, as he held up his hand in abhorrence.

How could I lose his esteem! I snatched after it with the despairing cry of, "O master, she called me—she called me—old Polly Watkins! Oh! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" and I banged my head down on the nearest desk and screamed frantically.

Mary Jane raised a responsive howl, with, "And don't you think she called me old Cynthia, master!"

"I am so sorry; my two dear little girls that I was so proud of!" he said, in a grieved and broken voice, and he patted us on the shoulders.

I loved my kind teacher; and now how could he ever, ever like me after he had seen me rolling on the floor, red and angry, with vicious fingers clutched in my frowzy hair, and my red digits choking my little classmate vengefully! It was too much! If I could have died then and there, my most earnest wish would have been granted.

He stepped to the door and turned the key, and we three were alone. In a low, sweet, soft voice he lectured us, oh, so tenderly, and kindly, and lovingly, that it almost broke our hearts! That lecture impressed itself into my memory, every word of it, and I resolved, God helping me, that I would be a womanly little girl, and, if I lived, would endeavor to be a good woman and lead a useful life. Every kind word cut like a knife; we expected he would whip us both, and if he had the punishment would not have been half so severe. It was the bitterest ordeal I ever passed through, to sit there, red and tearful, with scutched-up hair and dusty and disarranged clothing, and a purple, scratched face, with great sobs chasing each other, and listen to that refined gentleman addressing us as though we were young ladies, while, like a thread of gold running through the kind reprimand, we could see that his loftiest, and purest, and holiest ideal was that of a noble and exalted womanhood. I never felt such abject humiliation as I experienced on that memorable occasion.

We recall another incident. One winter day the snow fell all day, especially fast in the afternoon. Our mother was troubled about how we two would reach home in the evening. Our papa was threshing with the flail in the barn, and did not look out doors after dinner, and knew nothing of our predicament. At the close of school, the teacher carried home the only little one for whom no conveyance

came. We two started homeward. In those days, it was before the era, even of pantalets for little girls, and the sensible article of apparel, drawers, had not been devised. As far as to where the road forked, the boys broke a path, but from there on there was no guide as to location of a road, save the fences on each side. It was a terrible walk. I would take a step, and stop and drag my sister through the snow after me. We had to stop and rest and take breath frequently. About half way home, we heard a voice calling, and saw the master coming. He was frightened, and had hurried to our rescue. He took my sister in his arms, gathered up a handful of his coat-skirt for me to take hold of, and we panted along up the hill and reached home almost exhausted. My mother's gratitude was ample recompense. I remember how the tears flowed when she thanked him again and again, and she walked about so excitedly that she did not know what she was doing.

In the spring, after the close of the term of school, his occupation gone, the master began to think what he should engage in, and it was not long until the village physician persuaded him to study medicine. He was to board with the doctor while he prosecuted his studies. We saw him frequently sitting beside the door of the little office that stood on the hill, his book on his knee, his head bowed on his hand. People said: "How studious!" "How strange that he does not become homesick!" or, "Perhaps his home was not pleasant." And some speculated as to why he came away off here to tarry among strangers. They said: "Maybe he has been jilted." And young men, backed up by their inquisitive sisters, endeavored to find a solution of the mystery, but they never found it. He admired women, loved little children, was pleased to sit and converse, but he made no very intimate friends, and confidants of none. Perhaps he had nothing to confide—nothing to hide in the past; and mayhap the future, based on poverty, held nothing cheering and nothing beautiful—who can tell?

My mother, kindest woman, often said: "I wish there was something we could do for the poor teacher; he seems lonely and unhappy; I long to do something for his comfort, and make him cheerful and glad."

One day in the following autumn she came home from the village store. We met her under the sycamore tree, and helped carry her groceries.

"Was I gone very long?" she asked. "It did look so quiet in the grave-yard that I was tempted to go in a few minutes and loiter among the graves, and I met with the teacher there. He had his books beside him, and he looked as if he were sick. Poor boy, I wish I knew more about him, or knew how to approach him. He seems to have some secret sorrow. The very next time I meet him I will make bold to inquire about his affairs. He shall trust me; he needs me for his friend; I can see the hunger for friendship in his mournful countenance;" and my mother walked on faster, with this new resolve in her kind heart.

Ah me! the next time she saw him he was on a sick bed, raving in delirium, tossing his arms and tearing at the blisters on his breast and side. He was taken suddenly ill with fever, and the doctor's wife, worried with her babies, had neglected to look after his wants, thinking his sickness only ague. It had run on several days, and the disease was seriously advanced before much attention was drawn to his condition. Then a woman, a very trusty, capable, middle-aged woman, whom we children called Aunt Polly, was engaged to nurse him. The doctor said he would write to the sick man's relatives in the East, and they should remunerate her for her services.

In those days, in serious cases of sickness, no water was allowed the patient. Aunt Polly had orders not to give him cold water; and though her heart smote her when the poor man plead for it, she persistently denied him. The fever burned in his veins, his blood flowed like a liquid fire, and he besought her for just one sip. Aunt Polly turned his pillows to cool his head, changed the position of the bedclothes, fanned him and smoothed her hand over his throbbing brow, and comforted him with promises after-while of a "whole pitcherful, and a glass to drink out of."

The pitcher, with the drops gathering on the outside, and the crystal glass beside it, was a picture he could easily imagine, and it was so real and so tempting that he cried aloud in his distress. But the physician's word was not to be broken.

In a few days the fever ran its course, and he lay in a stupor. My mother called to see him again. He opened his eyes, looked at her and answered her in a dreamy way. Then he asked for "my little Rosy," and said he wanted her to come down.

When my mother came home and said the poor school-master wished to see me, and that the doctor feared he would die, I ran out to my old tree in the woods near the house, and lay among its gnarled roots and cried bitterly. Die! The master die away from his home! The thought was a terrible one for a little girl to think of! How could I stand it to go and see him lying on his death-bed! But my mother said I must, because he asked it; and though I screamed, and drew away, and said it would kill me of grief if I went, she put on my pink-and-white striped gingham dress, and a white cambric bib-apron, and tied on my sunbonnet—tears running down her face all the time—and led me as far on the way as to the meadow-bars that opened into the lane. I sat down under the oak-tree to try and cry it all out before he'd see me; and as soon as the sobs grew softer, I went on as far as the two crabapple-trees, and sat down again. I couldn't quit crying. I was always ashamed to weep, so I went into the lower side of the grave-yard and sat and cried. From there I could see the open window, beside which stood his bed; could see the slow, measured movement of Aunt Polly's arm waving a little locust branch to and fro above the sick man. I could stand no more, and, burying my face in the long, cool grass, I lay and

wept bitterly, and, afterwards, sick and distressed, I stole back home.

Before he died, Aunt Polly asked him if he had any messages for his friends in New England. He looked at her long, and then his eyes closed and he shook his head mournfully, with a tremulous quiver of emotion, only murmuring: "Nothing, nothing, nothing." When the early morning dawned—the beautiful clear September—the master lay, clean-shaven, robed in a white shroud, his jetty hair brushed away from his forehead; sunken-eyed, pallid in death—a death of torture and intense suffering. The physician had done all he could do; he had followed out the cruel treatment prescribed for such diseases in those early days. Poor master—poor stranger! who knows, did he think if his little Rosy came she would give him the cooling draught of water that he was dying for? The thought is one of anguish yet, and will be all through life.

He was a stranger, and his grave was made away at the back part of the grave-yard, next the palings, and under the tall oaks, whose friendly branches reached far out over the lonely spot. In the course of time the yard was enlarged, the fence set back, again, and again, and again—and now the grave is in the populous part of "the city of the dead."

A letter was written to New England informing the friends of the death of the young man, but no reply came. Another, and another, were sent, but no answer ever came, and when Aunt Polly asked for her pay, the town paid her from its poor fund. He was a stranger and homeless, and no relatives claimed him, so they felt no pang of humiliation and poignant sorrow over the thought that he was buried like a pauper. What would be done with his trunk, and books, and clothing? Who owned them? Who wanted them? To whom were they dear? Alas! a notice stuck up on the door of the school-house, said they would be sold at such a time at the steps of the tavern. And they were sold; men bid softly, reverently, not like the noisy sales in general. A light-footed, gay young man, who danced at every possible opportunity, a dashing, handsome fellow, bought the hat, and for years we could see the face of the master when we looked upon his hat, even though Bob wore it tipped back jauntily, or sidewise, or any way. We were hurt, smitten as with sudden pain all those years.

The little, old, red house with its two rooms stands yet just as it was when its low ceiling looked down upon the master's last sickness, his suffering, his cries for water, his moaning, and tossing, and wrestling with the fever fiend. We call it the "Tommy Martin House" now, and it stands nestled among lilacs, and roses, and snow-ball trees—a house common enough in the eyes of passers-by, and of those to whom its low walls breathe no sad history of a life that went out in darkness and sorrow. And the little office, on the hill, in which the master studied, and dreamed, and battled with poverty alone, and in a strange land—a neighbor of ours bought it for a smoke-house, and while he was moving it across the

brook we went down to look at the little shell which had once held an honorable place among other offices. Ah, me! as we turned over the door, painted yellow—in the full, round, flowing hand of the master, we read the penciled couplet from some old poet, Burns, perhaps—something like this—we quote from memory:

"O death! the poor man's friend,  
His kindest and his best."

People forgot where the master's grave was, his old scholars puzzled themselves to recall the spot, but the little one who owed him so great a debt of gratitude never forgot that low mound, and one of her secret plans was to place a lasting memento thereon. It was years and years before she could accomplish it in her own way, but when an editor handed her a crisp ten-dollar bill for literary work, she laid it aside, waiting for more. When another bill came from the same source, a plain marble stone was ordered, and very quietly placed, and the simple inscription was, "The Stranger's Grave." That was long ago. Yesterday she stood beside it, and the sexton was with her, and the two planned how the dear old grave was to be made beautiful and greener than ever. And the sexton, fumbling at the brim of his hat in an embarrassed way, blundered out: "Might he a been 'a' consint or a lover o' your'n, miss, if I may be so bold."

And she looked up at the kind old man whose heart was as pitiful as a woman's, and she studied how to answer his question, never having yet asked herself what to her was the master—the man who touched her soul so tenderly, who had wakened new thoughts and aspirations—who had led her even then to see the beauty of a true and noble life—of a grand and gracious womanhood? and, with a smile that shone through tears, she answered, in the words of Jessie Carrol, from that sweet singer, Alice Carey:

"He was less than lover, more than friend."

ROSELLA RICE.

THERE is an ascetic severity which repels and disgusts, because it partakes of hypocrisy and is impracticable. It is noted that children trained under such influences become insincere, perfidious and immoral, being driven into the opposite extreme by the aversion to the despotic restraints to which they have been subjected. Frankness, generosity and forbearance, on the contrary, inspire respect, confidence and love. Children are always accessible to reason. They like to be treated as reasonable beings. They more readily obey when the reason of the command is explained to them. Obedience, also, is more readily yielded when it is not exacted arbitrarily, and only for proper purposes. Harshness, cruelty and dogmatic absolutism lead to stubbornness, alienation of affection and perverseness. Explain to a child that what is asked of him is for his own benefit, and he will readily understand the policy of obeying. A reciprocity of good feeling being once established between parents and children by such means, it is rarely after disturbed.



## WILLIAM COBBETT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY SELF-EDUCATION.

"At eleven years of age," he wrote in an article calling upon reformers to pay for returning him to Parliament, "my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener who had just come from the king's gardens at Kew gave me such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went from place to place inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red garters tied round my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub, price 3d.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence; but then I could not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book so was different from anything I had ever read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I had always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on until it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in the Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book.

"The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my lively and confident air, and doubtless his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman I remember, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work; and it was during the period that I was at Kew that George IV and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening-books to read; but these I could not rely after my 'Tale of a Tub,' which I carried about with me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

Many had cause to remember this evening passed under a haystack at Kew. The genius of Swift engrafted itself naturally on an intellect so clear and a disposition so inclined to satire as that of the gardener's boy. Cobbett's earliest writings are more especially tinged with the coloring of his master. Take for instance the following fable, which will at all times find a ready application: "In a pot-house, well stocked with wares of all sorts, a discontented, ill-formed pitcher unluckily bore the sway. One day, after the mortifying neglect of several customers, 'Gentlemen,' said he, addressing himself to his brown brethren in general—'gentlemen, with your permission, we are a set of tame fools, without ambition, without courage, condemned to the vilest uses; we suffer all without murmuring; let us dare to declare ourselves, and we shall soon see the difference. That superb ewer, which, like us, is but earth—these gilded jars, vases, china, and, in short, all those elegant nonsenses whose color and beauty have neither weight nor solidity—must yield to our strength and give place to our superior merit.' This civic harangue was received with applause, and the pitcher, chosen president, became the organ of the assembly. Some, however, more moderate than the rest, attempted to calm the minds of the multitude; but all the vulgar utensils, which shall be nameless, were become intractable. Eager to vie with the bowls and the cups, they were impatient, almost to madness, to quit their obscure abodes to shine upon the table, kiss the lip and ornament the cupboard. In vain did a wise water-jug—some say it was a platter—make them a long and serious discourse upon the utility of their vocation. 'Those,' said he, 'who are destined to great employments are rarely the most happy. We are all of the same clay, 'tis true; but he who made us formed us for different functions; one is for ornament, another for use. The posts the least important are often the most necessary; our employments are extremely different, and so are our talents.' This had a most wonderful effect, the most stupid began to open their ears; perhaps it would have succeeded, if a grease-pot had not cried out in a decisive tone—'You reason like an ass; to the devil with you and your silly lessons.' Now the scale was turned again; all the horde of pans and pitchers applauded the superior eloquence and reasoning of the grease-pot. In short, they determined on an enterprise; but a dispute arose—who should be the chief? Every one would command, but no one obey. It was then you might have heard a clatter; all put themselves in motion at once, and so wisely and with so much vigor were their operations conducted, that the whole was soon changed—not into china, but into rubbish."

GARIBALDI is described as lying on a narrow iron bedstead, his frame wasted, his face worn and thin, but with bright and sparkling eyes, firing with enthusiasm, or softening into warm and genial sympathy as he speaks.

## TARSUS.

**A**NCIENT cities excite within us an interest unlike that called forth by other objects. Natural scenery may give to us the most elevated sense of beauty and sublimity, unmingled with any thought of age or decay; among the habitations of men, we may receive the impression of life and progress, tempered by only a feeble feeling of sadness as we reflect upon the ending of it all. But in the midst of silent and deserted ruins, age and decay make visible their power, even when surrounded by the most enchanting, the most grand of natural scenery; and the sight of the place of man's former dwelling and activity left to fall into nothingness, strikes home, as only such a spectacle can, an humbling, crushing sense of the inevitable transitoriness of all things.

This melancholy impression, far from being lessened by the proximity of a populous city, is, in a degree, heightened by it. For we have, as it were, the past and the present, a cemetery and a mart, the dead and the living, side by side, a constant reminder of the destiny awaiting all endeavor.

The central portion of the Eastern Continent—all that land skirting the further borders of the Mediterranean Sea, comprising principally Egypt, Greece and Asia Minor, with contiguous divisions—has been properly termed the starting-place of human advancement, the foundation of all history. So within this region we might expect to find cities of to-day, built veritably upon the *débris* of predecessors of their name, whose existence in some form dates back for ages. Among the most famous of these is the subject of our sketch, Tarsus.

This is chiefly known now as the birthplace of St. Paul, but it was celebrated long before his day. From its foundation by the Assyrian King Sardanapalus, it has been mentioned in history as a town of great importance, its proverbial wealth and power exciting the cupidity both of Cyrus and of Alexander. Tarsus is spoken of in the *Anabasis* of Xenophon as being under the dominion of Persia. After the death of Alexander the Great, it passed into the hands of the Seleucidæ, remaining beneath their control until it was taken by the Romans, under whom it finally became the capital of the province of Cilicia. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the inhabitants of Tarsus gave to it the title of Juliopolis, for which mark of respect to the Emperor, they were punished by Cæsius, but rewarded by Antony, who made the place a free city. Augustus, on account of his tutor Athenodorus, who was a native of Tarsus, showed it great favor, so that, from his time onward under the early Roman emperors, it fairly rivaled Athens and Alexandria in the culture of its citizens. Here the Emperor Julian was buried. And in giving an historical abstract of this famous city, we must not omit to mention, before stating that after the decline of the Roman Empire it fell into decay, that Antipater, the Stoic, was also born here; and that it was at Tarsus that Cleopatra received Antony after

she had sailed in her gilded barge up the river Cydnus. It is said also to contain the tomb of the prophet Daniel.

Only a few of the ruins of the ancient city remain to hint at its former splendor, although the modern town covers but a small portion of the original site. In the time of the Romans, two great roads led from Tarsus, one across the Taurus north by the Cilician Gates, the other east to Antioch by the Amanian and Syrian Gates. We may see now only the remains of one gateway, while an old mound, many feet in height, has probably been formed by the accumulation of the rubbish of centuries. The Gymnasium, on an eminence toward the south-west, is a very spacious, circular edifice in a good state of preservation. Of a later date is the castle built by Bajazet.

Tarsus of to-day consists of a number of low, terrace-roofed houses, constructed largely of material taken from the remains of the old city. There are several churches, mosques, caravansaries and public baths. Notwithstanding the immense disparity between its former and latter days, Tarsus is still a place of great wealth and commercial importance, though the traffic of the past must have been far greater, owing not alone to the more extended advantages of its people in other respects, but to the condition of the river Cydnus, on which it stands. This stream was once navigable throughout the major portion of its length, but now vessels must anchor at Mersin, eight miles from its mouth and five miles from the town. The principal exports of Tarsus are corn, cotton, wool, copper, gallnuts, wax, goat's-hair, skins and hair-sacks.

At the extreme left of the picture, in the background, is the mosque marking the supposed tomb of Daniel, the prophet, and near by, the governor's house. The great Mosque of Tarsus is in the foreground. The large building, with a dome, is the Armenian church, and the one nearly in front, the Greek church. The new Protestant chapel is seen among the trees at the right. The building also contains rooms for the pastor, a school-room, one for the teacher, and one for missionaries visiting the city.

Of the twenty thousand souls in Tarsus, about three-eighths are Moslems, one-quarter Pagans and the remainder are Armenians, Greeks, Protestants and Catholics, mentioned in the order of their numbers.

H.

**YOUNG MEN AND THEIR CALLING.**—Every young man should endeavor to perfect himself in the science of the business he has chosen. Without this, he must always content himself in the lower walks of his calling. The denial of a few luxuries will buy all the books he requires, and his own diligence may be made to well supply the place of a tutor. Without such diligence, the best teacher in the world could not manufacture him into a scholar. If once going over a point will not master it, he must tackle it again. Better give a week's study to a page than conclude that you cannot comprehend it.

## Religious Reading.

### EARNEST TALKS.

#### No. 6.

"Sunset! a hush is in the air,  
Their gray old heads the mountains bare,  
As if the winds were saying prayer."

**F**IT time for thought and retrospect, for reflection and resolve. The week has been hurried and busy; hand and brain were fully employed in bread-winning, and the promise of rest this Saturday night brings is most grateful to us. The white heats of midsummer, the work, the worry, all have combined to dull our appreciation of the beautiful around us; but now the last sound of toil is hushed, cool breezes, laden with perfume, fan our cheeks, the birds are caroling their happy good-night, and each moment brings us refreshment and strength. We gather upon the porch for an hour of quiet talk ere the good-nights are said. We talk of the week just closing, turning back for one more glimpse of its well-filled pages ere the great volume is forever closed over. If there are some blots along the lines, we cheer ourselves with the knowledge of our good intent and faithful effort, and turn with hope to the new week opening for us, filling it with busy plans; and then the hushed stillness of the air, or the glory of the sunset purpling all the hills, leads our thoughts to another Saturday night, which the swift-flying years are bringing nearer, still nearer, with no pause or cessation—life's Saturday night, when, our work here being done, we wait for the boatman to bear us over the silent river to the Sunday morning beyond. Well for us then if our work has been well done; well if we have toiled with clean hands and a pure heart, seeking the good of all rather than any selfish aggrandizement; well if the dear words, "she hath done what she could," may follow each of us through the golden portal of the beautiful hereafter. Then, indeed, will the boatman's call be sweet to our ears, and we shall answer without fear. How sad, how fearful must be that call to those who have lived but for self, who have loudly echoed the cry of "Lord, Lord," but have ministered not unto His little ones, who, while remembering the injunction to "pray without ceasing," have not remembered that other, equally important, to "visit the widow and the fatherless," and keep themselves "unspotted from the world." Some there are who, in their zealous, vain-glorious service for God, forget to serve His children, forget that

"He is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man,"

and that this only is true serving. Drear and dark must the way seem before them; and sad, how sad, will be the awakening.

But it is not for us to pass sentence upon them. Here or there, the Lord is God, and to His justice and mercy we leave all, knowing He can do no wrong. The best of us have yet to cry for mercy. The best of us leave undone what we should do, and do what we ought not to do. Until our own record is clear, let us not judge that of our brother. Let us be eager to work while yet it is day—eager to do only that which is noble and good, that the sun may shine brighter and brighter before us, and the songs of hope be around us.

See how beautifully the sun sinks behind the

western hills, while a path of gold reaches back from it to us! So for us all may life's sun sink behind the hills of day, and the golden pathway gleam steadily before us.

How hushed, how pure seems the atmosphere now! I have always fancied Heaven to be nearer ~~as~~ at sunset than at any other time. Often in childhood I have watched the golden glory, thinking, perchance, the heavenly gates might open and give me one little glimpse of the wondrous beauty beyond. The child-fancy is strong with me now. Closing my eyes to the outside world, I can almost see the ladder of love reaching from Heaven to earth, with angels ascending and descending, bringing to our waiting hearts sweet thoughts and loves, sweet hopes, and that peace which passes understanding.

Ah, if our lives were only always such that we could feel their helpful presence! Too often we lose them in the hurry of work-day life, but in stilled moments like this, time and eternity, Heaven and earth, seem as one. We feel the helping ones near us; we stretch our hands to them and grow rested and strong; but when we lose them we faint and weary. Some day we shall be wiser. Some day we shall learn so to order our steps that they may walk side by side with us, though unseen but by the eye of faith. What matters it if we see them not with our natural eyes, so that our hearts are conscious of their nearness, and we are strengthened for our work? Surely we have need of their help, for many things arise to try us. Life is not made up of peaceful hours only. There are gray, cold mornings, noontides when life and hope seem withering, sunsets lacking the glory and brightness of to-night, and we must bear them all. Unless our hearts are stayed on Him, we must oft yield to discouragements, and, like the poor pilgrim, sink in the "Slough of Despond;" but, like him, we, too, shall rise again and overcome all obstacles if we accept the offered help, and are guided by the higher wisdom and love of the Father.

While we have talked, the sunset glow has faded from the sky, the short twilight has come and gone, and

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels;"

and out from the east comes the fair queen of night, and takes her place among them with regal grace. The old, old picture, yet we never tire of looking. Each time it seems to have some new meaning; each time it tells in more forceful words of Him at whose command all things came into being. "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast made, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

How petty, how insignificant our restless, changeful lives seem to be in comparison with the eternal calm above us; and yet one soul is far more precious in His sight than are all things beside; and for man, weak, erring man, He "bowed the heavens" and became as one of us. Ah, even eternity seems too short in which to love and praise Him as we ought, with this fact before us; but all that we have we will freely give.

The clock strikes the bed-time hour. One after another drops out of our circle with low-spoken "good-night," and only Walter and I are left. We

are not talking now; love has a sweeter communion than comes through words. But, hark! from across the street there are sounds of music. It is our little neighbor playing her piano, accompanying it with her own rich voice:

"The cup must have its bitter,  
Its portion, too, of sweet,  
And thorns as well as roses  
Are waiting for our feet.  
God plans all; God plans all."

Sweetly the words float out on the starry stillness and wrap my soul as in a holy vision. I see, or seem to see, a life-cup filled to the brim with crystal waters; but, even as I look, angel hands mingle drops of bitter in its shining depths, and I know they, too, must pass my lips. A flood of memories pass over me. Past, present and future meet in solemn converse. Light and darkness, bitterness and sweetness, roses and thorns are around them; but above and over all shines a clear radiance, a light not of moon or star; and there, in golden text, I read, "It is I; be not afraid." Deep into every wondering soul sinks its meaning, I am not afraid.

The figures fade from my sight, but still the light shines on, and I feel that, if I will but keep my eyes uplifted, I may always see it. Thus lighted and upheld, why may I not walk with unfaltering step?

Again the voice of the singer comes to me:

"And there are heavy burdens  
For every one to bear;  
The strong must take the greater,  
The weak the lighter share.  
God plans all; God plans all."

How few of us are willing to take the greater that the weak may not be too heavily taxed! We all love the sunshine, and shrink from having it dimmed, yet it is better so oftentimes. There is a deeper, brighter sunshine than mere pleasure or unbroken plans can give—the sunshine of an approving conscience; and for this we should seek daily, and rest not until it be found. The Christ-life could only be perfected through suffering and self-denial. Shall we dare ask for less? Assuredly not. If "God plans all," what could better His plans? Much of the darkness around us comes from our own evil thought and imaginings, and will pass away as we grow more Christ-like. He is always waiting to help. Let us go to Him for rest when weary, for courage when fearful, and be not oppressed. In Him we have all things. Great is our heritage, even eternal life. Monuments may crumble to the ground, and proud structures fall, the earth and all pertaining to it may pass away, but we shall live on. Created by the love of the infinite God, ourselves a part of His infinitude, we cannot die. Redeemed by the might of His love from earthly dross, we shall reign with Him in glory.

Let us stretch forth our hands to the weak ones around us, and in helping to bear their burdens we shall learn how best to bear our own. Abundantly have we received, abundantly let us give. Only in sharing our treasures shall we retain them, only in losing the old, sin-stained life shall we find the higher one.

But our talk grows too long. Good-night, dear readers all; may the Sabbath bring to each true rest and happiness. EARNEST.

## Mothers' Department.

### PIPESEY'S TALK TO MOTHERS.

**H**ERE lie four letters from four mothers, all waiting to be answered. So we read them over; and thinking a few minutes as we sit and rock beside the open window, with only the beautiful green woods, the peaceful blue sky, and an occasional glimpse of billowy fields of waving green in sight, we conclude to answer all at one time. One relates to Sabbath-school training of the little ones; one to early religious teachings; one is worried, and cries out with her burden of care, weary of the patter of little feet, the fret of whining little voices and the monotony of her "tread-mill life," as she calls it. The other letter relates to children likewise. The mother will find her answer somewhere in our reply, or she will find out our appreciation of those of whom the blessed Lord spoke so tenderly when "He took them in His arms."

Women who marry must abide the consequences; they must expect a change; the free life of their girlhood will not remain with them—should not, indeed—and as they grow older they should gather wisdom from experience, observation and the reality that comes with sober thought and actual work. They will find teachers in their children, as well as companions and sources of comfort.

We grieve to know that so much needful knowledge comes too late to mothers—too late to avail them in the years of their sorest need, and after their children are spoiled, or grown up and gone, or their lives blighted, they learn the lessons that would have saved them from going down to their graves broken-

hearted, with a sorrow that was past healing this side of the life immortal.

We told you in our talks long time ago that the soundest and sweetest compliment we ever received was from a young mother, who, looking at us with the tears overbrimming her lovely brown eyes, said, with a quivering sob: "O Pipesey, you should have been the mother of twelve boys!"

Well, well, maybe so. But to the answers to the four letters from the four mothers.

The character of an individual, like his body, from the cradle to the grave, is undergoing constant changes. It grows, it develops, it matures, it ripens, until the frost of death gives it the fixedness of marble; then "as the tree falls so it shall lie." Character, like stature, temperament, tendency, is, to a great extent, inherited; and herein is a thought that should give many a parent food for reflection. The corner-stone of all noble character is truth; and as the virtues ever go hand in hand, with this will naturally be associated purity, justice, integrity, reverence. Therefore, the very first endeavor of the parent should be to quicken in his child's heart the love of truth and the hatred of falsehood. The first effort of one who would turn away from evil and love good, is to cultivate in himself perfect sincerity and utter truthfulness. Believing that the life lived rightly makes ample provision for the life to come, it is easy to see what our work must be for ourselves and for others. And certainly first of all it should be the duty of the parent to develop to its utmost all the good that lies in his children, all the possibilities, and then let him try the impossibilities.

We think parents do not estimate themselves as highly as they ought to do; they deserve better than they mete out to themselves; they are apt to think: "Well, it's only me. I'm not high larnt; I'll do the best I can by my children, and then they must shift for themselves; they've better opportunities than I ever had—lots better than their grand'thers had."

The perpetual outcry of the human soul is for more light and larger vision. This truth manifests itself while the child is so young that his dog-knife is his chiefest treasure. He asks questions again and again, and is put aside carelessly. The same eager restlessness marks the boy who sits doubled up like a cruller bending over his book. The big word stops him. *Ambition.* He don't quite understand what it means, and, with his stubbed forefinger on it, he goes to his mother with, "Mommy, what's that mean?"

"Jaw, child, don't bother me, it's as much as I can do to get along with my own worries, let alone answerin' your questions. Go 'long, keep the flies off'n the baby."

If he asks his father what the word ambition means, the reply is apt to be: "You just git your stent done; never mind the meaning of them big words."

Now, supposing the parents had been just people, awake to their duty, how charmingly they could have illustrated the meaning of the word ambition, by telling, in their own simple language, the story of Napoleon Bonaparte. The poor lad would have opened his eyes wider and wider; he would have listened, with bated breath, eagerly, and the picture would have daguerreotyped itself in his memory forever.

It is a mistake to suppose that the best work is done by the eloquent tongue, and only by those who are educated. When love's clairvoyance lights the years, there will be found no task insurmountable. Many a life, disappointed, and incomplete, and dwarfed beyond remedy, owes its losses and its undeveloped culture to the utter lack of encouragement in youth. Parents will be held accountable if they ignore the soul needs of their children. We make them what we choose, provided the odds and ends of which they are compounded, physically, morally and intellectually, will allow, for we are all made up of the traits, habits, faults, virtues, idiosyncrasies, vices and snips of character, here and there, of our ancestors; we are a sort of what-nots, and much wonder it is that we make anything of ourselves. But by commencing with the very babies in the cradle, evil tendencies may be overcome or rooted out, and the very weaknesses and vices inherent in the budding soul may, by divine help, blossom out into virtues, and bear fruit to the glory of God. As sure as Christ is formed in you, it will glorify all your manhood.

The home is the nursery of the Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school of the church, and the church is the nursery of Heaven. Knowing this, how great is the work of the parent; his hand is on the lever, that stupendous power that can debase or exalt, can bring the ban or the blessing, the curse or the glory.

Some one has said: "Our character steams into our children." It enters into their eyes and ears. They will watch us, and be what we are; all we say and do will be part and parcel of them in the time to come. If we are honest, they will be honest; if we cheat, they will cheat; if we prevaricate, they will lie; if we love the beautiful in art and nature, they will love it; if we sneer at religion, and Sabbath-schools, and Sabbath-school literature, and treat lightly the observances of the Sabbath, they will do the same.

If we, the parents, love books, and encourage and foster that love in our children, they will take to books as naturally as ducks take to water. If we talk politics, and trade horses, and discuss and dissect our neighbors, and ventilate their domestic relations, our imitative young ones will do the same. We may make gossips and tattlers of them, or men and women, capable of appreciating and enjoying the ennobling excellencies of a true life. We are sculptors; we work not in marble that perishes, but in souls that live throughout the ages of eternity. We may blight, and sadden, and dwarf these young lives, and the result may be fearfully great in its awful magnitude, or we may bless, and brighten, and enrich, and make men and women worthy of bearing the image of God.

Mothers say, sometimes, "I don't encourage my children in gossiping." Heh! funny if you don't! When they come home, they are assailed with such questions as, "How did they act?" "What did you have to eat?" "Does the old man ask a blessing?" Now, just this is sowing the seed, and the result is a first-class, full-fledged tattler. To encourage your child to come down to such mere detail and twaddle is belittling him, and dragging him down most surely. The young one don't want to spoil a good story, and he will draw on his imagination—and what glowing imaginations the little folks do have—and he will exaggerate, and make free use of such adjectives as *awful*, and *horrid*, and *powerful*, and *terrible*! Even that should not be tolerated; it is low and slangy, and—why some young ladies use these words in common conversation. Mothers should be careful, however, in lecturing their children for gossiping, or they may be reminded of the story of Paddy's stocking. Paddy wore his stocking turned wrong side out. Micky inquired the reason, and was coolly informed that there was a hole on the other side.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." In the way he should go! Not time, nor chance, nor change can drown the memories of childhood. O mother!

Thy voice shall tune his heart to feel,  
Thy face shall be his open book,  
And in thy most unguarded hours  
Deep in thy heart he'll look.

Make them brave, and unselfish, and true, and manly. Don't deceive them. Let them look squarely in your eyes and see honesty and sincerity. Mothers teach the first lesson generally when they give pills or worm medicine. "Oh, it is so good, it is so sweet; go way, ugly Johnny, you sha'n't have it; Freddy shall have it!" And Freddy bolts it down, and, finding the lie mixed in it, makes an effort to spit it out, and mother seizes him by the nose as she would lay hold of a pump-handle, and they scuffle, the gentle mamma transformed into a red-faced Amazon, and "Freddy, love," into a writhing, sputtering, abused, little fury, a good deal wiser grown within the last ten minutes.

The next time Freddy takes "goody medicine," it is a pill deftly imbedded in a melting morsel of ripe pear. The mother looks in his eyes and tells him the taste is delicious; that he won't need to chew it; but he is suspicious; she is crafty, and he has learned it, and become crafty, too. He watches her out of the corner of his roguish blue eye, and, hesitating a little, he takes it. She looks away to further the deception, and presently speaks in her musical way: "Did you eat the pear, lovey?" Yes, all but the seed. And he shuddered, and left the "theed" sticking on his little chair.

Now, that mother has lost a jewel which has gone from her keeping forever. Her child distrusts her. Will he believe that his mother is truthful? Will he ever shrine her in his heart as the most perfect of women? Will he ever believe her as one but "little lower than the angels?" The world needs a powerful revival of the virtues of true motherhood.

Two little girls are playing; one the child of a neighbor. They are making a tent out of a shawl, spreading it over chair-backs, and pretending that they are at Chautauqua camping out. They enjoy it. They should be let alone, for the play is harmless and brimful of satisfaction; but the mother, a fussy woman, has to do something to show that she is the mother, and has authority, and she calls out: "Nettie, put that shawl away, or I'll skin you this minute!"

Nettie plays on; she seems to see the trees, and the water, and the overarching blue sky, and the crowds of people; but the other child is stricken with fear, and thinks it would be dreadful to be flayed like a butcher's calf, and, with white eyes staring, she intimates as much. Nettie never pauses, but goes on arranging the flapping tent with placid countenance, merely saying: "Poh, mother never does what she says she will! She threatens, but that's all. I never pay any 'tention to her!"

Does any one suppose that such a mother's influence over her children, in a religious point of view, is worth anything? What will avail her teachings or her prayers if her daily walk and conversation is such a libel on religion? She lives a daily lie, and her children know it.

Some one inquired once at a Sabbath-school institute, "How shall we approach our children on the subject of religion?" How *approach*! There should be no such word as *approach* known. It would apply if you were asking about a catamount that was secreted in a hollow tree in a dense jungle, or about a cow that kicked right and left, and was given to tossing rosy milk-maids on her horns; but your children, your beloved darlings, who have lain in your bosoms in their sweet infancy, and gurgled and crowed, and looked up at you, their eyes like brookside blossoms. Approach them! Religion should have been imbibed with their mother's milk; they should have felt its benign influence in the chastened light of the mother's eye, in the smooth, pleasant utterance of her voice, in the line of her daily conduct, in the work of her hands and her heart—work sanctified, because wrought in trust and the serene faith that marks the quiet ways of the Christian mother.

A pious woman, one who carried her religion as closely as a miser carries his gold, was concerned as to how she would approach her daughter on the subject of religion. She was troubled. So she got an old lady to take the job off her hands—gave her yarn enough to foot a pair of stockings for the fee. Mary Jane was sick abed, and that gave Sister Black a very good opportunity. She came and seated herself at the head of the bed, out of range of the girl's eyes, and after clearing her voice of the quaver and squeak that was in it, she began, with a pious whine: "Mary Jane, do you ever think about the salvation of your never dying soul—do you ever desire to become regenerated and to partake of the joys that belong to the children of God?"

Mary Jane gave the coverlet a little flirt, twisted the heavy cotton fringe, and said, with a very red face: "I do 'no'."

"Well, Mary Jane, it is appointed unto man to die, and it behooves you, a sinner, to be up an' doing, and

to work out your own salvation with trembling, a-hum," said the petrification, from beyond the head-board.

The poor girl's conscience had troubled her for months; she longed for some one to talk with her; she felt that no man cared for her soul, but this jabber of words was all Choctaw. It didn't touch her; it did more harm than good, coming, too, from a woman who counted the threads in every knot for fear some hired spinner would cheat.

"Yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am," and "I do 'no'," was all the poor girl said; she locked her secret thoughts, burning for utterance, fast in her heart. She could not trust this nose, formal old fossil. But when Rachel, the cheerful, hopeful little wife of the tenant on the farm, came one day and sat awhile with her knitting, why, Mary Jane opened her heart, and said: "I'm troubled; I want to live a better life; tell me how to begin. I can't understand the preacher; I don't know the meaning of regeneration, and sanctification, and all these big words that one has to understand." And Rachel, in five minutes' talk, in her clear, concise, simple way brought forth her theology—the sum and substance of which was: "He will hear thee; cast thy burden upon the Lord," and the poor girl cried: "Is that all I have to do? how easy; I thought I had to do some strange thing; some great, hard work. Is that all?" and the light of her countenance was beautiful.

So with the little ones. There is something repulsive in the very manner of some professed Christians when they approach one to converse with him on the great theme of the soul's salvation; and children, as well as grown people, are repelled, and they want nothing to do with a subject so gloomy. All the sing-song, sighing, melancholic tones which are not used in social life are precisely so much of a hindrance to religious effect, and raise a suspicion of cant and hypocrisy.

"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end." Oh, how the children shudder over the meaning that is conveyed to them in these lines! They have told me that it was so doleful they wished they had never been born. Well, we wish it had never been written, never been sung. We don't like it, either. And a dear old pastor of ours used to tell us young ones that we must pray for this *heart of stone* to be taken away from us. How we marveled! Children take things literally; we know nothing of figurative expressions; we thought a heart of stone was a good deal better than none at all, and we rather preferred to hold fast to the one we had, than to run the risk. "Bread cast upon the waters;" the most beautiful figure, when explained, but a great deal of good bread and biscuit has been wasted, slowly carried off on the sluggish bosom of the Black Fork, and the childish eyes have opened in wonderment in vain search for the return after many days. "Remember the Golden Rule, children," said the teacher, at dismissal, and night-fall found an inquisitive little one at the teacher's desk, cutting into the side of the rule, and behold it was only *cedar*—sweet-smelling, but common cedar, after all! What a teacher! had she no fears of the "black man" or of the two she bears that avenged poor old Elisha with his bald head.

"Patriarch!" Mother, what's patriarch mean in the Bible?" asked a little seven-year-old girl, puzzled over the hard words.

"Why, my dear, that means the ruler of the family," said the mother, serenely.

"Ye-es—well, mother, then Jones's baby is the patriarch in their family, for you know she makes all of 'em stand about."



These beautiful truths, seen only with the vision of the soul, are very dim to the perceptions of "these little ones." One time, long ago, we were disturbed just as we were going to sleep, by a low, stifled sobbing from the bed of the little child sleeping in our room. The cry could hardly be restrained, and finally, in a tremulous voice, she said: "I wish you would leave the doors open to-night. I expect I'll be an angel before morning, and I don't know how I'll get out of here. You see, I'm shot; I swallowed a bullet this afternoon." We gathered the dazed little one to our bosom, and kissed away the tears, and thanked the Lord that the wound was not of the fatal kind.

Oh, the dear children! if we with all these books, Bibles, and commentaries, and dictionaries, and concordances, and all the life works of men who spent their ripest years in research, can see but blindly, and go stumbling even when led by the guiding lights in the ministry, how must they, the children, wonder and puzzle, and think and worry over these problems? We must shun figures, and technicalities, and phrases, and make of ourselves children, and meet them fairly. We can teach by illustration most forcibly. We don't like the "goody kind" of children who pretend to piety and think they'd like to be angels, and then, like Mr. Brocklehurst's pupil in Jane Eyre, be recompensed by two ginger-cakes. Our faith in the religious nature of the boy who will make fun of a drunken man, or stone a kitten to death, is not very strong. We think his spiritual life stands in need of a good weeding out.

In laying a foundation for a religious character in the child, teach him reverence toward his superiors, and respect for all persons. For the house of God, and for divine service especially. How common it is to see the little heads turn every time the door opens, as easily as though they were set on pivots; if they hear a sneeze, flip will go the head, bound to find out whether it was old Mr. Bundy who sneezed, or old Mrs. Grundy. If a wayward dog meanders along into the church and gives a little yelp, the heads snap round to see whether it was Fido Jones or Poodle Smith, and whichever it happened to be, oh, it was *too funny*, and they thought they should die a-laughing! Perhaps if the little children were taught the sin of frivolity and inattention, and the wickedness of this habit so common at the house of God, we would see less of it among grown people. It is one of the crying evils of these times. Teach them to look the preacher fairly in the face. Who knows but he, tired, overworked, discouraged may gather inspiration from the fresh, attentive, upturned little countenance, and if his is not a sermon on stilts, who knows, but "one of these little ones" may date back to this time as his coronation day. Good critics they are, frequently, too.

One time a long-faced Presbyterian minister exchanged pulpits with a Methodist brother, and after service went home with them for dinner.

"How did you like my sermon to-day?" he inquired of the little son of the Methodist pastor.

"Oh, I do 'no'!"

"Don't you like to hear me preach?" he asked, solicitous for the reply.

"Oh, not very well," and he shied off.

"What's the reason you don't like to hear me preach?"

"Oh-h, well! Why don't ye fire up like my pa does?"

Try and make Sabbaths pleasant to them; not by Sunday visiting—not a bit of that—never once, but be with them, and talk, and read, and attend the services of the day; and we think it pleases little ones to have something good for dinner. If the

Sabbath is the best day, and you have any very nice fruit or choice thing, save the best for that day by all means. And, *don't fret*. Don't let your children ever see "a scowl on my mother's face"—the sweetest face in all the world to them. Let them remember it as sweet and saintly, long years after the nightly stars have shone down on the still grasses that wave above it in the silent church-yard. There is such a thing as governing too much. Children will bear watching; not mean, spying out, but good, honest watching. Let them never lose the habit of telling all their little affairs and confidences to mother.

The cure for gossip is culture, and one cannot commence too early. Above all, be consistent Christians yourselves, honest, sound, sincere, and you will have little to fear regarding the future well-being of your children. Your daily walk and conversation will be their example, and your very presence will inspire them.

Cherish the dimpled darlings who tear their clothes, and cut the table-cloth, and eat the sugar, for they are the very sugar and salt of life themselves. Remember their birthdays and holidays; put up memorable mile-stones on these occasions; don't neglect to make them bright, and beautiful, and long to be remembered. Don't tell the little dears that Santa Claus and Red Riding Hood are myths; they'll find that out, among other revelations, all too soon, never fear. Don't make fun of their baby theology; answer all their questions; their little bobbing heads find as many hard problems to solve as does your own; don't bore them with long, dry, dull talks, or, as a little brother said to us once as he stood tramping uneasily with his shinny-club in his hand, ready for the play-ground: "Oh, I don't like your *great American sermons*!" Let their fresh, little natures intertwine about yours like dewy vines, it will keep your years younger, and your heart sweeter and sounder. Manifest your love to your children; tell them that when their coming crowned you with the blessing of motherhood, a Madonna-love filled your soul, and you were crowned next to the angels, consecrated, set apart, and make them feel that they were not unwelcome.

Paul's cry of more than eighteen hundred years ago, that the pleasure-loving woman was "dead while she liveth," is as true now as then. Life is very real, very earnest. We may not, like Enoch of old, walk with God, but we can aim for the highest excellence in life. And may He who has bestowed upon us the gifts which we have, teach us to best use them for His glory, and the good of humanity, and may the work of the years of our lives closely peacefully, as the sinking down of the sun behind the western hills, and may we go over to that goodly land:

Not bowed with doubts, and burdened with fears,  
And the dead, dry husks of wasted years,  
But laden with golden sheaves. PIPSEY POTTS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—An old man, of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles; he amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations. In his will there were found the following words: "Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

## THE BOY IN THE STREET.

"IS that your boy?" I asked of the village milliner, noticing the little one loitering in the hall.

"Oh, no," she replied, "that is my sister's," adding, with a tinge of pride in her tones, "my boy is in the street."

I pondered the words and tones as I rode to the quiet country home where my boy can revel among birds and flowers, with no harmful influence to mar the innocence of his little mind or heart; and much I marveled at her pride in confessing, "my boy is in the street." Does she realize what it all means? Does she for one moment think of what her boy is learning there day by day, and how much it will have to do in moulding his character in all the years to come?

O mother! take your little boy out of the street—take him closer to your heart, and be yourself his teacher. He is so young, so innocent now—a baby-man, stamped with the impress of divinity, full of purity and truth. Do you think he can remain so if, from morning till night, you allow him to roam at will in the streets where the idle and vicious ones of the village gather, ready to pollute such little lives as his? "The child is father to the man." Now is the precious seed-time, do not let it pass unimproved. The little heart is like an unplanted garden—you may put there what you will. Will you sow seeds which will bear beautiful flowers and wholesome fruit-seeds of a noble manhood—or will you let

noxious weeds and brambles be scattered there? It is easier to keep out such seeds than to uproot them when once they have taken root. It is a work of vigilance and patience to keep them out, I know, but what work do we accomplish, what good do we do, without patient, unceasing effort? Is not the life and character of your boy worth striving for? To what nobler work could you give your energies? Surrounded by the loving influence of a pure home, guarded and shielded as he should be, he may come grandly to manhood, be an honor and delight to you, a blessing to all around him. Allow him to roam idly in the streets, to associate with whomsoever he will, and where will lie the blame if he be just the reverse of all this, and wring your heart with agony such as God forbid you should ever know? God gave him to you all unstained; how will you give him back? How account for your stewardship? How dare you say with pride, "My boy is in the street?" Take him out of it ere it is too late, I beseech you. Fill the little mind with good seed; help him to be a man. It was for this God sent him to you. Do not dare to wreck his young life. A mother's influence is so potent for good. It should be your care that the associations of your son are not such as to counteract that influence. You, I know, cannot do all; but, by the blessing of God, you can do very, very much. The child of a true, praying mother goes not easily astray. "As ye sow, so shall ye surely reap." Then sow the seeds of truth and purity diligently day by day, and your harvest will be rich and abundant. EARNEST.

## Health Department.

## DANGER FROM POISONING.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says:

Attention has recently been called to a new risk of chronic poisoning by the old enemy, lead. What we call "tin" vessels—that is, sheet iron coated with tin—are in daily use in every household in the land. They are cheap, durable and convenient, and have been considered perfectly safe for the thousand culinary purposes to which they are devoted. They are safe if the tin-plate is honestly made; but unfortunately this is not always to be counted upon. Tin is comparatively cheap, but lead is cheaper; and an alloy of the two metals may be used in place of the dearer one, with profit to the manufacturer though with serious detriment to the user. The alloy is readily acted upon by acids, and salts of lead are thus introduced into food. The Michigan State Board of Health has lately been investigating this subject, having been led to do so by a letter from a physician who found that certain cases of what had been taken for chorea were really *paralysis agitans*, which could be traced to this kind of lead-poisoning. Other cases were brought to light in which children had died of meningitis, fits and paralytic affections, caused by milk kept in such vessels, the acid in the fluid having dissolved the lead. Malic, citric and other fruit acids are of course quicker and more energetic in their action upon the pernicious alloy. The danger is the greater, because the lead salts are cumulative poisons. The effect of one or two small doses may not be perceptible, but

infinitesimal doses, constantly repeated, will in the end prove injurious, if not fatal.

Analysis of a large number of specimens of tin-plate used in culinary articles showed the presence of an alloy with lead in almost every instance, and often in large quantities. It is safe to assert that a large proportion of the tinned wares in the market are unfit for use on this account.

That we may not be accused of exciting fears which may be groundless, we will inform our readers how they can settle the question for themselves by a simple and easy test. Put a drop of strong nitric acid on the suspected "tin," and rub it over a space as large as a dime. Warm it very gently till it is dry, and then let fall two drops of a solution of iodide of potassium on the spot. If lead is present it will be shown by a bright yellow color, due to the formation of iodide of lead.

It is stated by Dr. Kedzie that a peculiar kind of tin-plate, the coating of which is largely made up of lead, is coming into general use for roofing, eaves-troughs and conductors; and it is suggested that much of this lead will eventually be dissolved and find its way into household cisterns. Susceptible persons may be poisoned by washing in the lead-charged water, and all who drink it, even after it is filtered, are in danger of chronic lead-poisoning. There is also risk in the use of glazed earthen vessels, if, as is often the case, the glazing contains oxide of lead. The danger in the use of certain enameled iron vessels was pointed out some time ago in the *Journal*; and it is said that these poisonous wares have not entirely disappeared from the market.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### A LOVER'S QUARREL.

I MIGHT have passed it by, love,  
As if I saw it not—  
As if I could not feel your hand  
Was tremulous and hot,  
Nor know the drink-fend on your soul  
A cruel hold had got.  
I might have chid you lightly,  
With words of playful blame,  
Then you had not been angry, dear,  
But loved me still the same,  
Nor said those words of hasty pride—  
False pride, that springs from shame.

Ah, no! that love is selfish  
Which cannot bear some pain;  
If mine were mute, what other lips  
Would warn him of his bane?  
My heart is heavy since he left,  
But his will be the gain.  
I'm glad I spoke so plainly,  
Though we seem severed quite—  
Come in—a letter?—'Tis from him:  
"My darling, you were right.  
No more until we meet, but this—  
I sign the pledge to-night."

ETHEL TANE.

### THREE BEGGAR CHAPS.

YOU may not have seen us, lady;  
We were out on the high street, too;  
Three bundles of bones and two bunches of rags  
That were less than nothing to you.  
You had eyes for the grander people;  
You were making the silver fly;  
'Twas nothing to you when three beggar chaps  
Drew backward to let you by.  
Three beggar chaps—two boys and a dog;—  
The dog so much whiter than we—  
You'd have found it hard had you tried to guess  
Which was hungriest of the three.  
'Twas flash and glitter wherever we turned;  
Chink of silver, and diamonds shine,  
With never a smile or a kindly word for  
Three bundles of bones—for me and mine.  
"If Heaven is grander than this big street,  
We'll be specks in its blazing light;  
Nobody'll see us or know we're there,"  
Said the chap with the eyes so bright.  
And then I answered him, lady;  
Not out of my own dull head;  
But remembering the prayers, the singing,  
And all that the teacher had said:  
"If the Lord's folks come to our alley  
And tell us of Christ and His love,  
I'm for thinking the angels won't put on airs  
When we get to the kingdom above."  
Then we cuddled over a grating  
Where the heat puffed up so warm,  
And I said: "Let's pretend a something  
That isn't a morsel of harm."  
"We'll make believe that fine lady  
Was an angel out of the sky,

That she'd come and take us from drunken mam  
To live with Jesus on high."

Then I went on—just pretending—  
About Heaven and the great white throne,  
And finished the story up in a dream  
To wake in the night all alone.

"Dead"—they told me—no making believe,  
And dead was our faithful *Dun*.  
The morning rose on three beggar chaps,  
The darkness covered but one.

MADGE CAREOL.

### CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

WE mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this fevered rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush  
That is holy enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
When the burden of day-time toil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,  
As the patriarch sat at the open door  
Of his tent, with a heavenward-gazing eye,  
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,  
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;  
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,  
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;  
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,  
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking quest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

### SLUMBER SONG.

THOU, little child, with tender, clinging arms,  
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest  
Upon my shoulder—rest with all thy charms;  
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blest.

Against thy silken, honey-colored hair  
I lean a loving cheek, a mute caress;  
Close, close I gather thee, and kiss thy fair  
White eyelids sleep so softly doth oppress.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content  
Within the gracious hollow that God made  
In every human shoulder, where He meant  
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art,  
In summer air reposing, warm and still;  
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart,  
I watch thy slumber, naught shall do thee ill.

CELIA THAXTER.

# The Home Circle.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 41.

I HAVE been looking over some back numbers of the magazine, lately, reviewing some articles in our "Home Circle" which interested me particularly, when they appeared, and which I thought at the time, I would like to speak of when I wrote, but either forgot, or did not have a fitting place for it. Re-reading them now, I have the same desire, and have determined to delay no longer. The first is a letter from "A constant reader," in the October number. I have always wanted to talk to her, and tell her how much I liked her sensible piece, and thank her for the expression of her appreciation of our editor's work, and her love for our "Home Circle." I hope the book has helped many others as it did her. I see she has learned, in these later years, one of the great lessons of life which all ought to know—that we are not to work for ourselves alone, with only our own ends in view, but, while doing our work faithfully, endeavor to let some little threads and tendrils spread into the lives of others, making them broader and richer, or giving them needful help of some kind, although it may be almost unseen in the doing. I hope she still reads the HOME MAGAZINE, and that the "new home so far away," may prosper and grow beautiful, and wield an influence to make other homes around it better and more comfortable.

Another article which appeared last November—not in the "Home Circle," but near by—made a deep impression on me. It was the editor's account of a home for incurable invalids, in Philadelphia. Founded, I should say, by an invalid girl, though her idea had to be carried out by others, after her release from a painful life. I read it with eyes that would overflow, for I could enter so well into that young invalid's feelings, in her thought for others that suffered, and her desire to do something for them: and the memory of Annie Ingles, though I have never heard anything of her, save through this little scrap, will always live in my heart. It is a work which I long to help forward. Sometimes I think if ever I should be well again, and have no especial home work to claim my energies, I should like to give myself, with my little strength, to this cause. To help wait upon and cheer those helpless and suffering ones, for whom I can feel such sympathy, knowing, as I do, that their lot is much harder than was mine, for they do not have their own loved ones to take care of them. Of course it might not be very good for me, as my friends say, to be surrounded by the sight of sickness and suffering; but it might be good for them to have me, as I have a natural liking for such occupation, and it would be such grateful service, after all the nursing I have received, to be able to do some such thing for others. But there is little hope that I will ever be well enough for such a place. My weary, tedious convalescence from last month's illness, shows me I am weaker than I thought for. Yet I shall always keep this "Home" in mind, with earnest wishes for its enlargement and prosperity, and the hope that I may some day be able to do something for it, however little. I shall always think lovingly of those who are taking care of it, and sympathizingly of its suffering inmates. And I would join Mr. Arthur in appealing to those who are

friends of whatever is good, benevolent and Christ-like, to give help if they are able, to this noble, useful work, so that in time the institution may be able to take care of many more than it now does. I did not expect to engross so much space with this subject, but was so deeply interested in it, that I have allowed it to crowd other things. I want to send a loving greeting to "Lillie," (in the March number,) with many good wishes for her success in the life-work which she wishes to make her own, and the hope that she may always find something to help her in the "HOME MAGAZINE." I wish also to congratulate the "Southern Housekeeper" on her humorous article—one of the best I've seen of that kind, for some time. So practical and natural, it reads as if every line of it were true; for it is just what so many of our Southern housekeepers experience in their daily life. Lizzie says she thinks she could write very nearly such a chapter some day of her experiences.

Then comes the spicy little piece from the "Lonesome Hills" of Texas. I'm sure all will welcome this contributor, and sympathize with her cares and temptations, and hope that she may get all those stockings darned, ready for the "fifty little toes" to punch holes in them again, and still have time for more little talks with us, occasionally. Floy says she likes that piece. She likes to see people tell how bad they are, sometimes, instead of always writing in such a good, pious way. I know I would like to see the cabin of cedar-logs, and all the beauties of nature around it. I see she, too, appreciates our "Home Circle." I think it is the nicest department I ever saw in any periodical. A place where all who read the magazine can talk to each other, if they feel so inclined. Where we can sit down together and be sociable. Shall not we, its members, often think of "Avis," who in the June number tells us of her lonely life in the far North, where the spring so long delays its coming? Shall we not be glad that we could help to cheer her during the gloomy days, and do not her loving words waken a response in our hearts? That June number is unusually full of good scraps which are worth thinking of, and keeping in mind, to help us to the "Higher Life" of which "Einna" speaks. The few words upon "Amusements," are wise and fitting, and "Earnest's" thoughts as she rides through the woods and vales, in the sweet spring-time, are a beautiful poem, with a sermon embodied in it, as good and true as any that are preached from our pulpits.

Now there is one more article I must say something about, although it is *not* in the "Home Circle." It is "Madge Carroll's" chat about flowers, in the April number. Not being able to read any for awhile, during the spring, I missed it entirely until looking over the books this time. Her wish that each flower lover would tell her their favorite name caught my attention. I cannot write her a letter just now, but would like to tell her my favorite, if it were ever possible to determine on it myself. But among so many beauties, how can any eye select a certain one, and say that no other can equal it? Roses are so lovely and sweet, lilies so pure and stately, verbenas, pansies and phloxes, so bright and gay. I think for fragrance I love the heliotrope, sweet violet, sweet briar, and the dear little white jessamine beat. For beauty, tea rose-buds, scarlet verbenas, pansies, white hyacinths—oh! I believe I

am lost in a maze of beauty, and cannot find my way out. There are so many more that seem just as pretty when I see them, that I am fain to end with the questioner's own words:

"My favorite? How shall I answer,  
Unless, it's the one I now see?  
Buttercup, pansy or rose-bud,  
That is the flower for me."

LICHEN.

### "IT HASN'T HURT ME ANY."

I DO not know to what the speaker alluded. I was standing at the door of the station waiting for the horse-car that would take me home. Two men, well-dressed, "fine-looking," we should say, passed by, arm in arm.

"That was rather rough," said one, just as they were opposite me.

"Yes," said the other; "but in the end it hasn't hurt me any."

Now these were just the words to help me that day. I was feeling sore and hurt at heart, and the brave ring there was in the one man's voice cheered me. God's messengers those two strangers were, though they knew it not. I *know now* that, because of the *hurt*, I am better to-day. I know that, because of the stranger's words, I am careful to remember that the "end" is not yet. And I am trying, too, to remember that oftentimes things hurt because we ourselves let them.

VARA.

### THE WEARIINESS OF WAITING.

DEAR FRIENDS: In the "Home Circle," bright and hopeful as it appears in these familiar pages, there are evidently suffering sisters. Thinking, this fair summer morning while the breezes stir the musical pines and the glad birds thrill me with love, of these weary souls, I am especially reminded of one silent class—one particular kind of trial. Of positive sorrows, much is written; to the bereaved, to the heavily-laden, many pens are ever addressed. Also for invalids—whose grief is largely negative—we find helpful words not a few. But I think, while the birds are singing and the wind accompaniment waxes sweeter and sweeter, of the myriad beings not apparently stricken—strong in health, comfortable in circumstances, active and useful in life, who yet know the anguish of waiting. It is not a withered, but an unfulfilled hope, that sickens these spirits; not what they have, but what they have not, which tries them, through long monotonous days, even unto the utmost. They feel scarcely among the afflicted, dare not—bearing no visible cross—entreat the sympathy of men. Indeed, they are keenly aware that such plea might be met by indifference, or with the verdict—Weak, to weep over wishes in a world throbbing with pain! Still, wishes are forces; waiting is hard; and somehow, in the beautiful morning, I long to reach forth a hand to these quiet sufferers, and to say, Fear not; God heedeth *all* sorrow! God aideth *all* need! Moreover, while actually burdened, you must remember that it is much to have hope; you must strive, dear hearts, to realize the brevity of time, albeit it sometimes seems long, and you must especially watch lest, in the passionate yearning for future blessing, you fail to perceive the jewels about your feet.

It is so easy to thirst for the far-away sea while sparkling brooks—it may be, rivers—flow unheeded beside us; so strangely natural to run about, hither

and thither, clamoring for joy, while it patiently knocks (unheard in the willful turbulence) at the door of the heart.

It were false comfort to say, disregard the future, despise the uncertain. Not so, beloved. Hope grand coming harvests; acknowledge the charm and power of the unattained; but throughout your waiting, with its inevitable meed of trial, be thankful, rejoice in the bountiful present, lifting strong, patient faces to Heaven.

What a sermonized the wind and the birds have unwittingly made me! But the hand has obeyed the dictates of the heart, and it is with true sisterly feeling that I have written.

"Kiz."

### THE ICE-CREAM.

IT was Fourth of July, and there were happy family gatherings, meetings of old friends, reconciliations and glad greetings. The sunshine was bright, and the air sweet and soft—but, oh, so hot! By the sea-shore, or on breezy hill-tops, in the shadow of pine woods or in shaded parlors, there might be comfort and rest. But while thousands were glad and mirthful, some were lonely, and tired, and sad, even where sickness or heavy trial had not crossed the threshold.

The hours were on to sunset, and the bells pealed out their merry chimes; but the heat scarcely lessened as night settled down.

In an old farm-house a mother rocked her baby to sleep, and then sat down by a window in the gathering twilight. She was worn and exhausted with the heat; but there was no stir in the air, and the small room was very hot. She could not go out, for she had no one to take care of her baby. She and her little one were alone in the house, and she had been busy all day. She was parted from her mother and sisters; she could not share in any festival. She loved her baby tenderly and truly; but she was tired, and feeble, and nervous; and as she thought of her old-time freedom, of the happy family parties in other homes, she could not keep back her tears. She heard the outside door open, and quick footsteps on the stairs.

"Good-evening, Fred," she said, pleasantly, as a frank, boyish face came in view. It was a neighbor's son, who often called in of an errand, or to see the baby, and have a little chat. For this mother had a place in her heart for other children than her own, and a ready sympathy in the pleasures and interests of boy-life.

"We're just home from grandma's," said Fred; "had a jolly old time, you'd better believe. She sent you this," and he placed a small stone-pitcher on the table beside her. It was filled with ice-cream.

Oh, how welcome was the little gift! You remember this was in the country, where ice-cream could not be bought, but must be made, or brought by express from the city twenty miles away. Not only was she very fond of it, but it cooled her heated blood, and refreshed her wearied frame. She had no means of obtaining ice-water, and all the long, hot day she had wished for this very thing. Many a night she had been too tired and exhausted by the heat to rest even when she lay down, but this night she slept soon and well.

Best of all, the kind thoughtfulness of the little deed cheered and comforted her. It was something to know that, in the midst of their own festivity, her neighbors had not forgotten her. The thought to

send her this, so easily given, was more than the gift itself.

Many, very many, are the chances to help and bless, even more than we know, that lie all about us in life's path, and through things as small as the cup of cold water.

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

### "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES."

WE say the words lightly oftentimes; but the other day something of their *real* meaning was brought home to me. I had written in answer to a friend's letter—a friend who is suffering loss and bearing heavy burdens. I wanted to help and cheer her. But I utterly failed. I wrote her how I was trying to bear my own trials—how I felt the Father was helping me day by day, and I knew He would help her. I didn't mean to "set myself up" as an example. But it seems my friend thought I did. I knew my trials were not her trials, and that I could not measure my pains and ills by hers. But she thought I meant to, and so I utterly failed where I tried only to do good.

It humbled me. Maybe there was too much of self instead of grace. At first I was vexed, particularly where my friend hinted that my sufferings were imaginary. But, after all, I needed the lesson that I got—though not the lesson my friend meant for me. "Forgive us our trespasses." O our Father, keep us from trespassing! Give us clear-sighted love that knows when to speak and when to keep silence. Help us to bear one another's burdens—in silence, if it is best.

VABA.

### LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: The batch of magazines came duly to hand, and never did the same-sized bundle distribute a greater amount of happiness. You see, we had been without the HOME ever since January; and it was like seeing the face of an old friend to open the leaves and see the familiar names. There was just one book apiece; and although it was ten o'clock at night when they were brought into the house, they were eagerly seized by each one. It was curious, too, to see how differently they were examined by the different persons present. Of course, I turned directly to the "Home Circle," said, "How d'y' do?" to Lichen, shook hands with Chatty Brooks and hugged Pipey—that is, I wanted to do so. Winfield scanned the historical pictures, Jennie pitched right into "Lenox Dare," while Sallie eagerly examined Butterick's Patterns. It was rather flippant in Sallie to overlook all the good reading and go the first thing after those fashions. But Sallie is eighteen, and one couldn't expect much else, after all. There was only one magazine left when *paterfamilias* entered the room, declaring that it was far too late to read magazines, and we would be better off in bed than poring over such nonsense. No one said anything; but pretty soon I looked up, and there he sat as busy reading the magazine as any of us. I made some excuse to go over to his side of the table to peep over his shoulder, just to satisfy myself; and—would you believe it?—there he was deep in a love story!

The next day we commenced house-cleaning. I am afraid those magazines made us feel tired pretty often. They looked so tempting lying there on the sitting-room table, that every time Sallie or I went into the room we grew all at once so tired that a mo-

ment's rest was absolutely necessary. It was like having a visitor who says, "Now don't let me interfere with your work. Just go on all the same as if I wasn't here." And we mean to do so, and think we do; but ever and anon we stop to chat and exchange thoughts.

Well, I don't think we were any the worse for resting over those books. How they stirred us up, and with what renewed zest we flew at the cleaning, our thoughts tingling from the contact with the thoughts of others, mind, heart and body feeling the electric touch, and strengthened by the strong outspoken words.

I hope the HOME MAGAZINE will long continue to be what it has long been—a pure, helpful, cheerful companion. I love to picture it on its monthly visits all over this land—cheering the fainting hearts struggling so bravely away out on the frontier; sending strong, courageous messages to some whose lives have little of rest from labor, and imparting peace and joy to thousands of homes and hearts.

Yours truly,

### FOLLOWING UP A SUBJECT.

ONE method by which the young may make great advancement in knowledge, is by following up a subject when once the mind is warmly awakened on that point. Few sit down patiently to plod through volumes of history, though many make the attempt. It is said in a college library, that the first volume of Rollin's History has been rebound many times, while the rest of the set are about as good as new. Successive classes of students have begun vigorously to read up history, but fall off discouraged before the second volume is reached. But let an intelligent scholar become interested in some particular character, as Mary Queen of Scots, Marshal Ney, or any distinguished person, and then set himself to read up what he can find upon it. His resources may be small, but if he has a mind for the work, in this age of books, he will surely find an opening. Either he will make friends with some kindly hearts possessed of a library to which they will make him welcome, or he will manage in some way to buy the book he covets. Better still, perhaps, he may get a share in a loaning library, which has proved a mine of gold to many an aspiring mind. Where there is a will there is a way, and a mind thoroughly in earnest will not fail to find it.

This matter of research, this turning over volume after volume to find just the thing we are in search of, may be quite irksome at first, but the taste for it grows fast, and at length it becomes a most delightful pursuit. The mind acquires the keenness of a grayhound on a scent in search of its subject, and everything that can be brought to bear upon it. It seems to know almost by intuition where to look, and what to read for the desired light. It is only when the mind is thus thoroughly waked up, that it can ever make its best, its happiest attainments. Such moods should be encouraged to come often and stay long, and should be improved to the extent of our ability when they do come.

McC.

THERE is a kind of fondness that ruins children as surely as there is a fondness that blesses them. There is sometimes more real sweetness in a gentle repressive rebuke than in the warmest praise, oftentimes more love in the rod than in a reward. We help our children most when we help them to take an honest view of themselves—and this we can never do by flattering their too easily-flattered self-conceit.



## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

OF summer dress materials, there is little new to say. We have the same varied assortment of lawns, cambrics, ginghams and percales, with the heavier fabrics of *momie* cloth, bunting and *de beige*. Linen seldom appears except in ulsters, and batistes are less worn than formerly. The original bunting retains its old popularity; suits of this material are often made up with silk trimmings, or an adjustable vest of *piqué*. French buntings are finer, and come in very fancy styles, combining stripes of contrasting colors. Grenadine suits are now made up with only one lining of silk, displacing entirely an inner lining of Silesia. In addition to the fashionable brocaded grenadines, we have the old-time material, with plain meshes, which, like all solid fabrics, gives most satisfaction. Grenadine dresses are trimmed often with fancy fringe, loops of satin or *gros grain* ribbon, and Breton, Spanish or French lace.

The substantial basque continues to hold its place, and is, perhaps, even more liked than ever. The latest style is the panier basque, to be worn with a skirt simply draped with a sash, or an overskirt having no bouffant effect, so that by its use an old costume may be made new. It has a long skirt, draped high all around, below the waist line, and is ornamented with ribbon bows. Light wraps of cashmere, silk, grenadine, lace, etc., are considered ele-

gant as ever, being trimmed according to taste, their shapes varying from a short cape to a long fichu or a veritable mantle.

One of the most popular shapes of bonnets is the Virot—a half-hat shape, intended to set well back upon the head. It is usually trimmed with a shirred satin lining, a scarf around the crown fastened with a cluster of loops and flowers, and long, ample strings of lace or ribbon to pass back around the hair and tie loosely in a bow on the breast. Speaking of shirred linings, it is a good plan to have a hat so adorned with black silk or satin—then the outside may in a few minutes present the appearance of an entirely different chapeau, by a judicious arrangement of flowers, feathers, etc., to match any costume. Another favorite hat is a modification of the English walking-hat, in which the brim is turned downward instead of curled over, like its predecessors, being simply trimmed with a band and feather. For traveling, it is the mode to have a plain dark straw, neatly adorned with velvet, and relieved by a bird's breast, in which the brightest tints shall correspond with the leading colors of the costume. For country wear, white sunbonnets have largely superseded even the pretty rustic hats; unlike the models worn by our grandmothers, these are not stiffened in doing up.

Fancy collarettes, with dainty flowers and ribbons, may be worn according to individual caprice. Garniture for almost any dress may consist of an indefinite number of ribbon bows.

## New Publications.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, PHILADELPHIA.

**Light in Dark Places; or, How the Camps Lived in their Poverty.** By Henry S. Drayton. The object of this book seems to be to teach a good many little moral lessons, and to show the superior advantages of Graham gems, phrenology and the water-cure. Of course, there is a moderate, sensible love-story running through it all.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**A Mere Adventurer.** By Elzey Hay. (Fanny Andrews). A really good novel—one in which the descriptions, the characters, the language and the sentiments leave little to be desired. The sharp insight into the ways of the world, and the bits of wisdom scattered abundantly throughout the pages, would do credit to Thackeray, while the fine expression reminds us constantly of George Eliot. As to the mere execution, it suggests nothing so much as a beautiful piece of embroidery, in which every thread is in its place, with no ends left hanging.

**The Second Coming of the Lord: Its Cause, Signs and Effects.** By Rev. Chauncy Giles, author of "Man a Spiritual Being," "Heavenly Blessedness," etc. The author of this book is a minister of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Church, and is one of the clearest and ablest expounders of its doctrines. His "Man a Spiritual Being," published a few years ago, has had a large sale both in this

country and in England. The present volume, which treats the question of the Lord's Second Coming as an accomplished fact, and not as unfulfilled prophecy, cannot fail to arrest attention, and set many to thinking in a new direction. The breadth of thought, logical precision and method of the book, are remarkable; while the clearness with which it shows the impossibility of any literal fulfillment of the prophecies which have been so long held as pointing to the destruction of the material universe, must settle that question in the mind of every unprejudiced reader.

It is shown by Mr. Giles that the Greek word *aión*, rendered "world" in our common translation of the New Testament, does not in the original mean the earth or any material body; and that the word which really means earth, or the world, in Greek, is *never used* where what is supposed to be the end of the world is described. "The true meaning of *aión*," says the author of this book, "is *age*; the special state or condition which characterizes the life of a people. It can also be applied to material things, and to natural or to spiritual beings; but in all cases it means their state or condition.

According to this meaning of the word, the end of the world is only the closing of an age characterized by certain social, civil, or spiritual states or conditions, and the beginning of a new and advancing or higher age; as at the end of what we call the dark ages, a new and more enlightened age succeeded. The end of the Jewish Church, was the end of an age in the church of mere dead naturalism, which was succeeded by the Christian age, which was a

higher dispensation of truth. The end of this first Christian age, it is claimed by our author, and held in the New Church of which he is a minister, was foretold by the Lord in the passages which have been regarded as descriptive of the end of the world; and it is also held, that this great consummation has already taken place, and that we are now in the morning of a new and grander Christian age than the world has ever seen, the signs and effects of which are all around us; an age in which the Lord can get nearer to man, spiritually—come to him in the greater power and glory of His divine truth that He may save him from his enemies, and restore him to even a higher perfection than that which was lost. No one can give this new book by Mr. Giles a thoughtful perusal, without being profoundly impressed by its contents.

FROM THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE, No. 29 ROSE ST., NEW YORK.

**Temperance Lectures: Our Battle Cry; The Force of Appetite; The Only Remedy.** By John B. Gough. The name of their author is enough to guarantee the excellence of the selections here given. One cannot read without being inspired anew—for the directness of the language, and the force of the illustrations are themselves powerful enough, even were it strictly true, as has been said of Mr. Gough, that he is deficient in logic and rhetoric. However this may be, he is certainly not deficient in the ability to do the work to which he has been called.

**The American Temperance Speaker, No. 1.** A choice collection of dialogues, prose and poetry, especially adapted for use in all Temperance Organizations. The claims made for this little book in the title are well sustained—it contains some very valuable matter.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, 58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

**A Boy's Rehearsal; A Bitter Dose; A Talk on Temperance.** By H. Elliot McBride. Three little pamphlets containing dialogues suitable

for use in a boys' school or temperance society. Of these, we think the first exceedingly good, but of the others we would only say that they might be available in dearth of better material.

**Rosa Leighton; or, In His Strength.** By Mrs. M. F. Martin. A very touching story, though not striking in its originality, of the downward course of a family through the disastrous effects of strong drink. Like books generally, though depicting many sorrows, it has a happy termination.

**Circled by Fire.** By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. A short story of unusual vigor, exciting a tragic interest. It portrays the struggles of a highly-cultured, Christian lady to overcome a passion for drink, handed down to her through generations. Heroically she battles and endures, only to fall again, winning the victory at last a short time before her death, untimely caused by her life of agony.

FROM D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON.

**Six Months at Mrs. Prior's.** By Emily Adams. A conventional Sunday-school book, of which the world has already had its full share. We do not believe that any book, all introspection, dragging forth to the light as enormities a hundred trifling faults, and exhibiting their absence in one priggish model of a child, is at all wholesome reading for the little ones. Let them learn to grow brave, and strong, and pure, by contemplating the development of earnest characters more in harmony with real life, with enough of human error to excite sympathy instead of disgust. And let them also read the garnered wisdom of ages. Those who know children best know how quickly they learn to comprehend elevated sentiments, and how soon they turn away from mere made-up good talk.

**Entertainments, consisting of exercises for Sunday-school Exhibitions, for Christmas, New Year, Decoration Day, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day, as well as programmes for amateur performances, old folks' concerts, etc.** We commend this to every teacher and officer of a juvenile organization, assuring them that they will find in it a valuable assistant.

## Notes and Comments.

### Painting.

**A**S most of our readers are doubtless aware, within the last year or so the interest in decorative art has developed into a perfect "craze." Signs of this are apparent on every hand. The paper-hanger's window displays soft tints and vine-like suggestions, instead of gorgeous panels and caricatured battlefields; the ware-rooms of the furniture-dealer are filled with ample chairs and Eastlake tables; even in shops whose proprietors were once content to display paper-knives and handkerchief-boxes appear gayly-adorned plaques, panels and horse-shoes. It is the same at home as well as abroad. Parlor and chamber alike are radiant in unique vase, and brilliant screen, and dainty embroidery, while our sweet-faced matrons and laughing girls find abundant employment for their fair fingers and leisure hours in the many lovely pursuits of to-day.

We have all along believed that in all this there was a power for great good; even—when not suffered

to encroach upon more important things—to the revolutionizing of our land to a higher and truer appreciation of the beautiful and its elevating influence. That we were not wrong, we have evidence in the prevalence of better forms in which this universal interest is shown. We have far less of pasting scrap pictures upon jars, far more of designing and painting original decorations; far less of the loud talk and, albeit harmless, dogmatism about "art" and "artistic effect," and far more of quiet acceptance, appreciation and enjoyment.

But even yet, in spite of the numberless articles that have appeared in papers and magazines, and the multitudinous objects seen and handled throughout the homes of the many, a great lack of something is plainly visible, which only time and better culture can correct. What we mean may become evident to any one of our readers who, in looking at nine out of a dozen of the artistic objects set before him, will ask himself whether nature and the naturalist would not be ashamed of the greater proportion of the repre-

sented reeds, and birds, and flowers, and grasses. Still, we may reflect, in justice to the poor artists, that choice work can never be given for poor pay.

We did not start so much to theorize as to inform some of our readers to whom this subject may be new what they may do to awaken in themselves an interest in art, and to attain to a certain degree of proficiency in following it for their own amusement or the satisfaction of their friends, if not with any very strong hopes of pecuniary reward.

Materials for painting, though always comparatively expensive, are less so now than they have been. Then there are so many pretty, cunning little things to decorate—one may be quite an artist and never see a picture.

Plain wooden plates are only a cent apiece, but they may be made valuable by the addition of a delicate anemone, an airy butterfly, or a comic silhouette, in oil or water-color. Half of the shell of a pearl-oyster, procurable for a mere trifle, may be rendered charming by a spirited, sketchy little landscape. Rough, earthen jars, by a few judicious strokes of the brush, are capable of becoming things of beauty and joys forever. Tiny panels of pasteboard, costing fifteen cents each, can be made just as effective as the more expensive ones. Exquisite toilet-sets are formed by covering plain glass bottles with brightly-colored silk or satin, and painting upon the gay ground clusters of flowers. It were an endless task to enumerate all that the industrious hand may beautify—fans, neckties, paper-weights, *passé-partouts* and what not. And then, there are all the mysteries of mineral colors and burning for those who desire to dabble in china-decoration. We can give little further information, except to say, try, observe nature, and persevere.

### The New Postage Law.

**T**HIS law, which went into operation on the first of May, has few changes from the old law which affect others than publishers, or those sending out printed matter. The postage on letters and transient newspapers remain the same. The following extract from the law relates to "miscellaneous printed matter," and should be carefully read:

"Upon matter of the third class, or upon the wrapper inclosing the same, the sender may write his own name or address thereon, with the word 'from' above and preceding the same, and in either case may make simple marks intended to designate a word or a passage of the text to which it is desired to call attention. There may be placed upon the cover or blank leaves of any book or of any printed matter of the third class a *simple manuscript dedication or inscription that does not partake of the nature of a personal correspondence*. Upon any package of matter of the fourth class the sender may write or print his own name and address, preceded by the word 'from,' and there may also be written or printed the number and names of the articles inclosed; and the sender thereof may write or print upon or attach to any such articles by tag or label a mark, number, name, or letter, for purpose of identification."

All manuscript sent for publication to a magazine or newspaper is charged with *letter postage*. Correspondents must bear this in mind, or they may lose their manuscript. Only when sent for publication in a book form, will MSS. go as third class matter. The law does not include MSS. sent for publication in a periodical.

### Our Social Hot-Beds.

**T**HE training of young girls in average American Society fits them for little that is useful and ennobling. Dress, amusement, social ambition, and all manner of frivolities make the staple of conversation heard among the half-fledged young women who crowd our drawing-rooms and public places, and who seem to have no idea of modest decorum or self-repression. Referring to this evil the Boston *Advertiser* says:

"The causes are several; easily detected, perhaps as easily remedied if the proper measures were taken. The very superficial method of educating girls among the more fortunate classes, the little discipline used by parents at home, and the want of independence shown in managing a family, so that a man who has five thousand dollars a year hates to tell his children that they must not ape the possessor of fifty thousand dollars a year, are among the causes of this evil.

"Then, too, the great watering-places and summer resorts are perfect hot-beds for forcing the premature growth of evil qualities—vanity, ambition and silly emulation in finery, making women of the world of children who should be thinking of nothing graver than their games, their dolls and their little lessons.

"Late hours, improper excitement and indigestible food at children's parties, have in the last fifty years taken the bloom off the youth of America very much.

"These social gatherings, which are productive of much injury to young children, are an essentially modern feature, and it is said that they were introduced by her majesty Queen Victoria.

"It is to be hoped that this is false, for it seems as if she had shown so much good sense in other ways, 'officially' and socially, that it must be a bit of scandal.

"At all events, they are a very doubtful and objectionable amusement for children, and it is not saying too hard a thing to lay many social shortcomings to this cause."

### Neuralgia.

**D**R. EBRARD, of Nimes, France, states that he has for many years treated all his cases of sciatica and neuralgic pains with an improved electric apparatus, consisting merely of a flat-iron and vinegar. The iron is heated until sufficiently hot to vaporize the vinegar, and is then covered with some woolen fabric, which is moistened with vinegar, and the apparatus is applied at once to the painful spot. As a rule, the pain disappears in twenty-four hours, and recovery ensues at once.

### The Art Interchange.

**T**HIS is the title of a periodical published in New York, at 140 Nassau Street, the design of which is to diffuse among the people a better knowledge of industrial and decorative art, and to show that, by adding beauty to use, the market value of any class of manufactures may be increased. In this effort it becomes the medium for the interchange of a very great variety of ideas upon art-topics from all parts of the country, besides giving suggestions or full explanations of different art methods. Silk, crewel and mediæval embroidery; drawing and painting on wood, silk, linen or porcelain; modeling in clay, etc.; decoration in relief and carving in wood and ivory, all come within its scope.

## A Temperance Sermon.

A READER of the *Baltimore American* sends to that paper a letter written by a young man just before he ended a wasted life by suicide. The letter, which is in itself a most eloquent temperance sermon, says:

"DEAR FRIEND: I write to you again the old, old tale—my fight with Captain Whisky and a Waterloo defeat. Score one more victim to the conquering hero. When you receive this it will be all over with me. The little ripple I make in the water will be smooth again, and the sod will be nicely patted over my head. The saloon keeper will smile as sweetly as ever; his patrons joke and laugh the same, and the drunkard's grave will be still waiting for some of these jolly fellows as surely as for me."

## New Use of the Telephone.

THE pastor of the Congregational Church at Mansfield, Ohio, has a telephone in his pulpit with the wires leading to the houses of several aged and invalid members of his parish. The instrument is placed on a table in front of where he stands, and is not conspicuous to the congregation. While he speaks he pays it no attention, but every word he says is easily heard by his distant auditors. His first utterances before the telephone were the Scripture sentences: "The Word is nigh unto thee," and "His Word runneth swiftly."

## Pansies.

THIS, from *St. Nicholas*, by Laura Ledyard, is very sweet and dainty:

Now, who should know  
Where pansies grow  
As well as little Elsie—oh?

As deep her eyes  
As purple skies;  
Of softest velvet is her chin;

And I've been told,  
Her heart is gold,  
By some one who's been peeping in.

So, who should know  
Where pansies grow  
As well as little Elsie—oh?

## Literary and Personal.

MR. TENNYSON is said to have received one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars for his poem, "The Defense of Lucknow," published in the April number of *The Nineteenth Century*.

MISS JULIA BRYANT requests persons having letters from the late William Cullen Bryant in their possession or under their control to oblige his family by sending them addressed to "Miss Julia Bryant, office of the *Evening Post*, 208 Broadway, New York."

MISS HARRIET HOSMER is complimented by the *London World* as the greatest of the few female sculptors the world has ever seen, and one of the very few among those who have produced strong work and not mere prettiness.

THE numerous friends of Mr. John G. Saxe will be glad to know that his health is rapidly improving, and his complete recovery quite probable. His trouble has been mainly with his nerves.

MR. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, although now made independently wealthy by the inheritance of much of his grandmother's hoardings, still works hard in his law practice, and displays great ability therein. He thinks, now that the Prince Imperial is dead, that the Napoleonic dynasty never will be restored. Mr. Bonaparte has apparently no aspirations in the direction of the French throne.

GEORGE ELIOT's new work, "Theophrastus Such," published in this country by Harper & Brothers, is attracting considerable attention in America and England. *London Truth* says it creates all the more interest "as it will almost certainly be the last from the pen of George Eliot."

## Publishers' Department.

## HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year . . . . .	\$2 25
3 copies . . . . .	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

## READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER.

The following letter, which came to us unsolicited, cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention. Until its receipt, we were not aware of the full results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in the case to which it refers:

*Mescalero Agency, South Fork, New Mexico,*  
June 5th, 1879.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN: In the spring of 1878, I happened to see your advertisement in *Scribner's Monthly*. Although I seldom read a medical advertisement, I was at the time (as I am now) so situated that "reading matter" of almost any kind was desirable; and I read your advertisement of "Compound Oxygen." I felt satisfied that if the remedy was really what you claimed it to be, it was just what I wanted for a daughter who had been a sufferer with neuralgia for more than fifteen years. I wrote you for a copy of your "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." After reading this little work, and the certificates of such men as Judge Kelly, T. S. Arthur and others, I felt that if these were genuine, there must be REAL MERIT in the remedy.

But I had tried so many remedies, and so many physicians of good standing and practice, without any permanent benefit, that I had almost despaired of my daughter ever getting well, and was afraid to incur the expense without more assurance that I would not be disappointed, and wrote to a clergyman of your city, and inquired about your standing in the city as physicians, and the genuineness of the certificates referred to. His answer satisfied me, and I ordered the remedy sent to my daughter in Kansas. That was about one year ago, and since using the supply then ordered (I forget the quantity, but the expense was only fifteen dollars) my daughter has not only not had neuralgia, but considers herself in perfect health.

On my return to "the States" last fall, I stopped

at Colorado Springs, and made partial arrangements for my daughter to spend the winter there, fearing to have her spend another winter either in Iowa or in Kansas, where she was temporarily stopping. But when I met her in Kansas, she said to me that she had written you, and had just received a reply that if she would use another supply of the Oxygen you would insure her a comfortable winter in any climate. On this assurance, we proceeded to our home in Des Moines, Iowa. I then proposed ordering a second supply of Oxygen, and its use as a surety against a return of the disease; but my daughter objected until she felt the need of it—then, said she, I want it. I did not order it, and it has not been needed, and we are fully convinced that it will not be.

Regarding my daughter as having, through the blessing of God, been permanently cured of a stubborn case of neuralgia as it is possible for any person to be afflicted with and live, by the use of your Compound Oxygen, I esteem it a PLEASURE and a DUTY to send you this statement. It is, perhaps, too long to publish, if you should wish to do so; but you are at liberty to use it in any way you see proper.

I feel that I cannot over-estimate or say too much in praise of your remedy.

Respectfully your obedient servant,  
S. A. RUSSELL.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, the fame of which is rapidly extending. Also a record of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. It will be promptly mailed to all who write for it to

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,  
1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

THE NATIONAL SILVER PLATING COMPANY, whose advertisement appears in this number, is reliable, and the ware it advertises will be found as represented. It has recently published a handsome illustrated catalogue of goods furnished by mail, which will be sent free on application.

UPON investigation we find that Madame Rowley's Medicated Toilet Mask is recommended by eminent medical experts to be the only rational means for beautifying and preserving the complexion. A descriptive treatise, containing testimony of well-known society ladies is mailed gratuitously by The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, N. Y.—*Com.*

ILLUMINATED TEMPERANCE CARDS.—The National Temperance Society has just published a packet of twelve illuminated floral cards, with texts selected expressly for this object printed on each, suitable for distribution in Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, juvenile organizations, and among children generally. Price for packet of twelve cards, twenty-cents. One hundred cards not in packets for one dollar. Address, J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

## NEW NOVELS FOR SUMMER READING.

### NILE DAYS;

Or, EGYPTIAN BONDS.

A Novel. By E. KATHERINE BATES. 12mo. Extra cloth. \$1.00. Paper cover, 50 cents.

"One of the best books of the season. The author keeps her own counsel admirably. She throws out hints, here and there, that the reader grasps eagerly—though not always wisely—but she does not tell the end of her story until the end is reached."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"A charming story, in which the characters move among Egyptian scenes, which are described with thorough knowledge derived from actual observation. The writer is evidently a woman of fine culture, and writes with grace, animation and polish."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

### ELSA.

A Romance. By Rev. ALFRED C. HOGGIN. 12mo. Fine cloth, \$1.50.

"A romance of unusual power, by Alfred C. Hogbin, whose clerical profession does not prevent his having very extensive worldly knowledge, while it probably has enabled him to acquire more than ordinary knowledge of human character."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

### CLARE AND BÉBÉ.

A Novel. By the author of "His Heart's Desire," etc. Fine Edition. 12mo. (10th, \$1.25. Cheap Edition. 16mo. Paper cover, 60 cents.

"A fine taste, keen study of character, good control of situations and circumstances, are evinced in every chapter, and they achieve a story, subjective in its essentials, which will be equally acceptable for home leisure and travel. The recital is as pure and sweet as the flow of a mountain rivulet."—*North American*.

"This story of two sisters is one of the best of the season. Full of subtle incidents, written with force and full of grace and beauty; it will be an admirable companion for a cool retreat on a hot afternoon."—*Columbus Statesman*.

### THE GHOST OF REDBROOK.

A Novel. By the author of "The Odd Trump," "The Lacy Diamonds," "The Clifton Picture," etc. 8vo. Extra cloth, \$1.25. Paper cover, 75 cents.

"The plot is highly interesting; the mystery is well preserved and admirably managed; the characters are depicted with uncommon skill, and the whole tone of the book is pure, pleasing and attractive."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

"It is a thoroughly readable novel, pure and vigorous in tone, with plenty of love, romance and humor, and not much ghost. The plot is worked out most skillfully, and will puzzle even the inveterate novel readers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### A MERE ADVENTURER.

A Novel. By ELZEY HAY, author of "A Family Secret." 8vo. Cloth, \$1.25. Paper cover, 75 cents.

"Has much of a genuine and pleasing freshness, and many of the incidents, as we have hinted, possess an originality all their own."—*Philadelphia Times*.

### RHONA.

A Novel. By Mrs. FORESTER, author of "Mignon," "Viva," "Dolores," etc. 12mo. Extra cloth, \$1.50. and

"A bright, vivacious and forcibly-written story, abounding in dramatic incidents and graphic portraiture."—*Boston Traveler*.

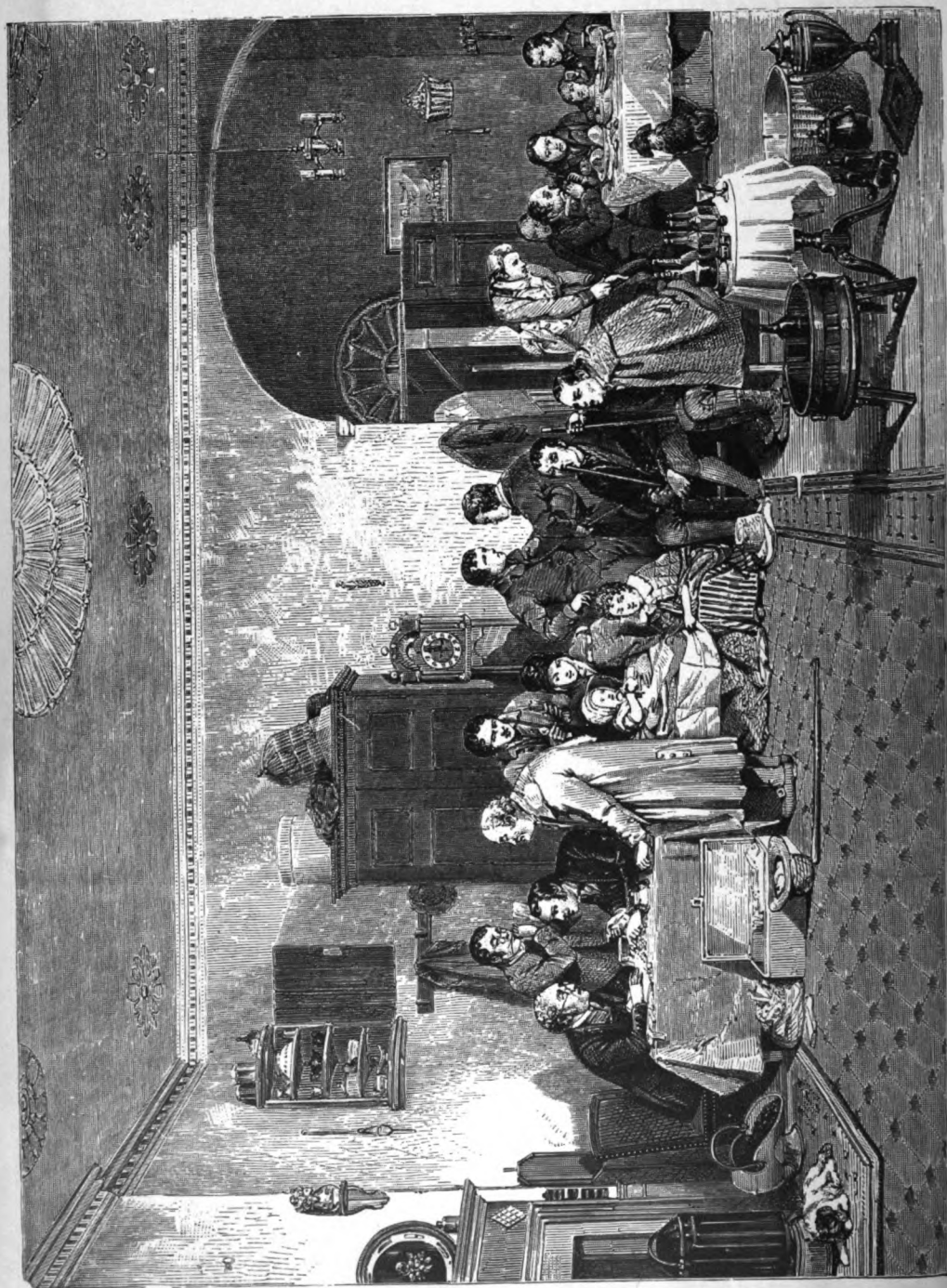
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FIELD'S

ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. 1

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# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 9.



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

## WARWICK CASTLE.

**A**MONG the chief objects of interest with which "merrie England" abounds, are its "stately homes,"

"Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land."

Viewing their magnificent grounds, setting off to advantage their grand proportions, we are apt to think only of their romantic associations and by-gone splendors, losing sight entirely of all to which Tennyson alludes in his keen, forcible lines:

"To make old baseness picturesque,  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower."

Certainly, on entering for the first time one of the most beautiful regions of Warwickshire, and beholding its noblest landmark, Warwick Castle, we would find it very difficult to believe that here had ever been known aught but peace. Gazing from the main road, as it crosses a bridge spanning a narrow stream,

beyond the waters of the Avon, rendered far more famous by their aforesaid proximity to a grand, sweet soul than ever to a huge pile of stone, we may see the walls gray with age, and the frowning towers and battlements, half-hidden and made graceful, instead of terrible, by the gigantic chestnuts and cedars, and the luxuriant abundance of lichens and ivy.

We approach the castle, rising from the summit of a steep hill, through a passage cut out of the solid rock centuries ago—and gloomy still it remains, though wondrously softened by a later growth of vines and wild-flowers. Passing the same porter's lodge and portcullis that echoed to the tread of ancient knights and barons, we are suddenly confronted by a line of bold fortifications—Guy's Tower rises proudly on the right, Cæsar's on the left, and they are connected by a ponderous wall, in the centre of which is an enormous arched gateway flanked with towers, and succeeded by a second arched gateway, also flanked with towers. The moat is no longer used, and an arch is thrown over it, where of old was

(413)

the drawbridge. Beyond these formidable barriers is the inner court-yard; but now, instead of resounding to the hoofs of mailed steeds, all is quiet and peaceful. The castle itself is seen beyond a lovely green lawn, and a picturesque investiture of trees, ivy and evergreen shrubs.

The main entrance is by a flight of stone steps to the Great Hall. This is three hundred and thirty-three feet long, and its walls are decorated with armor of various periods. Among the pieces here displayed are the brass-studded helmet worn by Cromwell, the suit of mail belonging to Montrose, and the doublet in which Lord Broke was slain at Lichfield. On one side of the hall are the state apartments, and on the other the private ones, which last are not shown to visitors. Of all the rooms, however, it may be said that they have little of interest

tains a set of crimson velvet furniture, and hangings of Brussels tapestry, once the property of Queen Anne. The Great Dining-Room is adorned by a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, said to be the best in existence. Throughout there are fine examples of bronzes, china and statuary, with paintings by the most noted artists in addition to those mentioned, including Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa and Andrea del Sarto.

From any of the windows a most magnificent view may be obtained; but especially is this the case from the summit of Guy's Tower. This is reached by a flight of one hundred and thirty-three steps; but one is well repaid for the exertion in mounting them. We may see "the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuck-



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

in themselves, other than might just as well attach to any elegant rooms, for they have all been refurnished according to modern styles, preserving to themselves few of the ancient characteristics as part of the dwelling-place of the Warwicks. So they will be found chiefly attractive on account of some of the famous paintings contained within them.

In the Cedar Drawing-Room are "Charles I," by Vandyke; "Circe," by Guido; and some fine Etruscan vases. In the Gilt Drawing-Room are the "Earl of Strafford," "Charles I," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyke; "Ignatius Loyala," by Rubens; and "A Young Girl," by Murillo. In the Boudoir we may find "Henry VIII" and "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; and "A Boar Hunt" and "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens. The State Bed-Room con-

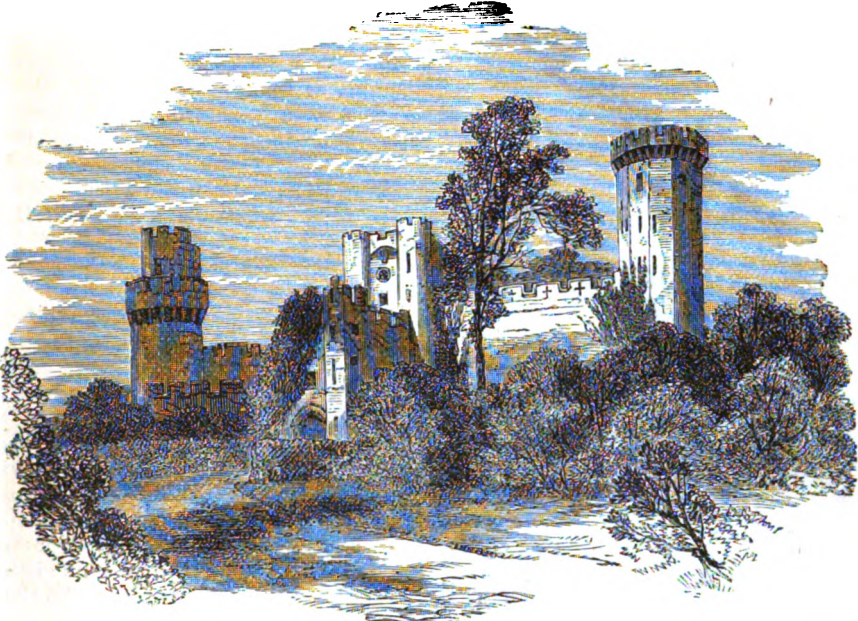
burg and the Shropshire Hills; the Saxon Tower on the Broadway Hills; the fashionable spa of Leamington, which appears almost lying underneath the feet, and the wide-extended park; while village churches, lifting up their venerable heads from amidst embowering trees, fill up a picture pleasing, grand and interesting." Cæsar's Tower is no less attractive, but is sadly so, for beneath it is a damp dungeon, whose rude inscriptions speak touchingly of weary lives ended here in darkness and solitude.

In the Conservatory is the famous *Warwick Tass*, taken from the lake at Hadrian's villa by Sir William Hamilton. A number of relics are preserved in the Porter's Lodge, souvenirs of the renowned Guy, though the authenticity of some of them is doubtful. Among them are "Guy's Sword," "Guy's Porridge-pot" and his wife "Felicia's slippers."



The name of Guy is given to so many objects in and about Warwick, from a cliff and a cave down to a "flesh-fork" and a pair of stirrups, that we can scarce help being interested to know more regarding this doughty warrior; but the stories concerning him

champion is, that after his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he began doing penance as a hermit. While he lived secluded in the neighborhood of his own castle, his wife was mourning for him, and praying for his coming again. It was the



THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.

are so mingled with fable that it seems impossible to learn any truth of him excepting his matchless courage. He is said to have died in the year 929, A. D., aged about seventy years.

lady's daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering and needy, and often unconsciously she gave to her husband among her pensioners. At length he found himself dying, and made himself known to her by sending her a ring. She hastened to his death-

The prettiest legend connected with this valorous



THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.



bed, and survived him but fourteen days, and they were both buried in the cave in which the poor penitent had lived and died.

The history of Warwick Castle itself is lost in obscurity. It is supposed originally to have been a Celtic settlement, converted into a fortress by the Romans. In Anglo-Saxon times, Warwick was included in the kingdom of Mercia, and at that period it "fell under the dominion of Warremund, who rebuilt it, and called it Warrewyke, after his own name." Next it was destroyed by the Danes, and restored by Lady Ethelfled, daughter of King Alfred,

vastation, that in 1315 'it was returned in an acquisition as worth nothing, excepting the herbage on the ditches, valued at 6s. 8d.'" The new building was commenced by Thomas Beauchamp in 1337, and Guy's Tower was added by his second son, of the same name, in 1394. In spite of all subsequent alterations, Warwick Castle retains its ancient grandeur to the present day.

But it has never remained for any great length of time in one family; often has the title of Earl of Warwick been borne by the heir of another house upon the extinction of the preceding one. In this

way, following the Doomsday Survey, we find the names of Newburgh, Mauduit, Beauchamp, Nevil, Dudley, Rich and Greville succeeding each other (the last continuing until our own times), interspersed with others—Mareschal, Placetus, Plantagenet—in which the honors continued but a short time—perhaps less than one generation. The title, too, has been held in abeyance.

Of the lords of Warwick, many have been rendered illustrious by their own powers, independent of their inherited advantages. The first of these is the half-fabulous hero Morvidus, who lived in the days of King Arthur, and from whom is derived the ancient crest of a bear and a ragged staff. It is said that he, "being a man of valor, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof, he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognisance." Then follows Guy, son of Synard, with his gallant exploits against the Danes, and his slaying of prodigious animals, among them "the dun



THE KEEP, FROM THE INNER COURT.

being destroyed again by the Danes in 1016. On the accession of William the Conqueror, he gave orders to Turchel, their then owner, to rebuild and fortify the castle and town, subsequently, however, taking them from him, and giving them to Henry de Newburghs.

From this time forward, through several centuries, the annals of the stronghold seem to be little else than a succession of alternate destructions and repairs. It may be interesting to note that, in 1263, "William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick, was surprised by the adherents of Simon de Montfort, then holding Kenilworth, and the walls of the castle were completely destroyed; indeed, so complete was the de-

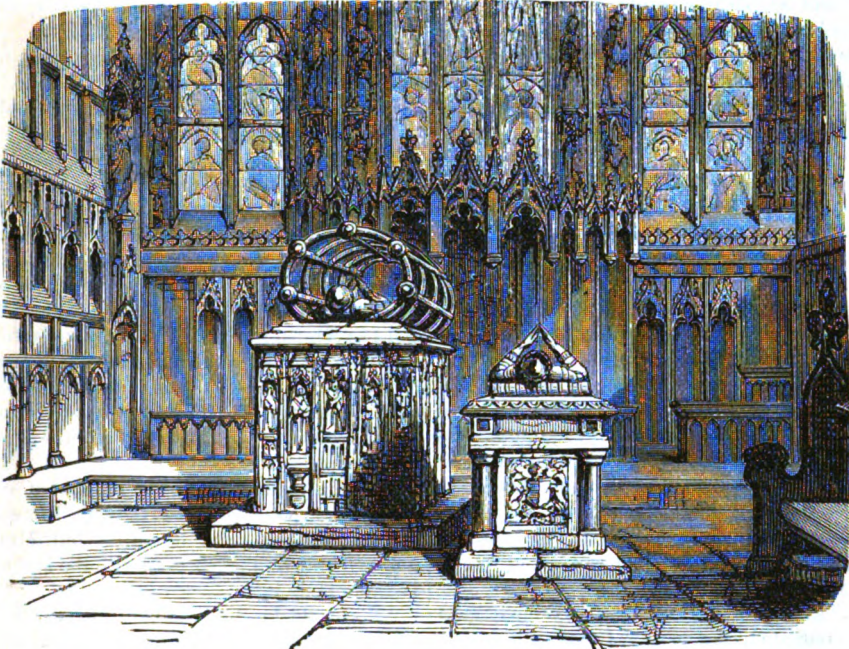
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Beauchamps, dying at the early age of twenty-two, having, however, been previously loaded with honors by 'his sovereign, being created Premier Earl of England, Duke of Warwick and King of the Isle of Wight, Henry VI himself crowning his favorite.

St. Mary is very old, being mentioned in the Domesday Book ; probably it was built about 1123, though it has been remodeled so often as to be scarce identical with the first church of that name. In the crypt still remains the ducking-stool, recalling the days of



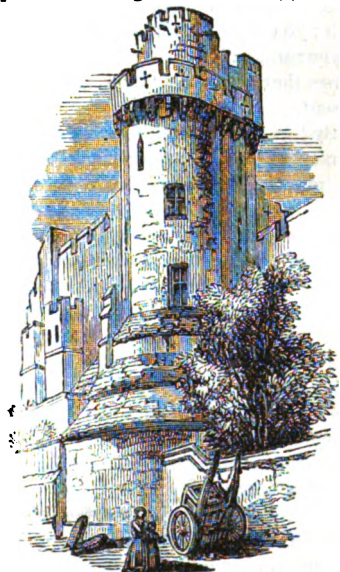
THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

Warwick then passed into the hands of Richard Nevil, famous in history as the kingmaker, who held the balance between the families of York and Lancaster, involved England in bloodshed and confusion and placed one after the other two kings upon the throne. Nevil's daughter Isabel married George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, who, though showing no 'great strength of character, has been rendered famous by his misfortunes, being, not long after his creation as Earl of Warwick, attainted of high treason, and drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine in the Tower. His son was not exempt from affliction, being beheaded on Tower Hill.

The successor of the second hapless Duke of Clarence, John Dudley, to whom the title was granted after being held in abeyance, was one of the most active of the noblemen taking part in the conspiracy in behalf of Lady Jane Grey, for which he also was beheaded. Of the family of Rich, we need only mention Robert, Lord High Admiral for the Long Parliament, and his son, who married a daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The Grevilles are chiefly famous as being descended from the illustrious Lord Brooke, or Broke, as it was then written, whose proudest boast, as recorded on his tombstone, was that he was "servant to Quene Elizabeth, CONCELLOR to King James and FRENDR to Sir Philip Sidney."

Besides the castle proper, there are many objects of interest in and about Warwick. The Church of

common scolds and witches. Connected with the ancient sanctuary is the Beauchamp Chapel, one of the most exquisite buildings in the country, the carvings



CÆSAR'S TOWER.

and the stained glass being of great beauty. Here rest the remains of Richard Beauchamp, its founder, who died in 1439. His tomb is among the most



magnificent of monuments in England. It consists of an altar-tomb of fine Purbeck marble, upon which is a recumbent figure in armor, made of gilded brass. Around the tomb are niches, in which stand the statues of women "weepers," or mourning friends; between them are smaller niches, containing full-length angels. The image of the earl is protected by an antique "hearse," or a series of hoops of brass, over which was formerly spread a pall "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Within this chapel are also the tombs of several Dudleys.

We need only add further that this superb castle, with its splendid grounds, its magnificent art treasures and its rich historic associations, is, owing to the liberality of its present possessors, freely open to visitors at all times. M. B. H.

### A GOOD LANDLORD.

**W**ILLIAM HOWITT tells this story of the Duke of Portland:

The duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was failing, year after year, into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears.

"John," said the duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do: I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages."

Of course, there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent.

Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and outbuildings were put into good order. In two or three rentdays it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way.

The duke, on his next visit, said: "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant again, and, as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there."

The duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the duke himself was the happier man of the two.

### COUSIN GRACE'S FRIEND.

**W**HO is that lady, Grace?" asked Mrs. Lyons, as the cousins sat sewing one morning in the pleasant bay-window of the cottage at Elmswood. A lady had just cantered by on a dark bay pony.

"It is Mrs. Barton, a neighbor and friend of mine," was replied. "By the way, Anna, I think I'll invite her to tea to-morrow. I should like to have you acquainted with her."

"You like her, then?"

"Very much. She is bright and entertaining, frank and kind, energetic and independent. She thinks for herself, and acts according to her own judgment, not caring a pin for what any one may say of her. She takes time, as you see, for out-door exercise and enjoyment; reads a good deal; visits and has company; and yet not only keeps house, but does all her own work, including sewing, with four in her family. Her household management is a good illustration of the idea we were talking about when I was at your house two months ago—economizing time. You recollect?"

"Certainly; and I've often thought of it since—to some purpose, too. It has made life easier and brighter for me. But I do not see how Mrs. Barton can accomplish so much, even with the best economy. I could not do it."

"Nor could I; she is an exceptionally strong and healthy woman; but the strength she has she keeps. She neither overworks nor worries. I could not do the amount of manual labor that she does; nor could I, with any profit, get up so early. I should be tired out before noon, and good for nothing the rest of the day. But she likes to be up by half-past four or five, summer mornings, and get her housework or ironing out of the way while the day is cool. In winter she is up long before light. She can do this; and it seems to be her easiest way; but you and I are more like the old lady who said she never saved her money, or took care of her children, by getting up very early or sitting up late, but by working when she was up."

Mrs. Lyons laughed. "That's good common sense," she said. "But go on, please; I'd like to know something of this lady's management. Getting up early won't quite account for her riding at this time of day, if she cooks her own dinner."

"No; and that is a puzzle to some of her neighbors. Many an ill-natured remark has been made as she rode by, where some tired, nervous, worried woman was standing over her ironing-table or hot cooking-stove. Sometimes they are repeated, and thus reach her ears. When they do, she listens with more amusement and pity than anger. 'There she goes, the idle flirt! I pity her poor husband; that's what I do!' The 'poor husband,' meanwhile, is away at his day's work, well fortified for it by the nice meat-breakfast she had cooked for him early, with a comfortable lunch of sandwiches, coffee and pie, or something else equally good, near his hand, and sure of a hot supper at six—tea, biscuit, meat

and potatoes—sure, too, of a tidy house and pleasant welcome. Of course, she does not need to get a hot dinner for herself at noon. And she will not *pretend* to be kept at home by her work, whatever her neighbors may say. She has her cup of tea and sandwich or pie, saddles her horse, puts on her riding-habit, and is off for a good time."

"And nobody the loser for it, I'll venture," said Mrs. Lyons.

"Certainly not. Her husband and sons are gainers in her good health and temper, her constant cheerfulness, her pleasant talk and ready interest in all that interests them. They are ready enough to wait upon her when they are at home. Her husband will bring up her horse, nicely groomed and saddled, assist her to mount, arrange her dress with lover-like care and watch her as she rides away—watch with eyes that show how little he feels the need of his neighbors' pity; how proud he is of her, how happy with her! He has not leisure or taste for horseback exercise, but he knows it is to her a keen delight, and in her pleasure he finds his own. And no serpent of jealousy ever rears its hateful head in their home. She usually rides alone, or with me; but sometimes with one gentleman or another of their friends. It is all one to her husband whether she goes alone or in company. She is pure-minded and true to him. He knows it, and trusts her. And I believe the high-spirited wife is only the more loyal that she knows she holds fully her husband's heart and confidence."

"She is high-spirited, then?"

"Yes; and shrewd and sensible. She will not bear imposition, and she cannot be cheated. But she has, for all that, an abundant share of the charity that 'thinketh no evil.' She takes your words and acts for just what they are really meant. You have only to be true and kind in your intercourse with her, and you need not fear her misinterpreting you, taking offense where none is intended, or laying up any trifling grievance. If you do not feel very well, if you are tired and do not care to talk, if you even prefer to ride alone, or in some other direction than hers, and tell her so candidly, it is just as well. She is just as glad to see you next time."

"That is something, certainly," returned Mrs. Lyons. "These sensitive people, as they call themselves, who are continually fancying themselves hurt or slighted, are little short of a downright nuisance. Of course, we would not be rude, or blunt, or careless of one another's feelings, but a mutual trust is a very pleasant thing."

"Indeed it is; and without it no friendship is worth having. Mrs. Barton is always ready to do a neighborly kindness herself; and, in case of need, she would not hesitate to ask a favor of one she believed to be her friend. It is a rare thing, however, that she does this; and she is by no means one of the borrowing sort. Her housekeeping is too well managed for that. She would not accept the loan of a book or magazine before you had read it yourself. And she would return it promptly and wholly unin-

jured. She has the delicacy of a true lady in her feelings and ways. In sickness or trouble, you are sure of her. She is prompt and helpful, and always cheerful. She comes to your side with quiet footfall, and gentle tones, and ready hand; never with grave looks or discouraging words; never with needless questions or wearisome chat. She is cool and calm, gives efficient aid, and with such cordial sympathy that she seems to be doing herself a favor. And she never tells family secrets—never carries away a bundle of gossip, or spoils her kind acts by ill-natured remarks."

"That is worth while," said Mrs. Lyons, heartily. "Have you not seen women—good, kind-hearted women, too—go into a neighbor's house, in times of sickness or emergency, and really help, and then go away and tell how they found things? I have."

"And so have I. But Mrs. Barton is not of that calibre, though her own house is a 'pink of neatness.' See is never surprised into a hurry or worry. If she invites a friend, of course she provides with reference to the expected visit. If a guest comes without previous notice, her welcome is as cordial; she is just as social and easy in her manner. The fare is the best she has on hand, and neatly served, but with no apology, no embarrassment, or anything to make the visitor feel unwelcome or in the way. She says, oftentimes, when she has company: 'It's a beautiful morning. Now which shall I do—stay at home and get you a big dinner, or take you to ride?' And the invariable answer is: 'Oh, take us to ride! We can get dinners any day.' If her husband and boys are away from home, she harnesses her horse, and about the pretty village and by the winding river, over the hills and through the spicy woods, she drives her gentle Kitty, giving her city guests a rare treat, instead of wearing out her strength and spirits drudging over elaborate cookery. She is not too tired or worried to talk to them, enjoy their visit, and let them feel that she enjoys it. Her mind is intelligent, cultivated and kept awake. And she will do anything for her friends. I have known her, on a warm Sunday, when she was not very well, spend the morning at a friend's house, taking care of a baby, that the mother might have the chance she richly prized to go to church. And when the mother demurred and answered, 'I could not think of letting you do that; it is much harder than it would be for you to go; as you're not well enough for one, you surely are not for the other,' she would say in her cheerful way, 'Oh, the baby is good, and I can sit here in your cool, pleasant room in my easy wrapper just as well as at home. While she takes her nap, I shall read, and have a real nice time. Your book-case isn't locked? No? Well, run along and dress, I shall stay, and when you drive back from church you may carry me home.'"

"I yield her the palm for disinterestedness," laughed Mrs. Lyons. "I am afraid I never shall reach that height. To take care of a baby a hot summer morning, when she was not feeling well herself! What an idea!"

Cousin Grace laughed, too. "Don't say any more till you know whose baby she tended. Don't go on and say, What a shabby thing it was to let her do it! I know it was; but she insisted, and fairly drove me out of my own house. She said she could go any time, and she knew I cared so much for it. And, Anna, it was such a treat! I could not refuse. Ah, there she is, coming back. Look, Anna! Is she not an elegant rider? She will stop here; she always does when she rides this way. Excuse me a moment."

And Cousin Grace hastened to the door to meet her friend. The lady, erect and graceful, clad in a dark, well-fitting riding-habit, rode up, chatted a few minutes, accepted cordially the invitation to tea then and there given and cantered away.

"How old should you judge her to be, Anna?" was Cousin Grace's next question.

"Thirty-five, perhaps. Hardly that, but you speak of her boys as if pretty well grown."

"She is forty-three."

"Is it possible! And rides like a girl of nineteen!"

"Yes, and enjoys it as much. Speaks well for her just use and economy of her vital powers, does it not?"

"Indeed it does. Your eyes shine, Grace; you are enthusiastic."

"I do not claim that she is perfect," answered Cousin Grace, quietly. "She may have faults; most of us have; but that I heartily admire her, and dearly love her, I am willing to own."

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

**MAKING PICTURES.**—Dr. Guthrie, while visiting an artist's studio, ventured to criticise an unfinished picture. The artist, with some warmth, remarked: "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher, not a painter."

"I beg your pardon, my good friend," replied the clergyman; "I am a painter; only I paint in words, while you use brush and colors."

One, out of many occasions, will prove the correctness of the doctor's claim. In one of his sermons he described a shipwreck and the launching of the life-boat to save the crew. So vivid were the colors of the picture, that the appalling scene appeared actually to take place before the eyes of the audience. A young naval officer, who was seated in a front seat in the gallery, sprang to his feet and began to take off his coat, when his mother pulled him down. He was so carried away by the scene, that he was ready to man the life-boat, and it was some time before his mother could make him realize that he was in church.

**WILLIAM PENN** and **Thomas Story** once took shelter beneath a house from the rain, when the owner came forth with great pomp of manner, and said: "How dare you take shelter here without my leave? Do you know who I am? I am the mayor of this place." "Pooh! pooh!" said Friend Story, "my friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the Governor of Pennsylvania."

## AWAKENING.

AND so the spring-time comes again,  
And in the softened air  
We feel a thrill of finer life  
Come almost unaware.

The earth is fair; the distant hills  
Are clothed with gold and green;  
The unbound stream goes singing past  
Beneath its leafy screen.

The skies are blue, the snow-white clouds,  
Like homeward ships, go by;  
All things seem full of praise to Him  
Who hears the faintest cry.

The orchard trees are sweet with bloom,  
Each like a bride arrayed;  
With richer growth they hide the scars  
The pruning-knife has made.

And all the gleaming spires of grass  
Look upward to the sky,  
And cover well the blackened roots  
Where late the fire swept by.

And still the robin sings and sings  
At evening and at dawn,  
And maketh never any plaint  
For last year's nestlings gone.

And though so many buds are dead  
That lately graced our bowers,  
The wind is fainting with perfume,  
The world is full of flowers.

And still the morning's crystal light  
Falls brightly as of old,  
And still the sunset clouds at night  
Are violet and gold.

When all things else are beautiful,  
Each hiding scars and pain,  
Shall I not lift my voice in praise  
For joys that yet remain?

Shall I alone forget the One  
Whose ways are not as ours?  
Shall I alone refuse to share  
Life's sunshine with its showers?

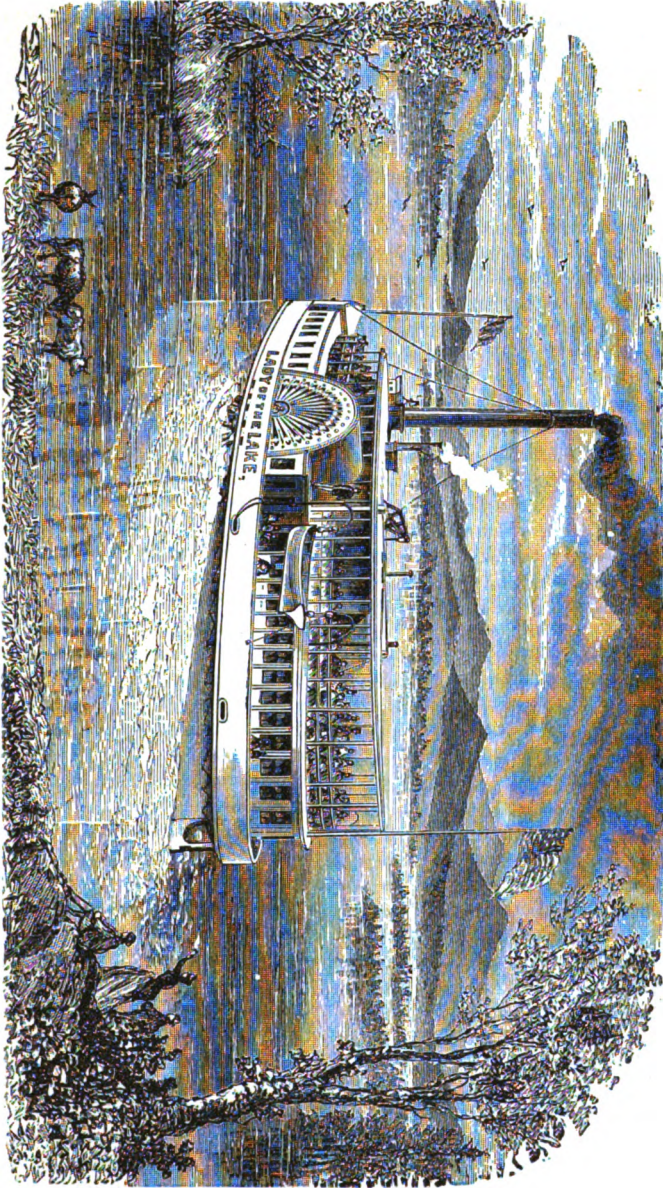
MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

"NO FINE WORDS."—An illiterate soldier was noticed as always present at church whenever Archbishop Whately preached at a chapel on a nobleman's estate in Ireland. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. "That isn't it at all. The archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

## LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

**M**OST of our summer tourists know this beautiful piece of water, which bears an Indian name, signifying "The Smile of the Great Spirit." It lies on the route to the White Mountains, in New

changing. The train winds around the mountain sides, turning sharp curves, then diving into dense forests, again emerging and passing over some deep ravine where the traveler can look down hundreds of feet to the abyss below; you hear the screech of the locomotive, and halt for a moment at some snug



Hampshire. Two fine steamers traverse its waters, carrying passengers to the different places of interest. Passing this lake, the tourist enters the more wild and mountainous region, and the scene is continually

little village nestled among the mountains, and again rattle onward. The scenery is inspiring, and presents to the lovers of nature some of the most charming pictures on the continent.



## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

## CHAPTER V.

MY recollection of what passed in the year that followed is more like the troubled memory of a bewildering and baffling dream than a real life-experience. I did not return to school, and gave up all thought of college. To remonstrance and argument from my parents and sisters, as well as from Mr. Fordyce, I had little to oppose, except the declaration that I wished to remain at home, and preferred work to study. Mr. Fordyce came to see us very often, and soon became so completely identified with our family life that his thoughts and interests seemed one with ours. Toward my father and mother, his attitude was that of a familiar and trusted friend, and toward my sisters that of an elder brother, concerned in all that concerned them, and full of kindly sympathy; but toward me it was something deeper in sentiment, often revealed in the pathos that crept into his voice, or in the changing expression of his eyes when they looked steadily into my face.

All subsequent discussions of the dairy-farm question strengthened the conviction that it presented the only practicable way out of our embarrassments; and after a few weeks given to a careful consideration of the subject in all its bearings, it was finally resolved to sell about forty acres of land, which was promptly done. After paying off every debt, there remained the sum of twelve hundred dollars, on which to begin the experiment and live until it could be made productive.

My father's heart did not go into this new work. The closer it came to his hand the more distasteful it appeared; and this reluctance on his part gave better opportunity for my mother to gain a controlling influence in our affairs. In his programme was enough hired help to consume at least one-half the estimated profit of our dairy. But she set the limit at a single hired man and one maid servant in the house, both of whom were to give, as required, assistance in milking and in the dairy. The spring-house was enlarged and re-arranged under her direction, and everything prepared for the new order of things with a skill and intelligence that was surprising. As I have said, my father's heart did not go into this work, and where the heart fails the hands are apt to fail also. It was so in my father's case; and very soon he left the entire management of the farm, and the decision of almost every practical question, with our thoughtful, busy, care-taking mother. Had this not been done, the new effort to save our home would have been without avail.

It is remarkable how little change is brought in the general drift of a man's character by the reaction of loss or suffering consequent on its peculiarities and defects. This arises often from the fact that a habit of mind has been formed, adding its

binding influence to the natural bent, and leaving the man too weak to hold himself by the force of reason to a new order of life until a new habit is acquired. And so few men have that strength of will and toughness of mental fibre necessary to the work of correcting those defects of character from which they have suffered loss or failure. In too many cases, the hands are folded weakly and no further effort made; or, if effort is made, and in some new direction, the old lack of prudent calculation or wise administration comes in again to mar the result.

With a man of such clear judgment and strength of mind as my father, one might think that, to see an error or weakness of character, would be to insure its correction. But it is so much easier to drift with the current, trusting that it will bear us to some pleasant land, than to grasp the oars and struggle against the tide.

My father's way of administering affairs would have made failure a certain thing, had the management of our dairy-farm remained entirely with him. But the fact that my mother knew, practically, more than he about dairy products, and was readier at the beginning to set her hands to the work, gave her a precedence that was steadily maintained, and which my father soon came to accept, as well because of his distaste for the details of the new business as for the reason that here at least he knew our mother's judgment to be better than his own.

By early fall, we were getting into working order. We had twenty good cows, each giving an average of from six to eight quarts of milk daily. My father had been to B—, and contracted with a dealer to take all the milk produced, and we had only to deliver the cans at a near railroad station in the morning, and get them back empty in the evening.

It soon became apparent that to care for and see to the milking of these twenty cows was going to make large demands on the time and strength of every member of the family. That for us all the era of work had commenced. With our mother, it had always been care and work; and I do not think there came an added burden now, or a more anxious care. Rather, she seemed to move with a lighter step, and to have a cheerier spirit. There was no blind guessing in her administration of affairs—no trusting that things would come out right of themselves. The ratio between income and expense was steadily kept in view, and the latter never permitted to exceed the former. My father's pride in his daughters—a weak pride, that would have lifted them into a condition more aesthetic than useful—was hurt as he saw them carrying their milking-pails, or engaged in such household or dairy work as he felt to be menial; and he would often insist upon it that more help should be employed. My mother had a way of meeting these remonstrances that was very conclusive. Let me give an instance that I remember distinctly, because of the impression made upon me by what she said. I happened to be alone with her and my father in the library. It was an hour after tea, and my

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sisters, tired with the day's employments, had gone to their own rooms. The early fall had passed, and we were nearing the close of November. The day had been misty and cold, and as we sat by the fire which had been kindled in the grate, we could hear an occasional moaning and sighing of the wind as a passing wave struck the eaves or eddied about the chimneys.

"The girls are completely worn out," said my father, in a half-fretful way. "This work is too much for them—and for Edith in particular."

My mother not replying, he continued: "Winter is coming on, and the exposure of milking will be too great. We must have another man."

"At a cost of twenty dollars and his board, which means over thirty dollars a month, added to our expenses," was my mother's answer. "And this, as you know, means nothing more nor less than four hundred dollars of debt at the end of a year, and the selling of more land."

I was looking at my father, and saw an expression of helplessness in the pain and pallor that swept over his face.

"With care in regard to dress, and prudence in the matter of exposure, we can get along quite as well in winter as in summer, and with much less bodily fatigue. If we are tired when night comes, we can thank God for the blessing of undisturbed sleep."

"And all this toil, and privation, and humiliation, if I must say it, for only the food we eat and the clothes we wear! Culture, taste, refined social intercourse, mental growth—must our children be deprived of these?"

I had never heard my father speak so bitterly.

"It will be their own fault, and ours, if they are," said my mother. "Happily, they have sound constitutions and good health; and health is improved by physical labor, even though it be often attended with much fatigue. The girls have been perfectly well—better, indeed, than usual, and with a finer flow of animal spirits. It is not hurting them. So far as that is concerned, you may set your heart at rest. I worked much harder when a girl than they are working, and with no one to watch over me and guard against overstrain and exposure as I watch over them; and I do not think my hard work, severe as it sometimes was, ever did me a serious injury."

"But you lost advantages which freedom from constant toil would have given you," said my father.

"True; but, happily again, our daughters are more favorably situated." And my mother's lips softened as a smile played around them. "Their home is a very different one from that in which my early years were spent. My father, though good and kind, was not an educated man—theirs is. My father never had leisure for the cultivation of his tastes, nor opportunity for refined and elevating social intercourse—it is different with theirs. In almost everything their circumstances are more favorable than were mine; but especially in this, that they have a father who can watch over their moral and mental states, and wisely take from the providential con-

ditions in which they are placed the best it has to give. We have a good library, papers and magazines; and the world of thought, and taste, and progress is still ours. We have home-security, and a little world of our own shut in from the great world, with love to give it the brightness of a king's palace. And because the toil that should make our bread sweet is laid upon us as a necessity, shall we lightly esteem all these things, or fail to use them?"

My father's countenance underwent a great change.

"It is ours to make the best of what we have. That duty is plain," he remarked.

"And what we have is still a great deal—more than one family in a hundred possesses," my mother promptly returned. "I know that it hurts you to see our daughters compelled to work in order to help maintain the family. But no life, as Mr. Fordyce has so often said, is a true life that is not a life of service. To 'give is to live.' God is the great Worker and Giver. Honor lies in work, not in idleness."

"But there is higher work, for which there is a higher fitness," answered my father; "and our daughters are fitted for something better than mere dairy-maids. Any coarse and uneducated girl can do this work as well, if not better, than they."

"Not better," replied my mother. "But, even if that were so, it changes nothing. The work they are now doing is the work offered to their hands, and in it is a high service. It is the self-help that includes mutual help, and gives that strong, honest sense of independence and self-reliance that all should feel. Hereafter, work for which they have a higher fitness, and for which this is only a preparatory step, may offer, and then their places can be filled by others. Until then, let us be thankful that within ourselves we have the means of home-security and freedom from debt and danger. If any respect them less for what they are doing, the respect of such persons is worth nothing. In the minds of all the right-thinking they will be lifted to a higher regard."

"But it is this thought of their being compelled to work that hurts me," said my father, his manner growing depressed. "To work for the very bread they eat."

"Is it more noble to eat the bread another earns, than to eat that which is gained by the work of our own hands?" asked my mother.

He did not answer. In the pause that followed, the library door opened, and my sisters came in with such bright and happy faces that it was as if they had brought a burst of sunshine into the room. They had been resting for awhile after supper, and now, feeling refreshed, had come down to make the evening pleasant as of old with music, and reading, and the sweet and gracious intercourse that made our home-life so full of enjoyment. I see now the look of pleased surprise that lit up my father's face, and the deeper satisfaction expressed in that of my mother, as the girls came in with a frolicsome lightness of manner, chatting merrily, their cheeks glowing with health, and their eyes sparkling.

I think there were few happier hearts in all the neighborhood than beat in our home that evening. I do not include my own, for that was as a leaden weight in my bosom. Never since the evening when I saw Olive Radcliff drawn close to the side of Donald Payne, and looking up into his face as one half-charmed, had it seemed a living heart, except in its sense of pain. It was as if it had been trampled on and crushed to helplessness.

My sisters and Olive had been very intimate, and Olive was in the habit of coming often to our house. But her visits grew less and less frequent during the early fall, and had ceased now nearly altogether. Whenever she came, I did my best to seem at ease, and to maintain the old friendly attitude; but it was too great an effort to have in it the old freedom and cordiality. Her looks, her tones, every movement in which I saw grace itself, was, to my heart, as a hand laid on some bruised and crippled bird, rousing it into a spasm. That I loved her she knew; but of the real depth and absorption of my whole being in that love, she had no conception. She was sorry for my infatuation, and I often saw the pity that was in her heart looking out at me through her beautiful eyes, sometimes hurting me, and sometimes filling me with a tender sadness that eased for a little while the dull aching at my heart.

Daily, in my new life, which had in it no sense of growth and enlargement, I had the feeling that Olive was steadily growing away from me, and rising into a higher and broader sphere from which I must be for a long time shut out. She was a woman, and had entered into the life, and interests, and companionship of womanhood; and I was still a boy, with many years to pass ere I rose to the full estate of manhood.

## CHAPTER VI.

SINCE the settlement of the mortgage, there had been little or no intercourse between my father and Andrew Payne. The two men drew apart in mutual dislike; Payne with an old grudge in his heart, for the payment of which he meant to bide his time. He had thought that time at hand when he changed his whole demeanor, and gave notice that the claim against our family homestead must be canceled at once and in full. He knew, far better than my father imagined, how near we were to ruin, and he had felt quite sure that his movement against our estate would result in giving him a still larger and stronger hold upon it, and the power to take it, at no distant day, entirely out of our possession. Beyond the promptings of ill-will, he had another and stronger reason for desiring to get possession of our land. He saw a prospective value in the property of which my father had no knowledge or intimation.

"You were foolish to part with your land at that price," he said, when my father surprised him with a tender of the money due upon the mortgage. "I would have taken the forty acres myself at a higher

figure. Why didn't you tell me that you wished to sell?"

"I understood," was my father's answer, "that you had pressing demands for money, and were compelled, in consequence, to call in everything."

"So I had when I saw you," replied Payne, turning his eyes away from my father's steady gaze; "but I received a large sum from an unexpected source. I was just going to send you word that the mortgage could stand, and that you could have another thousand if you had need of money."

"Thank you," said my father. "If you had done so a week or ten days ago, I might have accepted the additional loan and increased the mortgage."

"If you should need money at any future time, you know where to get it, Mr. Lovel. I shall always be happy to accommodate you."

But Payne was not able to hide under any veil of friendliness the chagrin and disappointment which he felt at the turn affairs had taken. He did not care to have our farm broken up, unless the fragments passed to him; and he knew that the acres just sold had gone into the hands of a man from whom they would never be likely to come into his possession.

This closed my father's business transactions with Andrew Payne. The last crop of wheat that would ever go to his mill from us had been gathered from our land. Under the new order of things which had been established, it soon became apparent not only to ourselves, but to our neighbors, that a turn in the tide of our affairs had come. Payne was not slow to recognize the fact; and from the moment he did so, his manner toward my father underwent an entire change. When the two men happened to meet, which was only on rare occasions, the miller was cold and distant, and made no effort to conceal the ill-will that was rankling in his heart—an ill-will that had its ground as much in a foiled purpose touching our land, as in the harboring of an old and unsettled grudge.

As for Donald Payne, he had almost ceased to recognize me. At our first meeting subsequent to the settlement of his father's mortgage against our homestead, his manner was so indifferent and offensive that, but for Olive, I would have resented it in a way that must have closed all intercourse between us. For her sake I repressed my irritation, and gave no external sign of dislike or annoyance. In this I acted more from an inner dictate than from any clearly-seen purpose. There had come an entire change in my relations toward Olive; but not in my feelings of tender regard, nor in my concern for her well-being and happiness. She had turned from me, and I saw that her steps were set in a way that, if steadily pursued, must lead into a desolate region, where her feet would be cut with sharp stones, and her life fail for the waste and barrenness that would be around her. I had no power to hold her back from this way; but might I not follow her, as it were, at a distance, and watch over her, and in some future great extremity of her life be near to help and succor?

I did not set this idea before me as a ruling purpose. It did not come to me as the result of reason or forecast. It was not a boyish fancy, but something that seemed to flow into my inner consciousness and hold me by a conviction stronger than any reason or sagacity. And the power of this conviction was so great that, from the moment it took possession of me, it modified and determined all things of my life. Over the future of Olive there hung, in my view, a cloud full of evil portent, which would soon begin to throw its shadows upon her heart. I knew that for her, if she finally cast in her lot for good or ill with Donald Payne, there must come out of this cloud storm, and wreck, and desolation. It could not be otherwise. I knew Olive and I knew Donald. My tender Olive! Not mine to love with any hope of possession; but mine to watch over, to care for, to follow at a distance, always keeping in sight, and ready for help, for comfort, for succor or defense. I was taking, without thought or purpose, my first great lesson in self-consecration and self-forgetting.

Ah, how soon, in the sky of her young life, did my quick eyes perceive the gathering mists, the filmy cloud-streaks and shadowy portents! If Donald Payne had possessed the power of measuring himself by some higher moral standard than that of his own conscious personality; if he could have been lifted for a time into a purer and nobler region of thought, from which to look down upon himself and see how mean and despicable he really was in all the governing purposes of his life, he might have hidden from Olive his real character, for a time at least, under external semblance of qualities which he did not possess. But he was no hypocrite. In fact, he was not conscious of having anything to conceal, and so had not yet learned to act from policy. He was so well satisfied with himself that he saw no reason for hiding himself from others. He loved Olive because she pleased his fancy—how could any one help loving her! But he did not love her with that love which seeks to give all it possesses to another. Of that he had no conception. His love was self-love, which seeks every available means of acquirement and every source of self-gratification. I do not think his mind was capable of forming an imaginary picture, in which Olive was the recipient and he the minister of service and the giver of delight and blessedness. To be the centre of reception, and not of dispensation, was his ideal of a life full of richness and content.

With such a man there can be no peaceful relationship which does not partake of the character of lord and subject, or of master and slave.

I knew Olive well enough to be sure that no such thing as an absolute submission of herself to the will of any man was possible. She could love, but if love were not given in return, if, instead there were selfish exactions and a spirit of domination—chill and frost instead of sunshine—what had the future in store for her but disappointment and heartache! Dear, bright, happy girl! So fairy-like in all her delicate proportions and graceful movements; lifted

above the sphere of common mortality—idealized and almost glorified—in my simple boyish fancy, how could I regard her marriage with Payne as anything less than the sacrifice of an angel to a beast or a demon! I can feel, even now, the shiver that ran through me when I first stood face to face with this possible fact.

The intimacy which had existed between our family and that of the Radcliffs, who were near neighbors, was in no way interrupted by the new order of things. Mrs. Radcliff and my mother had long been fast friends, and Olive was like a sister with my sisters. There was not much in common between my father and Mr. Radcliff, but their relations were of a friendly character, and Mr. Radcliff often conferred with my father on matters relating to his estate and business. At the time of which I am writing, his affairs were far from being in a satisfactory condition. He had made some unfortunate speculations, and been compelled, in order to meet his losses, to borrow considerable sums of money, for which security on his landed estate had to be given. A portion of this lay immediately contiguous to our property. Andrew Payne was his largest creditor. Herbert, a few years older than his sister Olive, was a law student in Oakland, a young man of considerable promise, but a little in danger from the associations into which he was being drawn. He was almost as intimate in our family as his sister. Even as little children, Herbert and my youngest sister, Rachel, had shown a preference for each other. As they grew older, this mutual attraction increased; and now it was a thing seen and known that they were lovers.

Herbert Radcliff was not the young man whom I would have chosen for my impulsive, light-hearted little sister, so gusty at times in her temper, yet so sweet and loving in her ways, and so wise even beyond her years in times when counsel or discretion was needed. I did not believe that he possessed the elements of character on which one like Rachel could rest her life and be satisfied. I knew that it was not in him to be all to her that I would have been to his sister; and I could not bear to think of Rachel as receiving less of love and tender care than I would have given to Olive.

I had been to Oakland one afternoon on some business connected with the farm. On my way home I overtook Mr. Fordyce, who was taking one of his long walks into the country. He had not been to see us for nearly two weeks, at which we were wondering and a little concerned, so long an intermission in his visits being a thing of rare occurrence. He turned as I came close upon him, and I was struck by something new and strange in the expression of his face. It had a pinched look. His eyes seemed larger, and his broad forehead was white, as with the pallor of recent sickness. An inward curve about his lips gave the unmistakable sign of strongly repressed feeling, if not intense suffering.

A momentary look of surprise, as of one taken off guard, then a swift change of countenance, and an

almost instantaneous restoration of the old calm face and clear, steady eyes. It was as if a mask had been suddenly drawn aside and the true visage set in the clear light again.

"Ah, Davy, my boy!" It was the dear old voice; and the hand that closed on mine had in it all of the old, warm pressure.

There was a short turn in the road a few rods from where I had drawn up my horse. Before I could reply, a light carriage came sweeping round this curve. Looking forward as the sound of wheels and throbbing feet struck upon my ears, I saw Donald Payne and Olive Radcliff. From the face of Donald my eyes turned to that of Olive, which seemed to flash by me—to come and to vanish in a single moment. But its image and expression were left clearly pictured on nerve and brain. Out of it all the soft color had gone; all its happy light was veiled. On the face of Donald I had seen the stain of anger.

What a fierce heat burned suddenly in my heart! I clenched my fist and shook it after the receding carriage.

"Davy! Davy!" There was a gentle rebuke and a shade of surprise in the voice of my friend and teacher.

"It's wrong, I know; but I can't bear it, Mr. Fordyce. The hound! To hurt anything so sweet and pure as Olive."

"Davy! My Davy!" It was all he said; but there was such a power in his voice! Such a calmness in the sphere that was about him, and into which I was drawn by a silent yet strong attraction! I felt the anger beginning to die out of my heart.

"And I would have been so true and tender, Mr. Fordyce!"

"My Davy can be nothing else but true and tender." He laid his hand on my shoulder with a gentle pressure.

"You are going home with me?" I said, moving for him to take a seat beside me in the buggy.

He did not reply, but stood with his eyes turned away over the meadows and river. He seemed to be gazing, and yet not gazing, at the distant mountains which were stretched in cloud-like masses, blue, and dun, and dusky purple, along the far horizon. We were at a point in the road where it reached the highest ground in the neighborhood, and from which we had an extensive view. To the north, four or five miles away, the river came in swift, rapid and foaming cascades through a narrow defile in the mountains, and then, after one or two sudden falls, moved in a broad and quiet stream across the pleasant valley, near the south-western extremity of which lay the town of Oakland. Here another fall in the land had given a fine water-power; and here it was that the flour-mills, now owned by Andrew Payne, had been erected many years before. We could see them from where we stood. We could also see my father's house, half-way up the valley, almost hidden among the trees, and our green fields stretching away down to the quiet river. How peaceful, above all the rest, seemed that portion of the beautiful land-

scape! The very sky appeared to bend more softly over it.

The railroad, by which we had connection with the outside world, came down through the mountain range at the north, and crossed the valley on the eastern side of the river. Oakland station was nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Oakland, and was reached by the way of a bridge that spanned the river at that point. This remoteness of the station had always been felt as an inconvenience and drawback by the people of Oakland, and many were the plans and projects discussed for its remedy. But as only a very small portion of the stock had, until recently, been held in the town, for this, among other reasons, scarcely any consideration had been given by the company to its wants or wishes. The steady growth of Payne's business made his larger use of this road a necessity, and magnified the cost and inconvenience of moving his grain and flour between the station and the mills. He had, for over a year, been trying to induce the people of Oakland to lay a track for the transportation of heavy goods from the road to the town, but without success. In the meantime he had made the acquaintance of two or three leading men connected with the road, and had been by them introduced into a knowledge of the inside workings of the company. Soon after this he became a stockholder, and from time to time increased the number of his shares, as he could spare money for the investment. Two or three months before the time of which I am now writing, he had been made a director.

I mention these things here, as they will have an important bearing on the events of my story.

As we stood looking down upon the beautiful landscape, the southern express went gliding through the meadows that lay beyond the river like a huge serpent. We watched the strange, weird train-monster—always strange and weird, see it when you may, in its sudden appearance and swift movement through a quiet landscape—until it passed into the narrow gorge at the lower end of the valley, and was lost to sight. Then Mr. Fordyce turned and looked at me.

His eyes were clear and strong again, and there was in his countenance an uplifted expression which I had often noticed before, as of one who had risen out of shadow and distrust into the light of some divine assurance.

"Is it not all very beautiful, Davy?" speaking with a low thrill in his voice.

He waited for my response; but I was too much oppressed for speech.

"The handiwork of God," he said. "And in what God does there must be, if we can only find it, a revelation of His mind and character. There must be a meaning in everything we see. In mountain and river, in tree and flower, in bird and beast, and in the smallest insect and creeping thing. Each must tell us something of God."

I did not rise to the level of his thought. How could I, with the face of Olive yet before me, and the

heat of my anger against Donald still burning, though with a failing intensity?

"And in all this work, Davy," he went on, "there is the perfection of order and adaptation. Never a mistake; never a failure. When the sun sets, we know that it will rise again; and when autumn and winter strip the trees of their foliage, make the fields barren and lock up the streams, we know that spring and summer will return, and set the waters free once more, and cover the land with verdure; and beauty, and fruitfulness. But how rarely do we think that God is taking care of all this, and doing all this. That not a blade of grass pushes its tiny spear out of the earth, that not a flower unfolds, that not a blossom pours its fragrant breath upon the summer air, that not a bird sings, without an immediate inflowing of life and power from God."

He was beginning to hold my thought, and to lift me out of myself.

"Did it never occur to you, Davy," Mr. Fordyce continued, "that in the creation of this outer world there could have been but one idea in the mind of God? That the end and purpose of so wonderful a material creation must have been higher than the creation itself?"

"Man is higher than nature," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "for he has a conscious life, and freedom and reason, and the power to turn himself to God. The end of creation was man; and this being so, all things in nature must, in some way, have reference to man, and be intended as the means of his initiation into life, his sustenance, development and perfection. How wonderfully perfect are all these means. What marvelous adaptations do we find in each of the kingdoms of nature. What an exquisite balancing of forces, any one of which, were it to fail in a perfect adjustment, would bring instant destruction. And all this natural order, and fine adjustment, and perpetual care for man as a physical being, is but the means to a higher end and a diviner purpose. The true man is the internal man—the man that wills and thinks, that loves and reasons. The external man is but the visible form in nature; the outer manifestation in the material world of this real man whose true, essential life is in the spiritual world. His natural life is brief. He can live in it but for a few years. His spiritual life is eternal."

"And now, Davy, the thought I desire to get into your mind is this: God is infinite and eternal, and cannot, in anything that He does, have other than eternal ends in view. All His providences in regard to us, while we live our few years in this lower world, must, therefore, have reference to our spiritual development and eternal salvation."

He waited for me to think on what he had said. A dim perception of its meaning began to dawn upon my mind.

"As childhood is a state of preparation for manhood," he continued, "so is manhood a state of preparation for angelhood. Does a good and wise father, in caring for his child, consider only his condition as a child? Nay, rather does he not, in all

things of instruction, discipline and correction, have for his end the formation and establishment of a true and noble character in the future man? There may be in the inherited disposition of his child a bias, which, if not corrected, would give, in after years, a weak or distorted character. Would he be a truly wise and loving father who, considering only the child's wants and wishes, gratified them at the cost of a ruined manhood? Our life in this world is only the childhood of our being. We are under instruction and discipline; but more ignorant even than little children as to what is best for us. But God our Father knows. Would He be a true and loving Father if, seeing that our feet were turning into perilous ways, He should not do all in His power to draw us out of them, and to set them in paths of safety? We pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Would God truly answer that petition if, in His providential care over us, He were to lead us into such external conditions and associations as He saw must, in the very nature of things, draw us away from Him, and so leave us exposed to evil influences which, without His presence and power, we could not possibly resist even for a moment of time?"

Mr. Fordyce waited for me again, and now for a longer period. What it all meant that he had been saying was lifting itself out of the dark chaos of my thoughts. But I saw as yet obscurely. In a kind of general way, my reason gave assent; but if he had said that a good providence had led Olive from me to Donald Payne, my heart would have thrown to my lips an indignant rejection. Could God be the author of such a bitter and cruel wrong? Could He bring the lamb and the wolf together, that the wolf might prey upon the lamb? What had I done, that He should rob me of the very jewel of my soul, and give it to one who would trample it under his feet? What had Olive done, that He should lead her to this awful sacrifice? Some malignant devil, and not the good God, was doing it!

But Mr. Fordyce only said, after a long pause and waiting, the silence of which I was not ready to break: "If, in the lower world of nature, God's laws work with an unflinching precision, shall they work with any the less certainty in the higher world of spiritual forces? If providence in nature, regarding the physical needs of man, gives day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, in unerring succession, is it at all probable that the providence which regards man's spiritual condition and needs will fail in anything, or commit the smallest mistake?"

"Impossible, Davy! Impossible!" He had waited for me again, his calm eyes fixed steadily upon me. But my heart was still too heavy, my mind in too great confusion. No answer formed itself upon my lips. "God is too wise and good to leave any chance for failure. All will come out right. We must wait, and trust, and be patient. Nay, more than all this, my Davy, we must let ourselves fall into the stream of providence by doing as faithfully as we can what our hands find to do; acting at the same time



with sincerity and justice toward man, and reverence and submission toward God. Of all the rest He will take care. So shall we suffer Him to lead us; and he whose steps are led of God must surely find the best and safest ways."

## CHAPTER VII.

AS Mr. Fordyce ceased speaking, he raised his foot to the step of the buggy, and was about taking a seat by my side, when another carriage came round the curve in the road, a little way from where I had drawn up my horse. Its occupants were a gentleman and lady, neither of whom I had seen before. The man was in the prime of life, and had strongly-marked features, keen, gray eyes and a firm and positive mouth. The woman was younger by a few years, and of a finer and more delicate organization. Her eyes were a dark blue, large and soft, the lashes long, and the eyebrows clearly outlined and gracefully arched. Her hair, a deep golden brown, was pushed away from the white temples—so white that the clear tracery of veins could be seen under the transparent skin. Her complexion was fair, with just a slight tinge of color on her cheeks. All her features were finely cut, and almost classic in their pure outlines. She was very beautiful.

As I turned toward them, I noticed a quick change and a look of surprise in their faces. The man stared, with a falling brow, at Mr. Fordyce, and I saw the color die out of the lady's face. As Donald Payne and Olive Radcliff had, a little while before, come suddenly upon us, and then passed out of sight, so did these two come and go. It was like some swift passage in a dream.

When I looked at Mr. Fordyce, I scarcely knew him, his countenance was so changed. He had drawn his foot back from the step of the buggy, and was turned partly away from me. He was not gazing after the carriage. His eyes had fallen to the ground, and he was standing motionless.

An instant, and he had turned again, setting his foot in the step and springing to the seat by my side. I spoke to my horse, touching him at the same time a little sharply with the whip, and he started forward at a quick pace. Neither of us spoke a word as we drove rapidly along.

My father was sitting on the porch as we came up to the house. He met Mr. Fordyce with his usual cordial welcome. After driving round to the stables and putting up my horse, I was occupied for over an hour with the various duties that fell to my share, and did not see Mr. Fordyce again until we all met at supper-time. With the image of what I had witnessed only a little while before so vivid in my memory that I could see scarcely anything else, I was not prepared for the quiet countenance and steady eyes which met my gaze as I looked at Mr. Fordyce across the table. He and my father had been alone on the porch, or in the library, ever since he came. That the subject of their conversation, whatever it might have been, had deeply interested

them both, was plainly to be seen in the brightness of their eyes and in the elevated expression on their faces.

After supper came the usual gathering in the library. We had been there only for a little while when Herbert Radcliff joined our circle. He came frequently in the evening, sometimes as often as four or five times in the week. I saw a glow of pleasure wavering over Rachel's face as he entered.

"Have you heard the news?" Herbert asked, almost as soon as he had taken his place among us.

"What news?" inquired my father.

Mr. Fordyce turned toward the young man with a quick movement, his brows contracting slightly.

"We're going to have a large cotton-mill in Oakland."

"Indeed!" said my father, his face brightening with interest.

"It was all settled to-day. The project has been in contemplation for over a year, but was kept secret by the leading men and capitalists engaged in the enterprise, until certain purchases of property could be made and the most advantageous site secured. A gentleman from B——, one of the principal stockholders in the B. and C. Railroad, and the leading spirit in this new enterprise, has been here for a week or ten days closing up the affair. His name is John Catherwood."

I was looking at Mr. Fordyce while Herbert was speaking. He was sitting with his eyes upon the floor, and not taking, as it seemed to me, any particular interest in what the young man was saying. At mention of the name John Catherwood, I saw him give a quick glance toward Herbert Radcliff; but he dropped his eyes away in the next moment, his manner becoming as indifferent as before.

"John Catherwood! Oh! Indeed?" returned my father. "I have seen his name in the papers quite often of late as connected with one leading enterprise or another."

"A man of great ability, liberal views and large fortune," said Herbert, speaking with warmth and admiration. "He has been to see us several times, and we are all charmed with him; he is so free, and social, and friendly. Father is quite taken with him, and he appears to be as much taken with father. He called with Mrs. Catherwood to-day. She's charming to look at, but distant and reserved. Mother says she looks as if she carried a stone in her heart. Andrew Payne has known Mr. Catherwood for a considerable time, and speaks warmly in his praise. In fact, Mr. Payne, who is the leading man in Oakland connected with the new enterprise, and the secret agent of the company for the purchase of desirable property, has been for several months in close correspondence with Mr. Catherwood."

"What is that, Herbert?" My father showed considerable surprise of manner. "Andrew Payne the secret agent of this new company for the purchase of desirable property in the neighborhood of Oakland?"

"Yes, sir; and I understand that he has done the

work to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Catherwood and the company."

"And doubtless to his own as well," said my father, speaking with some displeasure.

"As for that," returned Herbert, giving a slight shrug, "Mr. Payne, so far as I can learn, has, in counting one for the company, counted two for himself."

"It would be like him," remarked my father. "But how was it done?"

"In this way. As soon as the location of the mills was really decided upon, Mr. Payne took steps to secure as much property in the immediate neighborhood as possible."

"I see. But you haven't said yet where these mills are to be located."

"Just below Striker's Falls, on the property belonging to Jane Bledsoe and her bed ridden mother. There are about thirty acres left in the old Bledsoe farm. They lie along the bend, some two or three hundred rods from where your land comes down to the river. It's going to be a good thing for you, Mr. Lovel. I shouldn't be surprised if it doubled the value of your property in less than a year."

"Are you certain about all this, Herbert Radcliff?" said my father, his manner becoming much excited.

"It is just as I have said, sir. The whole matter was talked over at our house to-day," Herbert replied. "Father is to be a stockholder and a director in the new company. Mr. Payne told Mr. Catherwood that he must have my father on the board, and it's all been arranged. Just how, I cannot say."

My father arose from his chair, and took two or three turns across the floor. He was evidently much disturbed by what Herbert had communicated.

"Do you know how much was paid to Jane Bledsoe for her land?" he inquired, stopping before the young man.

"I think she was paid the nominal sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. Mr. Payne managed it. There was an old mortgage on the farm, which was held as an investment by the executors of the Lamson estate. Mr. Payne offered a handsome premium for this mortgage, which the executors did not care to refuse. Soon after it came into his possession, he called to see Miss Bledsoe and her mother, and, after some management and parleying, succeeded in getting them to sell him the old farm, and take in its stead forty acres of land half a mile back from the river, which he deeded to them free of all incumbrance. It was agreed that they should have the privilege of remaining for three or four months on the old place."

"What value does Mr. Payne set upon that land to-day?" asked my father.

"I do not know. As the site of a large manufacturing establishment, it is, of course, worth a great deal more than it was as a mere farm."

"Did the company want as much as thirty acres for the site of their mills?"

"I really cannot say, Mr. Lovel. It's to be pre-

sumed so, however, or Mr. Payne would not have secured so large a piece of ground."

"If I understand you, the land was deeded by Jane Bledsoe and her mother to Andrew Payne."

"It's my impression," replied Herbert, "that Mr. Catherwood is named in the deed jointly with Mr. Payne."

"As trustees for the corporation?"

"I can't say. But I think not. Indeed, I am quite sure nothing is mentioned in the deed about a trust. In fact, the new company was not, at the time this purchase was made, fully organized. If it had been known for what purpose the land was wanted, it could not have been bought for less than five times the sum that was paid for it."

"Then, as I understand it, the land on which these mills are to be built is now the individual property of John Catherwood and Andrew Payne."

"I believe that is so. But, as Mr. Catherwood is president of the company, and Mr. Payne only an agent, it is, of course, an understood thing that the land really belongs to the mills, and will be formally deeded at the right time."

"For the price at which it was originally purchased?"

"Indeed, sir, I am not informed as to that," Herbert replied, in a tone that indicated some annoyance at the way in which my father was pressing him with inquiries. "In fact, Mr. Lovel," he continued, "I am afraid that I've been talking a little too freely, and, it may be, a little prematurely."

Mr. Fordyce had taken no part, and, to a casual observer, but little interest, in the conversation. He was sitting with his eyes cast upon the floor, and his face turned so that it was in shadow and its expression partially concealed.

"What about Jane Bledsoe and her mother?" he now inquired, looking toward and addressing my father. "Have they any other property?"

"None. The farm originally contained over two hundred acres; and, while Mr. Bledsoe lived, was one of the most productive, for its size, in the county. But after his death there was trouble among the heirs about some of the provisions in the will, and it was as much as I could do to keep them from going to law with each other. The two boys acted very badly, and insisted on having the property sold and a division made at once. The sale was finally made, the mother and daughter buying in the old homestead and about thirty acres, at a valuation of two thousand dollars. Besides this, the sum of nineteen hundred dollars came to them as their share in the cash proceeds of the sale. About one thousand of this sum still remains invested in six per cent. bonds. Beyond the interest received on these bonds, they have had no income for several years, except what could be made out of their farm, and this has barely sufficed to keep them above want."

"What became of the two sons?" asked Mr. Fordyce.

"They are both dead," replied my father. "It did not take them long to run through with their

portion of the estate. Then they fell into idle and vicious habits, and died drunkards before they were thirty years of age."

"It was a wicked thing in Andrew Payne!" said Mr. Fordyce. I noticed a throb of indignant feeling in his voice.

"I only wish that I had a chance to be wicked after the same fashion," spoke out Herbert.

No one replied for some moments. Then Mr. Fordyce said, with much seriousness of manner: "To be wicked after any fashion is a great mistake, Herbert."

"But, surely, Mr. Fordyce," the other returned, "you don't call it wicked to buy a piece of property at the market price?"

"When Mr. Payne, knowing as he did how largely valuable the little homestead of the Bledsoes was about to become, took advantage of their debt and poverty to force them to sell it, was he doing as he would be done by?" asked Mr. Fordyce.

"Is every man to be accounted wicked who doesn't do as he would be done by?" Herbert queried in return, and with the manner of one who felt that he had made a point in the argument.

"To act contrary to a divine law is to act wickedly," said Mr. Fordyce. "You will scarcely question that, Herbert?"

"No, sir; I have nothing to say against that."

"Who said, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise?'"

"If every man who doesn't live up to that rule is to be accounted wicked, I'd like to know where you are going to find the good people," Herbert retorted, a little fretfully, as one on whom an unpleasant truth was dawning.

"If it be a divine law, to disobey it must be to act wickedly," said Mr. Fordyce.

"It is only given as one of the sayings of our Lord, not as a direct commandment," the young man replied.

"I cannot make out the distinction," returned Mr. Fordyce. "As I understand it, there is nothing merely legal and arbitrary in a divine command. It simply declares an essential law of order. Theft is not an evil because of the precept, 'Thou shalt not steal,' but because stealing is the trespass of one man upon the rights of another, and a violation of the laws of neighborly love. And what is true of this commandment is true as to the whole decalogue. But, going back to your remark that what has been called the Golden Rule is only one of the sayings of our Lord, and not a direct command, let me refer you to His enunciation of a still higher law: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' If the Golden Rule be so strait, who shall come up to the measure of this law?"

Herbert Radcliff, who had been leaning forward in a confident way, drew back in his chair, and remained silent.

A knock on the door interrupted some additional remarks that Mr. Fordyce was about making. Mr. Radcliff had called with Mr. Catherwood, and had

been shown into the parlor. As my father withdrew from the library, I turned toward Mr. Fordyce, and saw a change in his countenance almost as great as that which had surprised me a little while before. But it passed swiftly, and the old, calm expression returned.

"I wonder what they can want with your father?" said my mother. I fancied that I saw a look of concern creeping into her face.

"To take stock and become a director in the new manufacturing company which Herbert has been telling us about," answered Mr. Fordyce.

My mother shook her head, saying: "In that case, they have come on a fruitless errand, as Mr. Payne ought to know. We have no money to invest in anything."

"You can do as father did—give land for stock," said Herbert.

"The real for the unsubstantial; the certain for the doubtful," returned Mr. Fordyce. "Land, into which the divinely creative forces perpetually flow and give sure increase, for scrip which over-reaching cupidity, or scheming dishonesty, may render valueless in a moment. I am sorry, Herbert, that your father has been drawn into a scheme which is only experimental, and which may prove, in the end, a disastrous failure."

"Mr. Catherwood hasn't made a reputation for failures," returned the young man, in a confident way. "One need scarcely hesitate about following suit when he finds Mr. Catherwood a leading investor in any new enterprise."

I noticed a quick movement to reply on the part of Mr. Fordyce; but he restrained himself. No one spoke for several moments. Then he said: "There is one fact bearing on this particular enterprise which would deter me from having any part in it."

"What is that?" inquired my mother.

"The very first stones of its foundations are laid on sand."

"I should call it good, solid earth or rock," said Herbert.

"Let us see," answered Mr. Fordyce. In the seventh chapter of Matthew I read: 'And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it.'

There was something very impressive in the school-master's voice as he uttered these divine words. A long silence, and then Mr. Fordyce continued: "'I will be a swift witness,' says the Lord in Malachi, 'against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.' In Isaiah, He pronounces a woe against those who decree unrighteous decrees, to turn away the needy from judgment, and take away the rights of the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless. And in Matthew a woe is pronounced against those who devour widows' houses. I should hardly call that foundation a safe

one, the first stones of which are laid in wrong to a poor, helpless widow and her daughter. If God were not a just and righteous God; or, if He were not omniscient; or, if He were not tender, and loving, and pitiful; or, if He were indifferent to the welfare of the children of men; or, if He had not all power in Heaven and earth, to set up and to cast down at His own good pleasure—then it might be different."

"It seems to me," said Herbert, "that you make out altogether too strong a case against the new corporation. There has been no devouring of widows' houses, nor robbery and oppression of the fatherless."

"And yet, upon your own showing," replied Mr. Fordyce, "the Widow Bledsoe and her daughter were forced, under the threatened foreclosure of a mortgage, to part with the old place which had become dear to them through the associations of nearly a whole life-time; and for a sum scarcely equal to one-fifth of what her oppressors knew to be its real value. If this is not making prey of a widow, and devouring her house, and robbing the fatherless, I do not know the meaning of language."

"Granting, for argument sake, all that you allege against the purchasers of this property," was answered, "the wrong done cannot lie against the new corporation, and therefore it will not come under the ban of God's displeasure—will not be punished for the sins of an individual member."

"There will be many crumbling stones in the foundation of this new enterprise, I fear, and many quicksands under the foundation, if such men as John Catherwood and Andrew Payne are to be among the master builders!"

Mr. Fordyce spoke with emphasis and feeling. Something but half-concealed in the undertones of his voice caused me to look into his face. His brows were contracted, and his lips closely shut together. He was struggling with some aroused passion, and holding it down with a resolute hand. Quickly regaining his lost composure, he added, in a calmer but not less serious voice: "And so I say now, and shall not fail to say whenever called upon to speak, Have nothing to do with an enterprise that is built with crumbling stones on a sandy foundation."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THREE men had met by appointment. They were John Catherwood, Andrew Payne and James Radcliff—two of them were strong, clear-seeing, ambitious and unscrupulous; the other weak and pliant. Mr. Catherwood had now been at Oakland for over two weeks, and had made the acquaintance of nearly all the prominent and influential people in the neighborhood, many of whom felt flattered and complimented by the courteous and pleasant ways of the great capitalist, whose name had become prominent in money-circles and in connection with bold enterprises. At this particular meeting certain plans were to be considered and settled, and also a certain line of action, by which a few

could control the many, and absorb the larger share of benefit.

I have little knowledge of the more important business matters that were discussed and settled at this meeting. During the conference, the name of Mr. Fordyce was introduced by Mr. Radcliff, who said that he possessed great influence with my father, and had used that influence to dissuade him from taking stock in the new corporation.

"I don't know why it is, Mr. Catherwood," he remarked, "but he's taken a strong prejudice against you."

"Not stronger than I have taken against him," was rejoined.

"Then you've met?" said Mr. Radcliff.

"Only once or twice in Oakland. What is he doing here?"

"He has charge of the town school."

"How long has he been in this place?"

"Quite a number of years."

"Seven or eight?"

"Yes."

"How has he behaved himself?"

"I've heard nothing to his discredit."

"Nothing?" Mr. Catherwood gave a shrug, and looked mysterious. "How came you to give him charge of your school? Had he any credentials?"

"I think," returned Mr. Radcliff, "that he offered but a single recommendation, and that was from Governor R——."

"From Governor R——!" Mr. Catherwood was evidently taken by surprise. "Are you sure it was genuine?"

"Genuine! Why, sir, you don't mean to intimate such a thing against Mr. Fordyce as the forgery of credentials!"

"Governor R—— knows all about Allan Fordyce, and I cannot believe it possible that he would indorse him."

"Who and what is he?" now asked Mr. Payne. "I never liked the man. Nobody in Oakland knows who he is, or where he came from. I have always had a suspicion that there was something wrong about him."

"Does he give satisfaction as a teacher?" asked Mr. Catherwood.

"The highest satisfaction," promptly answered Mr. Radcliff.

"Not to everybody," returned Mr. Payne. "He puts notions into some of the boys' heads that will spoil them for men of business. I had to be setting my Donald right all the while, and was glad when the time came for him to leave school. He's ruined Davy Lovel. The boy will never make his way in the world, any more than his father before him."

"You know this man's history," said Mr. Radcliff.

"Yes, and he knows that I know it. You should have seen his blank face when I came suddenly upon him the other day."

"What about him?" asked Mr. Payne. "Let us have his history."

"Some other time. I'll think about it. Poor

devil! I had no thought of finding him here. I'm sorry he has crossed my path again."

"Herbert Radcliff tells me," said Payne, "that he warned Mr. Lovel not to risk a dollar in any enterprise where you had the leading control."

"That was kind in the fellow." Mr. Catherwood's manner changed, and his brows drew sharply together. "What reason did he give?"

"In regard to this mill enterprise, he said that the foundations were laid with crumbling stones, in a bed of quicksand, and that it would ultimately fall into ruins."

"Then we'd better discharge the workmen and abandon the enterprise," said Mr. Catherwood, "for a prophet has prophesied against us." There was irony in his voice.

"He bears an old grudge, I suppose, and thinks this a good chance to pay it off," remarked Mr. Radcliff.

"He's a fool to cross my path. I thought he knew better. I could ruin him with a word; and if he tempts me to set my heel upon him, I will crush him as I would crush a worm; and with as little pity."

The repressed passion of the man broke forth. His countenance grew dark, and his eyes flamed with a cruel hatred.

"Do you know what he means by crumbling stones and a bed of quicksand?" asked Mr. Radcliff.

"I neither know nor care," was answered.

"Let me tell you. He calls your purchase of the Bledsoe property a case of devouring widows' houses, and a robbery of the fatherless, and says that God will be a swift witness against you."

"The devil he does!" Mr. Catherwood gave a short, derisive laugh.

"Yes, against you, and Andrew Payne, and the whole corporation, as partners in oppressing the widow and the fatherless."

After Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne had indulged in certain profane denunciations and threats against the schoolmaster for his meddlesome interference in what was "none of his business," Mr. Radcliff said: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, but I can't help feeling, and I think my impressions will be shared by nearly every one in Oakland when the facts become known, that you were not quite liberal enough in your transactions with Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter."

"We gave them all their place was worth at the time we bought it," replied Payne. "As for its present value, that is of our own creating, and we are entitled to the advantage we have secured."

"I don't deny that you are. But many people will regard it differently. You see how quickly Fordyce has seized upon it to arouse prejudice, and turn public sentiment against you. In our first interview with Mr. Lovel, he was, as you remember, very favorably inclined. I felt quite sure of him. But now you can't get him to listen to a word. He's a peculiar man, and very straight in his notions of right and wrong. He doesn't like the way in which you got hold of the Bledsoe property, and thinks,

with Mr. Fordyce, that it will be safest to have nothing to do with men who have so little regard, as he says, for the poor and the helpless—the widow and the orphan."

"Faugh! I've no patience with Lovel!" ejaculated Mr. Payne. "Setting himself up, and meddling in what doesn't belong to him. It isn't the first time he's crossed my way, or presumed to act as a judge in my affairs, or tried to thwart me in my purposes. If I ever get a fair chance at him, I'll pay him back with more than interest."

"I'm afraid you misunderstand David Lovel," returned Mr. Radcliff. "I have known him for many years, and have always found him a good neighbor, a just and true man and a wise counselor. He has great influence in Oakland, and there are many people who will listen to him and be affected by what he says. In the way he is likely to present the case, your dealing with Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter will hardly be considered as fair and generous. You might double the price at which you obtained the property, and still have a splendid bargain."

"And so double, or it may be, quadruple the price of every acre of ground on this side of the river, from Striker's Falls to Oakland." Mr. Payne shook his head in a decided negative. "That would be paying too dear for the good opinion of Mr. Lovel, whose influence in this community you entirely overrate, Mr. Radcliff."

"If," was replied, "the price paid to the Bledsoes had been five or six thousand dollars, or any other sum agreed upon in a fair and open transaction—"

"Who says the transaction was not fair and open?" demanded Payne, an angry flush rising to his face.

"I think," said Mr. Radcliff, weakening a little in his manner, "that it was a mistake to force these women to sell their property. Public sentiment, when aroused, usually takes part with the weak and helpless, and against those who are charged with doing them wrong. A liberal offer of one or two thousand dollars more than was paid for this property, would have secured its ready transfer, and you would have had the land at a price far below its real value as a site for the new mills. It is my opinion that for every dollar gained in this business, a hundred will be lost."

"I can't see it," answered Payne, in a dogged way.

"Take Lovel's case as an instance," returned Mr. Radcliff.

An angry gesture and a bitter imprecation on my father's head was Payne's response.

"State Mr. Lovel's case," said Mr. Catherwood, in his usual cold, reflective way. "I would like to consider it from your standpoint, Mr. Radcliff."

"Mr. Lovel owns a strip of rocky land lying upon the river, and running back for a hundred and fifty rods, which has never been under culture, and which would hardly pay for tillage. Besides the increased value of this piece of land in case the line of road should be changed, as you say is contemplated, its possession is particularly desirable because of the large bed of fine building-stone that it contains. If

the corporation could secure this property, it would have upon its own land not only stone enough of a good quality to erect all its buildings, but to supply what was needed in Oakland for the next twenty years. The new line of road would open the quarry to a market."

Mr. Catherwood was bending his head and listening intently. The veins were swelling into chords upon his temples.

"I see—I see. Well?" Mr. Catherwood spoke with repressed eagerness.

"At the close of our interview with Mr. Lovel," resumed Mr. Radcliff, "you will remember that he was very favorably impressed with the mill enterprise, and with your suggestion that, as he had no money to invest, he should exchange this very piece of unproductive land for stock in the new corporation. You were not aware of the true worth of this land, nor had I thought of it in the way it now presents itself. We had other views in regard to its value. Now, what has killed this thing is that business of the Bledsoes. As soon as Fordyce got hold of Mr. Lovel, he held up this transaction as a heinous wrong that God would punish with disaster upon the whole enterprise; and so wrought upon his superstitious fears that he will now have nothing to do with it. My son Herbert is frequently at the Lovels, and has heard Mr. Fordyce talk. If it is possible to head this thing off and shut the lips of our meddling schoolmaster, it ought to be done."

"I'll shut his lips effectually; trust me for that," said Mr. Catherwood, his face darkening.

"But the mischief has been done, and will stand, unless we can do something to remove the charge of unfair dealing toward Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter."

"I see. You'd better call on these people at once, Mr. Payne, and talk the matter over with them. Manage it in the best way you can; but satisfy them entirely, let it cost what it will. We cannot afford to do without Mr. Lovel. As for this Allan Fordyce, I will take care of him."

## CHAPTER IX.

WE had seen nothing of Mr. Fordyce for several days. Something new in his manner, and strange in the impression which it made upon us, had been observed and felt, and we had talked about it, questioning as to what it could mean. I had mentioned to no one the incident of his meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood on the road, when that surprised recognition on his part and that of the lady occurred, though it was continually in my mind, a subject of question and speculation. He never referred to it in the most distant manner; but I saw a change in him from that time, and an expression in his face when it was at rest that gave me much concern.

I had driven into Oakland for something needed on the farm, and before returning went round to the school-house. It was past the hour for closing the

school, and I hoped to find Mr. Fordyce there alone. In this I was not disappointed. Pushing open the school-room door, I went in quietly, and saw, as I entered, the schoolmaster sitting in his usual place when the school was in session, but with his head bent forward on his desk and his face hidden in his folded arms. He did not move as I came slowly down the aisle between the rows of benches, and I thought at first that he was sleeping. I was within a few feet of him before he was aware that any one had entered. Then he looked up with a start, and with, it seemed to me, a half-frightened expression. There were lines of intense suffering all over his face.

"Oh! Davy!" he said, the tenderness coming into his voice. I hardly knew it as that of my friend, it was so different from the old voice, whose echoes were ever in my heart like strains of remembered music. He arose to his feet as I came up to the desk, and grasping my hand, held it very tightly for a few moments. Then he drew an arm about me. I saw that he was struggling hard to get the mastery over himself.

"Have you been sick, Mr. Fordyce?" I asked. "We've all been wondering as to what had become of you."

"No, Davy; I have been very well," he replied, his old voice and manner coming back. "How are all at home? Well as usual, I hope?"

"Yes. Won't you go out with me this afternoon? Father would like to have a talk with you, I know. He's been expecting to see you every day."

"Not this afternoon, Davy."

I fancied that his manner became a little embarrassed. His eyes were turned away from me.

"Are you in a hurry to get home, Davy?" he asked, the tender tones coming into his voice once more.

"No," I replied.

"Then we'll have a good, long talk here in the old school-room. There'll be nobody to interrupt us."

He drew a chair for me, and we sat down together.

"There are many things on my mind that I would like to say to you," he began, with his old, grave gentleness of manner. "You've been in my thought all day. Has it been strong enough to draw you here, I wonder? Who knows?"

He laid his hand upon me almost lovingly. A softer light crept into his eyes, and a warmer glow fell upon, or rather shone into, his face. I waited for him to go on; but he remained silent so long that I began to have a strange feeling, and to wonder what was in his thought. When he spoke, his voice was low and calm; but I felt the repression that was in it, and knew that he was holding down with a strong hand some struggling emotion. What could it mean? What could have disturbed the deep serenity of his life?

"You remember the conversation we had on the hill, Davy," he said, "as we stood looking over the valley and at the mountains far away? How we talked of God's perfect work, and of His perpetual



presence and power in nature, and of His still more intimate presence and power with man, the highest achievement and end of creation."

"Yes, I remember it all," I replied.

"And what I said about God's care for us as spiritual beings, and of the infinite and eternal purposes that were in all His providences? Of what I said about the use and meaning of the disappointments, and losses, and sorrows, and sufferings which are permitted to fall upon us by the Lord?"

I was silent. Yes, I remembered but too well; and how swiftly my heart had rebelled against the thought that any possible good to Olive or to myself could ever come of her turning from me to Donald Payne. Mr. Fordyce was reading my face, and he knew my thought from what he saw there.

"It is impossible for us to have faith in the goodness of God, or to regard Him as a wise and loving Father, who is always seeking to draw us nearer and nearer to Himself, that He may fill our souls with joy unspeakable, unless we look higher than this world, and think of life as eternal."

His voice seemed as if thrown to me from a distance, like the far-off voice of a preacher uttering some pious platitude. The truth which he had spoken did not find its way to my reason or my convictions. And so I still kept silence.

"I am greatly concerned for you, Davy," he went on, his manner changing and becoming more impressive. "I know what you will have to bear and suffer." His voice broke on the last words, and he paused for a moment. Then resuming: "I am going to talk to you about Olive."

"It won't be of any use, Mr. Fordyce," I said, quickly. "And I can't bear it."

"I am going to help you to begin to bear it, Davy; and there will be some use in that." He was gentle with me, but very earnest. "And now let me ask if you are right sure that you love Olive Radcliff?"

I was too much surprised by the question to be angry. Sure that I loved Olive!

"You love what you believe her to be."

I understood Mr. Fordyce, and the sentence struck and hurt me like a blow.

"She is your ideal of all that is pure and perfect in woman."

"She is all that is pure and perfect!" I replied, with boyish passion.

"It is possible that she may become so, Davy," he said, not changing his manner. "Will become so, I trust. But purity and perfection are acquired, not innate virtues, and it takes many years for their growth and development—years, often, of painful discipline. Such years will fall into Olive's life if she marries Donald Payne. Had she the fine intuitions with which you have endowed her; or, latent, had they come into any degree of activity, his very presence would have hurt and repelled her. The thought of becoming his wife would have made her heart stand still in fear. It would have been impossible for her to turn from you to him."

As he spoke, a dusky veil came over the image of

Olive Radcliff, hiding its exquisite beauty, and chilling to coldness the warm air in which my soul had lived with her soul. My heart almost ceased to beat, and lay like a dead thing in my breast.

"I do not say, Davy," Mr. Fordyce resumed, "that the instincts of which I have spoken are not latent in the soul of Olive. I believe that they are. But the fact that she can not only bear the near presence of Donald, and accept him as a lover, makes it plain that there is base metal in her fine gold."

His words were like blows, beating me down; but they came with convictions which I could not resist. The strong impulse to defend her, which, in the beginning, I had restrained with difficulty, died away, and my lips were silent.

"And now, Davy"—Mr. Fordyce had waited for a long time that I might have opportunity for clearer thoughts, and a better command of myself—"and now, Davy, there is something else that I wish to say. You have no longer any right to think of Olive as more than a friend or acquaintance. After she becomes Donald's wife, which I learn will be early in the fall, you must guard mind and heart lest you cherish a thought or feeling toward her that is forbidden in the divine law. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' is as binding a commandment as 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Not to love Olive! Not to think of Olive! Not to care for Olive! And in all the past, as far back as memory could go, there had been no time in which I had not loved her—no time in which thought and care for her had not been the sweet aliment of my life! It was a hard saying, and I could not bear it—at least not then. There was little need for any response on my part—response in words, I mean. Mr. Fordyce knew, by means of a finer sense than the external eye or ear, the state of mind into which his admonitions had thrown me.

"I have no fear for my Davy," he said, with an uplifting confidence in his voice that went through me like an exhilarating wine. "He will be true as steel to the right, and loyal to his convictions."

I raised my eyes to his face, and let him see the full expression of my own into which the new strength which he had given me was beginning to reveal itself.

"My brave, true Davy!" He had drawn an arm about me.

The strain on my feelings was so great that I laid my face on his bosom and sobbed.

"The way to life is through death," he said, as I grew calm. "When lower things in us die, higher things are born."

His meaning did not reach my thought.

"The love you have felt for Olive," he went on, "has been little more than a blind passion. It will die; it must die; for love cannot exist without substantial food; and there is none here that can nourish such a pure and noble love as my Davy's heart is capable of feeling. It will die; but into the dead mould of its perishing there will come a new influx

of life—a higher, a purer, a diviner life—and a larger capacity for that true love which is self-forgetting and patient."

There was something in the impression which Mr. Fordyce made upon me that I had never felt before. Below the calmness of his exterior, I was conscious of a faint and far-off spasm of unconquered pain or passion, and my heart began to turn from its own suffering in pity for the hidden anguish which might be quivering in his. As I looked at him, a mist seemed to dissolve from before my sight, and my eyes to gain a new power. Had a great change come to that dear and honored face? or was it only that my vision had become clearer? I did not know. Even as I gazed, the mist appeared to fall again, and through it I saw the visage grow almost luminous, and sweet with a tender grace that made it beautiful.

"I am going to talk to you about God, Davy, and about the way He leads us in the paths of life." A new quality had come into his voice. It was firmer in tone, but low and reverent. "God is love. Don't think of this love as a vague abstraction, nor with any obscuring qualifications; but as the very inmost, essential and active life of God. Now, will not He who is love itself seek the highest of all blessings for His children? Would there not be a defect in love if its purpose were to fall in anything below the supremest good? What is the supremest good? Where is it to be found? Not in this world, where at best we can live for only a few years; but in the next world, where, happy or miserable, we are to live forever. Out of the things of this world, taking them at their best, we can get only a partial and swiftly-passing good; but out of the things which belong to the world which we call spiritual, we may obtain a good that is substantial, lasting and ineffable. All the pleasures that belong to this world are transient. If sought for as an end, they elude pursuit. If rested in for the sake of mere enjoyment, they grow wearisome, and turn into what is undelightful—often into absolute pain. Now, will not our loving heavenly Father, in His providential care over us, have ever in view, as the first thing, our eternal happiness? And will He not so order and control all natural events that they shall best serve this higher purpose? The end will not, in this case, be worldly ease, and comfort, and honor, and riches, but salvation and eternal life. If He can lead us heavenward only by the ways of sorrow and pain, or loss, or disappointment, or tribulation, then in these ways will He, in all tenderness and compassion, set our feet; and while we walk in these ways He will be very near to us, even though our blind eyes may not see Him, nor our rebellious or complaining hearts perceive His presence. Ah, if while walking through the valley we would but reach out our hands that He might take hold of them! Would be patient, and humble, and submissive, that He might strengthen and comfort us?"

His voice softened into pathos, and shook with feeling, as he closed the last sentence.

"We must have faith in God," he went on, after a brief silence. "Not faith as a mere sentiment, not

dogmatic faith, nor the faith of creeds and formulas; but the faith of conviction, the faith of trust and confidence, the faith which gives the largest credence to the promises of God, the faith that prompts the heart to do His will, and that gives patience to await the outcome, in full assurance that all will be well, and that at the evening-time there shall be light."

His tones were deep and tremulous again. I had never before seen in him such a betrayal of feeling; nor, confident as was his speech, so many signs of human weakness. Heretofore, he had seemed to stand above me, in a serene atmosphere, self-sustained. But I felt the beating of his heart now, and the low, inaudible cry for help with which it was calling upon God, even while he talked of His infinite love.

The school-room door opened, and a lad came in somewhat noisily.

"Is Mr. Fordyce here?" he called out, as he shut the door behind him, and came tramping along between the benches. "I've got a letter for him. A lady over at the hotel sent it, and said I must give it to him and nobody else."

As Mr. Fordyce took the letter from the boy's hand and glanced at the address, I saw a pallor strike into his face. For a few moments his eyes seemed held to the missive as by a charm. Then, with a nervous movement, he laid it upon the desk before which he was sitting, and pushing it aside with an ill-assumed air of indifference, as if it were something that could wait, said to the boy: "All right. Thank you."

But the boy stood as if his errand were not yet done.

"Did the lady tell you to bring an answer?" asked Mr. Fordyce. There was as great a change in his voice as in his countenance and manner.

"She didn't say so; but maybe, if you read it, there'll be one, and I can take it back."

"No matter, my lad. If an answer is required I will send it."

The boy lingered for a short time, and then went away, turning around and looking back two or three times before reaching the door.

The shadows of evening were beginning to fall. It was time for me to go, and, rising, I said: "Good-bye, Mr. Fordyce. It is later than I thought, and I must be getting home. Or, won't you go with me? Father wants to see you very much."

The schoolmaster shook his head. "Not this evening, Davy. Good-bye!" He was holding my hand with a harder grip than usual. "And don't forget what we've been talking about. Be true to God's laws always. No good thing (nothing that is a real good) will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. The way of His commandments is a safe way. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast. Ah, my Davy!"

He bent down with a sudden movement and kissed me. As he lifted his head, I saw that his eyes were full of tears, that his lips were trembling, and that spasms of feeling were quivering over his face.

"God bless you and keep you, Davy!" His voice

struggled with emotion. A great sob shook his frame. Sinking back into his chair, he let his head fall upon his bosom as one beaten down and helpless.

I stood for some moments in surprise and bewilderment; then dropping by his side, I drew my arms about him; not speaking—for what could I say?—only sending, in the pressure of my arms, heart-messages of love and pity.

The long silence that followed was broken by Mr. Fordyce.

"And, now, good-bye, Davy," he said, lifting himself. The deep pathos of his eyes, the strange thrill which ran through his hand into mine as he held it tightly for a moment—I see and feel them now after these many years!

(*To be continued.*)

### A BOUQUET OF LETTERS.

MY article entitled, "Fetch me that Flower," brought me so large a bouquet I fear there will be serious objection to my setting it on the editorial table. However, I feel so much at home in the *sanctum*, I not only take the liberty of showing up my floral treasures, but also intend introducing a few laudatory remarks from Leona's letter as a sort of preface to the performance:

"DEAR MISS CARROL: Thanks and thanks, not only for your beautiful and instructive floral article in the April number of Mr. Arthur's good magazine, but for preceding 'Flower Talks,' which have been not alone pleasant in the reading, but instructive also. It is your dear mission through these to have had the brightening of many homes through winters of storm and cold, and of adding beauty and variety to very many 'Little Spots' and 'Wee bit Gardens' when the glad earth rejoices in the spring and summer seasons.

"I am not used to writing to literary ladies, and therefore do not know the etiquette of the occasion; am not aware that I shall not be transgressing rules in taking this opportunity of mentioning my warm admiration and appreciation of all your contributions to the aforesaid *good* magazine. The only excuse, if it be a violation of rules, is that you never asked us to write to you until now, and perhaps may not again."

And now let me see. Here are roses white and red, crimson fuchsia-bells dreaming over some marvelous melody, trailing arbutus whispering the secrets of the spring, prince pansy in purple and gold, the "sisterhood of lilies," and a sprinkling of familiar garden and field flowers, without which my nosegay would be incomplete.

My invitation to flower-lovers met with so generous a response, that for weeks after the April magazine's issue I seemed to have had the pleasure-gardens of a continent opened unto me, and to be walking through whole avenues of bloom and fragrance. From sun-swathed California, from "over

the border," out of the West, down from the North, up from the South, fluttered the scented leaflets, making up my bouquet of letters, until hands and heart overflowed.

One thing touched me more than aught else. Almost every correspondent wrote for very love of flowers, presenting their favorites intertwined with some tender thought, some golden memory, leaving nothing for me to do but take and enjoy the offering.

Mrs. G—, of Massachusetts, names white roses and trailing arbutus, saying, the latter

"Brings memories of old academy days. I seem to smell once more the fragrance of the pines, and hear the rush of waters and the merry voices of school-mates, and to see a fair young head crowned with the pale pink blossoms as we hailed its owner Queen of May." The spot has sadly changed, she tells me. "We who met there have changed as much as the place. We are scattered, and some have 'fallen asleep.' Well is it if none who are left behind envy that dreamless slumber."

Miss Carrie A. I—, from West Philadelphia, writes so sweetly, I would like to give her letter intact. Not daring to venture on the crowding process too far, I must content myself with a few extracts:

"I admire every bud and blossom that blooms in these lower gardens of the Lord, from the firstling of the flock dotting the earth in early spring, to the last gorgeous blossom matching with brilliant dye the sunset colored woods of autumn. They are truly called 'God's thoughts,' and my soul delighteth in them all. Did you ever see a flower affecting you in a peculiar manner—as if it were a part of yourself—your very life? Such is the feeling I have for fuchsias."

Another correspondent describes pansies as producing the same effect, and puts a question in this quaint way:

"Perhaps, like Silas Wegg, who, in his visits to Boffin's Bower, 'dropped into poetry when he was friendly,' you who are always so friendly to your readers will explain this feeling when you drop into the literary."

I confess entire ignorance on the subject. It is one of the secrets of our being, never to be revealed until "the mists have cleared away."

"Let us each endeavor to beautify our homes," writes Miss I—, in conclusion: "No matter how humble they be, try and make them bright and attractive. And as we plant our flowers and train our vines, let us also sow in our lives seeds of righteousness, and open our hearts to Him who is the Rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley."

This letter recommends variety in gardening effects, and alludes to an article published in Colonel Forney's *Press* a year or two ago, in which my humble name was mentioned in connection with a seed mission. If it is not too late, I return thanks to the writer of the article, and announce my readiness to assist in the interchange and gratuitous distribution of flower-seed, slip or bulb.

The following, from "Violet Verne," tells its own story:

"DEAR MADGE CARROL: I have had people take the words out of my mouth many a time, but never any one came into my heart and took the very thoughts out, as you have done. Writing of flowers, you say:

'My favorite?—Ah, you may bring me  
Flowers orange, purple or blue—  
Each thinking her own is the fairest;  
I'll answer, I think it is, too!'

"Precisely my attitude toward the floral world, although I never could express it, much less put it into rhyme so prettily. For various reasons, some flowerets come closer to my heart than others. Among these I count what is considered one of the commonest of all—the dandelion. The sight of these in some hot little hand, carries me back to childhood's days, while a field spread with their 'cloth of gold' makes a perfect baby of me. Oh, the dear old days, when earth was as full of brightness as their starry faces! When my little round of life, like theirs, was light and sunshine from brim to brim.

"You will vote me extremely old-fashioned when I mention another favorite. It is the purple 'larkspur.' Some one has truly said:

'There is a turned-down page in every life.'

The book of earthly remembrance often contains records we cannot trust ourselves to read. It is the looking back and losing the battle. For our strength's sake, we dare not open to that hidden story. I cannot tell, then, why I love this tiny garden flower. The secret is written on life's turned-down page.

"The third precious flower is cyclamen. My bulbs will die off. Perhaps you can tell me how to prevent this. I cannot consent to pass the winter without at least one plant, and find renewing them very expensive."

Just here I take the liberty of slipping in the information desired. After the blooming season, gradually withhold water, and let the leaves die down. Through the summer, bury the bulbs in your garden-border. About the last of September, take them up, and pot in October or November in rich loam. A spoonful of soot, or a few pieces of charcoal mixed with the soil, gives size and brilliancy to the flowers.

Says Miss Violet in conclusion:

"I love this bit of plant-life with its drift-of-snow flowerets and heart-shaped leaves, because one who was very dear to me loved it, too. Its blossoms helped brighten the last winter of her poor, tired life, and in earliest spring dropped upon her cold hands—'at rest from their labors.' So, my flower-loving friend, I bring for your bouquet gold, purple and white. May fragrance-breathing blooms not be found wanting, is the earnest wish of one who, though dwelling in shadow, looks ever sunward."

Of her home in the Golden State, Miss R— writes:

"The orange-trees are in bloom, and the air is full of fragrance. There is no perfume sweeter. All kinds of fruit trees are in full flower, and in the gardens the white sprays of bridal wreath resemble garlands of snow. Rows of calla lilies hold up their marble-pure cups at every turn. Our garden boasts forty-five blossoms in all their marvelous purity and freshness."

Now a few words in answer to questions.

Mrs. W—, of Iowa, is informed that lilies of the valley are raised from bulbs, not seed.

Mrs. G—'s scarlet passion-vine is a greenhouse plant, and requires tender treatment.

I fail to recognize the specimens F— sends, therefore cannot answer.

"I wish you would tell us through the magazine which flower gets the most votes."

In answer to this request from the Bay State, I would say that the lily carried the day.

Miss L—, the last correspondent from whom I shall quote, gives this tender bit of word-painting in its praise:

"Fair, pure, stately, fragrant, with a delicate touch of isolation pathetic, almost holy, the sisterhood of lilies some way appeal to my soul as none others of all the miracles of beauty can. All are precious—these most precious."

Dear readers, since it is my good fortune, in the growing-season, to be enabled to give away seeds and plants in no small quantity, I am often met with this query: Will it bloom in the winter? I cannot always answer for a morsel of plant-life in earthly soil, yet am quite sure, kind friends, one and all, that these offerings of yours—this bouquet of letters—will bloom not alone through one, but through many winters.

MADGE CARROL.

THERE are those who are content to live in the lower ranges of competition. If their rewards are inadequate to their expectations, it is their own fault. They voluntarily condemn themselves to inferiority. A first-class mechanic never fails to take a first-class position. In social life, whoever studies elegance of manner and address is sure to be distinguished by the graces which fascinate and open the way into all circles. The athlete develops strength and muscular power, and proportions his body into a well-rounded symmetry by long and laborious training. The most skillful navigator is he who is best versed in astronomy, in the measurement of the globe's revolutions, in the position of the planets, in tides, ocean currents, atmospheric changes, natural phenomena and geographical facts. Columbus had faith in himself because he was the best-trained navigator of his age.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnestly at the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying: "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot somesin to say," was the innocent reply.

## SIR DAVID WILKIE.

DAVID WILKIE was born in 1785, at Cults, in Fifeshire, Scotland. He was the third son of Rev. James Wilkie and his third wife, Isabella Lister. The future artist, like his father before him, was reared in the midst of the deepest poverty, and not until he was comparatively well advanced in years was he sure of his bread. He learned very little at the schools, giving almost his whole time to drawing and painting; in his own words, "I could draw before I could spell, and paint before I could read." At length he was sent to the Scottish Academy, where he took several prizes for studies in oils. This fixed him in his determination to be a painter.

We next hear of him wandering around his native country, making studies of peasant life and cottage interiors, subsisting by the precarious returns derived from occasional portrait painting. And at the age of twenty he drifted into London, there to hover on the verge of starvation, as, for a long, weary while he scarce earned sufficient to procure him the barest food and shelter. But at length his labors were rewarded; his first great picture appeared—"The Pittessie Fair"—in which are embodied sketches taken in and about his own home. This excited almost unbounded admiration, and procured for him the patronage of the Earl of Mansfield. Henceforth his course was steadily upward; though, quite late in life, many of his friends feared that he would degenerate from his own style into the commonplace, impelled so to do by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient prices for his works; in reality, however, time brought to him no decadence of power.

Knighted, in easy circumstances, his parents well-provided for, the recipient of countless favors from the wealthy and noble, Wilkie now left his brush from time to time, and occupied himself in traveling. Having finished several tours through Europe, making elaborate studies as he went, he next set out for the Holy Land, announcing his intention of founding upon this journey a new style of religious art, in which the accessories should be derived from the scenes and manners of to-day, as opposed to the conventionalism of the old Italian school. But, on his homeward way he was suddenly taken ill off the Island of Malta, dying just as suddenly before the vessel reached Gibraltar. His remains were committed to the deep on the 1st of June, 1840.

The shock occasioned by the untimely death of this gifted painter, was one very widely felt, for he had endeared himself to his countrymen not only on account of his genius, but also his admirable qualities of heart and mind. As a son, a man and a Christian, he was well worthy of respect and imitation, from the very beginning of his career showing himself possessed of a truly generous spirit, which created for him many sincere friends, who lived to mourn him deeply.

Among the most noted of Wilkie's paintings are, "The Chelsea Pensioners," "The Blind Fiddler,"

"Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," "The Card Players," "The Village Politicians," "The Peddler," "The Jew's Harp," "The Letter of Introduction," "The Rat Hunters," "Duncan Grey," "Blind Man's Buff," "The Cut Finger," "The Peep o' Day Boy's Cabin," "Sir Walter Scott and Family," and "Princess Doria Washing the Pilgrims' Feet." Of these, "The Chelsea Pensioners" and "The Village Politicians" are unquestionably the greatest; "Sir Walter Scott and Family" represent the figures *en masquerade* in peasant's costume; "Princess Doria" depicts a scene which the artist actually saw while in Rome during a season of religious ceremonies; a certain kind of satire breathes through "The Letter of Introduction" and "The Peep o' Day Boy's Cabin," while a quaint humor is displayed in some of the minor works, such as "The Rat Hunters" and "Blind Man's Buff."

We present to our readers a copy of one of the most famous works of Sir David Wilkie, painted in the zenith of his fame. This great artist was almost absolutely without a rival in his own field of depicting life, especially life as displayed in striking attitudes, strong character and humorous situations. We give entire the description of this famous painting as found in "The Wilkie Gallery."

"The scene and subject were totally different from his previous ones, and yet equally true to nature. We have no longer the interior of the Scottish clachan or the rustic cottage, but are introduced to a more important if less picturesque scene of action—the comfortable steward's room in the mansion of his noble master, where preparations have been made to receive the rents of his humble tenantry, and to feast them well when the business is concluded. The box containing their deeds and the leases is open, while the tables are spread with the means of luxurious refreshment rarely or never partaken of but on this important occasion. Varying from stalwart youth to asthmatic infirmity, the tenants all appear of the humble class, clad alike in the frieze coat and clouted shoes, familiar to the plow-handles; yet they appear not to have come equally well-provided to the scene of reckoning, for while the countenances of some are calm and assured, others appear blank and despondent; and death, too, seems to have been busy since the last rent-day in calling in his debts, for among the circle sits a young widow whose hearth has been thus rendered desolate and her children orphans. A pathetic, almost painful feeling pervades this group; here, exquisitely blended by the painter's art, the lights and shadows of an humble class of Scottish life are cast upon the canvas with subtle skill and profound feeling, and we read in their varied expression 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'

"At a table in the foreground is seated, in his padded chair, the self-important functionary, 'every inch a steward;' a world of care and responsibility is on his close-knit brows, shrewdness in his eye, and in the keen and somewhat selfish lines of his face, the lower part of which indicates withal the well-fed, pampered inmate of a luxurious house. Before

him stands a figure perfectly primitive and patriarchal in the simplicity of his aspect and costume—one who has grown gray and bent under the toils of his humble life. His broad-brimmed hat and staff are laid on the floor while he pays his rent; and being no orator, he has devolved upon a young man, perhaps his son, the office of reclaiming some portion; his placid and patient manner contrasts curiously with the generous warmth of the young man, who, with looks persuasively bland and much ingenious acuteness, is pleading his cause to the important arbiter, who seems half-puzzled, half-angry at the nature of the application, and little disposed to admit it, if the letter of the lease, as seems the case, will bear him out in his hard exaction. Behind these are two farmers whose business is settled, and whose inimitably comic expression relieves the darker shadows of the picture—the one on the left, who appears to have paid somewhat in too great a hurry, is going over the items afresh; and the conclusion that he has been overreached is just dawning upon his face, full of ludicrous consternation and incipient fury. The other appears to be, like Cassio, no arithmetician, and is carefully and slowly working his way upon his finger-ends through some intricate calculation, with a curious abstraction that would provoke a smile 'under the ribs of death.'

"Next comes the sweet widow, upon whose pretty, gentle face sorrow appears to have cast the first traces, attired with modest neatness, her babe playing unconsciously with the key that once opened all the joys of a home of which she is no longer tenant; her elder child sits by her—a group pleasingly painful, as we anticipate in idea the distresses that too probably await those who have hitherto been living in the lap of affectionate security, from which their bereavement has driven them. Two more farmers are seated, one whose fallen countenance tells of unavailing struggles with misfortune; he gnaws the head of his staff, as, with listless dejection, he waits his turn to be called; the other is convulsively coughing, as though he would burst a blood-vessel, perhaps with exaggerated emphasis, to bespeak compassion and indulgence for a short-coming payment. Behind them stand two more; one of them seems well to do in the world, to whom his fellow, holding him tight by the button, seems to be detailing a whole catalogue of agricultural disasters.

"The painter has wisely consigned to the background a display of gluttony, which, while it completes the character of the picture, would be repulsive, but for the still broader humor which he has thrown over it. Around a well-spread table a few of the tenants who have paid their rents are making the most of an opportunity that comes but once a year, as though, by their desperate efforts, they could recover some portion of the money they had reluctantly parted with, or were determined to take away with them as large a discount as possible. A jovial butler, well amused at their voracity, is drawing corks with all his might, to keep pace with the drought of the party. There is a dogged seriousness

about their half-choking visages which is intensely ludicrous, and which *absorbs*, so to speak, all the grossness of the exhibition."

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

A LITTLE bird flew through the summer air,  
And opened his beak to sing,  
He flew and he flew, I know not where,  
On fleetest, unfettered wing.  
As the notes came trilling in ecstasy forth  
Through the skies so deliciously blue,  
A seed dropped down to the bosom of earth,  
And lay till it rooted and grew.  
And years and years and years from that day,  
From the seed that in earth's brown bosom lay,  
A plenteous harvest was borne away.

A little song rippled far out in its joy  
One night as the sun went down,  
And it fell on the ear of a soldier boy,  
Who was wounded, and dying alone.  
'Twas a song he had once heard his mother sing,  
Through long years it came back to him—all,  
And the glad lips that sent out the lullaby  
Never dreamed where the echoes would fall;  
But the sweet sound soothed him as through the skies  
Its breathings whispered in soft, low sighs,  
And wafted his soul into Paradise.

A messenger came with a token sweet,  
Sent in mercy from Heaven above—  
He came from the dear Master's crucified feet,  
And crowned with His blessing of love,  
But the message so sweet seemed unheeded to fall,  
And with bitterest grief and pain  
The messenger questioned the dear Lord of all,  
If he'd spoken those words all in vain.  
But years and years and years rolled away,  
And a thousand poor souls were taught to pray  
From a little word he dropped that day.

We know not the good that is treasuring up  
From words we have feared were lost,  
And it may be a harvest of glorified hope  
We shall meet when the river is crossed.  
Though sometimes the way may be hedged up and dim,  
And the good that we do may seem small,  
Weary not in well doing, but leave all with Him  
Who knows e'en the sparrows that fall;  
For years and years and years from to-day  
Some heart may remember the words we say,  
And bless God forever they fell in their way.

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

"GANG WI' A SMILE."

THEY say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,  
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;  
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;  
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.



## MRS. YORKE'S WARNINGS.

THE sewing circle was in session at Mrs. Armstrong's and a large attendance there was, too. Somehow, there always was a large attendance whenever it came Mrs. Armstrong's turn to entertain, though at other times it often happened that there were as many fines for absentees as members present. Her rooms were always bright and pleasant, and she was always bright and pleasant, too, with a hearty welcome for every one; and that, I suppose, had a good deal to do in drawing people there.

Now, it isn't true, as some people—mostly men, and cross ones—pretend to think, that women always talk scandal at sewing circles. There is none ever heard at ours—no tittle-tattle, no ill-natured criticism, no idle gossip. But this does not hinder our tongues running pretty glibly, for there are always plenty of harmless, if not instructive subjects, upon which we can air our ideas and cause the time to pass pleasantly. Sometimes, when work is not pressing, some one reads a story or recites a poem; and sometimes we all join in singing as we sew; and altogether we have enjoyable meetings.

The talk upon this particular day in our corner was not astonishingly instructive, but some of it was rather amusing. Somehow, it had turned upon the subject of warnings, dreams, presentiments, signs and omens, some contending that there really was "something in them," and others laughing at the idea. Mrs. Smith said she was always sure some bad luck was coming if she saw the new moon over her left shoulder; Jane Moore said the howling of a dog was sure sign of death in neighborhoods; Mrs. Bascom said she wouldn't pick up a pin unless the point was toward her when she first saw it, to insure good luck; Sarah Beman said she was sure to be sick soon if she saw the new moon through the window—through the *glass*—if the window was open she didn't mind; Widow Meeker said she always knew by her dreams during the night what was going to happen in the family the day following; Sadie Green said she never went out on Tuesdays, for she was sure to have some bad luck if she did—never find any one at home, or something; Mary Bishop said she always made all her folks sit down and count ten, and take a new start, when they forgot something and came back for it after leaving home; and another thing, she added, I never cut my nails on Sundays, for fear I'll do something I am sorry for or ashamed of during the week; Mrs. Simon said she always had premonitions of coming trouble, it was impressed upon her mind in some way, she couldn't explain how. And so they went on, with every now and then a combatting argument or bit of ridicule thrown in to keep up the interest.

"Come, Mrs. Yorke," said Mrs. Smith, after almost every one else had said something pro or con, "you haven't spoken upon this very grave subject. Do let us know upon which side you are to be counted—with the believers or scoffers."

Mrs. Yorke sighed, but did not answer immedi-

ately. She was fitting a sleeve into a mite of a frock for little Nannie Story. We had dropped our regular missionary work for a few weeks, and were fixing up comfortable winter clothing for a few needy families in the village, Widow Story, with her six helpless little ones, coming in for her share. Mrs. Yorke kept on pinning, and trimming, and measuring, until she had her work ready for basting, and then, sighing again as she laid down her scissors and took her needle, she said rather hesitatingly: "This conversation has recalled very vividly to my mind an event in my life that I shall never remember unmoved—an experience which I should be loth to live over. I have half a mind to relate the circumstances, and leave you to decide upon which side of the question I belong."

"Yes, do!" "Do, Mrs. Yorke!" and, "Do, please!" were reiterated upon all sides. And then followed the usual little flutter of preparation which precedes an expected recital; and while that is going on I will just take the opportunity to state that Mrs. Yorke was comparatively a new-comer in the place, and consequently but little was known of her previous history. We knew that she was the widow of a physician, in indifferent circumstances, with three children—two half-grown boys and a little girl—to provide for. She was intelligent, of a serious, thoughtful turn, lady-like in her manners, and was much liked and respected in the neighborhood.

"We lived near the sea at the time I speak of," she began, in a dreamy, half-absent way, slowly warping her thread and tying a knot in the end of it, and then, arousing herself, she began sewing briskly, going on with her story at the same time. "I should rather say, we lived five or six miles inland, but in a little village situated upon the bank of a river that flows into Barnegat Bay. This bay, as perhaps you all know, is a narrow ribbon of water, extending for many miles along the New Jersey coast, and separated from the ocean by a strip of barren sand, called 'the beach,' varying in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile. This is of no particular consequence just now, only I thought you would understand my story better by having a slight idea of the situation. The house in which we lived was close to the river, and within a few rods of the main boat-landing. Well, my husband, Dr. Yorke, was ardently fond of the water; and as the country about there was remarkably healthy, he had a good deal of leisure time upon his hands, which he mostly spent upon the river and bay. He bought a small sail-boat, and learned to manage her; but I was always worried and anxious about him when he was out, especially, as was often the case, when he had the boys with him. We had four—Willie was my youngest then, my little girl was born since. The neighbors used to frighten me, 'I tell you, Mrs. Yorke,' they would say, 'it's awful resky, the doctor's takin' them youngsters out so much. He don't know none too much about a boat; and his'n's an awful cranky thing, anyhow, as likely to upset as not, and he's reckless as the mischief, too.'

"I used to tell him what they said, and beg of him not to take the children unless it was very calm, and for short sails; but he would only laugh, and take them all the same; and I used to think he went himself the more, and ran more risks, just to show that he knew what he was about. I may as well say here that those who knew him called him very headstrong, and I suppose he was; but there are worse faults than that, and he was as free from such as any one I ever knew.

"Well, it came the fall of the year, the time for mackerel fishing on the beach. The best time for this kind of fishing is when there has been an easterly gale, followed directly by a strong wind from the west. The east wind drives the fish in shore, they say, and then the west wind beats back the heavy sea, and makes it smoother fishing. At such a time there is a great rush all along the shore for the beach. The fish are caught with what is called a 'squid,' which is a piece of lead, or pewter, moulded into the shape of a small fish, from four to six inches in length, the tail of which is a regular fish-hook. This squid is fastened to a strong line, some hundred or hundred and fifty feet in length. The line is carried in a large coil, ready to 'pay off' easily, and the squid is thrown as far out into the sea as the strength of the thrower and the length of the line will allow. The fisherman follows a receding wave down to the water's edge, throws his 'squid,' then runs back up the sand, winding up his line as he runs. A mackerel darts upon the shining metal, thinking it a small fish, and is caught upon the treacherous hook and brought with it on shore. Sometimes the fish are on in such numbers that the men and boys pull them ashore as fast as they can go through with the maneuvers. There is great fascination in this kind of fishing, as you may fancy, and it is not strange, I suppose, that people will sometimes risk their lives almost for the sake of enjoying it.

"Well, there had been an easterly storm, followed by a high westerly wind, and my husband and boys were up bright and early in the morning, impatient to be off to the beach. I did my best to hinder their going, but I might as well have talked to the wind. Then I tried to persuade the doctor to leave the boys at home, and go himself in some one of the large boats that were about starting and preparing to start soon; but no, he should go in his own boat, he said; she was good for all the wind that was blowing then; the wind was in her favor, and he could go over reefed down to a mere rag, and then it was probable it would fall toward night, so that there would be no difficulty about coming back; and as for leaving the boys at home, why they were nearly wild at the bare mention of it; even little four-year-old Willie was confident of being allowed to go. I kept him at home, though, he and the one next older; but Fred and Bennie, one twelve and the other ten years old, begged so hard that I gave up the contest. In fact, I felt it was quite as safe for them as for their father, for they were fully as good boatmen as he, and better swimmers.

"Look out for a ten-pound mackerel when I come home, mother," said Bennie, as he marched off with the lunch-basket on his arm, 'for I intend to catch one for you myself.'

"Bring yourself back to me, my child; that is all I will ask of you," I said, and, obeying a sudden impulse, I ran and caught him and kissed him on each cheek."

Mrs. Yorke's even tones faltered a little here, and she was visibly agitated. Bending low over her work, under pretense of picking out a tangle in her thread, she took time to recover her composure and her voice before continuing her story. Little Annie Beal reached her the beeswax, and took the opportunity to touch her hand with a caressing movement—just a touch, light and shy, but easily understood, and more welcome, doubtless, than more ostentatious sympathy. Mrs. Yorke waked her thread slowly, and handing the wax back to Annie with a look of grateful acknowledgment, resumed:

"There had been so much hurry and excitement all the morning, that I had hardly realized how fearfully the wind was blowing; but as soon as they were gone, especially when they had got well out into the river, and I saw how their little shell of a boat pitched and plunged, and how the water raged and foamed all about her, my heart sunk within me, and I felt cold, and faint, and sick. From our house we had a fair view of the river some half mile down, and I stood at the window watching them, blaming myself for not trying harder to keep them at home. Just as the mite of a sail disappeared around the Point of Cedars, little Willie cried out to me: 'Don't watch 'em out of sight, mamma, 'cause then you'll never see 'em again.' It was one of my own sayings—he had heard me use it dozens of times—but my mind had been so taken up that I had not thought of it this time, for a wonder.

"His words struck me like a blow, and I sunk into a chair, weak and trembling. Then I remembered another ominous circumstance which attended upon their starting. They had forgotten something—some of the boat tackle which was kept at the house—and Fred had come running back to get it. I was not in the room, and he was in and out again before I returned, or I would have made him sit down awhile, and then take a new start. Close upon this came the recollection that our neighbor's dog had howled dismally all the night previous—always a sign of a death near at hand—and also that in my baking of the day before two of the loaves had cracks clear across them, another sign having the same fatal significance. I don't know how many other things I recalled then and there that had transpired within the last few days, all pointing to something of an unusual and melancholy nature soon to take place.

"One circumstance I had to comfort me; there were so many boats going over, that, if my folks did get into any trouble, it was probable some of the others would be within reach of them so as to give them assistance; and with this reflection I grew calmer after awhile, and able to go about my daily work—

but such a day as that was! It wore away, though, and got past the middle of the afternoon; and by that time the boats began to return—a few, one at a time came along, close-reefed, and beating their way laboriously against the wind, which had not abated in the least since morning. Then my anxiety got the better of me again. I couldn't work, so I put away my sewing, and walked the floor back and forth, back and forth, with my eyes, at every turn, riveted upon the Point of Cedars, to catch the first glimpse of every sail as it came into view. Presently Captain Peters's large yacht rounded the Point, double-reefed, and lying almost upon her side as she plowed through the foaming waves. Several of the townsmen had gone over with him, just to see the sport; and I thought, oh! if my husband and boys were only on board with them how happy I should feel. Suddenly it came upon me like a flash—like an inspiration or revelation, rather, for it was almost like spoken words, that this yacht was bringing me dreadful tidings—just what, I did not know—whether my dear ones were all drowned, or only one or two of them; but something of that nature I felt just as sure had happened as I do now that I shall leave this house to-night. Perhaps, I thought, they are bringing me their lifeless bodies, and I shall see them lifted out one by one; or maybe—and that seemed almost worse, if anything could have seemed worse at that time—I shall be told that they are lost, that it was impossible to recover even their remains. Then I thought how they would lie for days upon the sandy bottom of the river or bay, and then be buffeted and tossed from one place to another, playthings for the winds and tides, and finally be found one in one place, one in another, miles apart, and they would be brought home to me fearful objects, swollen, mangled and unrecognizable, all unlike the living, breathing, happy beings who had left me a few hours ago!

"My mind was running over all these horrors, and I was inwardly praying for strength to bear them, while Captain Peters was making the landing and taking in sail. I watched every motion, and noticed that the men moved about with unusual quiet, and there was no loud talk and laughter. Yes, I knew what they had to tell me just as well as I should after it was over. They all left the boat together, and came along the street, I watching them with my hands clinched and the nails cutting into the flesh. When they reached my gate there was an apparent pause, and a few words exchanged, and then Captain Peters seemed about to enter, but, as if suddenly changing his mind, walked on with the others. He can't bear to tell me, I thought. He will go home and send his wife. Sure enough, in less than a quarter of an hour I saw her coming.

"Perhaps you wonder why I waited—why I did not go out and question Captain Peters myself, and end the suspense, at the least. I had a feeling which prevented me. Perhaps some of you can understand it, and perhaps not—maybe I am singular—but although I felt it within me that the worst that could

happen had happened, still there was a spirit of resistance there, too, or something indescribable, that made me struggle against the cold, bare certainty. I felt unwilling to talk about it, thus seeming to bring it close and make it real. So, instead of questioning Mrs. Peters, encouraging her to disburden herself of what she had come to say, I said to myself, I will not meet the blow one step; it shall come to me, if come it must; I will not help her—I will not make it all a dire reality one moment before it is necessary. But I could not appear easy and natural; I could not sit down; I kept walking aimlessly about the room, clasping and unclasping my hands, and making random remarks, and giving random answers to her attempts at conversation. Very soon, to my surprise, she arose and went away, and I said to myself: 'She hadn't the heart to tell me, after all. I wonder whom she'll send? Or is it possible,' I thought, with a sudden bound of my heart, 'that there is nothing for anybody to tell? That my dear ones are safe and are coming back to me again?' The thought was like a reprieve from the gallows, and I clung to it for a short time, and even began making some preliminary preparations for supper against their return, when I saw the minister coming through the gate, and again the black waves of despair rolled over me. But that feeling of sullen resistance was strong yet, also, and I met the minister with the same half-defiant manner that I had Mr. Peters; and he, why he was not himself at all, no more than I, but seemed to talk with an effort, and feel at a loss for words; and I surprised him once or twice, regarding me with a compassionate, anxious look. He tried to lead the conversation into religious channels, as was his usual habit; reminded me that it was the duty of all to cultivate a patient and submissive spirit under all trials and afflictions; but I did not encourage him to proceed—in fact, I was not minding much what he did say—and finally, saying he would call again soon, he took his leave quite abruptly. The moment he was gone, I was angry with myself and him, too. 'Why did he go so suddenly?' I said to myself. 'Why didn't he tell me? Could nobody speak unless I asked them? Must I beg them to take from me the last straw that kept my head above water?' But I did not indulge in any more foolish hopes. Some one else would come soon, I knew—some one who had less of pity, and could have the heart to tell the worst; and I would not thwart them, either; I would know all, and have the agony of suspense over.

"Several boats were coming in now, but I did not watch them particularly; I knew the doctor's was not among them, and that was all. I walked about the room struggling for composure, and praying for fortitude and submission. It gave me no additional shock to hear the gate open and footsteps approach, for I had been expecting them ever since the minister left the house—the scissors, please," she interrupted herself to say, as she took the last stitch in the little frock in her lap; and then, "Thanks," she added, taking them from the ready hand of Annie Beal.

who for the last five minutes had been more attentive to the story than to her work, and whose blue orbs, usually full of mischief and fun, were suspiciously wet and glistening. Nor was hers the only sympathetic countenance in the circle, for all of us were more or less deeply touched. A few sewed quietly on, attentive but business-like, though most of us sat with our work in our laps, our eyes fixed upon the speaker, waiting breathlessly for the *dénouement*. Mrs. Bascom's kind eyes, like Annie's, were moist with pitying tears, while Sarah Beeman, with her spectacles pushed high upon her head, her eyes staring, and her under-jaw dropped, seemed listening with eyes and mouth as well as ears.

Mrs. Yorke clipped her thread leisurely, and then began trimming off little inequalities in her seam, apparently forgetful of the earnest faces about her.

"There!" she said at last, pulling out a bit of basting thread, and then shaking the little garment and holding it up before her. "There! that is done; and now I should like to see the dear little midget with it on."

"Yes; but, Mrs. Yorke, tell us how it ended, please," said Annie Beal; "you didn't finish, you know."

"Oh, to be sure! So I didn't!" she replied, with a start. "Excuse me, I forgot. Where was I?"

"You had just heard footsteps outside the door," prompted several.

"Oh, yes," she said, laughingly. "Well, the door opened, and simultaneously a voice rung out, 'Here, mother, here's your ten-pounder!' and in came Ben-nie tugging a noble string of mackerel, some of them, as he said, ten-pounders, or well nigh. The others followed soon; but they had to get their own suppers, tired as they were; the day's excitement, particularly the joyous ending, was too much for me, and I had to go to bed."

Some one laughed, gently at first, then others joined in, and the merriment became general. All but Sarah Beeman, who couldn't quite reconcile herself to the turn affairs had taken. She sat with her spectacles still resting upon the top of her head, looking from one to another wonderingly, and finally, when the laugh had subsided, asked: "What? Didn't anybody get drowned at all? Did they all come back alive, after all?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Yorke, smiling, "they all came back in one of the large boats, and left their own over at the beach. It would have been impossible to have sailed her back in the face of such a gale, and the doctor couldn't help himself"

"But what was the use of all them warnings, and what made everybody act so strange, then?" persisted Sarah, seeming almost minded to argue the point that there must have been some fatality, according to Mrs. Yorke's own showing.

"I've never been able myself to see the use of the warnings," replied Mrs. Yorke; "but as to the strange actions, I was the only one who acted strangely—or, rather, it was my singular behavior

that made my visitors act strangely, and my distorted imagination supplied everything else."

Sarah looked puzzled and half offended, as she recalled her spectacles back to their duty and silently resumed her sewing. Annie Beal, catching my eye, slyly shook her fist at Mrs. Yorke, while her rosy lips went through the motion of saying: "The old fraud!" And then catching up her work and going to stitching away briskly, she said audibly: "Well, I'm glad it was a sell, anyhow; a very little more would have set me howling."

"We are to suppose, then," said Mrs. Parsons, who was one of the unbelievers, "that since that time you have not placed much confidence in signs and wonders, have you, Mrs. Yorke?"

"I have not allowed my belief in them to make me miserable, certainly," was the laughing reply.

Some of us had a good laugh on the way home at the expense of poor Sarah Beeman. Mrs. Yorke and her story was quite slipped from our minds, and we were chatting along upon other matters, when she broke in abruptly with: "What beats me is, what that woman told all that great rigmarole for if nothing come of it—nobody drowned, nor nothing! It seems kinder foolish." SUSAN B. LONG.

## SCANDAL MONGERS.

**A**N elegant French woman, the leader of the highest aristocracy of her time, startled one of her gay friends in refusing to hear her witty gossip and piquant scandal about some of the court ladies.

"So far as I know them," she said, "and my acquaintance is sufficiently long to enable me to form a just estimate of their characters, they are above reproach. What their envious rivals may say of them I cannot accept as true. If I err, I prefer to err on the side of charity, and believe they are good till they are proved to be bad."

It subsequently turned out that these calumniated ladies were the most virtuous and accomplished women of the most corrupt court society of France.

An American lady, and every inch a lady, once said: "I speak no ill of others; I make my children follow my example, and I receive no gossip. In this way I live in peace with my friends and neighbors. If others have faults and vices, let them suffer for them; it is not for me to publish them to the world. I am indifferent to what others may say of me and mine, for I live a worthy life, and I train up my children to love God and man, and to the performance of all other duties."

When she died she left not an enemy behind her, and her name is quoted to this day as symbolic of truth, purity, virtue and of true nobility of nature. Be discreet in speech, generous and forbearing, and you will inflict no incurable wounds or commit no irreparable mistakes.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

### "AUNT KITTY'S VISIT."

RAT, tat, rat! And Tom Lansing hastened to open the door, casting a despairing glance upon the untouched breakfast-table, wishing that by some unknown trick he could cause it, together with the general untidy appearance of the kitchen, to disappear and the normal condition of the same to take their place, that being as impossible as to deny admission to his mother, who, knitting in hand, had come to inquire for baby.

"Some better, but Bert was bad last night. Lizzie was up all night. I slept some."

Perhaps unconsciously, Mrs. Lansing's glance traveled about the untidy room, and to the clock which pointed to eleven.

"Baby and Bert have been so fretful, and Lizzie is about tuckered out," he said, as if in answer to her glance.

Mrs. Lansing had by this time reached the inner room where Lizzie sat holding baby on her knee, while with her foot on the rocker of the cradle she kept Bert down. After looking at baby and Bert, and inquiring of Lizzie how she felt, and receiving for answer that she "felt too miserable to live," Mrs. Lansing, senior, sat down to her knitting. Tom stayed in to talk a few minutes, Lizzie saying nothing, and as he started out, another rap, short, quick and showing decision in the owner, called him to the door. As he went, he cast a most despairing look toward the still standing table.

"Good-morning, Tom," in such coarse tones as only Aunt Kitty Barber could use. And Tom grasped her hand, as though it were an anchor of hope. As he led the way to the room, somehow he didn't care at all for the untidy kitchen. Aunt Kitty appeared to carry a sense of protection and help wherever she went. Lizzie looked up, a glad smile on her face.

"Last night Jim Norton stopped at our place and said your children were ill," Aunt Kitty said, as she removed her bonnet.

"They've been very bad—that is, baby has for two days, and last night Bert added himself to our trouble," said Tom, "by a bad cold."

"He is sleeping now, the little dear," said Lizzie, forgetting her weariness for a moment in joy that her children were better.

Bert awoke just then, and Aunt Kitty took him and set him upon grandma's knee, and taking the baby from the tired mother's arms, she laid it in the cradle.

"And now, my dear," she said to Lizzie, "go right off to bed and don't let us see you till evening."

"I am sleepy," said Lizzie, "but dinner is an institution that never to my knowledge has presented itself without assistance, and I must not impose upon you, dear Aunt Kitty."

"I am come to stay till evening, and I dearly love to have my own way," said the imperturbable Kitty, so off with you."

And poor Lizzie was not hard to persuade that the needed rest might be taken and everything left to Aunt Kitty's care.

"Poor little woman," said Kitty, as Lizzie retired to the bed-room, "a little rest will set her up again."

With swift and noiseless footsteps, Aunt Kitty passed to and fro in the kitchen, and at noon Tom was called (as he knew he'd be), to a very fair dinner, he having, previous to going out, replenished the fire and brought a pail of water. Tom always brought a good appetite to his meals, and to-day was no exception.

"Where's Lizzie?" he inquired, as, after setting master Bert in his chair, he prepared to help the rest at table.

"Gone to bed. I sent her right off, for she is almost worn out with loss of sleep."

"I am so glad," Tom said, "the poor little girl has had a hard time these few days. In fact baby is often ill with his teeth and very fretful."

"Well, for my part," Mrs. Lansing, senior, spoke up, "I don't ever see how the women of this generation are to raise their families. Anything past the usual work just lays them up. I raised eight children and, somehow, I always got along."

"Oh, folks have to get along. But I always thought Polly was a good help to you when your oldest children were small," and Aunt Kitty passed the applesauce.

"Polly a help!" Mrs. Lansing, senior, just snorted, fairly put out that any one should suppose that the feeble, weakly woman, her husband's sister, who so long shared her home, was ever a help.

"I always think that any person about the house who can be depended on and who takes an interest in the affairs is a help, and Polly did that. She was not strong to work like some, but she had great tact in managing work, and could keep things moving when you happened to be sick. Then she was so good to the children."

Tom had always heard his mother speak of the pale, feeble-looking woman, whom he dimly remembered, as having been a burden laid on a burden—a special trial.

"I think the beginning of a woman's life—that is, the first few years of her married life, are the hardest upon her. When the girl takes the housekeeping upon her, she does it most cheerfully and with a great pride in her abilities as housekeeper. With her children come added cares, illness of herself and children, till life seems narrowed down to pretty close quarters. As the years go on she acquires greater skill in managing her household, and her children grow to help her. It's amazing what help a little toddler can be, and how soon they come to it. Then," continued Aunt Kitty, "as the years increase, her children are a help and comfort to her. In time she has sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and whilst her sons-in-law are expected to make the daughters as good husbands as possible, her daughter-in-law is expected to be as perfect as possible, and to require little or no

attention. Illness in a daughter-in-law is regarded about in the light of total depravity. All her sympathy is for her son."

"I don't think a mother-in-law expects too much of a daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Lansing. "I know when I was young I had to work, I tell you! Women then had to spin and weave the cloth that kept their families comfortable."

"And the men had to grub out stumps, and roll logs. Those days are passed for both, and I am sure none of us want them back. Of course, women are different, some being more healthful than others. But I never can understand the lack of feeling so many women have for their daughters-in-law—really excellent women, who are kind apparently to every one else, seem to regard their daughters-in-law if not as natural enemies, at least, not as dear friends. In fact, I sometimes wish that I had married myself, in order that I might have had the chance of being a model mother-in-law."

She finished, and laughingly rose from the table, all having finished their dinner, and Tom, who rather enjoyed Kitty's little talk, prepared to go to work again.

His mother Tom regarded as a model woman, and while he loved Lizzie sincerely, and never expected she should be such a housekeeper as his mother, he was conscious of a desire to screen all of her shortcomings in housekeeping from that admirable woman, his mother. Now, if Lizzie had been her own daughter she could have easily seen that she was really an excellent housekeeper as well as a dear little woman. And if Aunt Kitty's few remarks should set him to thinking that perhaps his mother may have had *bad spells* when her children were small and a continual care to her, and if he should really think so, and not consider his wife's illness a thing to be kept quiet, lest mother or the girls should find it out, Aunt Kitty will have done him as much good as she did Lizzie.

When, toward evening, Lizzie awoke feeling rested and fresh for any emergency, it took a few minutes to assure herself that she was the tired little woman who only that morning felt that life was hardly worth keeping, and that for her it was a great failure, and many other equally untrue things. But now! as she sprang out, and hearing nothing stirring, went to the kitchen where Bert was amusing himself quietly with his blocks, baby in his high-chair, which was drawn to the table, had a variety of toys with which he was playing quietly, while both old ladies were knitting and talking, Lizzie laughed merrily.

"How nicely you are all getting along. I declare, it's like magic, Aunt Kitty. You come when we are all about done over—presto! we are all well again, for baby seems better than she has been for a week."

"All baby needs now is care, and Bert is over his spell, and now you are rested you're all right again. What a dreadful world it would be without sleep."

"Or kindness and sympathy," laughed Lizzie.

RUTH.

## A FLORAL CHAT.

IT is related of Linnæus, the great botanical naturalist, that when a lad he one night dreamed in the chamber of his humble Swedish home the following beautiful dream. He seemed to be ranging the fields, and woods, and river banks of his native clime, intent upon the discovery of some new species of plant. Anon the sweet flowers whose forms and habits he loved so well to study came crowding about him with all the intelligence and tenderness of rational and emotional beings. They gathered themselves into chaplets, encircling his neck and brow. They filled his hands, they crept into his bosom. The boy awoke, not only charmed with his delightful vision, but by it strengthened in his determination to persevere in his researches, which in later years placed his name upon the scroll of renown. His all-consuming zeal in the search and analysis of plants, which is well known, and which doubtless had much to do in determining the character of his dream, was likewise the secret of that success of which he ever regarded the same as a beautiful prophecy. Henceforth, between Carolo a Linne and every "flower of the field," of whatever name, a peculiar bond of sympathy seemed established, and he could never quite put away the idea that it had for him a human feeling of fondness which it cherished for no other being.

If in the scientific investigation, how much more in the practical culture of flowers, does it seem that by a thousand sweet manifestations they yield us "love for love." Nor is it all a dream when they appear in what numbers, and in what variety of form, color and fragrance, clustering about the hands of those who so ardently cherish and so assiduously care for them.

Wordsworth, to whom everything in nature seemed gifted with soul-life and instinct, declared it as his belief that

"Every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Equally as evident does it seem to us that every flower is capable of appreciating the atmosphere of kindness. We often meet with people who affirm that they are "passionately fond of flowers." They have an abundance of time and facilities for the successful cultivation of them, but from some cause their gardens excite our pity rather than our admiration. The truth is, they do not love flowers with that intensity which leaves nothing which is attainable unprovided for the object of its regard.

We cannot hold these our garden pets at arm's length from our embrace or touch. We cannot handle them with gloves on and receive in return their brightest looks and sweetest perfumes.

Yesterday I saw my neighbor at the left at work in her verberna mound with a veil over her face and gauntlets upon her hands, albeit there was neither sun or wind; and moreover a rough stick a foot and a half long must do the work which her shielded



fingers could have done so much more tenderly for the delicate rootlets. Poor little ones! they show how they feel such coldness. Often, with a sigh, she looks over in her neighbor's garden and says: "Well, flowers will grow for some people, but they won't for me."

A poor child of London carried off the prize for the finest plant at a floral exhibition.

"How came you to obtain this beautiful geranium?" said one of the judges.

"Oh, sir, it was all I had to love," was the touching reply. "The sun never came into our court, but I carried it to the sunshine just as I used to carry my little sister before she died."

Such is the pains-taking love for which "flowers will grow," even under the most adverse and difficult circumstances.

We were glad when the friends and readers of the HOME were invited to communicate upon the subject of flowers. We have been trying to decide for which of all our garden and conservatory plants we have the greatest preference. But we have only reached a conclusion which is best expressed by that beautiful Oriental proverb concerning our cherished blossoms of humanity, the children of the household—"Which is dearest to you? The absent until he returns; the sick until he is in health again; and the smallest until there is one younger than he."

Perhaps, if we were compelled to commit ourselves, it might be in favor of several out-of-door plants which bloomed in our mother's garden. Although some of them are not as popular as they once were, it is by no means because they are lacking in intrinsic beauty. What flower in the whole kingdom of flora can surpass, in its exquisite structure, the columbine? How curious and complicated, yet how completely deft and graceful in its form and appearance.

Another plant, quite too generally neglected, is the flower de luce, iris, or flowering flag. With its "helmet of royal blue," and its "plume of downy gold," we cannot wonder that Louis VII should have chosen it for the flower to be emblazoned upon his coat of arms; and that the plant so knightly and martial in its entire appearance should have become the regal choice of France, England, Spain, Hungary and other countries.

There are other flowers for which we should love to put in our humble plea, among which is the classic poppy, which we always cultivate (under protest, however) in one corner of the garden. For one flower we *must* be allowed to speak just a word, notwithstanding its peculiar odor—which, by the way, we find to many is *not* disagreeable. Its praises have been celebrated on many harps, from that of dear old Chaucer down to that of him so recently hushed in the land of the Rhine and of song. And nothing surely was ever written or said in its behalf so tender and delicate as by Bayard Taylor, when he sung that sweet little song of three stanzas, which he christened "Marigold."

"Homely, forgotten flower,  
Under the rose's bower,  
Plain as a weed,  
Thou the half summer long  
Wailest and waxest strong,  
Even as waits a song,  
Till men shall heed.

"Then when the lilies die,  
And the carnations lie  
In spicy death,  
Over thy bushy sprays  
Burst with a sudden blaze  
*Stars of the August days,*  
With autumn's breath.

"Fain would the calyx hold,  
But splits, and half its gold  
Spills lavishly;  
Frost that the rose appals,  
Wastes not thy coronals,  
*Till summer's lustre falls*  
*And fades in thee."*

HARRIETTE WOOD.

## NERVOUSNESS OF PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

AS a rule, orators manifest a painful anxiety about their speeches. They are uneasy and nervous, as if anticipating failure. This is due to the very sensitive organization which makes them orators.

"Why, how nervous you are!" said a friend, on taking Canning's hand just before he rose to speak.

"Am I?" was the Prime Minister's reply. "Then I shall make a good speech."

Daniel Webster, on the other hand, was cool, calm, collected. His nerves were of iron. Everything had been thought out before he rose to speak.

"Mr. Webster," asked a friend, nervously grasping him by the arm on the morning when he was to reply to Hayne, "Mr. Webster, are you ready?"

The great man, bringing his open right hand vertically down into the palm of the left, quietly said: "I have got four fingers in."

"Four fingers" was, among sportsmen, the mark of an unusually heavy charge for a gun. Mr. Hayne found out how heavy the load was.

A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in the prospect of a great case he was about to try. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet from nervous anxiety.

This nervousness and anxiety seems a condition of oratorical success. The late Lord Derby, "the Rupert of debate," as he was named by his admirers, said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting over what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also. He began timidly, and in many cases he scarcely left off trembling even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech.

# The Home Circle.

## FROM AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

**DEAR MR. ARTHUR:** Aunt Chatty was called away suddenly one day last week to visit a sick brother of her "dear dead George Nelson's"—as the blessed little body calls the only man she ever cared for—and before she left she told us to mail a little package of manuscript to you. Now we girls are bound to have some fun; you know she makes fun of us, many and many a time, and tells our faults, and bad habits, and how we have to pinch along with our old clothes, and how we sit and talk at the dinner-table, and all that, and now do please allow us a little privilege in her absence. We'll tell you how it is, so you will enter into the joke.

One day last May auntie had an invitation to attend a golden wedding and to make an address on that occasion. Now that woman can do anything, from writing a speech all the way down to wringing off a chicken's head, and though she fairly wrung her hands in dismay at the idea of reading an article of her very own with all the faces looking up at her, we coaxed and petted, and patted and persuaded her to accept the invitation. One of us was to go with her for company, and to be able to report to the other girls, and then—you know we'd want to fix her up nice, for she's not proud enough to care much how she appears. Esther broke the splints and the girls all drew cuts to see who'd get to accompany her. Lottie drew the longest splint, and she danced like a puppet for joy.

It was a "grand occasion," indeed. It was at the home of William B. Miller, Esq., of Nevada, O. Over three hundred were present; everything was beautiful and in order; the tables were laden abundantly with luxuries; the gifts were appropriate and valuable; people were happy, and the event was all that could be desired by the family and their guests. The minister, and the doctor, and the judge, and the editor all made charming addresses—the Free Masons and their wives also contributed in every way to make the day the crowned one of all the year, and last came Aunt Chatty with her address which we send you on the sly.

It is a grand occasion which brings us together to-day, the bride and the groom of fifty years ago, the sons and the daughters, the grandchildren, the relatives, the friends, the neighbors, the honored guests, all met under this hospitable roof from homes far apart lying between ocean and ocean. If any event is worthy of special celebration it is that of the golden wedding. To the close of our life will we cherish the memory of this day; all things combine to make it a thing to be remembered, joyfully, sweetly, reverently. We swing backward, our thoughts drift over the years, we seem to see the patriarch of to-day—patriarch through compliment—and the priestess beside him as they were, boy and girl, half a hundred years ago, blushing, and smiling, and timid, and no doubt wonderfully elated over the day's work. We would not be afraid to hazard the guess that for a time previous the lad had lived on the tops of the delectable mountains, had sipped ambrosia and found life to be about half moonshine and half Mary Burns.

Nature is calling upon us with a thousand voices to feast upon her manifold beauties, her music of

birds and bees, of woods and waters, her meadows starry with blossoms of gold, newer, and fresher, and lovelier than when the stars sang together.

It may well thrill our hearts with rapture, this mingling together in this great social event. What a cause for thankfulness it is! Two, walking together side by side for half an hundred years, working together, planning, managing, rejoicing, sorrowing, looking into each other's faces for encouragement, for good cheer, for sympathy—trusting, loving on till the end. They never found cause for a surreptitious visit to Indiana, never had occasion to write confidentially to those wonderful tricksters of lawyers in Chicago who break asunder matrimonial bonds for a paltry recompense—never regretted the one deed of their young lives, ratified while in their teens. Few incidents there are that touch us to tears sooner than to look upon an elderly couple mated and married, really and truly, in their youth. They grow to bear striking resemblance to each other—sometimes to be hands and feet to each other, or seeing and hearing. We have seen such persons refer, one to the other, quite as we would seek reference in a lexicon or an encyclopædia. How charming! How beautiful the exquisite growth of the graces of such a wedded life! Sometimes we hear the unobservant say of such a couple: "Why they look alike! They bear the resemblance of brother and sister. How strange!" No, it is not strange, it is one of nature's truest laws carried out into a beautiful fulfillment.

A few years ago an elderly couple, thus divinely blest, who had lived a wedded life of over fifty-nine years, harmoniously, occupied a front pew in our church. They were one in spirit, as they were one in law—they had grown to resemble one another in a marked degree, the same, soft, blue eyes, and placid brows, and little pensive mouths, and their very gait was the same. That dear old couple! When they came up the long aisle in church she walked demurely behind him; he toddled on feebly enough; she politely measured her steps to suit his; when he reached the pew he opened the door, and with his weak, shuffling step stood back, cavalierly, bowing gently while my lady, the queen shrined in his affections, walked in and was seated. It was one of the prettiest sights ever beheld, and though we saw it for years, every time we felt a sob come, and our eyes would look through a mist. We couldn't help it; it expressed so much. We read, as adown long printed pages, of the years of toil, hope, joy, sorrow, anguish beyond utterance of speech, struggles, faith, hope, trust and all the daily communion that had knit together, and welded together these two souls. And one time we sat between the blessed old couple during communion service, and he took the bread, the symbol of his crucified Lord, and breaking it with his own tremulous hands he gave it to each of us. When the next communion service came around, his wife walked up the aisle alone, the companion of her journey of more than half a century was gone—his eyes looked upon the beauty of that world where the blight of no sin hath ever crept and of whose glory it hath entered into the heart of no man to conceive.

It has been said that one is scarcely sensible of fatigue if he marches to music; so if we are blest in our domestic ties we are oblivious to time, we note not the approach of age—the golden afternoon of

life steals on apace, and we heed not the slow decay of the faculties—that wisest of God's mercies—one of the provisions for death. How stealthily the dimples make way for the wrinkles; how quietly the first gray hair hides among the raven locks; how lightly we laugh over that stitch in the side; how we "heh!" and call the warning creak in the sinewy spine "only a kink in the back," while the tell-tale crows' feet at the corners of our eyes we think comes prettily from our genial good humor, our level tempers, our love of fun and our overflowing good-nature.

It don't seem that we are growing old, though it does seem sometimes as though they didn't make their mirrors of as good stuff as they used to. We've heard a great many complaints about shoddy in looking-glasses.

Our own awakening to the fact that we were no longer youthful and attractive came upon us very suddenly, years ago. We were waiting at Albany in that grand depot for the midnight train. The rain was pouring down in torrents, a cheerless night it was. A great many passengers were waiting. We settled down between an old man and his wife from "the Illinoy," and afterwhile the steady patter of the rain lulled us all to sleep. When we woke and looked around only one person in the assemblage was awake, a drunken man on a seat in front of us. He grinned a sickly smile, and peering over at us, said: "Granny, granny! come s s set 'long side, an' an' le's git 'cquainted!"

A great deal of the happiness of life comes from within; if we are constitutionally happy we will have the knack of finding good in all things about us, and in all the events that come to us. If we will, we can reach the poetical side of the real, and can purify, and glorify, and beautify it into the ideal. It is right in this practical age to keep up a little of the freshness, and youthful buoyancy, and romance of life. What one of our poets calls:

"The charm of life's delusive dream."

The luxury of believing

"That all things beautiful are what thy seem."

Sometimes we wonder why people permit themselves to grow gray all over; to allow the mosses and the lichens of whims, and notions, and prejudices to creep over their natures and bury them away from sight in this fast whirling age of progress. Why will they lengthen their faces, and fold their hands, and dolefully whine out: "'Twan't so in the good old days." Good old days when ten dollars a month, including washing and patching, was capital wages! When the poor mothers carded, and spun, and wove, and clothed their families—of the John Rogers' number—and sang hymns from morning till night!

The better days are with us now. The gray dawn of the millenium is breaking; its roseate glow lights up the eastern skies; the morning light illumines the darkened places. Science walks abroad, she flaunts her banners before us; he who runs may read, and the truths are so plain that the weakest intellect may comprehend. To one imbued with a love of natural science nature unfolds her hoarded poetry and her hidden spells, for him there is a voice in the winds and a language in the waves, and he is

"Even as one

Who by some secret gift of soul or eye  
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

Knowing this, why will a man "sit like his grand sire carved in alabaster," quibbling with straws, bothering his brain about who was the father of

Melchisedec, and whether, for a surety, poor Absalom's hair was reddish brown or reddish black.

Life is very earnest, and we will find it all too short for the duties, and the claims, and the responsibilities which it has laid upon us. There is no time to sit down and twirl our thumbs, and knit our brows, and endeavor to find out the exact difference betwixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

"Oh, friends whose lives still keep their prime,  
Whose bright example warms and cheers,  
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,  
And set to music all his years."

How blest in your relation; home, children, friends, all of life's comforts and blessings; beloved by your neighbors, useful in your day and generation—may all this continue until the end. In contrast with this pleasant train of thought comes up to us, unbidden, a ridiculously humorous incident once related by a lady who was a resident of Missouri in early days. She said her nearest neighbor was an elderly widow with a family of three or four grown sons and daughters. They were a very rude, illiterate sort of people, but kind neighbors. One morning one of the tall girls came in hurriedly with flapping skirts, and standing with her back against the wall, said: "Mam's dead."

"Your mother!" said the lady. "Oh, I am sorry for you! Very much grieved, indeed; there is no loss like that of the mother. How much you will miss her!"

"Yes," said the girl, "we'll miss her awfully. *She was good to eat all the crust an' the burnt cookies!*"

We congratulate the bride of to-day, a woman young in years yet, and with whom still linger the gifts and graces of girlhood, that her children properly appreciate her and love her tenderly. How few the couples who stand side by side when the anniversary day of the golden wedding comes around. One face—the face that was all the world to them—is lying under the grasses in the lonely burial ground. How many there are, who, looking away beyond the shining gates of the beautiful land, upturn their unkind faces, and in anguish cry out what England's poet has so touchingly coined into song:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But, alas for them, for

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back any more."

But what sweet comfort under sore bereavement brings the pure-souled Whittier to those who mourn:

"The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be nigh—  
A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.  
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust for me?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are;

And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

There is no peace out of Christ—in Him is "perfect peace, and if He giveth rest, who then can give trouble." Let us treasure up that kind of courage which makes one strong to endure discipline, and all manner of tribulation and sorrow, for know we not that these afflictions are "but for a moment." Let us garner the sunshine of the past years, and with chastened steps and chastened hopes push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and where the storms never beat.

AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

### SWEET HOME.

"Home, home, sweet home,  
Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home."

WELL, and truly sung, sweet singer!—from the depths, alas! of a heart then aching for the rest and peace of that haven of repose. Not when we are compassed about with all its calm delights and sweet observances, so safe from evil, so free from real trials that we must needs *imagine* some to keep ourselves in the normal allowance of discontent that human hearts always contain, do we realize how precious a thing it is just to have a home. But let misfortune come, to ourselves or our friends, so that either our home must be broken up or we must leave it for weary weeks and months, then we begin to know what home means.

No other home will answer the want of our hearts. Circumstances may place us within some domicile more spacious and splendid than our own; we may tread on velvet, and sleep on down, and luxuriate amid all that is pleasing to ear, and eye, and touch; but it is not home; and how gladly we would go back to the lovely, familiar place—to our ingrains and cottage furniture, perchance, our little melodeon, and our pet chromos, and our worn writing-desk, and the few shelves of much-used and well-beloved books. Brilliant fantasies, solemn Nocturnes, weird songs without words from our friend's grand piano, while they charm the ear and interest the mind, are not as dear to our hearts as the sweet old Scotch melodies, stirring revival songs and grand old hymns known to our humbler instrument and more limited skill.

And what the trial must be when sad reverse of fortune sweep away the home, only those who feel it know. How many have suffered it within a year or two past! To see the cherished treasures of happier days, be they few or many, rich and valuable, or simple and of little intrinsic worth, pass under the auctioneer's hammer, scattered far and wide among strangers who know none of the associations that made them dear to the owners, must be hard indeed; especially if you are meantime eating the bitter bread of dependence, the husks and chaff of a country foreign to your soul. God pity all such sorrowing ones, and bring them safely to a new haven, where love may brood and hope may sing, however lowly the nest!

There is so much in the very feeling of possession. "Our own" means so much to us. What if the roof be low, and the rooms small, and furniture scanty! What if you work under numberless minor difficulties to keep it cheery and neat, and friends say despairingly, "How will she get along? She has not *this*, and she has not *that*. The idea of living so!" Never mind, it is your own. You may rise when you please

and retire when you choose, gratify your own tastes and enjoy your own way of doing things; you are sure of tender appreciation from your own dear ones, and all unconscious of depreciation from others; you can there develop all that is best within you. Many a blossom grows and thrives in its own little nook of its native land that would pine and dwindle in a conservatory. Nor would it be the flower's fault if the disappointed observer contemns it there. Seek it out in its own home, and it unfolds every charm of form, and color, and fragrance, and is worth a journey but to see. So with many a human being.

I know a lady, an inveterate "home body"—too much so in her case. On the rare occasions when she can be met elsewhere, she is painfully constrained, nervous and uncomfortable, a trial to her friends and a burden to herself. But visit her in her own old-fashioned, handsome home, under grand old maples and century-old apple-trees, and a warmer welcome or a more appreciative and intelligent companion and conversationalist you need not ask. The nervous, embarrassed guest becomes at once the gracious and kindly hostess, the courteous and refined Christian gentlewoman, and you seem to understand as never before what the beautiful virtue of hospitality really means. It would be better, of course, if she could accustom herself to accept, as well as show, hospitality, and so enlarge the sphere of her worthy example. Much good may be accomplished by simply *being* kindly, and worthy, and good, as well as by *doing* notable acts of goodness. This lady seems to me a living apostle of the beauty and the comfort of simple hospitality and kindness.

Deliver me from the people who are only at their best before company or away from home. Who have amiles, and sweet words, and courteous observances for all save their own nearest and dearest. Who save all their wit and sociality, good humor and charitableness, for the outside world, and have an amiable manner kept for company, like the finest damask, best china and the choicest preserves; and treat the home circle to rude manners, harsh words and bitter speeches. Such a home is no home; and little wonder that the children leave it early and return to it but seldom.

Ah, the Christian home! Temple of God on earth, its altar fires always burning, its angel wings ever overshadowing, the Holy Presence ever in its midst! Thence at morning and evening uprises the incense of praise, and thanksgiving, and earnest supplication, which brings back the blessing of God. The father, high priest of his own household, a man with all human imperfections, burdened with cares, wearied with toils, liable to errors, yet cheered, and uplifted, and ennobled by a purpose and a power within, God-given and tending Godward. The mother, frail of frame and oppressed with labors, perhaps, "careful and troubled about many things," yet having chosen, like Mary, the good part, and finding herself sustained by a strength not her own. The children, all very human, very child-like, very faulty; but down deep in the careless little bosoms dwells the influence and the memory of father's prayers and Bible readings, of mother's petitions at their bedside in the night-watches, long after she had heard their simple prayers and tucked them up for the night. They notice when the rising irritation is held down by the firm hand of Christian self-control; when gentle reproof comes instead of angry invective; when the quiet request, or gentle though positive command is given instead of the stern order. And, insensibly, their own characters are formed and moulded, and in after years many a temptation falls powerless be-

fore the memory of that loving mother's prayers and tender words, or that honored father's noble example and counsels.

It is very important to those who are about beginning to make for themselves a new home, to begin *right*. I was thrilled to the heart at the relation of a little incident the other day. A young Christian friend, just married, took possession with his wife of their new home, accompanied by a large and merry party of young relatives and associates. Fun and frolic ran high; the whole party were in the gayest spirits; and while in full tide of merriment, were called to the table for the first meal in the new residence. The young wife was gay, and brilliant, and worldly, the young husband somewhat sensitive and retiring. Nevertheless, as soon as seated, he called the attention of the gay company, by saying modestly but firmly: "Friends, I believe in beginning *right*. This is our first day in our own home, and it is fitting that we should thank God, the giver of all good, for all His mercies and for what He has here provided." Amid an instant and reverent hush, he briefly implored the blessing of God upon the new household and its guests. The party was not saddened, the gaiety was not clouded; a happier company never gathered at any house-warming than that one; but all felt that a nobler Guest was among them, even the same whose holy presence graced, but did not shadow, the Galilean wedding at Cana. One of the wildest, worldliest of the young guests declared afterwards that he never had been so moved and touched before, and the influence of that trifling yet noble act still lingers in other breasts, and may yet lead them Heavenwards.

Oh, happy homes of our native land!—lofty and lowly, rich and poor, in town or country—God be in them all, and bring the dwellers therein to a better home above!

E. MILLER CONKLIN.

### SAVING OF TIME.

**T**HOUGH much has been said and written upon this subject, it is almost inexhaustable; which must be my excuse for presuming to add anything upon it.

There is a class of women, outnumbering any other, in our own country, at least, who are striving from day to day and from year to year, with moderate and often scanty means, and not unfrequently with poor health, to keep ahead of the demands upon their time and attention. There may or may not be "help" in the kitchen—my own experience has been that, in fact, it makes but little difference whether there be or not—but even with one tolerably efficient domestic, there is still so much to overlook; the inevitable sewing and mending, the often-recurring and much-to-be-dreaded seasons of "house-cleaning," the necessary demands of society, etc., that we hear on all sides the despairing cry: "I am *always* behind. I never expect to get even with my work again."

I have often heard the remark made, after reading certain rules and directions upon housekeeping matters: "Oh, that is all very well in theory, but more difficult to reduce to practice." And, indeed, much that is written seems hardly to be the voice of *experience*, which always appeals much more strongly than volumes of theories. As a preliminary, therefore, to any little helpful suggestion I may be able to offer, let me state rapidly something of my own situation.

About five years since—having previously met with reverses which left us nothing but our household

furniture—we were burned out, barely escaping with our lives. A few articles were saved from the fire, chief among them a small cabinet organ and book-case of books. With these we had to commence life anew. The old adage that "misfortunes never come single," seemed to be verified in our case. My health, always poor, became still more impaired, and I was forbidden to do anything but the lightest work. The times grew harder and harder, and for months of the time my husband has had no steady employment. For awhile I had no heart to try to make a *home* again. Without health, with absolutely nothing to begin with, and the tastes and habits of—may I not say a lady?—I felt helpless and forsaken utterly. I had two children—a girl of six and a boy of two years of age—not a large family; but still every mother knows there was enough to be done, more especially after the loss of wearing-apparel, bed and table linen, etc. Since that time I have been obliged, with such help as my husband and children can give me, to do all my work—washing, ironing and sewing included—and have given from five to fifteen music lessons a week, when I have not been actually confined to my bed.

Under these circumstances, the saving of time and labor has been to me an eminently practical question. I have never found that slighting or neglecting any part of the work made any diminution of trouble in the end, and it would be absolutely impossible for me to accomplish what I am obliged to every week without a systematic arrangement and division of my work. Housekeeping, with every convenience and plenty of money, is still complicated.

The mother of a family has many cares, and if the domestic machinery is to move with regularity, there must be no screws loose, and nothing must be forgotten. There are women who can accomplish a great deal in a short time when driven to it by necessity. They will get along in a slack, shiftless fashion for some days or weeks, until they can do so no longer, and then be seized with a spasm of order and cleanliness, which is only less to be dreaded than the former state, from the discomfort it causes to those around them. It is no wonder that the husbands of such wives seek for what they cannot obtain at home elsewhere.

To leave generalities and particularize. I went one day into a lady's house, and found its appearance like a mammoth rag-bag—rags at the right of me, rags at the left of me, rags in front of me (begging Mr. Tennyson's pardon), turn which way I would, only heaps of rags greeted me.

"I am making a carpet," said the lady of the house, "and I am giving up everything else until it is done."

I will say nothing of rag carpets. For my own part, I rather question their economy; but many people will always use them, and to such let me give a word of advice. When cutting work, make a practice of putting the pieces left, which are large enough to be of use, into a bundle by themselves; next cut the remainder into carpet-rags then and there, and put them into a small basket kept for the purpose. I say a *small* basket, because a *large* one will contain more rags than can be sewed in a few moments. Then sew them as they collect. If you don't exactly see how to spare the time, take it anyway, and you will be surprised after a short time to find that you are ready for the weaver, and you will have never missed the time spent in sewing them. Moreover, you will not be obliged to convert your house into a pandemonium for weeks, and be confronted afterward with a pile of other work which you have

been obliged to neglect during the carpet fever. This plan, if not a *saving* in the amount of labor, will certainly be an improvement in the way of saving confusion, worry and consequent loss of temper.

When the change from summer to winter, or *vice versa*, is fairly upon you, look over and put away those garments not to be used until the next season; then consider the matter, if it be summer, and decide just what will be needed for the entire family in the way of undergarments for the coming winter, and proceed leisurely through the summer to get everything in readiness. Then when the cold comes upon you suddenly (as it always *seems* to do), you have only to make your dresses and outside garments, which cannot always be ready beforehand on account of changes in style which cannot be foreseen. Then, while your neighbors, less wise and prudent, are frantically endeavoring to prepare for winter, you can proceed, quietly and comfortably, to make the articles which you will require in the spring, thus avoiding all hurry and anxiety.

In cold weather it requires some little courage and self-denial to keep cold rooms in order, so most people neglect very much that should be attended to, until by spring confusion and dirt reign supreme. There is no saving in this. A little daily attention to chambers will obviate all trouble of this kind; and even in our cold Wisconsin climate there is now and then a lovely day in midwinter when one can very well open the upper windows and thoroughly sweep, dust and regulate the whole house. In this way the spring cleaning will be a much less formidable affair. And this same cleaning should be taken homeopathically. No weakly woman can do it in a hurry without suffering for it; and those who are strong and healthy have no right to abuse the strength which God has given them. But of this, more anon.

MES. ELLA R. BLAKE.

### "THE HERB CALLED HEART'S-EASE."

**P**REPARATORY to showing up my bouquet on the editorial desk, I intended warning the occupant that there might be some crowding. Having failed in giving notice, I forbore the threatened process, and now beg leave to lay upon our "Home Circle's" table this tribute from the queen's country.

A question has been raised regarding this communication which I would like both young and "old folks at home" to help decide. Is the writer a lady or a gentleman? Arguments for and against have already been offered, the most conclusive being in favor of the latter sex, inasmuch as considerable information is conferred, none apparently desired. A woman, it is reasoned, especially in so lengthy an epistle, would naturally "Want to know, you know."

"Ottawa City, Canada West, April 21st, 1879.

MADGE CARROL: Responding to the invitation which closes your article in the current number of Arthur's excellent HOME MAGAZINE, I send a few thoughts about the glorious flowers and my favorite.

"I love flowers ardently. Were they to be taken away, I feel a blank would be left in the creation. Imagination cannot suggest a substitute for them. There are many things which give pleasure to age, but impart no enjoyment to youth; and others which afford a gratification to the young which the aged cannot share. The rich can procure pleasures which

the poor cannot obtain, and the poor enjoy advantages the rich cannot purchase; but some things appear equally to delight the old and the young, the rich and the poor. Chief among these are flowers. Yes, whether flowers flourish in the garden or the greenhouse, whether they are scattered on the pathway, sprinkled on the verdant bank or strewn over mountain or valley, whether adorning the stateliest room or brightening the humblest home, whether blushing on the breast of the maiden or drooping in the hand of the tired laborer, they never fail to please, they impregnate the air with their sweetness and delight the eye with their exquisite beauty.

"Sweet it is to enter the conservatory filled with elegant flowers, where the night-blooming cereus, the scarlet geranium, the fuchsia, the lobelia, the japonica, the arum and the china rose, are mingled with a thousand other beautiful flowers! And sweeter still to walk in the garden, where, in their appropriate seasons, we may see the lovely rose, the gaudy tulip, the stately hollyhock, the gorgeous peony, the modest pansy, the anemones, dahlias, carnations, stocks and marigolds! And still sweeter than all to roam at liberty in the sunlit fields and sequestered dells, where the bashful primrose, the golden buttercup, the dancing daffodil and the sweet-scented violet are profusely scattered.

"The gay and glorious flowers! they neither 'toil nor spin,  
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all appareled in;  
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright  
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiamed with light.

"My favorite is a little flower that grows in almost every garden. It is lowly but 'tis sweet, and if its gladdening name expresses its power, there is none to be compared with it. This lowly little flower is the heart's-ease. Its heavenly azure mingled with splendid gold, reminds us that if our faith is as constant as its hue, we shall eventually be crowned with glory. Though its modest charms assert themselves in the *parlerie* of the wealthy, it is the flower of the poor, for it delights to adorn the little garden where the aged man or lonely widow, seeing it, dreams over 'the days that are no more.' Retiring, lovely, delicate floweret! may the Father of mercies plant thee in the bower of every human heart, and teach us how to mature thy beauty!

"Precious flowers of the world! bestowed by angels' mercy! How gratefully we ought to love them, as they teach us that the more we see God in His works the more we should trust Him in His ways; for if He so adorns the flowers of the garden, so clothes 'the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

"With grateful appreciation of your welcome and instructive articles, I subscribe myself

"Admiringly yours,

"OVER THE BORDER."

Reader mine, the season's sun declines; we see farewell drifts of color tangled along the hillsides and trailing through the valleys. The days grow short, darkness comes more swiftly. May the fragrance from my bouquet reach you where you sit; may this little "herb" I lay upon the sewing-table bring a message; and God grant that neither the writer of the above letter, nor any one of us, shall lose hold of the great Healer's hand—shall cast away the "hope of glory," the immortal heart's-ease

MADGE CARROL.



## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 42.

"Oh, dreary life!" we cry; "Oh, dreary life!"  
And still the generations of the birds  
Sing through our sighing."

I AM listening to one of them now, a mocking-bird perched upon the cross-piece of a honey-suckle frame; and a flock of swallows are whirling and twittering around a neighboring chimney, as gayly as if there were no sorrow in life. I think swallows must be the happiest beings in the world; they sing all the time they are flying, and seem to have so little to do but to sing and fly. The sun and the flowers, and the blue skies, too, are all so bright through these lagging summer weeks. Nature has little sympathy with man's moods, and when we tire of her brightness, if she cannot cheer or draw us with her, she keeps on her even way, unmindful. I am thankful when each weary day draws to a close, bringing partial respite from the heat, and relief from the glare of the long, bright afternoon. Relief in rest, from the cares and pains of the waking hours; relief in sleep, from thoughts that weary and sometimes torture. Why must there be so much suffering and sorrow in life, that we grow tired of God's beautiful world? We ought to enjoy it while we live in it, and be thankful for all its gifts. Yet sometimes we cannot—the heart is too sick to appreciate them. Sometimes, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over us," and we can only "cling to the rock," and pray for the storm to be overpast. Often, then, the waves are too strong for us, or our hold too weak, and we are washed out to sea, where we struggle vainly by ourselves, until we see some rope which faith throws out to us, and tired of battling longer, we only hold fast, and are slowly drawn back to our refuge. Well for us, if we can stay there then, with faith to hold us securely. But how few of us are perfect enough for that.

"We say: wherefore for me, this pain,  
This weary watch while others sleep?  
Wherefore for me to sow the grain,  
And hunger feel, while others reap?"

I look on either side, and see  
Fair gardens, rich with fruit and flowers.  
Wherefore, *for me*, these desert wastes,  
While others rest in fragrant bowers?"

The storm-clouds gather o'er my head;  
I cannot bide their darker frown,  
My heart is sick, my hopes are dead,  
My weak hands cast my burden down."

Is not this the natural cry of many a sorrowful heart, whose joys have all been taken away, the while it sees others so happy? Blessed are they who can come in time to feel the answer to this:

"Oh, weary heart! the helping hands  
Are held across life's boisterous wave;  
A pitying Christ the storm commands,  
And waits to comfort thee, and save.

"Have faith, and take thy burdens up,  
Nor dare to murmur at thy Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Perform the work He gives to thee,  
The 'well-done' welcome, will be yours  
With the All-Father, only he  
Is counted worthy, who endures."

Is it really so, I wonder, that the more suffering we endure here, the more happiness we will enjoy hereafter? Some of the ancients held such a belief,

and the poets have breathed forth through many of their writings the idea that the greater the cross, the brighter the crown, and Christ himself, our one real authority in such things, said: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Is there not in this an implied promise of good, after the tribulations are over? In case, of course, that they are rightly borne.

I remember just now, some thoughts about the uses of sorrow, which I read years ago, and copied in my scrap-book, because I thought them so good. These are a part of them. "Sorrow is the great birth-agon of immortal powers—sorrow is the great searcher and revealer of hearts, the great test of truth. It reveals forces in ourselves we never dreamed of. The soul seems to itself to widen and deepen. It trembles at its own dreadful forces; it gathers up in waves that break in wailing, only to flow back into everlasting void. The calmest, most centred natures are sometimes thrown by the shock of a great sorrow into a tumultuous amazement. \* \* \* \* \*

Who shall dare be glad any more, that has once seen the frail foundations on which love and joy are built? Our brighter hours, have they only been weaving a network of agonizing remembrances for this day of bereavement? Why this everlasting tramp of inevitable laws on quivering life? If the wheels *must* roll, why must the crushed be so living and sensitive? And yet sorrow is God-like—sorrow is grand and great. The intense sympathy which we give to the tragedy which God has interwoven into the laws of nature, shows us that it is with no slavish fear, no cowardly shrinking, that we should approach her divine mysteries. *What are the natures that cannot suffer?* Who values them? \* \* \* Sorrow is divine—the crown of all crowns was one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the mystery of sorrow, but only *one* that bids us glory in tribulation, and count its joy when we fall into afflictions, that so we may be associated with that great fellowship of suffering, of which the incarnate God is *head*."

Last night I could not sleep during the first long hours, and slipping from my bed, sat awhile at the window, where a soft, cool air from the east came stealing in. The trees were sleeping, without a breath to stir their leaves, and all was so peaceful and quiet, that at last I caught something of the same spirit. I looked above, to the millions of stars that shone with such soft radiance, and they seemed to whisper: "Come up higher." Ah, could I! But down in the darkness of the valley, the heights look so far away, and I, too weak to climb. Still looking upward, thoughts came of loved ones gone before, and it seemed to be their voices, speaking through the stars: "Come up higher," and I wondered if they were really near, as some think they always are, "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister" unto the children of earth. It is pleasant to think so, and when we are ready to go, it is a helping thought that they will be around us, ready to lead us into the blessed land; so that it will not be a going out into the dark, alone, but holding to a loving hand. Was not Richmond's article on the "The Fear of Death"—in the June Magazine—a good and comforting one? Are there not many who will thank him for such words, and look upon this subject differently, henceforth, and without such shrinking hearts? Thanks to the training received when a child, I have always believed just as he writes about it; but there are so many who have such dread of this natural and inevitable change,

who look upon it as something awful to be gone through with, that I should think any word which might soften their ideas, and lighten their gloomy fears, would be gladly welcomed. I dislike so to hear a minister, or any Christian, speak of death as a "dread monster," or a "terrible angel," when it is in reality such a welcome change to many; and I wish all could appreciate that beautiful metaphor, "Death is but the dropping of the flower, that the fruit may grow." And if in putting off this body a few hours of physical agony are suffered by some, how few are there who have not suffered just as much more than once during their lives. There is no real reason, that I can see, for its being thought a dreadful thing, except by those who have not lived

so as to be prepared for it. To those who are ready, I believe it to be only a quick transition from the presence of friends beloved, here—if such we have—to that of those in the world beyond, who are waiting for our coming.

"Sweet souls around us! watch us still;  
Press nearer to our side;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helping, glide.

"Ah! in the hush of rest ye bring,  
'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a thing  
The hour of death may be."

LICHEN.

## Mothers' Department.

### WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO?

I WAS reading a letter about children in "Pipsy Potts's" article in one of the magazines, and I fell to thinking of how, a few years ago, a family of children used to amuse themselves almost too much sometimes, if that is possible. Now it was not for a day or a week that they enjoyed themselves with their playthings, but months and years—from the time their busy little fingers began to draw the tin wagon about until father had brought home several school-books—perhaps longer.

I do not know that all children would like to play as these children did, but I think most of them would. These little ones were glad of the long, rainy days. Even before breakfast mother would see boxes, and baskets, and books coming, as if by magic, to the table; then followed the unpacking, and, amid the constant hum of dear little voices, the table became covered with innumerable (I might almost say) bits of paper; then came more boxes, some wood, some card, from six inches square to a foot or more; some of these had windows and doors in them; the windows were curtained with real curtains, lace tied back with tiny cords and tassels. After a time the bits of paper had gathered themselves up, or been gathered up, and were each in their respective homes. Near some of these miniature houses were cattle-yards, barns and granaries; there were cattle, horses, sheep and even paper fowls. Sidewalks grew miraculously all over the table and about the floor, as occasionally some of the people dwelt under the table. Then there must need be a long, dangerous bridge, made by placing a narrow board several feet long from the table to the floor.

Let us look into one of the houses. Here is one of great dimensions; probably some very rich or great man lives here, possibly a president or king. Nearly all the front of the house is open. Here you find the bits of paper that were scattered in such seeming confusion about the table (but the children knew their families nearly as well as you know yours); here the tiny people, dressed in holiday clothes, sit on paper chairs or ottomans. The sofa is full of babies. One elegant little lady, with a trail to her scarlet dress nearly as long as she is tall, stands in the centre of the room, another sits at the organ, which instrument is made of a bit of picture-frame moulding. Some of the things are really pretty; the little sofa shows careful work, being made of ladies' cloth and dark paper, and looks just like a real sofa. This elegant room is carpeted with a piece of bright flannel,

and there is a tiny looking-glass on the wall made of a piece of mother's broken mirror, and framed with strips of tin foil. There are numbers of pictures, too, framed in a similar manner; most of them are painted; for the children, with now and then a little help from older members of the family, or, better yet, help from dear mother, have become very handy, as with their bits of fancy paper, tin foil, paints, etc., they make scores of pretty things—tables, chairs, carriages, sleighs, dresses, hats, cloaks—in fact, almost everything they need in or about their play-houses.

This paper community does not sit still. Whole families are constantly going from place to place; children go to school, merchants to their stores, and sometimes a loaded wagon ventures down the steep and dangerous bridge, if some one happens to have some business to settle with the inhabitants of the valley.

In summer-time the children would gather tiny branches and grasses, and put them in spoons, and arrange them so as to make cunning little orchards, groves and arbors, and even forests (they sometimes had dried grasses for this purpose in winter), and beautiful birds of paradise perched on the branches of the trees. These were made by pinching off pea and bean-blossoms properly, and the buds make the young birds. If you have never tried it, do, and see the resemblance to birds.

I have seen numbers of children play with paper dolls, but they were dolls—these were people. That is why they were so interesting. Each family had its home, and everything necessary to make them comfortable. You can learn a good deal of your child's disposition by hearing him or her talk, for each child must be voice for the family in its keeping. These children I write of became very particular just before they put away the paper things to rest for a long, long time, for childhood was going away. There were elegant lace dresses covered with tin-foil spangles, satin hats and cloaks, velvet clothes, and all kinds of fine things, prettily made, and often the colors harmonizing well together. There were many great personages in those days—kings and queens and men of honor, knights and ladies; but all of a sudden the grantees began to decline, and the little people went quietly away, to dwell on or under the table no more.

But even now, sometimes, a little packet comes to light, and in it are relics of childhood. It is folded and laid away again, there are so many memories clustering about those paper things. Even touching them sends an old-time thrill to the heart, and for a

fleeting moment the child-soul looks out of the woman's eyes. The years slip away, sunshine trembles through the old kitchen, touching everything with gold, mother sings the wee ones to sleep, the tables are covered with houses and playthings, great parties are given, miniature menageries move along, there are flags flying, the engine stands at the depot, the steamer is anchored, and all the little paper world

seems to be alive again. But it is only a memory—a beautiful, sunny memory of childhood.

Sing, little bird, in the top of the maple!

Blow, summer wind, o'er the blossoming wildwood!

Swing your rich censurs, O delicate flowers!

Till in the spirit I find the blest hours

That bloomed in the heart of my childhood.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE DISCONTENTED VIOLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROWN EYES."

A LITTLE blue violet hung her head modestly in the shade at the foot of an old forest tree. She nodded and wondered, and wondered and nodded, whispering often to herself: "How much I should like to know where the birds fly to every morning. I often hear them tell their little ones what they have seen in the great world, and promise them, if they will be bold and try their wings, that they, too, shall soon see it. Why have I not wings under my petals, so that I can fly with them?" Then she nodded very fast, for that was her way of laughing, and she thought how funny it would be to see a violet flying away in the morning and coming home at night to rest on her stem. The more she thought, the more discontented she grew.

One day, when the little birds were taking their first lesson in flying, one of them came down to her, and as the mother-bird had to go in search of some worms for dinner, she left the little one to keep violet company till she came back. Then violet opened her heart and told birdie how ambitious she was to see the great world, and as she knew some day he would be able to reach it, she wanted him to see if he could not find some way to get her there, too. Little birdie promised to do his best, but was to say nothing of it, for, if he failed, violet did not wish to be made fun of by the other flowers.

Not many days passed before birdie began to take long voyages on wing, and after each one told her all that he had seen. To repay him for this, she would nod toward a leaf which hid a fat bug, or to a hole in the ground, and say: "Wait a minute, and you will see a worm come out; I saw him go in there a little while ago." And thus she made birdie grow stronger.

One day, after he had been gone a longer time than usual, he came back very tired; and violet nodded very satisfactorily to herself that night, and as she fell asleep said: "I shall hear in the morning; he will be rested then, and more social than if I had seen him on his return."

Sure enough, birdie came down almost as soon as violet had bathed her petals in the dewdrops which had fallen on her while she dreamed of soon being taken to see how and where people lived; she knew not how it would come to pass, but felt sure birdie had found a way. And so he had, for he told her how he had sung her praises to some children whom he found on his way home as they were strolling through the woods looking for wild flowers, and he sang: "I know where a beautiful blue violet grows; but you can never find her unless I choose to tell."

"What will you take for the secret?" said the children.

"Some of the daintiest crumbs you can find," replied birdie.

"Very well," said the children, "meet us here tomorrow, and you shall have them."

"So now I am to go to a certain branch on the old maple tree, which maybe you could catch a glimpse of if you should hold up your head and try to stretch your stem," said birdie to violet.

She did so, and in her joy and eagerness almost broke her frail stem.

"Am I as pretty as ever, birdie? Are my petals curved gracefully? I do not look pale, surely, for whenever the sunlight found me yesterday I closed for fear I should fade."

"Oh, no," said birdie, "you are as beautiful as ever. How sorry I shall be to see you go away. I would be more contented, violet, if I were you, and live and die at the foot of the dear old tree, and if I am here when you droop with age, I'll sing sweet songs to cheer your last hours."

"No, no, birdie, don't be sentimental. I am determined to shine in the world. I know how handsome I am, and I want people to appreciate me."

"I am afraid she will be a sad violet before many days," sighed birdie as he flew away. "I am sure I appreciate her; but if she is so unhappy, I'll help her all I can."

He did not go to town that day, but flew around from tree to tree, and peeped now and then at the sun to see if it was time for the children to come. At last he heard a voice calling: "Birdie, birdie, here are your crumbs! Where are you?"

"Here, here!" said birdie, as he flew down for a taste. The children put them on the ground, and stood a little way off, for they knew he would shy. After eating a few, he said: "You have kept your promise, now I will keep mine. I'll fly ahead."

"No, no," cried the children, "that won't do; we can't walk as fast as you can fly."

"I'll wait," said birdie, "on each tree until you are at the foot."

And so he did. At last he reached the old tree from whose roots foolish little violet had sprung. He looked down and nodded, and sang: "The one who finds her first can have her."

They looked all about in the deep moss, and at last one cried: "Oh, what a beauty!" and was careful to break her stem off close to the ground. They carried her away on a large piece of moss to keep her fresh and cool.

The room is hot and close, the heat of the sun will find its way in despite all nurse can do. The little sufferer tosses from side to side, now in mamma's arms, then in nurse's. A gentle tap at the door, and sister calls softly: "May I come in and see brother for a minute?"

"Very gently, my child," says mamma, as a bright-faced little girl almost bounds in, she is so happy.

"Just see what I have brought for Carl!" she cries.

"Now I know he will get well."

The weary eyes open and grow bright, the parched

lips look moist and the feeble voice cries almost joyously: "Lay it on my pillow, sister. Dear little violet! I feel better now."

By and by, after he and violet had whispered to each other all their secrets, the little boy fell into such a peaceful sleep as he had not known since he had been sick, and violet nodded and said to herself: "How I should like to tell birdie of this. He would

not laugh at me because I am not great; he would be glad to know that I shall bring back the roses to these pale cheeks. I told Carl all about my old home, and he says after I have faded he will keep me until he gets well, and then lay me at the foot of the old tree, and tell birdie to sing a sweet song over my grave, for I have done some good, if I am only a simple blue violet."

## Familiar Science.

### FAMILIAR BOTANY.

IT will be remembered that the principal distinction between the *Exogens* and *Endogens* consisted in the fact that the former grow outside, showing their mode of increase by concentric layers of bark; the latter inside, the wood being in threads within a mass of cellular tissue, of which last the rind is only a thickening. Endogenous plants have but one cotyledon, and principally parallel-veined leaves.

Undoubtedly the greatest family found within this division are the palms and the grasses, while scarce less numerous, if not so important to mankind, are the rushes and sedges. The Grass Tribe (*Gramineæ*) is very difficult to study, but we need not be discouraged in attempting to learn some of its best-known and most useful representatives. For instance, we may remember that *Zea mays* is the Indian corn: *Triticum vulgare*, wheat; and *Secale cereale*, rye. *Briza media* is the beautiful quaking-grass, and *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, or sweet vernal grass, is that which gives the delicious odor to new-mown hay.

The Arum Family (*Araceæ*) is a remarkable one. It is noted for its peculiar flowers void of true petals, and surrounded by *spathas*. The most striking member of this group is not a native of this climate, but from it may easily be recognized its relatives. *Calla ethiopica*, the Egyptian lily, is the plant in question. The pure white appendage is the *spatha*; the golden club (literally) in the centre is the *spadix*; and this last, with the forms at its base, make the true flower. Of course, we all know Jack-in-the-pulpit, or the Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*); not so many, perhaps, are familiar with the blossoms of the skunk-cabbage (*Symplocarpus fetidus*), though here in the East the large leaves are common ornaments of our swamps. The spathe of this plant is large, and mottled with brown and purple, seeming to spring directly from the ground without any stem, the great yellowish spadix within the wide orifice giving the whole the appearance of a wigwam with a good-sized inmate.

In the *Alismaceæ*, or Water Plantain Family, we find one of the most beautiful inhabitants of our streams and ponds, the arrow-head. Few have failed to notice the smooth, glossy leaves of the shape of a barbed arrow, rising amid the rushes along the water's edge; or the clusters of exquisite, delicate white flowers, of which the upper on a spike differ from the lower, although each kind has three petals. This is known as *Sagittaria variabilis*.

And now for that most extensive, most brilliant, most wonderful order, the *Orchidaceæ*. Perhaps a number of us have found, deep-hidden within the shades of a dense, moist woods, the showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*). Or, wandering along the road-side, have gathered the pretty ladies-tresses (*Spiranthes gracilis*), with its leafless, curled stem,

bearing tiny, delicate white blossoms around the convolutions. But we must go within the tropics—or at least into the hot-houses—to be dazzled by a bewildering array of spicers, and bugs, and butterflies in all the colors of the rainbow, every one of which oddities is the petal of a flower! We have read of the Flower of the Holy Spirit, a gorgeous orchid of Central America, in which a pure white dove seems nestling in a bed of velvety crimson.

The Amaryllis Family (*Amaryllidaceæ*) resembles the preceding one in the splendor of its coloring. The commonest member is the bright little star-grass (*Hypoxis erecta*), of which the pretty yellow blossoms and grassy leaves adorn our woodlands; in our gardens we have the narcissus (*Narcissus poeticus*), with its white flowers tipped with red; the daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*), differing from the former chiefly in the color of its blossoms; and the snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*). The century plant (*Agave americana*) is a handsome representative of this group.

The Iris Family (*Iridaceæ*) seems nearly allied to that of Amaryllis, though it is not so large. The curious and beautiful flags belong here—*Iris versicolor* is the common blue flag; *Iris ochroleuca*, the yellow flag. The gay, spotted blackberry lily is known to botanists as *Pardanthus chinensis*, while the lovely blue-eyed grass is *Sisyrinchium bermudiana*.

Very like the three preceding orders is the *Liliaceæ*, or Lily Family. But while the former have corollas more or less irregular, this is noticeable for having invariably six petals—or better, sepals, arranged in two rows, three being within and three without. The wake-robins differ from other liliaceous flowers in having these last colored green, and so unlike the other three. These plants are remarkable for being in threes throughout. *Trillium cernuum* is the nodding trillium. We must not, however, consider one genus to the exclusion of others more important. *Uvularia perfoliata* is the beautiful, creamy, drooping bell-wort; *Polygonatum giganteum*, Solomon's seal; *Convallaria majalis*, the lily-of-the-valley; *Lilium superbum*, the Turk's-cap lily. So easily are lily-plants recognized, even by one totally unfamiliar with the principles of botany, that it were a useless task to enumerate the many well-known plants which belong here.

The *Commelynaceæ*, or Spiderwort Family, seems the connecting link between the lilies and the grasses. The wandering-jew of the hanging-baskets has three-colored petals, but jointed stems and long, sheath-like leaves. *Tradescantia virginica*, with its large blue flowers, is the common spiderwort; *Commelina virginica* grows abundantly along the damp banks of our wooded streams, and it may be easily recognized by its having three petals, two of which are bright blue, the third small and white.

Having so soon reached the end of the inward

growers, it may seem that they are less numerous than the outward. But when we remember the vast diffusion of the grasses and reeds, we may conclude that the two classes are nearly equal. And now we are ready to take up the second grand division of

plants *Cryptogams* (the first was *Phenogams*, flowering plants), which we must understand do not perfect their seeds by means of blossoms.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### PATIENCE.

ON silent wings an angel  
Through all the land is borne,  
Sent by the gracious Father  
To comfort them that mourn.  
There's blessing in his glances;  
Peace dwells where'er he came:  
Oh! follow when he calls thee,  
For Patience is his name.

Through earthly care and sorrow  
He'll smoothe the thorny way,  
And speak with hopeful courage  
Of brighter, happier day;  
And when thy weakness falters  
His strength is firm and fast;  
He'll help to bear thy burden;  
He'll lead thee home at last.

Thy tears he never chideth,  
When comfort he'd impart;  
Rebuking not, he quiets  
The longing of thy heart  
And when, in stormy sorrow,  
Thou murmuring askest, "Why?"  
He, silent yet, but smiling,  
Points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer  
Each question that's address;  
His maxim is, "Endure thou,  
And after toil comes rest."  
Through life, if thou wilt love him,  
Thus by thy side he'll wend,  
Oft silent, ever hopeful,  
Still looking to the end.

### THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brookside,  
I wander'd by the mill;  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still:  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,  
I watch'd the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer  
I did not feel afraid;  
For I listen'd for a footfall,  
I listen'd for a word;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—  
The night came on alone—  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air pass'd by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirr'd;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind,  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind;  
It drew me nearer, nearer—  
We did not speak one word;  
But the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

### THE LITTLE STARS.

AND the sun set out on his mighty ride  
Round the world;  
And the stars spoke up, "We go at your side  
Round the world."  
But the sun was angry: "You stay at home!  
I will dazzle your eyes if you dare to come  
On the fiery ride round the world!"

And the stars all went to the moon so fair,  
In the night,  
And they said, "You live in the cloudy air  
In the night;  
Let us walk with you, for your milder light  
Will never dazzle our eyes so bright."  
And she called them her "friends of the night."  
*From the German of ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.  
Translated by REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.*

### WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

HOW will it be when the roses fade  
Out of the garden and out of the glade?  
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier  
wild,  
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,  
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—  
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers  
Wither away from their leafless bowers;  
When sun-flower, and star-flower, and golden-rod  
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,  
And the hill-side nooks are empty and cold?—  
Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,  
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,  
And crumbled to dust?—

Oh, then, as we lay  
Our ear to earth's lips, we shall hear her say,  
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown."  
We will dream of green leaves when the woods turn  
brown.

LUCY LARCOM, *St. Nicholas for November.*

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**A**s yet we are unable to present to our readers any decided fall styles. In this transition month we may see one day a costume suitable for midsummer and the next, one decidedly autumnal in its appearance. In September it is always in good taste to adapt oneself to the variable weather, regardless of the modiste and the fashion-book.

For the warmer mornings and evenings the pretty suits of gingham and lawn, with their kindred, continue to be worn. In the ginghams, the fancy for bright dashes of contrasting colors still holds. Percale dresses are trimmed with colored embroideries upon white grounds, to match the shades of the figures. Waists of wash dresses are usually made round with a belt attached, and are adorned with rows of shirring. Indeed, shirrings are seen in many forms and places. One of the caprices of the day is to have the waist one mass of shirred clusters, another, to have the vest part of a basque so made, and the middle form of the back gathered to correspond. Sides and fronts of overskirts and tops of flounces are similarly ornamented, whether the material be cotton or silk. For a deep silk flounce, headed with separate clusters of shirring, the material should be cut straight.

White dresses retain their popularity. These are often of French nansook, or of pique, with the skirt nearly covered with ruffles of embroidery. They are always made with short underskirts and are usually accompanied with white accessories—a muslin fichu, trimmed with Breton lace, bows and belt

of white satin ribbon and a cluster of white flowers, daisies or rosebuds. Gay waists of colored foulard silk, softened by frills and loops of lace, are also worn with white skirts. For evening, dainty dresses of plain or dotted Swiss are made over slips of pink or blue silk, and trimmed with ruffles and bows of the same material.

New overskirts are short all around and puffed, not even reaching to the knees, reminding one of the styles worn about ten years ago. Another model has a seam down the front for about half its length, at which point it is cut away on each side, sloping gradually downward and backward, thence obliquely upward to join the long, separate, gracefully-draped breadths in the back. The bare look of the front seam is taken away by a row of deep folds (or any other trimming preferred) running diagonally from the waist in front parallel to the lower edge of the garment, which should be similarly trimmed.

A pretty fichu is in the form of a simple short cape behind, with long scarf ends to cross and tie at the waist in front. This may be made of lawn or cambric for lighter costumes, or of silk, cashmere, etc., to accompany heavier ones. Some kind of an outside wrap is the law for street costumes at present, unless the basque is made with special reference to out-door wear. Many of the latest models for coats represent a short, half-fitting jacket, with the favorite close vest. New basques have the back breadths long, and trimmed to represent a panier effect. Skirts, intended to be worn with elaborately-trimmed overskirts or polonaises, are now frequently made perfectly plain around the hem.

## New Publications.

FROM SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

**Spiritual Songs for Social Worship.** By Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. This is a convenient abridgment of the larger volume entitled "Spiritual Songs," intended especially for use in the Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting. Like its predecessor, it gives us a judicious combination of old favorites and new friends.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,  
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

**No Danger.** By Mary J. Hedges. A rather entertaining book, full of sound, moral teaching, though in no sense original, and in very little artistic.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Nile Days; or, Egyptian Bonds.** By E. Katherine Bates. A novel, striking in many ways—in the portrayal of character, the disposition of incident, the knowledge of antique and classical lore, the vivid description, the truth and tenderness of

sentiment, the unique plot and the unlooked-for termination. Without pronouncing the book a work of the highest order—which, in fact, it makes no profession of being—we may truthfully say that of its kind it is a finished creation.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**Miss Margery's Roses.** By Robert C. Meyers. One of the sweetest and purest of home stories we have ever seen. We seem, indeed, to pass through a lovely garden, embowered in roses, breathing perfume and overhung by a fair and radiant sky, as we listen to the voices of the heroic Margery, the child-like Edith, the noble Hugh, and the gay though deep Talbot, and gaze down into their very hearts, with all their raptures and agonies. We recall no books at present, scarce even Edward Garrett's or George MacDonald's, in which so many sweet, tender, God-like thoughts, growing out of homely, humble surroundings, are clothed in language so exquisite, so crystalline, so wonderful. Only a little summer idyl—yet no one can read it without growing immeasurably purer and better.



## Notes and Comments.

### Practical People.

THERE is a class of persons—and they are quite numerous—who are staunch believers in what they call practical common sense in the affairs of life. They have no poetry and no nonsense about them. The most noted member of this family is, perhaps, the well-known old gentleman who thought Niagara a glorious place for washing sheep. He has many relatives—men who see in every emerald meadow, dotted with golden buttercups and starry daisies, only a good inclosure for pasturing cattle; every gently-rising hillside, over which the last crimson rays of the setting sun love to linger, a very nice field for turnips; every cool, tossing, tangled woodland so many cords of timber—women, to whom every breezy, sunny day, beautiful with blue skies and fleecy clouds, is good weather for drying; every hour pinched from needful sleep, or coveted rest, or instructive entertainment, so much clear gain for carpet-rag sewing; every penny wrrenched away from present needs and pleasures, something more toward the contingent rainy day.

These are the people who coldly say of a heart-stirring description or an inspiring lyric: "That's all very well in poetry, but it won't do for practical, every-day life." Who sniff at the slight of tastefully-disposed adornments, arranged with loving hands: "Flowers and books won't give you food." Who croak at the discovery of a Latin grammar or a roll of music among a young person's effects: "You'll never make your living by this; you might have bought a few yards extra of warm flannel with the money." Who rake out a discarded pair of stockings and exclaim: "You could have darned these all up nicely while you were reading, and had thirteen pairs instead of twelve."

It might occur to some of us to ask these wise ones: What are we here for? Only to eat and to clothe ourselves? Then why will our earth feed any creatures other than those suitable for meat and beasts of burden? Why will the soil produce anything besides potatoes and turnips? Why do not the trees grow up as straight sticks, without grace and color? Could not the winds blow and the sun shine if the sky were painted a cinnamon hue? Wouldn't it be an improvement upon nature's plan to have muscles and nerves of cast-iron?

If our chief concern in life is to eat and wear clothes, no wonder there is such a decided enmity between poetry and our earthly affairs. To be sure the amount spent for flowers and books would have bought us more expensive dinners. Certainly any thought given to anything else than earning something to buy more clothing is folly. Most assuredly it were more sensible to put a little more into our trunks than our minds. (What poor things the last are; they have no mission in the world, for they can neither eat nor wear clothes!) Why should we strive, and suffer, and love, and hope? "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

O friend, do you see yourself? How lean, how poor, how pitiful! Think! Suppose you were sent into a place to do a certain work, with the assurance that your bodily needs would be supplied. Would you do the work with all your heart, and trouble yourself little about what your employer had promised to give you, or would you be so afraid he would for-

get that you would spend your time in worrying about it, and neglect the work? And yet, what is your work? Is it not to dignify and elevate humanity, and enrich your own soul in the establishment of a pure and noble character? Yet, what are you doing but making of yourself a mere caterer to your body?

We will not ask, Is this true wisdom? but, Is this practical common sense? Is it the best course of action to dwarf our intellects, contract our hearts and spend our energies, so that we may make a little more money, or keep alive the dread of an evil time which may never come? To let all the beauty and glory of intelligent living go by us, while we toil in the dark pits? To waste our daylight, our strength and our life in the ceaseless endeavor to sit down always to a groaning table?

Give all things their places, and there will be no antagonism among them. Believe that labor, and food, and clothing are the necessary adjuncts of existence, that they require conscientious thought, and that we cannot neglect them with impunity. But put them down, and keep them down, where they belong, in a place suggesting foundations; for, like fire, they are valuable servants but tyrannical masters. Then, as it were, rear upon them, not without them, yet towering far above them, the real things of life—those things which are "unseen" and "eternal"—the pure, imperishable spirits of truth, and charity, and loveliness, and beauty.

There are not two kinds of existence arrayed against each other—one of every-day use, the other of occasional luxury—any more than there are two kinds of trees, the most serviceable being buried in the earth, the more ornamental towering aloft in the air. The two are distinct—root and tree—yet they are one, neither being complete without the other, the latter, all grace and strength, resting upon the former, which is all solidity. So it is in a true life. Observe farther that the tree could not stand without the root, though the root might remain in earth for awhile without the tree; yet it would be useless and hidden in the darkness. So, though the lower life is necessary to the higher, it may exist alone; but when it does it is worthless. See also that though the tree is dependent on the root, this is mostly out of sight. And so, in a really noble mode of living, the mere necessities, though great and present, are scarcely seen.

### Land Owning.

THE Real Estate *Bulletin* has some good hints on young farmers making an effort to own their own land. It says: "As men advance from youth toward middle age, they learn many important lessons from that indefatigable and unerring teacher—experience. One is, that by their own unaided labor, they can obtain little beyond a bare support for themselves. And so it occurs to reflective and sagacious minds to make an effort to secure the co-operation of some one, or something else, to make some one, or something, to work with or for them. This is done in various ways. Perhaps the most certainly profitable assistant a man can obtain is old Dame Nature herself. A man who holds a good title to a well-chosen piece of land has secured the services of a faithful worker, whose labors cease not while he

rests, and who will work incessantly when sickness or accident render him unable to work himself.

"It is not such a hard thing to become a land-owner, even for persons of very limited means, if you are willing to begin in a very small way. A very small sum will purchase an acre of land, and after that is purchased, it will seem to you, who never owned a foot of land before, quite a territory. If you plant and till it yourself the products of the soil will, in a short time, pay back and double the amount paid for it. Or, if your immediate needs require you at your clerk's desk, or your workshop, the rent of your land is coming in to aid you in your efforts to force a living out of your small earnings. Meanwhile, your land is yearly increasing in value, and is safe amid all the fluctuations attendant upon other investments. In a few months, by economy and a few acts of self-denial, you will be able to buy a little more, and so on, from time to time, until you become an extensive land-owner."

### The Human Figure.

RUSKIN says that to be a successful artist, it is necessary first to have a true knowledge of the human figure, making this the standard of all other forms, passing downward from it, through the various shapes of animals and limbs, plants and leaves, to the conventional representations found within the domain of decorative art.

Setting aside the high reputation of the writer quoted, and all thoughts of his quick sense of beauty and fitness, as well as his earnest lifetime spent in the study of the noblest works of creative genius, we, ourselves, when once our attention has been called to the subject, may easily believe the truth of this observation. For in nothing else than the "human form divine" appears such a wondrous combination of adaptation and grace. From Jupiter, by Phidias, to Aurora, by Bailey, the fascination of exquisite, idealized, perfect physical proportions has never lost its power over mankind.

So, even, were we unable to offer anything better, we would say to an artist that it pays to study the figure, such study insuring a better degree of success. But we would say the same to any one, for such a course could scarce fail to give in return a truer knowledge upon the subject, with, as a result, a far higher appreciation of the beautiful everywhere. By studying anatomy in this sense, we do not mean learning the locations of several dozen bones and muscles, nor committing to memory a long string of Latin names. What we do mean, is, observing carefully the outlines and relative positions of the different parts of the human body.

Just how to do this, every one, perhaps, does not know. So we are glad to be able to give a few valuable hints in the matter. In the April number of *Scribner's Monthly*, Mr. William F. Page relates how, while practicing his profession as a painter in Rome, he re-discovered the method taught by Pythagoras, of measuring a man. Interesting indeed are all of Mr. Page's statements, but the two most so, we believe, are the following. First, that he took the idea from Revelations, xxi, 17: "And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man." Second, that he first communicated his discovery to his friends, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Briefly will we state the conclusions deduced by Mr. Page from the verse partially quoted. One hundred and forty-four, the measure of a man, is the

square of twelve—then twelve ought to be the standard, both of height and breadth, for a rightly-proportioned human form. And our investigator found that this is literally the case, the best specimens in nature coming within his notice, as well as the finest ancient statue—the Egyptian Water-Carrier, and the remains of the works of Phidias—fully confirming his observations.

Of course all who have access to the article would do well to read it, and study out the plates. But we can give this much as a guide for those who, not having the magazine at hand, would be glad of more extended information.

Draw first a square, marking each side off in divisions of twelve. Then join each point of separation to the one opposite by a straight line, so that the whole will be cut up into one hundred and forty-four small squares. It will be well to deepen the perpendicular line dividing the square into two equal parts, for this line will also be the middle partition of the figure which we purpose drawing.

The head may now be outlined so that the forehead and eyes will be within the two small squares on each side of the middle line next the top, the line forming the base of each cutting through the ears and nose. The chin will be almost the centre of the next two lower squares, the remainder of each being occupied mainly by the curves of the neck, which turn abruptly, then gradually slope down toward the prominence of the shoulder, nearly one-third the height of the division above, the next horizontal line. The prominence mentioned occurs in each of the two squares by the side of those containing the neck and chin, dwindling down into the arm, at the lowest outer corner of each. The next row of squares is marked by the position of the outstretched arms, they, from finger to finger over the chest, extending completely across the large square, making a line exactly equal to the height of the body. The middle finger is immediately below the line forming the tops of this row of squares, an upward curve of the hand and arm reaching slightly above every separate one. Immediately beneath those containing the prominences of the shoulders are those showing the place of the armpits, and the downward slope of the chest.

The remainder of the figure is comprised chiefly within the two middle rows of squares, just touching the edges at the waist, extending beyond them at the hips, and curving considerably within them at the knees and ankles. As we have intimated in speaking of the arms, there seems to be a distinct anatomical mark at every place crossed by one of the lines forming the lesser squares; for instance, the extremity of the breast-bone is at the base of the fourth pair from the top, the waist is marked by that of the fifth, and the space immediately above the knee by the eighth. The perpendicular lines next to the outermost cross the wrist, so that the length of the extended hand may be taken as a divisor, or one-twelfth of the length of the body. Any one may test the accuracy of this scale by measuring himself with his own hands, allowing, of course, for an occasional departure from symmetry in his own person, and from it also he can deduce any fraction of a given length.

Of how much use all this may be to our readers, we cannot say. But we indulge in the belief that, once thoroughly understood, this principle may aid many of our friends toward a more intelligent enjoyment of true art, and perhaps tend, in a measure, to do away with some of the prevalent, popular empiricism regarding form.

## Publishers' Department.

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*From the New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

#### COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

MR. EDITOR: I see you advertise the above Treatment in the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*. Please allow me a few words of commendation. At my instance, Drs. Starkey & Palen sent a box containing two months' Home Treatment to a young lady friend of mine in Madison County, Miss., without charge, who has been an invalid for years. The two doctors attending warned her against its use. It was then sent to me by this lady friend. My wife being in feeble health, and having been for many years, I persuaded her to use it, which she did. She began very soon to improve in strength, and continued to improve, and passed through the unusually hot summer of 1878 and the fall, cooking and attending to all her domestic duties with more strength and less fatigue than she had done for ten years preceding. Then during the winter nursed the sick, day and night, with more than usual loss of sleep, and exposure, and effort, and all without breaking down, which she could not have done at any period during ten years past up to that time. In order to have some experimental knowledge of the effect of this Treatment, I used it several times myself. In all my life I never used anything that produced so soon such a pleasant, healthful, naturalness of condition. Gave a glow of youthful buoyancy by increasing the vital forces of mind and body. It gave a compass and power to my voice that it never had before.

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REV. WILLIAM B. HINES.

Waynesboro, Miss., May 5, 1879.

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MAYOR BEATTY'S GENEROUS GIFT.—*Washington, N. J., July 10th, 1879.*—A large gathering of children was held in the M. E. Church at Washington, New Jersey, on Children's Day. An address was delivered by Hon. Daniel F. Beatty (of Beatty Piano and Organ fame), the mayor of the city, who presided at the meeting. The audience was also entertained with recitations and singing by the children. Beatty's Orchestra furnished excellent music. The gathering of the children was the largest ever known in Warren County. The pleasant announcement was made by the pastor at the conclusion of the ceremonies that Mayor Beatty had presented the Sabbath-school with a new library, valued at \$360. This is only one of the many gifts the mayor has contributed to the church and the poor within the last few months.—*New York World.*

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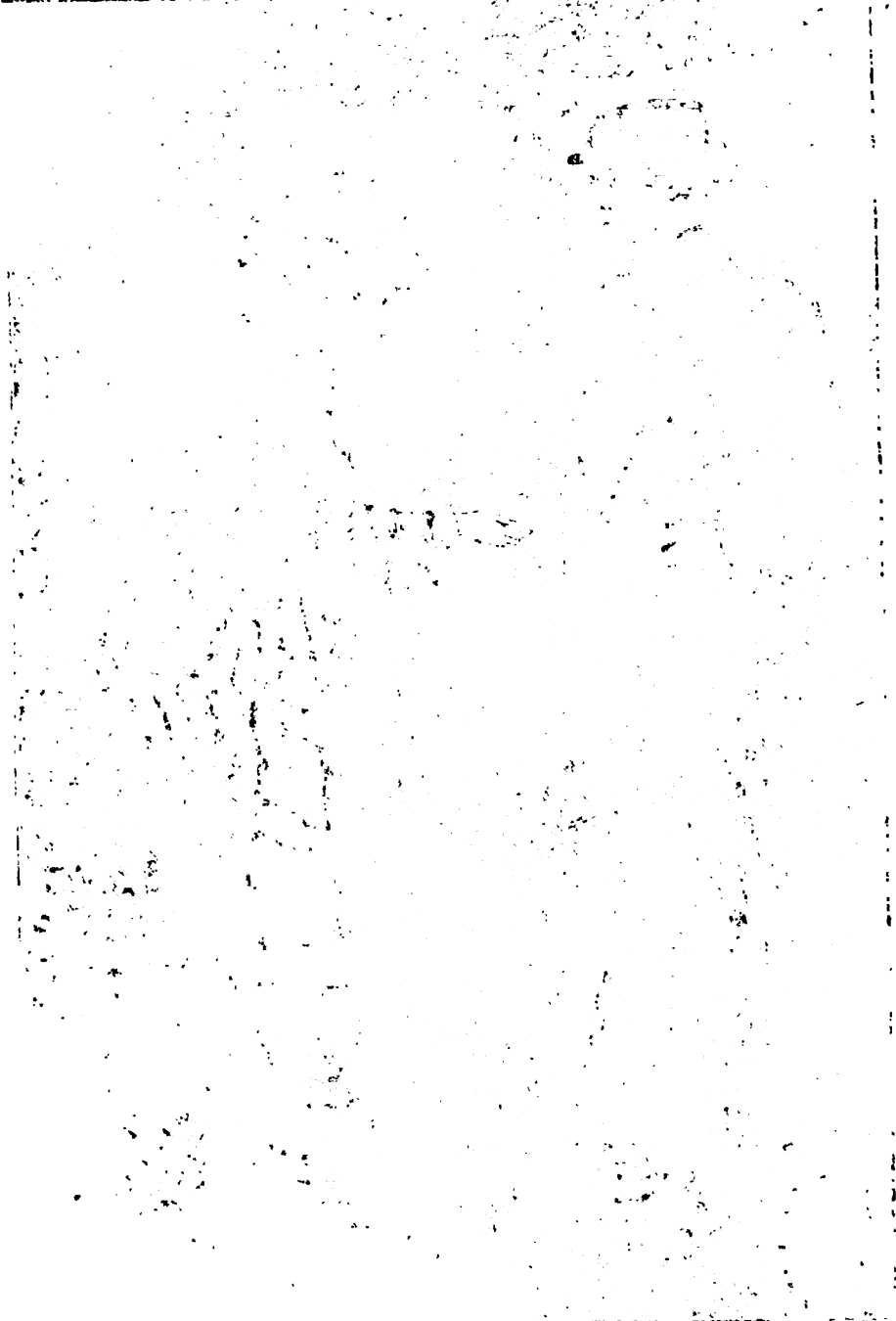


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# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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No. 10.

## ANTHIA THORBURN.

### CHAPTER I.

**A**NTHIA THORBURN was nearly twenty in years, and about fifteen in feeling and experience. Beyond contributing a certain sunniness to the surrounding atmosphere and doing a little sewing for the Dorcas, she did nothing toward making the world better for her being in it. Her mother was dead, her father engrossed in business, her education considered finished, her sisters in banishment finishing theirs, a deaf aunt in charge of the house, and stagnation brooding over the depths as well as the shallows of existence.

Month in and month out, life's every-day round was varied by nothing more exciting than, more or less vapid, social gatherings, one or two mild flirtations, the arrival of Butterick's fashions, the making up and over of new and old garments, and last, by no means least, an occasional wedding.

One lovely Sabbath morning, this same Anthia Thorburn, returning from church, avoided the short cut past the mills. She longed to escape companionship, and, beside, was in no hurry to reach home.

Rev. Asa Siebeling surpassed himself in that morning's discourse. Usually, the rather dull old pastor preached from heights so far above the level of Miss Thorburn's comprehension she long ago despaired of understanding, and continued to weary of listening. Happily, that day he was peculiarly successful in bringing religion and its obligations right down to the capacity of ordinary thinkers, and within reach of common needs.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" This was the text. "A question we should all ask," urged Mr. Siebeling; "not what wilt Thou have this man do, but what shall I do?"

The sermon had taken fast hold on one hearer at least. She wanted to think it over—to discover, if possible, how she stood in regard to it. Was it an imaginary grouping of impossible duties? Would the brightness of the promised reward prove unsubstantial as the violet and misty golden crowning of distant hills? Or, was the lesson to be applied to every-day use—to the life she was living there and then?

Millville was by no means an attractive place. It was almost entirely given over to great buildings  
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glistening with windows and bristling with chimneys. Everybody was more or less interested in the business; not many cared for anything outside of it. It would have been called a country town, although the country veritably turned her back upon it. Even the grass crept from the dry, sandy roads, and sought the fields lying open and sunny beyond the red mill ranges. To see a dandelion by the wayside was so rare a sight, Miss Thorburn, chancing to spy one shining like sunshine, dropped from fairyland, picked and placed it in her breast knot. After appropriating the blossom, without stopping to remove the dust from its yellow disk, she felt all at once that some new, strange influence had come into her life and marveled over it.

"Rather a tarnished ornament, Miss Thorburn. Now, were it a mill-woman's child instead of a dusty field-flower, you would demand that its face be washed before, under any circumstances, you would consent to touch it."

There was no board walk along this road, and the dust was genuine dust, a good deal thicker than three-ply, and soft as velvet. It betrayed no footfall, yet she knew very well whose voice addressed her on this their pet subject of contention.

"You can never forgive me for endeavoring to enforce habits of cleanliness and order on these people," she replied.

The gaze of Ralph Aden's dark, deep-set eyes went beyond the earnest face beside him, while the answer he returned seemed equally wide of the mark.

"Will you tell me why you chose this roundabout way, and why you picked that flower?"

"I came this way because I wanted to, and picked the flower for the same reason." Anthia Thorburn drew her skirts a little more closely, and held her head a trifle higher.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, stepping back and lifting his hat. "I had an errand in this neighborhood, and made bold to join you. I see I have intruded."

In spite of their present formality, they had had knowledge of each other from childhood, and there had been fitful intimacies with occasional estrangements from their youth up. It was not odd, then, that Anthia, throwing aside caprice, should that moment lift to his a pair of melting eyes, and seem to entreat him with her scarlet mouth.

"I was wrong," she said, frankly. "I ought not to be disagreeable after such a sermon, so I'll tell you why I left everybody and took this road. I wanted to think over what we heard this morning. To question whether I was living as I ought—whether there was not something for me to do. And I picked this bit of brightness because the thought that its kinsflowers were blossoming under more favorable circumstances didn't seem to affect it in the least. It was doing the best it could, and somehow I felt that I wanted it to know I appreciated the effort, and loved it, dust and all."

There was no change in the blue and gold of that April day, yet Ralph Aden's face flushed as though it reflected the hues of an unseen sunset. Whatever his thought, it remained unspoken. And again the answer returned seemed wide of the subject in hand. Nevertheless, his companion had a feeling that somehow, like the different colors in a piece of mosaic, it fitted into this new experience.

"Susan Printer's child met with a sad accident yesterday."

"Little Beta?"

"Yes. Some four or five families occupy the house—all mill hands, and obliged, as you know, to leave their little ones alone. Just before five yesterday afternoon, the eldest in charge, herself only nine, heated a kettle of water for their several teas. Somehow, nobody knows how, Beta overturned it, scalding her little limbs terribly. I intend stopping there. Will you go with me?"

Miss Thorburn, promising to send some necessary articles, found it easy to decline going herself. At the very next corner there stood Fitz Maurice Maurice. He reproved her for running away, in a manner which implied he felt her loss keenly; then, with a graceful "Allow me," deftly caught the flower slipping from her creamy laces, and, after lifting it to his lips, transferred it to his buttonhole.

Up to that critical moment, Anthia Thorburn rather liked this young gentleman. Suddenly and unaccountably he turned obnoxious, nay, even ridiculous, with that penciling of dust under the sulphur-colored mustache. The penalty of his homage to the little field-flower.

Had she noticed Beattie Wade trying to make it up with Hal Bloomer? Did she see Tom Forbes's stunning tie? Had Kate Smith told her when she was to be married? So ran the shallow current of his conversation until they reached Thorburn's door, where Anthia gladly dismissed him.

Millville gossips called both these gentlemen Miss Thorburn's lovers.

Some three or four years previous, Ralph Aden's father was one of the wealthiest men in the place. Through some fraudulent proceeding—Maurice senior's was whispered—he lost everything, and died shortly after. Ralph was obliged to leave college and accept an inferior position in the mill, for the purpose of providing for an invalid sister and younger brother. However, he had not relinquished his medical studies, and was already in the enjoyment of

an extensive practice among the poorer classes, where, kill or cure, it was no pay.

"A fine young man. Will make his mark some day," was invariably conceded, the while it was mutely yet unanimously agreed to wait for that auspicious hour before any public recognition of his merits be tendered him. They were blind as well as dumb, not to see that this young man's mark was already made, and that, too, where the "Carpenter's Son" left His own hallowed imprint—in the home of the poor and lowly, in the hearts of the common people.

As for Fitz Maurice Maurice—vain, idle, stupidly good-tempered—they all laughed at him behind his back, yet everybody respected him as the only child and heir of the richest man in the place, and a good sort of fellow in his own right.

The house of Thorburn, not feeling under obligations to attend a second service on the Sabbath, settled into profound dullness or slumber as the day wore on. Anthia found it easy to decline going with Ralph Aden to visit the suffering child, yet not quite so easy to quiet her conscience on the subject afterward. The soft gold of the April day melting into the grays of twilight, only left her more restless and disturbed. As a child of God, she had humbly asked some task at His hands, then thoughtlessly shirked the first duty presenting itself.

The fire in the open grate oppressed her, the stillness of her father's and aunt's reclining figures only made her pulse run quicker. She drew the curtain and looked out in the darkness to meet the mill-walls inclosing her like the sides of some huge box. Their garden was a neglected spot, stifled in regulation shrubbery, yet she recalled in a sort of ecstasy its secluded avenues, where the breath of lilacs blew through the shimmering dark, and over which big stars were keeping watch. Snatching up a shawl more like meshes of sea-foam woven in a mermaid's loom than the work of woman's fingers, she stole softly out and paced the garden paths.

Millville's landed proprietors seemed to have agreed upon the singular choice of fixing their residences in close proximity to their business. Consequently, Andrew Thorburn's mansion rested complacently in the shadow of Thorburn Mills, while his employees occupied tenements at a respectful distance, as become objects supposed to have no more in common with this great scheme of accumulating wealth than had the machinery in use a certain length of time, then turned out on the lots and forgotten.

From that garden slope, snowed over with cherry blossoms, and sprinkled with incense from the lilac censers, Miss Thorburn could see these humble homes. Singling out the light from Susan Printer's window, she remembered how this poor creature had gone from their own door to be married, and how sad a life she was leading ever since. Then she thought how often Ralph Aden had tried to interest her in these mill-people. The recollection of her feeble, readily-relinquished efforts in the mission-

chool returned to her with a pang. Was this the work God wanted her to do? Through this man's untreaty and example had she been called time and gain, and time and again refused?

Susan Printer's candle glimmered more redly, ending a beckoning ray through the slumberous dark. An invisible breath touched Anthia Thorburn's cheek, then flitted enticingly away. That very instant her mind was made up. She would go and see little Beta. She seldom traveled that way, yet, seeing it daily, every step was familiar, and it did not take her many minutes to arrive at Printer's door. Although not as bad as its neighbors, the room was by no means cleanly. The children, too, had an unwashed, unkempt look, owing, probably, to an early toilet and no subsequent attention. Even Susie's face wore the mill-mark, and it was evident that soiled hands had readjusted the outer linen bandaging the little scalded limbs. Suddenly, and to herself incomprehensively, Anthia Thorburn had risen above these things. Trivial details such as these lost their influence upon her, giving way to an overwhelming sense of human need, human sorrow.

Susan Printer's slight frame was worn out with child-bearing, and ached so from the strain of weaving and walking with her baby, she was glad to lay her in those younger, stronger arms, and indulge in the luxury of a good cry.

Unluckily, Dr. Ralph Aden just missed seeing that vision of Anthia Thorburn pacing the dim middle-ground of that mean apartment with the wailing baby cradled on her breast. Coming far out of his way for the purpose of seeing his patient that night, he learned, to his surprise, that the young lady had been there, and just left under guardianship of one of the lads. Could he have seen her in that tender guise passing in and out of the candle's flare, with a trail of violet silk and sea-foam drapery around her, and fitful lights on cheek and hair, there would have been no need to ask: "Dost like the picture?"

## CHAPTER II.

AS soon as she could excuse herself after a very late breakfast, Anthia put on her plainest attire and went over to see how little Beta passed the night. To her surprise, she knew that Susie had been out, because she met her hurrying in.

"There was just a minute I dare snatch, so I flew over to see after her," was the woman's apology for pushing by her visitor. "Come up."

Miss Thorburn obeyed the invitation in a state of towering indignation.

"How could you leave this almost dying baby?" she demanded, in severest accents. "How could you find it in your heart to do anything so cruel?"

"It wasn't in my heart a bit, Miss, it was all in my life," replied Susie, with simple pathos. "You know how it is with Tom; he's got consumption, and can't earn much, though he keeps hard at work; and I'd lose my place if I wasn't there."

"You'd better lose twenty places than that little creature's life," replied Miss Thorburn, sharply.

"My place," said Susie, with a gasp, "is bread, butter, a roof, not only for this child, but for the others. My place"—here a strange sob broke from those pallid lips—"means a shroud, a coffin for her, if she dies. What else can I do?"

The crimson on Anthia's cheeks took on a new shade, as, with drooped head and trembling fingers, she drew out her purse.

"You work for my father," she said. "Take two or three days off on my responsibility. I'll make it up to you, and see that you retain your position."

"I'm not at Thorburn Mills now, Miss. I lost three days last winter when Tommie was so sick, and was discharged. I'm at Maurice's."

The swift change in Anthia's manner was a sight to see. From presuming to play the judge, she suddenly assumed the attitude of culprit.

"Does my father know this?" she inquired gently, even humbly.

"No, Miss," answered Susie, absorbed in her child, and taking no notice of the young lady's face or manner, "he has nothin' to do with gettin' on or puttin' off. I must leave you now, poor, burned pettie!"

She clasped the child in a closer embrace, rained kisses on its face, hands and on the little bandaged feet, then, with a frantic cry of, "My baby! Oh, my baby!" fled from the room.

The moment Anthia Thorburn recovered herself and was able to collect her thoughts, she sent the eldest child, a wild little thing, only seven, after her mother, saying: "Tell her I will stay here until she returns at noon."

Sitting in that scantily-furnished room, where the gold of the April day turned dim in its struggles to get through the grimy panes, Miss Thorburn never dreamed she was entering upon a blessed Christian work. When dirty, barefooted little children, of every age under nine, stared at her through the open door, or the babies they dragged about with them crawled around her feet, she was far from realizing that a mission to such as these was opening before her.

True, she had already abandoned a serious effort in a similar direction. The Saturday afternoon sewing-class meeting at Aden's, and the mission-school on the flats, had engaged her attention an entire season. She left both in a fit of intense disgust because her labors seemed fruitless.

"Don't you know it's 'Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little?'" remarked Helen Aden.

"Yes," replied Anthia, "but the first line must stay, else how can we add another? These people are willfully careless and ignorant. Everything's thrown away on them."

Now Ralph and Helen Aden held a contrary opinion. From every point of view they looked upon these toilers with a large-hearted charity. They were aware of the importance of bettering their condition, and also deeply impressed with the value

of each individual soul. However, they had failed to enlist Miss Thorburn's sympathies; the toil was thankless, the task irksome. She went her careless way, so sunny and sweet-tempered, her good friends could not blame her, although they felt the disappointment keenly.

The time of quickening had arrived. It found Miss Thorburn in that dilapidated tenement in company with its swarms of children—found her alone and unadvised, revolving schemes and plans for their comfort and safety. Ralph and Helen Aden planted, another watered, and God in infinite wisdom was giving the increase.

When Millville first knew Andrew Thorburn, he lived in a one-and-a-half-story frame containing three rooms. Rising in the world, he left this building in the rear, and took possession of a handsome brick residence fronting the main street. But for the brief occupancy of an old nurse, who left it for her final rest, the dwelling had remained empty ever since. That is, as far as human beings were concerned. Not destitute of furniture, because almost everything in that line remained, very few articles being considered fine enough for the new home. Anthia and her sisters had "played house" there until they got old enough to begin to think about marriage and homes of their own. Next came nurse Keturah's reign, then followed dust and silence. It was one of the prettiest spots in Millville. Ivy and hop-vines embowered it, red honeysuckles rioted over the tiny porch, pink, white and purple morning-glories strung their bells across every window, while bird, butterfly and bee twittered, fluttered and buzzed in excess of summer life and joy about it.

One week after these incidents, already recorded, took place, the door of this sylvan retreat opened upon Anthia Thorburn's perfected plans. She had at last come into real and heart-felt sympathy with these poor mill-folk and their human ache and need. Having availed herself of the opportunity for studying the sad effects of the parents' enforced neglect, taking this as the key-note of her new life and work, her plans were rapidly formed and put into execution.

Engaging the services of Mrs. Printer and two others at a fair salary, a day-nursery was opened in the cottage under the vines, for the especial benefit of such children as were too young to be left in charge of those who were scarcely beyond babyhood themselves. Here they were washed, dressed, fed and attended to from six, A. M., until half-past six, P. M., every day except Sunday.

At the outset, Mr. Thorburn felt disposed to discountenance an innovation so extraordinary, so unparalleled in the history of his house. While for her part, Mrs. Lansing, the deaf aunt, either could not or would not understand what was proposed. She seemed determined it should be something terrible, something to be ashamed and repented of as long as they lived. Anthia, poor girl, was distressed beyond measure. Nevertheless, she remained tender, yet firm, and finally carried her point triumphantly.

After the second week of the nursery's opening, Mr. Thorburn condescended a visit, and subsequently dropped in quite as a matter of course. Mrs. Lansing sent in an occasional dainty, but was exceedingly timid about venturing in person.

"There's never any knowing about these children," she said, discreetly keeping the garden's length between herself and the happy, roly-poly little band at Hopsley Hall, as it was wittily named.

If, apart from his inordinate self-love, Fitz Maurice had a spark of genuine admiration to spare, it struck out in Anthia Thorburn's direction. Inclined to wander away after every fresh, attractive face, he invariably returned to his boyish fancy after the novelty wore off, and become more than ever devoted. Miss Thorburn was used to him. They, too, had grown up together. She knew very well that a few properly-directed efforts would secure the prize, yet was not sure she cared for it sufficiently to make them. Remaining in this undecided state of mind, she allowed his attentions to come or go, and was entirely satisfied in either case.

Such being her mental condition, and that small organ, the heart, having no word to say for itself, she pursued the—very uneven, at this critical period—tenor of her way, while Fitz allowed himself a new indulgence. He became absorbed in Celia Priestly, who was visiting his lady mother. Having been in the way of calling frequently on this maiden at the paternal residence in an adjoining county, her family agreed it was high time he declared himself.

In view of hastening this desired event, Miss Celia accepted Mrs. Maurice's invitation to spend a few weeks with her. The manner in which the "object" straightway conducted himself, caused the lady to assure her anxious parents there was nothing to fear and everything to expect.

Riding over one day, "Just to see the dear girl," Dr. Priestly was met and captured by his ancient enemy, the gout. Now it happened that this gentleman was a friend of Ralph Aden, deceased, and, having no son of his own to succeed him, was deeply interested in aiding and abetting Ralph junior's studies. It followed, as a matter of course, then, that this young man should be summoned to wait upon the crippled parent, while Fitz Maurice attended the charming daughter wherever it pleased her to go.

Millville gossips refused to see the matter in this very reasonable light. Having settled that Maurice's son should marry Thorburn's daughter, they resolutely closed their visual organs to every other aspect of so important a question. Young Aden's calls were interpreted to mean an understanding between Celia and himself, and forthwith a second engagement was announced.

It frequently happens that some people are a long while finding out what almost everybody knows. Anthia Thorburn was informed of Ralph Aden's daily visits to the pretentious mansion by the "Big Mills." She also became aware of the interpretation put upon them, but, unfortunately, she was left in ignorance as to the fact of Dr. Priestly's presence.

and his being confined to his chair with the gout. This girl, whose years seemed all at once to have eaped to their full stature, had found her work. She had not been called to do any very great thing, till the task promised to tax her young heart and strength to their utmost. With no slight pain, she earned that the being on whom she relied for sympathy and advice was drawn away, was becoming absorbed in new interests.

As Miss Thorburn in the big brick house, she had been comparatively inaccessible. As Miss Anthia at Hopsley Hall, fronting on a narrow back street, she was more easily approached.

"Such a piece of news!" exclaimed the veritable Mrs. Smith, pushing in at the half-open door. "Dr. Priestly's taken Ralph Aden into partnership, and he's gone over to Priestlyville to board. This much Miss Helen told me. I've come straight from there. She did not tell me that he and Celia were to be married next winter, but I can see through a sieve as well as the next one."

Mrs. Smith took her departure in a few minutes; not so the strange pain tugging at Anthia Thorburn's heart. There seemed no release from that sorrow. It met her day by day while she learned more and more about the new partnership from one and another, finally from Ralph himself. Sitting with him at Helen's feet, she listened to his hopes and plans for the benefit of his family and the race, and grieved more and more deeply. How grandly he looked! What a strong, brave, tender nature was his! Poor girl! He left her at her father's door that night with the cheerfulest of good-byes, and next day took up his residence under Dr. Priestly's roof.

"Do tell me about this place of Anthia Thorburn's," murmured Celia Priestly, hanging languidly on Fitz Maurice Maurice's arm. "What sort of an establishment is it, anyway?"

They were strolling home from some social entertainment, where Miss Thorburn had shone "a bright, particular star." Mrs. Maurice being "willin'," Miss Priestly had consented to prolong her visit indefinitely. It was early June. Even Millville looked fair in that soft moonlight crossed by silver-gray cloud-shadows, yet Fitz gnawed his yellow mustache and glared as though he found himself in a den of beasts. The question touched a sore point. He hated peculiar people. The moment Miss Thorburn "turned queer," he felt in duty bound to renounce her.

"A kind of orphan asylum, I believe," he answered; "but I don't know, and, to tell the truth, don't care."

"She'll never get married, you may rest assured. Gentlemen are shy of ladies with missions. I shall never find one."

"One what? A mission or a husband?"

"A mission, of course. I should be very unhappy if I thought one whom I could dearly love would never offer himself. I—I mean," faltered Miss Priestly, "if there was any such one."

"A creature so charming, so every way calculated

to adorn the marriage state, wrongs my sex by giving these fears audience. Celia, you wrong me."

Now this was merely a tender passage, such as Anthia Thorburn would have quietly ignored. Not so Celia Priestly; and before he could recover himself, Fitz Maurice Maurice was an engaged man. Having secured her prey, Miss Priestly was in no haste to announce the fact, lest it should be hinted she had taken desperate measures. It was best, she concluded, to wait until she was once more decorously established at home, and been properly waited upon by her enamored swain.

Anthia Thorburn came to look upon it as settled that Ralph was to marry Celia. She could not grow accustomed to the anguish this thought caused her; still, life was neither a wilderness nor empty. Had this sorrow assailed her in that dull, inactive past, she would have been overwhelmed. As it happened, she had so much to occupy her time and attention, so many and such increasing duties and responsibilities, there was small room for regrets—non! for idle weeping. True, Ralph Aden had not deserted the old home, friends or patients. Scarce a week passed that she did not see him a few bright moments. She saw those fine eyes kindle upon her, listened to his almost unqualified approval of all she did and was endeavoring to persuade others to do; yet this made the thought that he was to marry Celia Priestly doubly, aye, trebly bitter.

The secret was divulged, however. Fitz Maurice married his bride in splendor, and carried her off in state. Then the whole town fell to pitying Miss Thorburn.

"She don't let on to care," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones; "but, depend upon it, she's crushed. I could have told her, though. He's not the kind of man to marry a woman that goes out of her sphere. Even young Aden got disgusted and cleared out. She's booked for an old maid, sure as you live."

If Mrs. Smith was never mistaken in her life before, she was then. The day did not hasten, yet it came, when Ralph Aden whispered words whose very utterance blessed Anthia Thorburn and flooded her future with sunshine.

Dahlia and Lily Thorburn having completed their studies, returned just in time to take their sister's place at Hopsley Hall. Fresh from the confinement of school-life, full of energy and earnestness, inspired by Anthia's example, longing to be of use in the world, fond of poor women, and with a weakness for babies, they stood ready to fill her place and bid her God-speed in her new life and work.

"From first to last, my heart has never wandered. I have loved you all my life," said Ralph Aden.

And she—our dear woman with the radiant face—answered: "I rejoice now that you did not tell me before, else, loving you so entirely—as I have during the year past—perhaps I should have cast my poor mite of good into God's great treasury in your name. Now I know whose call I answered, who helped me all the way through, and that my labor is not in vain in the Lord."



They were riding toward Priestlyville. A year and a month had passed since Anthia Thorburn plucked the little dandelion by the wayside. In playful remembrance of it, Ralph Aden had crowned her dark hair with their mimic rays. The sky was a banner of blue over them, the sunshine a joyous presence, sweet breaths blew down from flowering trees and up from growing grasses—the earth was the Lord's, and the fullness thereof—even the fullness of these wedded hearts. MADGE CARROL.

### A LEGEND.

LIVED a race of strange dream-people,

In a country by the sea;

Far behind them lay the water,

Vast and vague as death may be.

Far before them stretched a desert

Foot of man had never crossed,

For the people had a legend:

"He who ventures there is lost.

"Lost amid the sandy mazes

And the uplands, bleak and bare;

Nightly, monsters grim and eerie

Hold their woful revels there.

"Ah! who treads within the desert

Takes his risk at fearful cost;

All is death within the desert—

He who ventures there is lost!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the valleys and the uplands,

Into distance dim and gray,

Passed a novice, veiled and hooded,

Singing softly on her way—

Softly, lightly, oh, full sweetly!

All the people flocked to hear;

All the people flocked and followed

To her measure, falling clear.

Left their dove-cotes and their gardens,

Left their browsing goats and kine,

Followed, followed, till the glories

Of a sunset round them shine.

One by one, its cares forgetting,

Loosened many a weary hand,

And its gifts and stores, down-dropping,

Fell upon that barren land.

Up a rugged steep the novice

Drew the people as she trod,

Till a shining gateway opened—

And the singer passed to God!

\* \* \* \* \*

All the desert is a garden,

And a land of fruit and wine,

For the seeds the people scattered

Blossomed in that path divine!

ROSE GERANIUM.

### SOCIAL POSITION.

IF all the ideas that are held on this subject were collected together, what a queer book we should have! Queer enough as to expression, but probably the central thought of every proposition would amount to just this: Our social position depends on our catching up with somebody and getting ahead of somebody else. Or perhaps it might be read in this way: Our social position depends on keeping other people below us.

Living as we do in our own little world, in the midst of our own surroundings, it is difficult for us to realize that these two words express a very relative value indeed. We must pass into other places to realize it. But the utter folly of rating a man according to mere externals may be seen when we consider what these externals are in many localities, even if we do not take into account the fact that they are exceedingly changeable. The African maiden is the belle of her tribe if her nose-ring exceeds in brightness and proportions those of her sable sisters; the aristocrats of the "white trash" inhabiting the Virginian mountains, are those who have arrived at the dignity of having teams of their own; the country physician, "burying himself in humble obscurity," is the great man of his township, the envy of the neighbors for miles around, on account of his beautiful residence and fine horses.

But weak humanity will take pride in its own achievements and possessions. Perhaps it is well. Destroy this tendency, and you take away nine-tenths of all incentive to honest endeavor, and leave a dull, unambitious, unprogressive race, content, like the animals, to be merely warmed and fed. Let all continue to strive who will; they deserve credit for making effort, even though such effort may not always be well-directed.

What really constitutes position, what is the most legitimate object of social exultation, is a matter concerning which exists a wide difference of opinion. Take any aristocratic little town of which you know, and enumerate three or four of its leading families. You might expect to find them all friends, moving, as we say, in the same circle. But, no. You have the curious spectacle of three or four families, all having about the same amount, more or less, of money and culture, and all living in a style very similar; but each is shut off by a seemingly impassable barrier from the others, and each occupies its leisure moments by looking down upon them. And this is how the case stands.

Mr. A. is a successful mill-owner, and has won his wealth by his own hard work; and he rather despises his next neighbor, Mr. B., who never did much of anything in the world. But Mr. B. comes of an old, old family, and he shrinks from all association with "a mere upstart." The third house is the residence of Mr. C., who made his fortune by a series of daring speculations; and upon him both the former gentlemen, at variance in every other respect, agree in turning a cold shoulder, though for different reasons.

Mr. A., having been strictly honest all his life, feels an utter contempt for any irregular modes of accumulating funds; Mr. B. considers him a parvenu, a little more vulgar than the other. All three unite in condemning the fourth householder, Mr. D., who is simply a scholar, living a quiet, secluded life, devoting himself to the pursuit of science. But in this judgment again we have different reasons. Mr. A. cannot see the sense in valuable energy so applied, Mr. B. feels aggrieved that the silent student pays so little deference to his ancient lineage, Mr. C. believes him lacking in natural sharpness. While from his own supreme heights, Mr. D. laughs at them all as a set of sordid worldlings.

Yet, but for these four men, the village would be at a standstill. They have brought to it employment, prestige, money and culture. Any of the moderately comfortable families around would be glad to welcome any one of them. Yet each considers himself the leading man, and the others his inferiors in every sense. And, of course, this feeling is multiplied tenfold in the wives and families of each. Miss D. at the academy dresses more plainly than Miss A., but the consciousness of her father's discoveries gives her a sort of right to sneer at Miss A.'s imperfect recitations; Miss C., securely established in her silks and diamonds, may curl her lip at both, as well as at Miss B.'s haughty, distant attitude. And so among them all. Only they know, as only ladies do, how to wound without any external discourtesy.

These four girls, with their parents, assemble in the same church every Sabbath, and ask to be delivered from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. If seriously interrogated, the whole twelve would acknowledge that all were sinners, and that Christ died for all. Then how would any dare deny that one soul was just as precious as another?

One soul is as precious as another. And here we have the truth of the immortal declaration that "All men are created equal," for in the fact of the priceless value of the human soul, with all its wondrous possibilities, lies the potential equality of all mankind. After that, whatever we have or achieve is of our own doing. Yet, even here, what occasion have we to boast of our own doing? Others would have done as well or better if they had had the ability. And whence our ability, if it came not as a free gift? So, sifted down to the bottom, human pride, though, rightly used, a powerful factor for good, has really no foundation other than in our own imaginations.

Perhaps the most legitimate object for its exercise is that of good birth. We come into the world stamped, as it were, with a patent of nobility in every member, an inheritance dependent upon absolutely nothing outside of ourselves, needing not for existence, like culture, the advantages of education; nor, like wealth, the opportunity for accumulation. The consciousness of being well-born has nerved many a fainting one to endure toils and privations well-nigh unheard-of, knowing within himself that the sun in eclipse is not less the sun, whose undiminished splendor will soon again shine upon the world.

But most secure of all earthly possessions as this seems, it is by no means absolutely so—an unworthy course of living may disgrace the best of names forever, while an heroic one may ennoble the meanest.

Talents, energies, knowledge, and, if properly exercised, their consequences, all give occasion to boast. But they are all precarious. Illness may destroy the brightest intellect, and disaster sweep away the greatest fortune; so that if our glorying is not in something higher than what we do or have, we may soon be humbled in the dust.

Have I been uttering old truisms? It is all because I want to say just this. Friends, don't struggle to push yourselves into a circle which you imagine beyond you, thereby confessing your own inferiority. If the truth were known, you yourself, when freed from your little taint of worldliness, may be worth far more than all its members put together; for, if you strive for social distinction, the probability is that you have fallen into the vulgar error of setting money above everything, and are ambitious to shine where gold does. But expend your energies upon your own self-improvement, and you will soon find that you are strong enough to make your own position. Live nobly and purely, and you must necessarily attract around you the noble and pure. And whether they are rich or poor, or distinguished or humble, makes no difference—you want your friends' hearts, not their material substance. Do you suppose Longfellow or Bryant ever had to think about social standing? Or the sweet, honorable, refined men and women whom you know if the world does not? Be complete in yourself, and as the years pass on you will find very little occasion to complain of your circle. All that may be safely left, for, as water finds its level, it will regulate itself.

H,

## HUSH.

"HUSH!" says the mother; "my baby, hush!"  
And the cries of the little one cease;  
And the baby reads in its mother's eyes  
A lullaby song of peace.

"Hush!" sighs the soft breeze, after a storm  
Has swept in a hurricane by;  
And the trees lift their heads, while the trembling  
leaves  
Look up in the face of the sky.

"Hush!" at the word my repining is still;  
I listen the message to hear;  
When my ears catch the sound of that one tender  
word,  
I know that an angel is near.

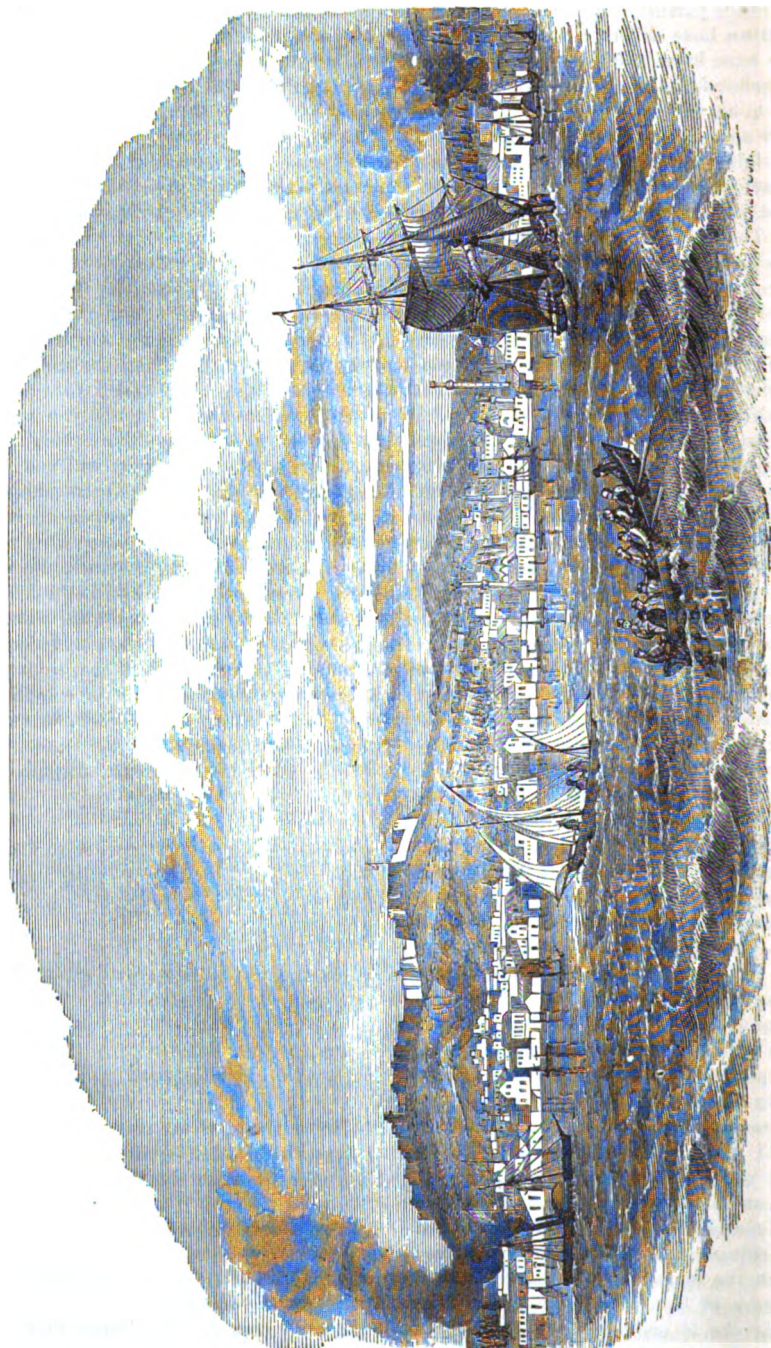
The angel of trust; and her sweet, loving eyes  
Look tenderly down into mine;  
Though my eyes fill with tears, they answer her  
back,  
I will not my will, but thine.

ALICE HAMILTON.

## SMYRNA.

WE recently referred to the peculiar interest excited by ancient cities, especially those the old sites of which, covered with the debris of centuries, were partly occupied by towns of a later

examples of this kind. In fact, nearly every city here has more or less of attraction in its history—notably must this be the case with one which has contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer, and whose claim by many is thought to be the best founded.



SMYRNA.

date. And we went on to speak of the central portion of the Eastern Continent as most abounding in | Smyrna, a seaport town of Asia Minor, is situated on the Gulf of Smyrna, and extends partly over the

ancient Mons-Pagus, and along the banks of the river Meles. The modern part was founded by Lysimachus, who laid out several handsome buildings, among them the *Homerum*, in which the poet was worshiped as a hero. Near the river is a grove in which he composed his poems. Among the ruins pointed out are the theatre, the temple and the Stadium, in which Polycarp suffered martyrdom. As Tarsus is of interest chiefly to the Christian as the birthplace of St. Paul, so is Smyrna as the scene of the life and labors of the father here referred to, for he was pastor of the first church in the city, one of the seven to which the Apostle John was commanded to address an epistle. Smyrna was destroyed by Tamerlane in 1402, and has since suffered vicissitudes, especially from destructive earthquakes and plagues. In July, 1845, it was devastated by a great fire.

Smyrna, as it is, presents a fine appearance from the sea, but is in general, wretchedly built. The houses are of wood, one story in height, and are mostly very dirty. The Frank and Greek quarters extend about two miles and a half along the sea, above the Armenian; next come two close quarters inhabited by the Jews, and above them is the Turkish part. Bazaars and market-places are constructed upon the marble ruins of the ancient theatre. Coffee-houses and gardens are scattered along the banks of the river, and extensive cemeteries occupy the declivities of Mount Pagus. Among the most noticeable buildings are an Armenian academy, the palace of the governor, the barracks, several synagogues, five Greek, two Catholic, two Armenian and two Protestant churches, and about twenty mosques, which are open at all times for the reception of Christians and others. The population is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, of which eighty thousand are Turks, forty thousand Greeks, fifteen thousand Jews, ten thousand Armenians and five thousand Franks.

Smyrna has been for several centuries the most important centre of trade in the Levant, conducted both by shipping on the waters of the Mediterranean, and caravans to and from Syria and Persia. The principal exports are dried fruits, cotton, silk, goat's-hair, sheep and camel's-wool, rabbit and hare-skins, madder and opium. Owing to the remarkable advantages of its situation, Smyrna has always speedily recovered from the effects of disaster, and risen again to its importance as one of the richest and most influential cities of Asia.

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ONE cannot help asking whether weak moral natures must always be coddled at the expense of stronger ones. Weak natures are apt to be selfish. Have we not a right to ask whether the selfishness and the weakness may not both be increased by too generous a submission on the part of stronger natures? Are the weak always helped by having their burdens borne by the strong?—*Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.*

## ALL IN THE SPRING-TIME.

## IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY EMMA WILMOT.

## CHAPTER I.

NORTH from New York, it matters not how many miles, but where the scenery of the Hudson is wildest and grandest, there stands a dwelling. It may not now be, and perhaps never was, a fit habitation for the kings of earth; but the man who, many years ago, planned and had it built after his own liking and English taste, certainly felt the throbbing of royal blood in his veins. And this house, erected upon a gentle slope and surrounded by majestic forest trees, takes after him. It, too, is royal! All the ornamental work, added by the late owner of "The Hammonds," cannot hide the original majesty of the old brick dwelling; although the deep bay-windows and porticoes of recent date contrast oddly with the broad entrances, supported by large pillars.

But then the late owner did not boast of royal blood. If he had any, he never knew it. In fact, he never inquired into the matter any further than to ask, who was Susan Mathews, when, as a child in his father's house, he read in the old family Bible that, in A. D. 1800, John Hammond had been joined in holy wedlock to the said Susan. He knew then that Mathews had been his mother's maiden name; but as curiosity never led him to make further inquiries concerning his ancestry, no information was given; so he lived and died without knowing who or what were his grandparents on either side.

But even if he did first open his eyes in a farmhouse of New England, he was born a free citizen of the United States, and as such he had the world before him to take what place in it he wished; aye, to be one of the kings of earth, as many of his contemporaries became who were born in humble places and dressed in "homespun."

But he chose to be a rich man. That was all. It was his one ambition, and he gained it; and a few years ago, when his long life of struggling after gold came to an end, he left his wife a fortune that was almost princely. Not a cent of his vast wealth could he take with him; so he left the world poorer than when he came into it. He came a pure life—he went out an impure one.

His wife, in her birth and life, her aims and ambitions, differed but little from her husband. He enjoyed making money, she enjoyed possessing it; so when he left everything to her, to be willed away at her discretion, she was satisfied. Her two children, Harry and Belle, were self-willed, and, having the entire fortune in her own hands, she had a hold upon them she could not otherwise have had.

It was two years after the death of Mr. Hammond that his widow and two children were discussing the arrival of a visitor.

"We will not have a dinner-party the very day he comes, Harry," the mother was saying; "but Mrs.

Weatherby will be here and Miss Hamil. With ourselves, that will be quite sufficient."

"And Hazel-witch," added the son.

"Harry, I wish you would learn that your cousin's name is Nora."

"I have learned it, and also that it does not suit her near so well as Hazel-witch."

"Do you expect us to invite her here to see every one who visits us, just because she happens to be our cousin and lives near us?" asked his sister Belle, a tall, elegant-looking woman of about twenty-three or four years.

Belle Hammond would have been a superbly handsome woman had not her manner, which she thought easy and refined, betrayed some indolence, and her haughtiness, that she considered so aristocratic, a little vulgarity. But she had been a belle now for several years, and could not endure the thought of a rival. That is why, perhaps, she was so bitter upon her cousin, Nora Montgomery. Not that Nora was one, nor had any aspirations in that direction; no, no, for to herself, and indeed to most every one else, she was simply Nora! But Belle saw in her the making of a handsome woman. She was barely eighteen, just from school, and had come to live in the Hammond neighborhood with an aunt—for she was an orphan—in a very plain, unpretending style. Belle was bitterly opposed to giving her the advantages of society and refinement that she would naturally find in the Hammond mansion; so it came that Nora's invitations to visit her rich cousins were few.

"Well, Hazel must come some time while Darrell is here, anyhow," continued Harry.

"I do not see where the must comes in," said Belle.

"Because I say must; that is where. She is the very one to suit Darrell; and even if she doesn't suit any one else, she does me." So saying, he left the room.

"Mother," said Belle, "surely Harry cannot be such a simpleton as to fall in love with that penniless country girl."

"Trust Harry for that, Belle," she answered. "He has too much love for self to do anything of that kind. Miss Hamil's fortune has its effect upon him, as I intended it should."

But Harry, while they continued discussing him, was seeking the company of that "penniless girl."

He strolled on leisurely through the sweet spring air, cutting, with a switch he carried, the ox-eyed daisies that grew along the roadside. Presently turning into a lane, he followed it until he stopped at the whitest of white fences. It inclosed a yard, laid off in stiff grass-plats and flower-beds, and in the centre stood a cottage, prim and neat, that any one would have taken, at a glance, to be the property of a maiden on the shady side of life. Near the portico was a figure, girlish but womanly. Its back was turned to Harry, so he leaned over the fence to watch it. The gray dress, with its black velvet cuffs and collar, was anything but the property of an old maid; and the rough straw hat, trimmed with flowers similar

to the ones he had just been despoiling, sat jauntily upon the well-shaped head. This woman was not so large nor so stately as his sister Belle, but there was a dignity and grace about her that he admired as he watched her watering the flowers.

"I say, Nora," he finally called, "why do you not ask me in?"

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed, as she turned and bent back her head so that a pair of roguish brown eyes might be seen under her hat-brim. "Because the gate is there, and if you want to come you will do so anyhow."

So he opened it, and soon stood beside her.

"Why do you water your flowers in the morning? Evening is the time," he said.

"In the first place, the flowers are not mine, but I water them now because I like to be out in the morning air. Aunt Rachie" (Rachel it was, but this girl had a way of using pet names for the people and things belonging to her) "does not mind, for the sun will not reach them until the water is so well soaked in that it cannot hurt."

"You are very emphatic in your assertion that they are not a part of your personal property."

"To tell the truth, Harry, I would not be proud to number them among my possessions. I would rather own those," and she pointed over the fence to a field wild with weeds.

"Why?"

"Oh, if you cannot see, I will not tell you! The seeds of these," pointing back to the flowers, "came from the Patent Office, and I often wonder if some of the men there did not invent them, cross-grained old things!"

"Who—the men?"

"No, the flowers."

"Nora, please spare my boots," Harry suddenly exclaimed, as she gave them a good sprinkling.

"Then keep them off Aunt Rachie's grass."

"Why, have you a spite against it, too?"

"No, it is all right, but no one is allowed to walk on it," she answered, as she took a seat upon the steps of the portico.

"I say, Hazel-witch, there is going to be some grand company at our house."

"Indeed! Who?" she asked, manifesting more than usual curiosity over anything that happened at "The Hammonds."

"So you are interested at last in something that is going on at our house, are you?"

"Not very much," she replied, carelessly. "I was a little surprised at your using that adjective grand, because I thought all your company was that. These must be something extra for you to speak so of them."

"Well, these, or rather this, or, better still, perhaps, he is a little extra—at least Belle thinks so."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Darrell."

"Mr.!—only a Mr.? Not a Count, nor a Duke, nor a Sir somebody? Not even an Hon. Mr.? Harry, you must be fooling."



"No, he is only a Mr."

"Then wherein does his grandness lie?"

"He is rich."

"Ah! I thought you would hardly call him extra if his extraneous was in himself alone. This time it is in his pocket."

He waited for her to continue, but she was quietly looking over the sunshiny fields.

"Nora, why don't you take more interest and ask some questions?"

"What more is there to learn? He is nothing but a simple Mr., but he is rich. Is that not enough for any one woman to know?"

"You would not look at a man who was only a simple Mr., would you?"

"That would depend—"

"Upon what?"

"Whether he was good-looking."

"Then you would marry a man for his good looks?"

"Oh, you are talking about marrying! I did not know. In that case, perhaps, I should look twice."

"Nora, you must see this Darrell."

"I do not care to."

"He is a handsome fellow."

"So is Carlo," she answered, as she caught the head of her Newfoundland dog between her hands and gave it a good shaking.

"Why can't I interest you this morning? I try so hard."

"You do, immensely; but, Harry, never try to entertain me, I am not worth it."

He had tried to draw her out to talk in her quaint, natural manner, but could not; so he lit a cigar, while she took her scissors and commenced pruning a rose-vine of its dead sprigs.

"So, Nora, you have no curiosity about this Darrell?" asked Harry, finally.

"No. Why should I?"

"Do not care to know from whence he came?"

"You told me he was Sir Nobody from No-where."

"I did not, for he is a somebody that has been traveling all over the world—speaks many languages, and is a grand Mogul generally. So I want you to see him."

"When will you have him on exhibition?"

"He arrives next week. Will you come over?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I do not fit 'The Hammonds,' and it does not suit me. I would be sure to do something to offend Belle, and then be lectured, and I do not choose to receive it."

"But I want you. You suit me."

"Yes, I amuse you sometimes, I suppose; but do you know, Harry, I do not care to amuse people?" earnestly.

"Do you remember when I first saw you, Nora?" he asked, to change the subject, for he was afraid to pursue it further now that she was becoming interested. He always lost in argument with her.

"It was last fall, when we were digging a well," he continued. "You and Aunt Rachel were standing in the yard as I rode past."

"Yes, I remember now. You had not succeeded in finding water, and I advised you to walk over the ground with a piece of witch-hazel in your hand. It turns when near it."

"That was it; and I laughed all the way home at the idea, and have called you by that name ever since. By the way, it suits you wonderfully well. Your eyes are hazel."

"What did you tell Belle about me that day?"

"I said our new cousin had arrived, and that she was a perfect hazel-witch; and when she wanted to know what that meant I told her."

"And she curled her scornful lip at the idea also, did she?"

"You must not be too hard on Belle, Nora. She does not mean to be on you; but she says you sometimes say and do things that actually mortify her. For instance, you told Mrs. Weatherby about Aunt Clarice—if that is her name—breaking her carriage that was fifty years old, and that she had to walk every place then; because she could not get it mended."

"Well, Mrs. Weatherby was talking about breaking her carriage; and it was so funny about Aunt Clarice. Part of it broke, and the horses walked right off home, leaving the carriage in the road."

"Yes, that was the way you told it, I believe; but Belle thought it mean to inform her of its age and the mending part. You need not tell everybody that we have such poor relations."

Nora laughed heartily at this. "Belle ought to be glad Aunt Clarice has a carriage to talk about at all. I have none. Beside, Belle need not feel so ashamed of it; she is no connection of *hers*. She is *my* aunt. Harry, you have often heard me talk of her; what do you suppose she is like?"

"Well, I suppose she is rather old, with white hair, and wears glasses. She dresses trim like Aunt Rachel, but not so fashionably perhaps; for, living away down in Louisiana, she does not see many people; and spends her time reading 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Again Nora laughed. "Why, Harry, she is positively regal! She has the bearing of a queen; but I expect she does read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' because she reads everything, and is always surrounded by company."

"Now, why couldn't you have told Mrs. Weatherby that?"

"Because carriages was the subject under discussion, broken ones at that."

"Well, I hope you will not give Darrell any such information when you see him. It is not necessary to tell him about the poverty of our relations."

"I certainly shall not, because I do not know any of them who are particularly poverty-stricken. They are not on my side of the house."

"O Nora, Nora, you will misunderstand. I mean simply in straitened circumstances, like you and



Aunt Rachel, for instance. Do you know I am very sorry you two have no more?"

He uttered the last in a low, gentle tone, because he liked this girl Nora, and he wanted to work himself into her affections. But this time he fell far below his mark, for she turned upon him, in a mock-serious manner—she did not care enough to be angry—and bowing very low, said: "Thank you, but we are no more subjects for your pity than we are for your charity."

"There, there," he stammered, "I have made another mistake, so am going."

"Wait a minute first; Miss Hamil is visiting you, too, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Who is *she*?"

"A girl from Maryland, rich—"

"Of course."

"Tolerably good-looking, and—well I believe that is about all."

"Are you not afraid she will mortify Belle when this wonderful Mr. Darrell puts in an appearance? Had you better not post her as to what to say, and what withhold?"

"Oh, she is *au fait*."

"Is she indeed? Well, good-bye, and I hope Mr. Darrell will arrive safely."

"Harry seems very fond of dropping in here now, Nora. He never came so often when I was alone," said her aunt, when she entered the house.

"Ah! Aunt Rachie, there is nothing like having a talker in the house. Do you know the Hammonds amuse me very much," and Nora laughed over some recollection of their treatment of her. "Belle and her mother always act with me as if I were a child, and not to be trusted alone; while Harry likes to talk with me, but he gives me to understand that he enjoys my society upon the same principle that he would any curiosity. They are going to have some grand company, as he terms him, a Mr. Darrell, and he came over to ask me to visit 'The Hammonds' for the sole purpose of amusing that gentleman."

"And you are going?"

"No, ma'am!" emphatically. "The invitation was from Harry alone; but even had it been from Cousin Anne or Belle, I should not go. I am not wanted by them, that is evident."

"Yes you will go if they ask you, Nora."

"No, aunt."

"Yes, Nora, to please me."

"I cannot see why it would please you to have me visit a place when I am not wanted."

"It would please me though, Nora, for all that."

"Listen!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly rushing to the door, as a scream and the barks of Carlo reached her ear. In front of the gate stood a lady with outstretched hands, while her white face depicted the terror she felt as Carlo raced up and down on the inside the fence barking vigorously.

"Carlo!" called Nora, "go to your house, sir. Do not be alarmed, Miss, he cannot get to you," she continued, as she passed down the gravel walk

toward her. "Go, I tell you!" as Carlo seemed inclined to wait and receive the lady with her. He hurried around the house while Nora opened the gate and passed out. "You are terribly frightened, come in," she said, taking the stranger's hand and leading her to the house.

"Your dog again, Nora," said her aunt, as they entered the room.

"Now, nothing about Carlo, Aunt Rachie," the girl replied. "Just suppose it had been a tramp, instead of this lady; you would have thought he acted all right."

"But it never is a tramp he frightens, but some one coming to the house or passing by."

"But the tramp *will* come some day and be frightened away; then Carlo will be turned into a hero. Just have patience, Aunt Rachie; my dog's day is coming."

"I wish the day had come for him to go."

Nora paid no attention to this, but drew the stranger a comfortable arm-chair, removed her hat and bathed her face in Bay-water.

"It was shameful in Carlo to treat you so badly, but he is a great blusterer, he would not hurt, really."

"It was my fault, I expect. I was out walking and strayed into your lane. I did not see the dog, but slipped my hand through the railing for a flower. He was lying in the grass and sprang at me. You see he thought I was one of the kind that should be kept away. I suppose his dogship's idea of honor is very exalted, and he thought if I would take a flower, even the house would not be safe while I was lurking around."

"But he should have been more gallant than to refuse a lady a flower. You see I will abuse him myself, but will not allow any one else to do so. He is all I have, that is the reason."

"All you have?" inquired the stranger, tenderly, for there was something so pathetic in the way Nora uttered it, that aroused her sympathy.

"Oh, I mean by that," she laughingly returned, "he is all the beau I have. He escorts me everywhere, and is excellent company. I could not get along without Carlo; but he is always rushing pell-mell at somebody, and getting himself, and me, too, into trouble. In fact he does not enjoy the best name in the world. The trouble is, he is not careful in selecting his victims. It happens to be some one from 'The Hammonds' that he frightens, nearly always; and then I have all the hateful crew—"

"Nora!" came warningly from her aunt.

"Yes, aunt, I know I ought not, but I mean some of the aristocratic crew, if that suits you better, come down upon me, and curl their scornful lips at me and my dog, and say that he is queer company for a young lady to keep. Then I am very apt to reply that he is the best the neighborhood affords."

The stranger laughed pleasantly. "Well, it is a little queer, but I am from 'The Hammonds.'"

Nora laughed, too, not in the least disconcerted.

"Well, I do believe that is the reason. Carlo does not like the people at 'The Hammonds.'"

"Nora?"

"Yes, aunt, I said Carlo did not seem to like the people at 'The Hammonds,' but then the dog is prejudiced. So you must be Miss Hamil," she said, to the stranger. "Harry told me you were there."

"Yes, that is my name. I am visiting Belle. Won't you walk part of the way back with me. If we should grow into friends now, I should have something to thank Carlo for, after all."

"Nora, do not stay long," called her aunt, as the two girls started out together.

"Nor talk much," added Nora. "Yes, ma'am, thank you; I'll try not."

"This is a beautiful country," Miss Hamil said, "and I enjoy walking; but at 'The Hammonds' they ride so much. Do you walk often?"

"Rather!" Nora replied, "seeing that I am nearly always out, and have nothing to ride; unless I should saddle Carlo. I never thought of that before; but then I believe I would rather run with him, than on him, any time. Yes, I am talking of making a beast of burden of you, Carlo, my friend," she said, laughing as the dog crept slyly up to her side. "Do not be afraid, Miss Hamil, he knows by this time that you are a friend. You see Harry and I are always fighting, and—"

"Fighting!" exclaimed Miss Hamil.

"Oh, I do not mean scratching and biting, only disagreeing."

"Why is that?"

"I cannot tell, unless it is that he is made of gunpowder and I of fire. Neither do we quarrel openly," she continued, "because that would be too much trouble for me to take; but wait, you will see what I mean. I am not going any further with you now, for you will be in sight of home when you make that turn in the road; but I will wait here under this tree until you are out of sight," and Nora took a seat upon the green moss, leaning her head against the trunk of the oak.

"Now, my dog, stay with me and let me know when any one is coming," she said, carelessly.

She had not been resting long when Carlo sprang to the roadside, and a gentleman, who was walking rapidly and had come upon her unnoticed, raised his cane to strike him.

"Do not hit my dog," she said, springing to her feet.

"Then keep your dog—I beg your pardon," as he noticed her for the first time. "He jumped out so suddenly that it startled me."

"And I beg yours for him," she replied, "but the truth is, I suppose he took you for a tramp."

"Has he an aversion to that species of the *genus homo*?" he inquired, laughing.

"He has never seen one, that I know of, but I am always telling him, if he will only scare one out of the neighborhood sometime, his reputation is made, and he is so zealous in the cause that he tries every passer-by in hope of one day making his fortune by a lucky hit."

"Then he has made it now, for I am a tramp, only I am not going to allow him to frighten me out of

the neighborhood. I should like to accommodate Carlo, and when I leave will let him drive me away; but just now I should like to know something more of this country. Where will this road lead me that I am now tramping?"

"Well, round that bend, past 'The Hammonds,' through a little village, but large enough to contain a hotel," she thoughtfully added, "on over a long, steep hill, past many fine residences, and you will come to a little town, a railroad town. That is as far as I have been, but the road runs on, through small places and larger ones until it reaches New York."

"And that being the centre of the world, and the all-important place, it stops there, I suppose?"

"Oh, by no means! 'The Hammonds' is by far the most important place upon the road, and as it runs by it, I suppose it continues on through New York, and on, and on, till it comes back to 'The Hammonds' again."

He laughed heartily at this. "Thank you for the information, and I think I will take a look at that wonderful place. Just around the bend, you say? Good-morning," lifting his hat, politely. "I will not forget that I am to bring Carlo his fortune."

"Well, I do think!" the girl exclaimed, when he was out of hearing. "Carlo, mind old fellow, you are not to scare up another bit of game to-day, male or female, old or young." The dog stood wagging his tail and looking up at her, as she lectured him. "Now just suppose Aunt Rachie had been with us, or that that last impudent '*genus homo*' had been on his way to the establishment just up the road. Your fortune would have been settled, I am afraid, in a dose of arsenic surreptitiously administered, at the instigation of Belle, by some of their over-awed domestics. And I would like to know if Belle herself could round a sentence like that? Now for my own sake, Carlo, and yours, I have to correct you." She caught him by the collar and gave him a few little cuts with a switch she picked up.

"Now go!" He obeyed by racing up the road at his utmost speed, only to return to her in a few moments, seemingly overjoyed at the meeting. She was as much pleased at it as the dog himself, and romped with him until they reached the lane.

"I tell you, Carlo, it is a glorious thing to have a companion like you, who never gets tired, nor sick, nor afraid of sunshine, rain, hail nor snow because they have no complexion to spoil. By the way, what kind have I? Let me look into your eyes and see. Oh, such old dog eyes! I tell you what I'll do," and she laughed heartily as she sat upon the grass under one of the large cherry-trees that bordered the lane, "I'll write Aunt Rachie a note, asking for a hand-glass, and send it by you. Now take it," as she placed the paper between his teeth and started him off toward the house.

"I should like to see Aunt Rachie when she receives it," she murmured, looking after him. She soon forgot him, though, and sat quite still, watching

the birds flocking in the trees after the fast-ripening fruit.

"Back already!" she exclaimed, as the dog came dashing up to her. "And with a note: 'Cousin Belle is here.' Ah, Carlo, such a return as you have brought me! I shall catch it now, certain," and she hastened to the house.

"How did you come?" she asked as she entered. "Not by the road, for I have been down there nearly all morning."

"No," answered Belle, "I came through the fields. Miss Hamil walked out this morning in this direction, and I came out looking for her."

"Thanks to Miss Hamil for your visit," laughing.

"Oh, I should have come in a day or two anyhow, to invite you over," Belle answered, patronizingly.

"You must meet Miss Hamil."

"I have done that already."

"Yes, Aunt Rachel told me she was frightened by the dog (and no wonder) and came in. But I meant you must call on her. So I want you to come over to-morrow to dinner."

"Thank you; but—"

"There is no but in the question, Nora. Aunt Rachel says you must, and you are hardly old enough yet to refuse an engagement made for you."

"You and Aunt Rachie have made all the arrangements, then? I suppose I will have to carry them out."

"Of course," continued Belle. "It will be a great advantage to you to meet society at our house. Your manners are not exactly what they should be, and you must learn through association and by experience what is expected of you as a member of society."

The pink in Nora's cheeks deepened into scarlet as Belle spoke, but her eyes danced with amusement.

"But, Belle, I never expect to go into society."

"That is nonsense. No matter how secluded you may be here"—this time it was in the face of the aunt that the color deepened, only *her* eyes flashed angrily—"as *our* cousin," Belle went on, "you will become acquainted with and enter society; and I want you to learn many things now unknown to you."

"I am learning a variety of things already, Belle."

"I am glad to hear it, and I trust you will improve. Now I must go. Good-bye, Aunt Rachel, I hope you will talk to her about this matter; and, Nora, do not forget to-morrow to dinner."

"Where is my note, Aunt Rachie, and why did you not send me a glass?" asked Nora, as soon as she was gone.

"Nora, how can you be so trifling? I do not know where it is; I laid it on the table."

"Did you let Belle see it?"

"No; of course not. Do you suppose I wanted her wrath down upon your head as well as my own?"

"Then she took it. You see it is not here. I think there are many things *she* ought to learn. Aunt Rachie, do you really wish me to go to 'The Hammonds' to-morrow?"

"I certainly do. No matter how disagreeable Belle puts it, visiting there will be an advantage to you, and I want you to go."

"Well, I will; but I certainly hope I will have the common sense not to grow like any of them."

### THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

WHEN hearts were young and life was new,  
We roamed the gardens over,  
Through morning damp or evening dew,  
To find the four-leaf'd clover.

At noontide paused beside the path  
That led to cooling shadows,  
Inhaling all the fragrant breath  
Of red-topp'd clover meadows;

And plucked the modest blossom there,  
So full of sweets and graces,  
Which grew in such profusion rare,  
And smiled up in our faces.

While sitting 'neath the elm-tree's shade,  
Above the school-house lonely,  
Our fingers through the grasses stray'd  
To find the four-leaf only.

O happy time! O days of youth!  
So bright with hope and feeling;  
The memory of thy trust and truth  
Is down the long years stealing.

When but a four-leaf'd clover made  
The day so fair and cheery;  
I find thy promise long delay'd,  
While I am waiting weary.

LEWIS OLIVER.

CHILDREN.—Those who love children are not those who merely love the pleasure they can get from children; those love, not the children, but that pleasure, and the moment it ceases to be pleasure, then farewell to the children. Those who really love children love all about them—the troubling and the teasing that they make, the washing, and wiping, and worrying; they do not tire with their fretting, they are not disgusted with their care, they are not annoyed with their questioning, they are not made nervous by their bawling; they take them in their entirety. It never occurs to them to say that these things are disagreeable, for, in reality, the agreeable things, the loveliness, the velvet cheeks, the exquisite mouth with its little pearls, the perfect eyes, the opening soul, the charming intelligence, the constant sense of the creation of a new human being going on under the eyes, the receptivity of love, the thing for love, all so far overbalance anything that is not in accord with them as to put it entirely out of sight and mind.

## THE TWO MOTTOES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

TWO young men were standing in the office of the diligence at Cernay, where they had come to take places for Kayzersberg. They seemed about the same age, but differed much in appearance. One was small, dark, quick in his movements, and with a hasty and impatient manner, which betrayed, at the first glance, his southern origin. The other one, on the contrary, tall, light and with a fresh color, was the type of that mixed Alsatian race, in which we find the demonstrative character of the French tempered by the good-nature of the German. Both had at their feet small trunks, upon which the address of each had been sealed with wax. Upon one of them might be read, "Henry Fortin, Marseilles;" and upon the seal at each corner, this device: "*Mon droit*." \* Upon the other was written, "Joseph Mulyen, Strasburg," and the legend upon the seal of, "*Caritas*." †

The clerk had just written their names upon the register and added the essential designation, *with two trunks*, when Henry demanded the weight of them. The clerk answered that they would be weighed at Kayzersberg; but the young man alleged that it would be troublesome to submit to such a formality at the moment of arriving there, and added, that he had a right to have it done immediately. The clerk thus pressed, was obstinate on his side; Joseph wished to interpose, but in vain. He remarked to Henry that they would hardly have time enough for dinner. But in virtue of his device, the Marseillaise never yielded when he believed himself right, and he always believed it. The discussion was prolonged until the clerk, fatigued, left the office and returned to his own room. Henry wished to continue the discussion with the factor, but happily he could only speak German, and Henry was obliged to yield and follow his companion to the inn, which he did in a very ill-humor.

"You would make a saint swear," cried he, as soon as he found himself alone with his cousin. "Why you would not even sustain me against that obstinate fellow."

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, smiling, "that it was he who needed to be sustained; you heaped up arguments as if it were a suit at law which would compromise your future or honor."

"It is better in your opinion not to defend one's right."

"When the right is not worth the trouble of defending it."

"Ah, that is like you," interrupted Henry, with warmth; "you are always ready to yield; you do not think of defending yourself until people walk over you. In place of regarding the world as a field of battle, you think it is a parlor, where everybody practices politeness."

"No," said Joseph, "but as a great vessel, where

the passengers owe each other kindness and tolerance. Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy."

"As for me, I hold every man my enemy until he declares himself my friend," replied Fortin. "It is a degree of prudence which always succeeded with me, and I engage that you will have recourse to it in Kayzersberg. We will find ourselves there in presence of the other heirs of our uncle, who will not fail to procure for themselves as large a portion of the estate as they can. For my part, I am decided that I will not make any concession to them."

Speaking thus the two cousins arrived at the White-horse Inn. The dining-room in which they entered was empty; but a large table was set at one end, and the landlady had just put there plates for three. Henry ordered her to put on plates for Joseph and himself.

"Please excuse me, sir," said the woman, "we cannot serve you here."

"Why not," demanded the young man.

"Because the persons for whom we have set the table desire to eat alone."

"Let them eat in their own room then," replied Henry, bluntly, "this is the common room and the common table, every traveler has a right to be served here."

"What difference does it make to us whether we dine in this room or another one," said Joseph.

"And what difference does it make to these people if we are here," replied Henry.

"They arrived before monsieur," objected the landlady.

"Then those who arrive first make the laws in your inn," cried Henry.

"Besides, we knew these persons."

"And so you think more of them than you do of us."

"Monsieur ought to understand that when one deals with customers—"

"The other travelers must submit to their caprices."

"We will serve you in another room"

"With what is left by the three privileged guests, I suppose."

The landlady appeared hurt.

"If the gentleman fears a bad dinner at the White-horse, there are other inns in Cernay."

"That is what I was thinking," replied Henry, quickly taking up his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who wished to detain him, he started out, and rapidly disappeared.

Mulyen knew by experience that it was best to leave his cousin alone in his freaks, as any effort to bring him out of them, only excited his militant disposition. He decided to leave Henry to seek his fortune elsewhere, and to be served himself in the next room. But just as he was going to it, the three persons for whom the dinner was prepared appeared in the dining-room. The party consisted of an old lady and her niece accompanied by a man of about fifty years, who seemed to be their protector.

\* My right.

† Charity.

The landlady related to them what had passed, but stopped suddenly on seeing Joseph. He bowed and wished to retire, but the gentleman detained him.

"I am grieved, monsieur," said he, "at the dispute which has just taken place. In asking to dine alone, we wished to avoid persons whose conversations and manners would be unpleasant to these ladies, but did not wish to drive away travelers from the White-horse, as your friend seemed to think, and to prove this, I pray you to be kind enough to take a seat at the table with us."

Joseph wished to excuse himself, assuring them that he was not hurt by a precaution which he considered quite right; but M. Rosman (the name given by the ladies to their protector), insisted upon it in so friendly a tone that Joseph was obliged to yield.

The old lady, who appeared unaccustomed to traveling, gave a groan as she seated herself opposite to him with her niece.

"Are you tired, Charlotte?" asked M. Rosman.

"Am I tired?" cried the old lady, "spending a whole day in a carriage which jolts like a see-saw; having meals at improper times; running all sorts of dangers, for I do not know how it is that we were not overturned a hundred times, the diligence tripped over so much—ah! I would give a year of my life if our journey was finished."

"Happily the exchange is impossible," observed the young girl, who smiled and hugged her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you all laugh at those things," replied Madame Charlotte, in a tone half-angry and half-affectionate; "the young girls now are afraid of nothing! They travel on railroads and steamboats; they would go in balloons if the service was established. It is the revolution which has made them so daring. Before the revolution the bravest would go no further than to ride in a cart or on an ass; even then it was necessary to have business to attend to. I have often heard my mother say that she had never wished to travel any way, except on foot."

"Then she never went beyond the chief town in the canton," observed M. Rosman.

"That did not hinder her from being a good and happy wife," replied Madame Charlotte. "When the bird has built its nest, it remains in it. The present fashion of being always on the highways destroys the love of family and the fireside. People accustom themselves to dispense with home, they are at home everywhere. That may be advantageous for society, but it renders the individuals less good and less happy."

"Oh, nonsense, Charlotte, you talk so about traveling on account of the jolting," said M. Rosman, gayly, "but I hope that prejudice will not last in presence of this soup, there is no better made at Fontaine. I appeal to your impartiality."

The conversation continued in a tone of pleasant familiarity. Joseph at first kept a discreet silence; but M. Rosman addressed him several times, and the conversation had become general when they were informed that the diligence was ready to depart.

They all hurried to settle with the landlady and reach the office in time. On arriving there, Joseph perceived his cousin running toward them. The time which Mulyen had passed in eating his dinner, Henry had spent running from one inn to another without finding anything prepared, and at last, pressed by time, he was forced to buy some fruit and a roll, which he was finishing.

This anchorite repast had not, as one may suppose, sweetened his humor. Joseph perceived that, and made no remarks to him. The travelers were preparing to take their places in the diligence, when the clerk discovered that he had made a mistake in registering the passengers, and that the coach was full.

"Full!" repeated Henry, "but we have paid for our places."

"I will return the money to you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," cried the young man; "when you accepted it, that made a contract between us; I have a right to go, and I will go."

As he pronounced these words he seized the strap and climbed to the top of the coach where there was one vacant place; the traveler to whom it belonged came to claim it, but Henry persisted in declaring that no one had any right to make him give up his place, and that if any one tried to force him, he would fight for it. Joseph endeavored to make a compromise, but in vain. The Marseillaise, whom the want of a dinner had exasperated, persisted in his revolution.

"*Chacun son droit*," cried he, "that is my motto; yours is '*Curius*;' be charitable then, if you wish, but I claim to be no more than just; I have paid for that place, it belongs to me, and I shall keep it."

The traveler, whom he had displaced, urged priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied with the text of the law. They exchanged explanations, recriminations and menaces for some time.

Madame Charlotte, who heard it all, gave some heavy groans, and recommenced her complaints against journeys in general and public coaches in particular. At last, Joseph, seeing that the discussion became more and more violent, proposed to the clerk to put horses to a cabriolet for himself and the displaced traveler. The expedient was accepted by the parties interested, and the diligence departed.

It was December, and the air which was damp and cold when they started, became still more cold toward evening. Henry, accustomed to the warm sun of Provence, although he had buttoned his traveling-coat up to his chin, shivered as a leaf in the wind. His face was blue and his teeth chattered. Soon a fine rain commenced to fall, and penetrated his clothing. His neighbor, protected by a large cloak, could have sheltered him, but he was a large man who was very tender of his own person, and very indifferent to other people. When Henry refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession the fat man had approved of his conduct, and

declared that "every one traveled on his own account," a principle that Henry had then found perfectly reasonable, but of which he now suffered from the application. However, in the middle of the journey the fat merchant put his head out of his cloak, and looking at his neighbor, said: "You appear cold, monsieur."

"I am wet to the marrow," replied Henry, who could hardly speak.

The fat traveler shook himself in his cloak as if the better to enjoy his comfortable condition.

"It is very unwholesome to be wet," said he, philosophically; "another time, I advise you to have a cloak like mine; they are very warm, and not dear."

This advice given, the fat man wrapped his chin in his collar and went to sleep comfortably.

When they arrived at Kayzersberg, Henry got down from the diligence half dead with the cold, and reached the inn kitchen. A bright fire burned; but when he entered he perceived the hearth surrounded by a circle of travelers, among whom were Mulyen and the stranger whose place Henry had taken. They had been able to take the cabriolet by a shorter route, and had arrived a half hour before the diligence.

At sight of his sad state, Mulyen hastened to yield his place to his cousin. As for Mulyen's companion, he could not avoid laughing.

"Indeed, I ought to thank monsieur for chasing me from the roof of the coach," said he, "for without his usurpation I should have found myself frozen as he is, instead of being as warm as I am now."

Henry was in too bad a position to reply. He seated himself before the fire and endeavored to warm himself. As soon as he had recovered a little from the exposure, he demanded a room and a bed. But the fair of Kayzersberg had just closed, and the inn was filled with people. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived earlier, had not been able to find anything but a couch, which Joseph had generously renounced in favor of his companion. However, after much searching, a vacant bed was found in one of the rooms; but the room was occupied by some peddlers, who refused to receive any stranger.

"Have they hired the room for themselves alone?" demanded Henry.

"By no means," replied the inn-keeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the vacant bed."

"Without any doubt"

"And what reason do they give for refusing another companion in their room?"

"They give no reason. All four of them appear to be rough fellows, and no one cared to have a quarrel with them."

Henry rose quickly.

"That is a weakness!" cried he. "For my part, I will not spend an uncomfortable night because it suits four strangers to monopolize the beds of your

inn. Conduct me to their room. They must listen to reason."

"Take care, Henry," observed Mulyen; "they are coarse, rough men."

"And these vices give them the privilege of making us sit up to-night?" said Henry, sharply. "No, indeed; I will go to bed in spite of them."

He had taken his cap, and was going out with the inn-keeper; but M. Rosman, who had come in to look for a servant to carry his baggage, heard the words exchanged between the two cousins. He advanced toward them, and said in a pleasant manner: "I see you are in trouble, gentlemen, about lodging for the night."

"I will not be in trouble very long," interrupted Henry, who wished to pass out.

"One moment," replied M. Rosman; "these men will, perhaps, reply to your reasons by abuse, and you will have trouble to make them recognize your rights. Accept a bed with me, gentlemen. I live a short distance from here, and it will give me pleasure to accommodate you."

Henry and Joseph bowed and thanked him, but with a perceptible difference of tone. Mulyen's was grateful and pleasant; Henry's, though polite, was constrained. He had not forgotten that M. Rosman was the first cause of the meagre dinner he had eaten at Cernay.

"Monsieur is very obliging," said he, softening his voice, "but I would not like to put him to so much trouble. Besides, it will be a good thing to give these men a lesson, and teach them to respect the rights of other people."

Saying this, he bowed and went to find the room occupied by the peddlers. Joseph, fearing trouble, followed him; but whether the peddlers had changed their purpose, or whether the resolute air of Henry overawed them, they only grumbled a little; notwithstanding which he took possession of the bed.

His cousin, reassured, descended to the dining-room, and followed M. Rosman, who had kindly waited for him.

On arriving at M. Rosman's, he found Madame Charlotte and her niece preparing tea by a fire of pine cones. The two ladies received him with courtesy, forced him to take a place at the table, whilst Louise filled the cups. As for Madame Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the troubles of the journey; she declared she felt the motion of the diligence while sitting in her arm-chair, and heard the noise of the wheels in the humming of the tea-kettle. She, however, inquired what had become of the young man who had taken by force the seat on the coach. M. Rosman related what had happened at the inn.

"He seeks everywhere war or law," cried Madame Charlotte. "He is a man to fly from as from fire."

"You could not find a more loyal heart," observed Mulyen. "He believes that he must follow his motto: '*Chacun son droit*.'"

"Whilst yours is, '*Caritas*,'" replied the old lady, smiling. "Oh, I have heard all about it."



"You travel together?" demanded M. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Joseph, "and we came to Kayzersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which will take place to-morrow."

"A will?" repeated Madame Charlotte, astonished.

"That of our uncle, Dr. Harvey."

M. Rosman and the two ladies started.

"Ah! Are you relations of the doctor?" said M. Rosman. "Accident could not have served you better, sir, for I was his old companion and his best friend."

This recognition served to introduce a conversation respecting the deceased gentleman. Mulyen had never seen him, but he felt for him that respectful affection that instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor, listened with much interest to all that they recounted of his life and his last moments. At last, after one of those intimate conversations in which hearts lay themselves open without disguise, Mulyen went to the room which had been provided for him, enchanted with his hosts, who, on their part, were equally satisfied.

Fatigue prolonged his sleep, and when he awoke the next morning it was already late. He dressed himself in haste to rejoin his cousin, and go with him to the notary; but he found the notary in the parlor in company with M. Rosman and Henry, who had been sent for. Madame Charlotte and Louise were not long in making their appearance.

When they were all together, M. Rosman turned toward the two young men and said: "We all know the business which has brought you to Kayzersberg, for my sister-in-law, Madame Charlotte Revel, and Mademoiselle Louise Armand, to whom I am tutor, have come for the same purpose."

The two young men saluted the ladies, who returned the salutation.

"I thought," continued M. Rosman, "that the reading of the doctor's will could be done at my house, since chance has brought here all the interested parties."

Henry replied by a sign of assent. They all seated themselves, and the notary took the will to break the seal, when he stopped.

"This will," said he, "is of an old date; and during his last months, M. Harvey expressed to me many times his intention to destroy it, so as to leave his heirs the share regulated by law. That he has not done it, I can only attribute to his sudden death. I have stated this to clear my conscience. Now I ask of all present if they will not fulfill the doctor's intention, and annul this will by common consent, before any one knows whether it will enrich him or despoil him."

This unexpected proposition was followed by a pause of some instants. Mulyen was the first to speak.

"For my part," said he, in a modest tone, "not having any particular claim upon the kindness of the deceased, I cannot regard it as a sacrifice to accept an equal division, and I willingly accede."

"I will put no obstacle in the way," said Madame Charlotte.

"And I consent in the name of my pupil," added M. Rosman.

"Then," said the notary, turning toward Henry, "it only remains for monsieur."

Henry appeared embarrassed.

"I, like my cousin," said he, "have no reason to hope that the will is in my favor. But for that reason I ought to be the more cautious. Whatever may have been the intentions of the doctor, his will alone should be evidence to-day. To destroy it in advance, is to attack at the same time the right of the testator and that of his unknown legatee."

"We will speak no more of it," interrupted the notary; "only unanimity could make my proposition legitimate. Let us act according to law, as monsieur demands. You will please listen."

At these words, he tore the envelope, opened the will and read as follows:

"Of my four heirs I know but two—my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louise Armand. But they both have but one interest, as they have but one heart, and they form in reality only one person. I have then really on that side but one heir, my niece Louise. My first intention was to give her all that I possess; but between my two nephews one may be found equally worthy of my interest. There remains only the difficulty of distinguishing which is most worthy. Not being able to do it myself, and knowing the intelligence and tact of my niece Louise, I refer to her judgment; and I declare the one which she will choose for husband to be my sole legatee."

"HARVEY."

After this reading there was a long silence. The two young men appeared embarrassed, and Louise, confused, held down her head.

"Indeed, the doctor has given my niece a difficult task," cried Madame Charlotte.

"Not so difficult as you think, my sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have known about Harvey's will for a long time, and have, in consequence, made inquiries. All that I have learned has proved to me that whatever may be Louise's choice she has nothing to fear."

"Then let mademoiselle decide," replied the notary, laughing. "Since there is a surety, it is no longer a matter of inspiration."

"I will refer the matter to my aunt," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into the arms of Madame Charlotte.

"To me!" replied her aunt. "But that is very embarrassing, my dear, and I know not in truth—"

While pronouncing these words with an uncertain air, she glanced at Mulyen, and Henry perceived it.

"Ah, your choice is made, madame," said he, quickly; "and although it costs me some regrets, I approve of it. Mademoiselle," added he, taking Joseph by the hand and leading him to the young girl, "your aunt has seen well and judged well. My cousin is more worthy than I am."

"You are proving the contrary," said Madame Revel, with emotion. "But we are already somewhat acquainted with M. Mulyen; and then—Hold! you deserve to be told the truth."

"Tell it," interrupted Henry.

"Well, his device removes my fears, while yours makes me afraid; his promises indulgence, and yours justice. Alas, sir, justice may suffice for the angels, but for men it is necessary to have charity."

"Perhaps you are right, madame," said Henry, thoughtfully. "Since yesterday, circumstances seem to have succeeded each other with the design of giving me a lesson. The rigorous defense of my rights has always turned against me, while the charity of my cousin has turned to his advantage. Yes, Joseph's motto is worth more than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, 'To each one his right,' but 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

S. M. PRESTON.

### IN THE MEANTIME.

SUCCESS in many lives depends upon the use that is made of intervals of time that seem to have no definite duty assigned them. John or Jennie are out of employment. They have made applications for certain positions, and have received a fair degree of encouragement that work will be given them. Now they sit down to wait. It is useless to make further application while these prospects are held out, even if they knew where to apply. Meantime they are using up what resources they have, or are outstaying their welcome with friends, or "killing time" at home. They have such and such expectations, they say. In the meantime, they are "lying around loose."

Harry and Hettie are in precisely similar situations. Instead of relaxing effort, however, they are, in the meantime, looking into the principles of the work they have in prospect. It may be familiar to them, but everything worth doing is progressive, and they are comparing new methods, and watching experienced and successful workers in kindred lines of work. If to do this is impracticable, they are exercising themselves in some other department of service to society. For all *true* work is loyal service to the public good. Until a person has an assured income for life, it is never safe, except when health demands rest, to relax effort. Rest itself is oftener found in a change of work than in "lying around loose."

When the news comes to John and Jennie and to Harry and Hettie that their services will not be required in the positions they have been hoping to occupy, that retrenchment for the coming year is the necessary policy, and that old and valued employees are being dismissed instead of new ones engaged, part of the quartette are, for the time being, stranded ships. Resources exhausted, welcome outstayed, idle, discontented, they gradually drop into moodiness, distrust and self-pity, with an exaggerated idea

of their own importance and deserts. Harry and Hettie, on the contrary, are in the current of action and ideas. With sail spread, it is not difficult to make for some port, if not as fair as the one intended. Harry expected the position of bookkeeper. He has given an occasional hour or day to helping an expert who is overcrowded with work, and odd days he has been working in a benevolent way at a valuable but uncatalogued, unclassified library that is going to ruin. He has discovered that the work of a librarian is a regular profession, that it has its technicalities and interesting points of debate, its conventions and periodicals. He enters on the work in the *best way*, and compares views with workers. The library will have been started on a thoroughly good plan when his vacation closes. He gets one day the same message that John and Jennie received: "Retrenchment; not wanted." Delafield Scott, librarian, with whom he has consulted, hears of his disappointment, and says to the new directors of the Mercantile: "I know just the young man to fill your vacancy." John is interviewed and appointed. Or the expert whom he has been occasionally helping asks him temporarily to supply his place in an enforced absence. The salary may not be as brilliant. It *may* be better. Anything that is useful is better than dependency and idleness.

Hettie expected a position as teacher in a normal school. She felt sure of it. Had not the Hon. Reeve Hastings told her a vacancy was about to occur, and that he would use his influence to secure it for her with the greatest pleasure? "Meantime," while reviewing text-books, and reading educational magazines, and helping Annie Ray with her problems, Hettie uses her spare hours in vigorous piano practice, consulting Professor Ely on selection of exercises, and taking an occasional lesson, giving, meantime, all the social pleasure she can with her music. Hettie gets the news that the Hon. Reeve Hastings finds that another candidate had precedence, and he regrets that the faculty will not be able to avail themselves of her services for the coming year. Hettie tells the glee club she is not going away after all, and will practice with them for the sociables, when Mrs. Giles Bradshaw says: "If indeed you are to remain here, will you do us the favor to give my daughters music-lessons? Ever since you helped them with that duet, they have wished you could be their teacher." "All the girls" always do as Mrs. Bradshaw's daughters do, and soon Hettie has a flourishing music-class.

It is always the busy ones that are sought to do work. It is always the busy ones that people have confidence in. It is difficult sometimes to feel energy for work when the responsibilities and the uncertainties of life press hard on every side. Work, useful work, is like a rope thrown to the drowning in such cases. Work without pay is better than no work. Don't let go of the rope. You have large hope. You believe your turn will come sometime. So do we, provided you take care of the "meantime!"

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."  
CHAPTER IX.

ON the next morning my father drove into Oakland, and did not return until late in the afternoon. It was an unusual thing for him to remain in town so long, and we were feeling a little concerned about him as the sun went down and the twilight began to deepen.

"I wonder what has kept your father so late," my mother was saying, when, just where the road wound into view, we saw his carriage appear. He was driving slowly; something unusual for him when returning homeward. I stood in the porch with my mother, waiting his arrival. A pressure of suspense had come down upon me. I felt myself in the shadow of an approaching evil. We stood in silence, not looking at each other, until my father turned into the gate and drove up to the door. His face was pale and troubled.

"O David!" exclaimed my mother, "what has happened? Are you sick?" And she ran down from the porch to meet him as he stepped from the carriage.

"No, I'm not sick," he replied, "but something strange has happened, and all Oakland is excited."

My thought went instantly to the schoolmaster, and my heart stood still.

"Is it anything about Mr. Fordyce?" I ventured to ask, the words almost choking me as I tried to utter them in a steady voice.

My father gave me a quick, and I thought, half-surprised glance, and then said: "Yes. It's about Mr. Fordyce. Nobody has seen him since yesterday. He was in his room last night, but went out soon after nine o'clock, and did not return again. Of course there's been no school. The children waited for him until nearly eleven o'clock this morning, and then went home. All kinds of rumors are floating about; some of them, I am sorry to say, of a very unpleasant character."

"If they charge anything wrong upon Mr. Fordyce, they are false!" I exclaimed.

"What is said against him?" asked my mother, her quiet voice in clear contrast with the indignation which had thrilled in mine.

"He was mixed up," it is alleged, "with some very discreditable matter before he came here to hide himself," replied my father. "Mr. Catherwood is said to know all about it, and to have quietly given him warning that he must disappear or be exposed."

"Did you see Mr. Catherwood, and ask him if this were so?" inquired my mother.

"Yes. I went to him as soon as I heard the allegation."

"What did he say?"

"He was reserved and mysterious; but said that he knew Mr. Fordyce, and all about him; and that he was one of the most consummate hypocrites that

ever lived. I pressed him to make some distinct charge; but he answered: 'No; I don't care to injure him; only he must keep out of my way.'"

"Did Mr. Fordyce leave no communication with any one?"

"Not as far I have been able to learn. He seems to have dropped out of Oakland and left no sign. It's a very strange affair."

I was dumb with surprise and pain—hurt to the very centre of my life. A great darkness seemed to gather about me and shut me in.

"The last man in all the world against whom I would have suspected anything of doubtful honor to lie," said my father, a tone of bitter disappointment in his voice.

"I am sure," answered my mother, "that, if all the truth were known, it would be found that no dishonor lies against him."

"Why, then, does he not stand and face the truth? Innocence is not afraid."

"We must not take too much for granted. Scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed. He may return at any moment, and give a reason for his absence," replied my mother.

But my father, shaking his head in a gloomy way, only answered: "And I had thought him so brave and true! The soul of honor! Without fear and without reproach!"

"It is only the shadow of some dark mystery which has fallen upon him," replied my mother. "A shadow and not a stain. There will be enough ready to believe any evil report against him; to think the worst; let us not be of that number."

"If a thousand Mr. Catherwoods were to speak against Mr. Fordyce, I would not believe them!" I cried out, with an indignation which I could not repress.

"Why does he not stay and defend himself? Is it guilt or innocence that flees from the accuser?" demanded my father, almost sternly.

"In the absence of testimony it is impossible for us to judge this case. We have seen a great deal of Mr. Fordyce, and have had large opportunity for observing him. There is, as you know, with bad men, a sphere of their evil life which can be felt. It is around them as the odor of a vile plant, and gives to the finer spiritual senses of those who come into near relationship with them, a perception of their quality. And the sphere of a good and true man is just as palpable. If Mr. Fordyce were the bad man and consummate hypocrite Mr. Catherwood alleges, could he have given forth the sphere of truth, and innocence, and purity, which was ever about him as the odor of a lily or a rose? No, my husband! The true character and quality of a man's life must and will reveal itself through all external disguises. If we are ever deceived, the fault is in ourselves. You have met Mr. Catherwood several times. Did his sphere attract or repel you? Had you the impression of a fair and honorable man? Would you feel safe if in his power? Would you trust him as you would have trusted Mr. Fordyce?"

My father did not reply; but his countenance remained gloomy and depressed.

Mr. Radcliff and Herbert came in during the evening. Little was talked about except the strange disappearance of Mr. Fordyce, and the new manufactory about to be started in Oakland. In regard to the schoolmaster, all was doubt, mystery and conjecture. Beyond the manifestation of an ill-will that took on an almost malignant character, and the general charge of bad and disgraceful conduct in former years, Mr. Catherwood had not gone. All efforts to get special allegations against Mr. Fordyce had been met by evasive answers, or the declaration that he did not care to ruin the young man utterly, now that he had been wise enough to take himself out of his way.

I listened to all that was said about Mr. Fordyce with a heavy heart. Not that I doubted him; but because there was no way in which I could defend him. So far, I had mentioned to no one the startled surprise and mutual signs of recognition which had appeared on the occasion of his meeting with Mr. Catherwood on the hill, nor had I spoken about my last impulsive interview with him in the school-house. I had no doubt as to the writer of the note which the boy had brought to Mr. Fordyce from the hotel; for I knew that Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood were staying there. But what could it mean?

From the schoolmaster the conversation was turned by Mr. Radcliff to the chief purpose of his call, which was to inform my father of a most generous act on the part of Mr. Catherwood, who, on behalf the new corporation, had paid Mrs. and Miss Bledsoe the sum of two thousand dollars in addition to the purchase-money at first agreed upon.

I saw my father's face light up with pleasure. But the face of my mother did not change.

"Mr. Catherwood is one of the most liberal-minded men it has been my good fortune to meet," said Mr. Radcliff, on closing his communication. "One rarely meets with anything so considerate and generous as this."

"Was it really a generous, or only a prudential act?" boldly inquired my mother.

"I am not sure that I understand you," returned Mr. Radcliff.

"An effort to substitute a solid stone for a crumbling one in the foundation of his new enterprise?—or a bit of abstract justice?"

My father gave her a quick, penetrating look, his eyes softening as they rested upon her gravely, questioning face.

The query disconcerted Mr. Radcliff. It had gone to the core of the matter, and he knew it; and my father knew it also, when his eyes turned from the face of my mother to read a betrayal of his hidden thought in that of his neighbor.

"It is well," added my mother; "and I am rejoiced for the sake of the widow and her daughter. As for the generous heart lying behind the transaction, that is something not yet proven. An act may be good to the one acted upon, but evil to the actor."

"I do not get your meaning," said Mr. Radcliff.

"Let us suppose a case," was returned. "The one before us will do quite as well as another. We will suppose that Mr. Catherwood and his agent, Mr. Payne, go deliberately to work to get poor Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter into their power, in order to force them to sell their little homestead for a sum far below what they know it to be really worth, and that they succeed in effecting their purpose. You will hardly call the act a good one; and if not good, it must be evil, for the intent is evil, and it is the intent that makes the act good or evil so far as the actor is concerned."

My mother was speaking very quietly and impressively. It was not often that she led in the discussion of a moral question when my father was present—usually deferring to him. He was regarding her intently, and with an uplifting of his brows, and a look of surprise that was softening into pleasure.

"And we will suppose," she continued, "that on the facts becoming known, Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne discover that public feeling is outraged, and that men whom they had counted upon, and whom they had hoped to make active and efficient partners in their schemes and enterprises, begin to doubt and be afraid of them. And we will further suppose, that in order to create a new and better sentiment, and to re-establish the confidence which had been weakened or lost, they make a show of generosity, and hand over to the widow and orphan whom they had deliberately robbed, a thousand or two dollars. Would the act be a good one so far as they were concerned? A noble and generous act; or one double-dyed with a meaner selfishness that made a pretense of virtue in order to gain better opportunity to compass its own ends?"

Mr. Radcliff was about replying, but my mother said: "A word or two more. We may take it for granted, that when men voluntarily relinquish a part of the gain which has been deliberately extorted from the weak and helpless, it must be in order to get some greater advantage, or a larger power to extort in some other direction. The wolf does not withdraw from its victim unless through fear, or for the sake of more desirable prey."

"You are unjust, Mrs. Lovel. I am sorry to have to say it against you, but you are unjust toward Mr. Catherwood," replied our neighbor, trying to rally from the state of mental confusion into which my mother's unexpected demonstration had thrown him. But she had so disconcerted Mr. Radcliff that he could not regain his assured manner.

"Time will show," was the clear response. "I have made up my judgment against him on the record as it stands to-day. He may lift out one or two of the crumbling stones already laid in the foundations of this great money-making scheme, but so long as he and Andrew Payne control in any large degree the selection of the stones which are to take their places, no man can count his fortune safe who builds it into the edifice which may be erected

thereon. The winds blow and the rains descend upon every man's house. But only those stand immovable that rest on the solid foundation of justice. I am sorry, Mr. Radcliff, that you have become in any pecuniary way involved with these men. Believe me, it is not a safe copartnership."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Radcliff, speaking with more decision of manner, "it is, I am well satisfied, one of the safest and surest of copartnerships to be found. Mr. Catherwood is a shrewd, far-seeing, clear-headed man, and knows how to command success; and I am very glad of an opportunity to get my fortunes linked with his, and on the easy terms in which I have been able to secure the advantage. A few acres of land, out of which I was making scarcely anything, in exchange for shares in the new corporation, which will be worth in a few years twice the value of my whole farm, is a transaction of a kind one rarely gets the opportunity to make more than once in his life. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. I see the rising tide, and shall take it. And if you will follow my advice, Mr. Lovel," now addressing my father, "you will be wise in this world's affairs, and take it also. That bit of stony land which lies along the river is of no use to you whatever. Turn it into shares, and it will give you gold for sterile rocks."

"If," said my mother, speaking before my father had time to reply, "that bit of stony land has any value in it for the new corporation, it has quite as much for us."

She had detected something covert in our neighbor's speech and manner as he uttered the last brief sentences; and the same impression had come to me.

"What possible value can lie in these acres of waste land?" asked Mr. Radcliff, betraying more of a personal interest in the matter than he knew.

"Stones are solid and substantial things!" was the firmly-spoken answer. "Good to build upon and to build with."

There was a meaning in her words that flashed upon me—a meaning not yet clear in her own mind, though struggling toward the light. It was clear enough to us all when I said, with the eagerness of one who enunciates a new and important discovery: "Mother is right! Stones are substantial things; and a quarry may be worth as much as a gold mine."

I had turned toward Mr. Radcliff. The instant change in his countenance betrayed the truth to us all. Back of his apparent interest in our welfare lay, it was now clear, some hidden purpose which he had been trying to achieve.

"True, Davy!" said my father, as he gave me an approving look. "We will keep our sterile acres. If that bit of stony land, as mother says, has in it any value for the new corporation, it has quite as much for us."

"You must decide for yourselves, of course. I have no interest in it one way or another."

But for all this, there remained an unpleasant im-

pression that our neighbor had been trying to lead my father into a transaction that would have been largely adverse to his real welfare.

"We will not part with this land, nor have anything to do with Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne in their schemes and enterprises," returned my father, speaking with decision. "There is not, I am afraid, the solid stones of absolute justice, man with man, in the foundations on which they propose to build; and he is unwise who builds on any other."

## CHAPTER X.

MY heart grew sick with waiting as the days and weeks went by and nothing was heard of Mr. Fordyce. I had clung to the belief that, to me, if to no one else, he would send some word or sign. But months succeeded to weeks, and the silence remained unbroken and the mystery unsolved. Beyond the first vague utterances of Mr. Catherwood, that gentleman had been silent in regard to the schoolmaster, evading all questions, and showing so much annoyance when the name of Mr. Fordyce was introduced, that people soon came to understand that, so far as he was concerned, it must be regarded as a forbidden subject.

Within a week after my father's positive refusal to exchange land for stock in the mill corporation, at least three attempts were made to induce him to sell for cash, the price rising with each new offer, until it reached two hundred dollars an acre. But these efforts to secure the property only led us to look more carefully into the reasons why it was considered so desirable, and the truth at last came out, that, in considering the question of building-material, the representatives of the new corporation had discovered that the nearest and most easily accessible deposit of good stone was upon our land. That, in fact, if they built of stone, which was by far the cheapest material within their reach, it must come from quarries to be opened there.

After my father had refused all bids for his land, he had next to consider the offers that were made by Mr. Payne and others to supply capital and enter into a copartnership with him for opening and working the quarries. But, after due consideration, it was decided to lease, the lessees to pay a fixed rate of tariff for every perch of stone taken out; and a contract to this effect was finally made with reliable parties.

A few months later, and obscure little Oakland had become a town of considerable note as a new industrial centre. The name of John Catherwood as president of Oakland Mills Company, was considered the guarantee of assured success with all who were familiar with the rapid growth and financial prosperity of the various enterprises in which he had a leading control; and capital came flowing in for investment. Already a new hotel, with handsome accommodations, was in the course of erection, and tradespeople were beginning to enlarge their borders to meet the coming tide of prosperity. The founda-

tions of the new factories had been laid, and the walls were going up under the steadily creating force of more than a hundred workmen. From Striker's Bend to the quarries on our farm, an iron track had been placed for the easy transportation of stone; and the puff and scream of a little draught engine made strange discord in that hitherto quiet region.

As often as twice a week, Mr. Catherwood came up from B—— and spent one or two days in Oakland. Sometimes he came alone, and sometimes Mrs. Catherwood accompanied him. They had rooms permanently engaged at the "Oakland House," the only respectable hotel in the village. It sometimes happened that Mrs. Catherwood, instead of going back with her husband, remained in Oakland for a week or two. She was reserved, and almost shy in her manner; but there was something about her that won all hearts. After meeting her at Mr. Radcliff's, my mother and sisters called upon her, and she had driven out and returned the call. She must have felt the sincerity and heart-warmth that pervaded our home, and the sphere of love that was about my mother like the odor of some sweet flower, for she came again before her call was returned. After that she would stop occasionally in riding out into the country and make a brief visit.

"She has something on her mind," said my mother, in referring to one of these visits. "You can see it in her eyes. Something that lies like a dead weight, and which, I am afraid, none but God can help her to bear."

Had I spoken of what came under my observation when Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Fordyce met, and of the letter which the schoolmaster had received on the evening before his disappearance, my mother's guesses might have gone very near the truth. But a feeling that my knowledge of these incidents must be held as a sacred trust, kept me silent. Mr. Fordyce had given me no warrant to speak, and I held myself true to the silence which I felt that he would desire me to maintain.

As I have already said, Mrs. Catherwood was a person of rare and striking beauty; not a bold and sensuous beauty, but exquisite as a type of pure, refined and lovely womanhood. There was a kind of fascination in her large, dark blue eyes, the spell of which haunted you strangely. At least they so haunted me. Sometimes, when I looked into them, they seemed to hold me with an appeal for help; sometimes they searched my face as for some desired intelligence; and sometimes I had read in them a tender longing for sympathy.

One day—it was late in the autumn—as I was coming home from town, I saw a carriage, which I knew to be that of Mrs. Catherwood, standing at the top of the hill, just at the point where the meeting with Mr. Fordyce, as heretofore mentioned, had taken place. On reaching the spot, I found the carriage empty, and the driver in a state of considerable anxiety about his mistress, who, he said, had told him to wait there while she went to obtain a more extended view of the scenery from a point

beyond a near belt of woods. She had been gone for over half an hour, he said, and he was afraid that something had happened to her. Hastily tying up my horse, I started in the direction which Mrs. Catherwood had taken. On passing through the woods, I saw her seated on a log, at a point where one of the most extended views of our picturesque valley was to be obtained; but, from her attitude, it was plain that her eyes were not upon the beautiful landscape. I was within a few feet of her before she became aware of my approach. She did not start, but turned her head slowly, as one half waking out of sleep; but the moment she saw me her manner changed, and her face lighted up with interest. She did not rise, but motioned me to take a seat by her side.

"I've been wanting to have you all by myself for a little while, Davy," she said, "and have been trying to make the opportunity. But it has made itself. Sit right down here."

The deep quiet of her manner was passing off, and I could perceive in her voice a low thrill of feeling. Some moments elapsed before she spoke again. She had turned a little away from me, as if to collect her thoughts.

"Can I trust you, Davy?" There was an appeal for confidence in her voice, and a still stronger one in her eyes, as they looked into mine. "Not," she added quickly, "that I would lay upon you the burden of a secret. But there is something I wish to say to you, which, if I say it, must not be spoken of again. Evil instead of good might come of it."

The color had gone out of her face, and I saw the round, full lips shrink back into lines of suffering.

"You can trust me," I said.

"I know it, Davy." And she laid a hand upon one of mine, pressing it down hard. The touch was cold.

"It is of Mr. Fordyce that I wish to speak." She was very calm.

"O ma'am! what about him? Do you know where he is?" I turned upon her eagerly, and with an excitement which I was unable to hold down.

"You have known him for a long time, Davy," she said, not answering my questions.

"Yes, ma'am, for a long, long time."

"And you liked him?"

"O ma'am, I loved him! He's one of the truest and best men that ever lived." I spoke with strong enthusiasm.

"Yes, Davy, he is all that," she answered, keeping her voice steady; but I knew by its lower pitch that it was costing her no little effort. "You cannot think too well of Mr. Fordyce, nor believe in him too completely. He is one of the purest, truest and noblest of men."

"Then why, Mrs. Catherwood, has he disappeared so strangely? Innocence should not be afraid."

"No, not for itself," she answered, huskily, turning her face from me as she spoke.

In the pause, I heard her say in a low voice that had a far-away sound: "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*"



"No, not for itself." She had turned to me again, and I saw the light come flashing into her eyes. "And Mr. Fordyce is not afraid for himself, but for another, for whom, if need be, he would lay down his life! That is all that I wish to say now, Davy."

She arose as she uttered the last sentence.

"I know that you loved him," she added, as we walked away, speaking now quite calmly; "and I want you to love him still. Believe me, that he is worthy of all confidence. Defend him, when evil is said against him, as best you can. Set the true and nobly unselfish life which he has led in Oakland against all vague accusations and evil guesses. Could a corrupt tree bring forth the good fruit which he has borne among this people? Except from men whose characters, as I see them, look smirched and black beside the unstained whiteness of his, or from those who had rather suppose evil than good of another, I hear no word against him."

"Mr. Payne has never liked him," I said.

"How could such a man like Allan Fordyce?" she returned. "Can a devil like an angel?"

"I would not call him a devil," I replied. "He may be a very selfish man, and even cruel and oppressive to those who happen to stand in the way of his designs; but I would not like to say that he was a devil."

"Are angels selfish, and cruel, and oppressive to those who happen to stand in their way?" She had stopped, and turned to look into my face.

"No," I answered.

"Who are, then?"

"Devils!" after a pause, replying to her own question. "Devils!" she repeated, her voice passionate, and her eyes fixed and stern. "Was Allan Fordyce selfish, or cruel, or oppressive? No; for there was no room for these devilish qualities in his heart—his true and tender heart! And it is what a man lives in his heart that makes him a devil or an angel. It matters nothing in which world he is living consciously—the outer or the inner world—he is demon or angel, according to the quality of his life."

Mrs. Catherwood moved forward again. Neither of us spoke until we came near the spot where her carriage was standing.

"All this is between you and me, Davy," she then said. "You'll not forget that. We will be friends, as you and Mr. Fordyce were friends. I want a friend who will be as loyal to honor and as true as, as—"

Her voice broke, and she held back the name which I knew was forming upon her lips.

"You may trust me as you would have trusted—"

But I recovered my clearer thought in time to leave the name unspoken. What right had I to put their names together in the sense my answer was indicating. If in an unguarded moment she had half-betrayed a secret, I would not, in honor, hold her to any further revelation. She understood me. I saw it in the look of tender confidence with which she regarded me for a moment. As we came into the road, a little way from the carriage, Mrs. Cather-

wood stopped. Taking my hand, she said with a meaning in her voice that set my heart to quicker pulses: "You have lost a friend at the very time when you most needed him, Davy. Let me take his place. Talk to me as freely as you have talked to him, and trust me as completely as you have trusted him. I may not be so clear of sight, nor so wise in counsel, but I will do my best for you. And now, good-bye!"

On reaching home, I found Olive there on a visit to my sisters. Donald Payne was to call for her in the evening. Our meetings had not of late been frequent, and it was now several weeks since I had seen her. Her wedding-day, which had been fixed, was only a month distant. The moment I came in sight of the house, I recognized her well-known form. She was on the porch with my sister Rachel, and they were standing with their arms drawn around each other, and their faces toward the sunset, the richer glories of which had already faded. They turned as I drew near enough for the sound of my horse's feet to reach them, and, leaving the porch, came forward to meet me. It was, as I have said, several weeks since I had seen Olive. At our last meeting, which was at a neighbor's house, where I had called with one of my sisters, she had shown more than her usual vivacity—leading in the conversation, laughing and jesting, and looking the very embodiment of light-hearted and happy girlhood. But I was not deceived. I saw that she was only acting. And when, after an unusually long period of waiting, my sister, who had gone up-stairs with Olive and two other visitors of the evening to get their wraps preparatory to returning home, came down, and, with a sober face, said: "Olive isn't going for half an hour yet, and we'll not wait for her."

I knew that something was wrong. We were half-way home before a word was said. I was waiting for Fanny to speak of Olive, and did not care to introduce any other subject lest the way back to the one uppermost in my thoughts might be so obstructed that I could not open it without betraying the paramount interest that I wished to conceal. At last suspense became too much for me, and I said: "What kept you so long, Fanny, after you went up-stairs? I thought you were never coming down."

It was several moments before she replied, and then not until I had questioned further, as to whether anything unusual had occurred.

"Olive acted a little strangely," she said.

"In what way?" I inquired, trying to hide the interest I felt.

"You noticed how gay she was?"

"Excited were a better word," I returned.

"Excited, then. I haven't seen anything in her like that for a long time. She's been growing quieter and more thoughtful of late. Well, after we got up-stairs, her spirits kept rising, until she acted almost like a crazy girl. But, all at once she broke down and began sobbing, crying and laughing by turns, going off into something like hysteria. It took us a long time to get her nerves quieted."

"She was over it when you left her?" I kept my voice as steady as possible.

"Nearly so."

Other questions were rising to my lips, but I held them back. Neither of us spoke again until we had nearly reached home. Then Fanny said something entirely remote from the subject which had been occupying our thoughts, and Olive was not referred to again.

Not since that evening until now had I seen Olive; and as she came forward to meet me, with her arm about Rachel, I saw in her face what I had not seen there before. It was as if a veil had fallen over it, which, while not hiding a single line of its beauty, had softened and shaded it, and subdued every expression into lower tones. There was a change, too, in her movements, which had lost their bird-like spring and lightness. A change, as if years instead of a few short weeks had been added to her life. She gave me her hand in what, to an indifferent observer, would have seemed a natural and easy way, and said "Davy," in the old, sweet, sisterly tone. But I saw in her eyes, as they rested in and were held to mine for an instant, and then seemed to be wrenched away, a look that could not be mistaken. Was it love? No. An appeal for help? No. There was nothing in it to kindle in my heart the faintest hope that any thought of me would hold her back from the sacrifice to which she was going. The sacrifice! Yes; and it was the dread and terror of that which I saw in her eyes. I had seen it before, and could not be mistaken; seen it in the pictured eyes of a Christian martyr as an uncaged lion was about to make his deadly spring upon her.

It was as much as I could do to be civil to Donald when he called for Olive that evening. He came in with a free, almost jaunty air, and with an affectation of vulgar self-importance that excited my contempt. The familiar, half-brusque way in which he addressed my father and mother stirred my heart with angry throbs. But indignation rose to fever-heat when, soon after he came, I saw the tears spring into Olive's eyes, and the color mount to her temples, in response to an impatient word of contradiction which he had thrown at her like a blow. There was nothing of tenderness or gentle consideration in his manner of treating her. Now it was banter or depreciation; and now a pretense of criticism and fault-finding which had in it more of earnestness than simulation. She bore this for some time, lightly parrying his assaults, until he said something that made her angry, when I saw a sudden gleam in her beautiful eyes, as she turned and fixed them steadily and with a warning look upon him; a look which he was too stupid or too indifferent to heed. Instead of prudently dropping the unpleasant controversy which he had provoked, and which was out of place and distasteful to us all, Donald repeated the offensive words. They had scarcely passed his lips before Olive retorted in a single brief sentence, which had in it the glitter and swift flash of a sword-thrust. I saw a look of angry defiance in her beautiful

face, which, because it was directed toward Donald Payne, gave her, in my eyes, a new and higher expression of beauty. How I admired her spirit, and with what a keen sense of enjoyment did I take note of the coward-look of discomfiture which told that she had struck him home—that her fine-tempered weapon had penetrated the coarse armor in which his mean soul had encased itself.

But the evening's pleasure was gone. Donald became silent and sullen. He was nursing his wrath against Olive, as all of us felt. As for Olive, she kept her spirits for a little while, with an indifference toward Donald which I tried to think real. But slowly the color went dying out of her face, and her sensitive features lost their mobile play. Her voice fell from its ringing lightness of tone to a dull level. All was forced and constrained after that, and at an early hour they went away.

## CHAPTER XI.

HER lips did not part. Could marble speak? If her head bowed in assent, the movement was so slight that few if any took note of it. Pale as alabaster, and with her white veil falling in a misty cloud around her delicate figure, she stood like a beautiful statue. And so she was *given away*, and formally accepted; and the twain, it was authoritatively declared by the minister, were man and wife!

It all passed in a few moments. Now, it was before my natural sight like some vivid picture thrown by a powerful lens on a clear background; and now it had transferred itself to one of the sensitive pages of memory, and become fixed there imperishably. If my heart had held to even the faintest hope that Olive might yet be mine, it was dead now. When I saw Donald's lips touch her lips, I felt that he had robbed them of all their sweetness for me, as he had stolen that of my apple years before on the play-ground in front of the school-house, when his teeth crushed in its ruddy side. After his lips had been there, come what might, mine could never touch them! Never! Never!

"Davy!" It was the voice of Mrs. Catherwood. The ceremony was over, and friends were gathering about the bride, and offering their congratulations; but I had not moved from where I stood, nor thought of moving. It had not come to me yet that I belonged to the company assembled there, or had any part in what was going on. Mrs. Catherwood laid her hand upon me as she uttered my name. There was the suggestion of a reproof in her quiet voice.

"You will congratulate the bride."

"For what?" I asked, as the meaning of all that had transpired grew suddenly distinct again.

"Davy! This is not well. Come! We will go together"

"And take a lie upon my lips!" I spoke in an undertone, that none but she might hear. "Congratulate a dove on being struck by a falcon! No, Mrs. Catherwood, I cannot do it! My tongue would

cleave to the roof of my mouth if I were to attempt such a thing. Forgive me; but what you ask is an impossibility."

I was growing visibly excited.

"Davy." She had, almost from the beginning, called me by my familiar home-name, and the quality of tone with which she always uttered it, drew me irresistibly toward her, and gave her a singular power over me. "Davy," she answered, speaking in a grave but gentle voice, "I want you to go with me after all is over. You and I must have a long talk together. Mr. Catherwood returns to B—in the one o'clock train, and I shall be alone."

My mother joined us at this moment, and Mrs. Catherwood said to her: "Davy is going over to Oakland with me. I've invited him."

My mother gave me a quick, searching glance, which I did not quite understand. Then the two women looked at each other for a few moments, steadily.

"You're not afraid to trust him with me?"

If there had been a doubt in the mind of my mother, the voice, expression and manner of Mrs. Catherwood must have dispelled it wholly.

"No," she said, in a satisfied way, the genuineness of which could not be mistaken.

Andrew Payne drove Mr. Catherwood back to town, and over to the Oakland station, while I went with Mrs. Catherwood. We did not talk much by the way, and neither of us made any allusion to the wedding. A feeling of constraint had come to both of us. It had clouded over since morning, and the sky was dark and threatening. Before we reached Oakland rain had commenced falling.

As Mrs. Catherwood closed the door of her private parlor at the hotel, shutting us in together and the world out, there came through her lips an audible sigh of relief, as if a strain upon her feelings had been suddenly relaxed. There fell upon me also a sense of quiet and relief; of rest after fatigue; of ease after a long struggle with pain; of seclusion after contact with an unsympathizing crowd. How peaceful it was!

Mrs. Catherwood left me alone for nearly ten minutes. The storm had increased, and the wind was beginning to drive the rain in strong dashes against the windows which looked eastward; the contrast without deepening the sense of peace within. When Mrs. Catherwood re-appeared, and I looked into her face, I noticed that every particle of color had gone, and that there were traces of tears in her eyes. But a faint smile was on her lips, and it grew as she came toward me, until it lighted her whole countenance.

"You have been alone longer than I intended," she said, as she pushed a chair close to the sofa on which I was seated. But she did not offer any excuse for her delay in returning to the parlor.

"It has not seemed long," I replied.

"Time passes swiftly when thought is busy; and yours can hardly have been idle. I am sorry for this storm. It does not augur well."

"No storm can make the augury darker than this," I answered.

"Perhaps not," she returned, speaking with a slight abstraction of manner. Then, after a pause, "Poor child! It was a sad mistake."

"How could she have made such a mistake?" I said. "It is here that the mystery lies. Did he cast a spell upon her? Or, is there, hidden as yet from common sight, an inner quality that draws them toward each other, as like draws like? But no, no!" I exclaimed, as my feelings revolted against the suggestion. "That is impossible! I have known Olive too long and too well. I cannot understand it, Mrs. Catherwood."

The smile which had grown beyond her lips, until it spread a soft light over her colorless face, was visible no longer.

"It is something hard to understand, Davy," she replied. There was a choking huskiness in her voice, and a strong inward drawing of her lips; and I noticed an apparent involuntary lifting of her hands and their pressure against her bosom. "But," she went on, "whether we can understand it or not, the fact exists and is irrevocable. Olive is now the wife of Donald Payne, and"—pausing for a moment and looking at me steadily—"she must be so regarded by you."

I did not reply until I had arisen, crossed the floor of the room, returned and seated myself on the sofa, facing Mrs. Catherwood; this to gain the self-mastery which I felt that I was losing. Then I said: "Once, when a boy at school, Donald Payne snatched away from me a large and juicy apple, and bit a portion from its ruddy side. I punished him for the act, and then threw the apple away. The mark of his teeth had been left upon it, and all its beauty and sweetness were gone. When I saw his lips pressed to the lips of Olive this morning, I felt that he had defiled their purity also, and that, come what might, so far as I was concerned the defilement of his touch must ever remain upon them."

A sudden, low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Catherwood, as she covered her face, and bent forward until it was hidden upon the arm of the sofa. There followed a stillness like that of death. When she lifted her head, with a slow, weary kind of movement, like one coming out of sleep, but unrefreshed, I was almost startled by the change which I saw. Her face had the pinched look of one after the torture of excessive pain; its color was ashen. The meaning of all that was in her eyes did not come to me for many years afterward; though I read something of its significance then.

She gave no reason for her singular agitation; nor did she refer to it in any way. But from that moment I felt the bond of an interior friendship and confidence. A new relation had been established; and there was to be mutual help and service. There came an influx of manly strength. I felt myself rising out of the impassive and aimless state in which I had dwelt so long, and ascending to a higher level of thought and purpose. This beautiful woman, who

had been dwelling, as it seemed to me, in a region of life so far above mine as to be almost unapproachable, stood now, in human weakness and suffering, by my side; and her cry, which was still sounding in my ears, I heard as an appeal for the pity and sympathy which one tried soul may give to another.

"Do you think, Davy," Mrs. Catherwood said, "that Olive's heart responded with a single throb of pleasure to that kiss? That if it left a touch of defilement on her lips it was not even skin-deep, and might be brushed away, leaving them as pure as before?"

I felt the appeal and remonstrance in her voice and eyes.

"If there was any feeling of pleasure, it did not make a visible sign," I returned, with a bitterness which I could not repress. "As for the defilement, nothing, so far as I am concerned, can ever brush it away. Lips and apple are alike to me—beautiful in memory, but with all their sweetness and desirableness forever gone."

"Are men so hard and unforgiving?" she answered, huskily. "Can love so quickly turn to coldness and—and—disgust? Olive is very sweet and lovely—as sweet and lovely to-day as yesterday. I cannot bear to have you cast her from your thoughts as something vile. That is not well. Let the pity and tenderness which would serve, and help, and bless, take the place of love. She will need all, and more than all, that you will ever be able to do for her; I am a woman, Davy, and know!"

She drew in her breath strongly as she uttered the last sentence.

How steadily did I feel myself rising in manly strength, seeming, as to my inward stature, to have had the growth of years in the space of minutes.

"As Donald Payne's wife," I said, "her life must flow in a current far away from mine. We shall meet but seldom. But of this you may rest sure, Mrs. Catherwood, no service in my power to render her will ever be withheld. Should the time come when she needs a friend, there will be one nearer and truer than she thinks."

"That time will come, Davy; and when it does come, I pray that you may have the strength of character, and the loyalty to truth and honor, which you will need to stand the trial it must bring!"

Her tones were solemn and impressive; so much so, that I wondered at the feeling which she manifested. My thought did not reach to the full significance of what she had been saying.

"Only they who are loyal to truth and honor walk safely in the world, Davy," she added, after a pause. "Whoever falls, in anything, away from these, comes into danger. Do what the truth tells you is right, and refrain from doing what you see in its clear illustration to be wrong, and nothing can do you any real hurt."

"Has Mr. Fordyce been disloyal to truth and honor, that he is hurt so badly?" I asked, turning quickly upon her.

It was, for an instant, as if a white veil had been thrown over her face, and then as quickly drawn away.

"If there had been no disloyalty to truth and honor," Mrs. Catherwood replied, "it would have been different with Mr. Fordyce from what it is to-day."

"Then you charge dishonor upon him?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"No, Davy!" light breaking into her face. "He is true and noble. Whatever of dishonor there may have been, it does not lie at his door."

"And yet has he not been hurt most grievously? His honor and his rectitude have not saved him?"

"Davy," Mrs. Catherwood laid one of her hands upon me as she spoke, "which is really hurt in the battle, the brave and loyal soldier who, though wounded and bleeding, stands face to face with the foe, even to the end of the conflict, or the coward who deserts the field? or the traitor who goes over to the enemy?"

I was beginning to understand her.

"His honor and his rectitude have saved him!" Her voice had a clear and confident tone.

"Not from suffering," I answered.

"But from any hurt to his soul. From moral taint, or disease, or blindness. And though the shadow and the cloud may rest upon him as he walks through the valley, he will yet come into the clear sunshine, and there shall not be seen a stain upon his garments!"

Her face had warmed, her eyes were full of light, and her tones almost exultant.

"I can believe it all, Mrs. Catherwood," I replied, as I felt the glow of her enthusiasm.

"May you be like him, Davy—a brave soldier, a true hero, a stainless knight. There are the weak to defend, the oppressed to succor and dragons to slay now, as in those old heroic times. And we have so few knightly men!"

It was some time before the light and warmth went out of Mrs. Catherwood's face. She did not again refer to Mr. Fordyce; and I, though he was continually in my thoughts, and there were many questions which I greatly desired to ask, did not feel at liberty to make mention of him again.

When I returned home that evening, I had a sense of something broader and deeper in my life—a consciousness of strength; a feeling of calmness and self-poise. My inner sight was clearer. New aims and purposes were beginning to take form. I had been raised to a higher level of thought—had come into a new state, and within the sphere of more subtle influences.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD must get past babyhood before it comes within the sphere of a father's authority. A man should think of this in choosing the mother of his children, and be careful to select one who has sense enough to take care of the baby; for, if she lack it, no wisdom of his can supply the deficiency.

## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 5.

BRISTOL. (MY OWN PAPER.)

I DO not know any city, either in the New World or the Old, more closely linked with reform, religious and social, than this same city of Bristol. Here is the tomb of Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy," in an ancient cathedral founded in 1140, and at a comparatively recent Baptist Chapel is found the grave, marked by a plain slab, of the celebrated Robert Hall, buried near the same chapel where he formerly preached. At the Methodist Chapel is the grave of Captain Webb, the first American Methodist preacher, who used to discourse in full uniform to his hearers in New York. By one of time's sharp and satiric transitions the remnant of an old priory of black friars has become a Quaker school; and close by is the Quaker meeting-house, where George Fox preached, and where he was married. The adjoining streets, Philadelphia and Penn Streets, indicate the residence of another famous Quaker, William Penn, who married Hannah Callowhill, the daughter of a prominent Bristol merchant, and is supposed to have laid out and named these streets on land purchased from her family. Here also lived Richard Champion, the inventor of Bristol china (now so prized for its rarity, that some pieces have brought thrice their weight in gold), an eminent Quaker, and the friend of Burke.

Both the Wesleys were often in Bristol, where Methodism had an early growth. Here is the first preaching place built by Wesley, or certainly one of the first. The arrangement is rather peculiar, as Mr. Wesley's room—his study and parlor—immediately adjoin the chapel itself. There is a rural lane close by, still called "Charles Wesley's Lane," where it is said many of those fervent hymns, no less powerful in their effect than his brother's sermons, were composed by him as he walked.

A few miles from the city is Kingswood, the settlement of colliers, where the early Methodists preached in the open air to the miners, until the tears, coursing down their blackened and stained faces, witnessed how deeply their rough hearts were touched. Here have been long kept, with great appropriateness, many relics of Wesley's earthly career and work, and "Wesley's Walk" is enthusiastically described by one of his followers as exquisitely shaded and perfumed with flowers which are but faint emblems of the savor of his memory.

In regard to social reforms we need only mention the presence here of the great Wilberforce, and the close residence of Hannah More, to show that these were actively carried on.

Nor is Bristol without literary associations; Pope's letters depict him as a well-pleased visitor; Southey was born here, and in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, Chatterton professed to find the Rowley manuscript, and both Southey and Coleridge were married within its precincts. Here the poet Mason

brought his wife; alas, too late, as the exquisite epitaph by him in Bristol Cathedral testifies:

"To Bristol's font I bore with trembling care  
Her faded form: she bowed to taste the wave,  
And died."

Among the other monuments in the cathedral may be seen two, interesting to all lovers of literature, although no poet or author reposes beneath—that of Mrs. Draper Sterne's "Eliza," and of Lady Hesketh, the devoted friend and cousin of Cowper.

Nothing can be imagined more quaint and unlike the life of to-day than the garb which the ancient charities of Bristol have imposed on many of the younger portion of the population. Charity schools are to be found in every quarter of the town, and on the streets you meet perpetually long lines of curious, stiffly-attired children, with sweet, grave, little faces peeping out over spotless white aprons, and from under impossible bonnets, or boys in the quaintest costumes of corduroy, or old people from the alms-houses, dressed like pictures of a century back, until you begin half to feel as if you, in modern dress, were the anomaly, and to be almost ashamed of your own appearance. The Colston boys, whose school is now removed to a suburb, still wear muffin caps of blue cloth with a yellow ball and band, leather belts, knee-breeches and hideous yellow worsted stockings. Just so was Chatterton dressed, for he, too, was a Colston boy, and he is thus represented on his cenotaph near Redcliff Church. No wonder he became so imbued with the atmosphere of old times, its quaint, stiff words and thoughts, as to deceive so many scholars and antiquarians.

But a brighter throng issues from the charitable establishment of Alderman Whitson, 1628, for "one grave, painful and modest woman of good life and conversation," and forty orphan girls, the latter to be taught to "read English and sew, and to do some other laudable work toward their maintenance." The girls are admitted from eight to eighteen, and are expected to give their attendance on said "grave and painful woman," and be present before the mayor, aldermen and their wives on Sundays and all "solemn meetings."

After this grave preamble, you may be startled some morning, while perhaps looking up at the "great stone lilies of the fifteenth century," the church-towers soaring high above the smoke and dust of the dingy old town and the narrow streets, to hear "a sudden rush of feet and hum of voices near you, and see the dark place near you all aglow with the coming of the forty 'Red Maids,' who walk by apparelled in scarlet gowns," its dazzling hue only rendered more striking by the contrast with their white aprons. It seemed to me as if one of Lewis Carroll's sweet, fantastic books had come to life, and a great bed of old-fashioned garden-flowers had gone abroad for a walk.

But this is not the only peculiarity to be seen in Bristol, as the poet and most charming letter-writer, Pope, discovered, when he came from Bath to Bristol, and wrote Mrs. Martha Blount a description of his visit. We will let him tell of it in his own

words. After speaking of crossing the bridge into Bristol, he says: "From thence you come to a quay along the old wall, with houses standing on both sides, and in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only the water rises to carry them out, so that at other times a long street full of ships in the middle and with houses on both sides looks like a dream. \* \* \* Nothing is fine," he afterwards says, "in Bristol but the square, which is larger than Grosvenor Square, and well-built, with a fine brass statue of King William on horseback; and the quay, which is full of ships, and goes half round the square."

Pope does not agree with the line which calls the old Church of St. Mary Redcliff "the pride of Bristol and the Western land;" but we are inclined to think that any visitor who appreciated the rich loveliness of Gothic architecture, would not so willingly omit it. The chapter-house and the archway below the church belong to the Norman period of art. Within the church are old monuments and inscriptions in almost untranslatable old English, and mural tablets adorned with banners, swords and cuirass, tokens of wars and combats. One monumental group indicates an almost patriarchal household, undivided even in death. It is that of the family of the great Bristol merchant, William Conynge, the younger, who lies buried here with his wife, his almoner, his brewer, cook and other servitors. As the warriors whose ashes sleep in this consecrated ground bear above them the sculptured emblems of war, so this cook has a knife and skimmer rudely cut on the tombstone.

The situation of Bristol is unusually fine, and the surrounding landscapes very beautiful. It is on the Avon, about ten miles from its union with the Severn, and the Avon has cut a course through the heights below the town which is exceedingly picturesque. There is a suspension-bridge, designed by Brunel, which unites Baiston with the lovely town of Clifton, from which two of our own suburb towns in America are named, and the Clifton of Cincinnati will lose nothing by contrast with its older namesake. Pope writes most enthusiastically of the high and variegated rocks, the green branches and gently undulating slopes, closely wooded of this suburb, a site which he calls "delicious for either walking or riding." It was, in fact, much frequented in Pope's time for the waters of the Hot Well, a place which has now sunk wholly into oblivion.

With one more memory which arises as one stands on the brink of the chasm at Clifton, I shall close, reserving it for the last, as it points to the first intercourse between the Old World and the New. Down this very stream dropped the little vessel called the "Matthew," with the Cabots on board, bound for the discovery of far-off lands in America; and, indeed, from Bristol also, long afterwards, came the

first steamer on the same journey toward our home in the West. Since then, many a traveler has come back to the country of his forefathers, but generally to Liverpool rather than Bristol.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

### ONE DAY IN AUTUMN.

**D**AYS of autumn, days of autumn,  
You to me are like your leaves;  
When in red and gold you've wrought them,  
Oft the trusting heart believes  
That this glowing, royal wreathing  
Surely waves for nature's crown—  
When a sudden icy breathing  
Shrivels it to ashes brown.

I remember, I remember,  
One fair day in early fall—  
Other days (and leaves) September  
Has, like that one, tinged them all.  
Forests flaming, banners blushing,  
Up the hillsides, down the lane,  
All ablaze the sunshine flushing—  
Eve brought leaden skies and rain.

Like the aster, like the aster,  
Autumn's sapphire, glowed his eyes,  
He, whom glad my heart called master,  
Though he might my love despise.  
But, in hope, I trembling waited,  
Cheeks all carmine, like the day,  
Hope that each for each was fated—  
Gorgeous pageants mean decay!

Strangers only, strangers only—  
Ah, sad spirit, say not so!  
Though to-day my heart is lonely,  
We shall meet again, I know.  
He, not I, shall hope and tremble,  
And the love he once despised  
He shall seek, nor need dissemble,  
As a royal treasure prized.

Days of autumn, days of autumn,  
Wave your scarlet standards long!  
Dazzling mockeries I thought them,  
Masking death—but I was wrong.  
All the regal splendor glowing,  
All the lavish wealth affing,  
All the wasted glory going,  
Only make a richer spring.

FANNIE.

PROFESSOR CALDWELL, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone; you will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."



## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 7.

**A**LADY writes and asks us to tell about our way of crystallizing with alum, making alum-baskets, and such pretty things. In our own experience we never had the best success with this kind of work, but our little neighbor, Lee Fulmer, does make beautiful baskets, and crosses, and winter bouquets, and we jot down her manner. We sit on the door-step of her pretty village home, and write this on our lap.

To make a basket, take bonnet-wire, and form it into shape by planning it over a tiny basket, or box, and then make the handle in proportion to the size. The wire must be wrapped neatly and loosely with white yarn or crewel, if wrapped with anything else it will not be so apt to gather the crystals. Then suspend the little basket in a wooden pail, or vessel that is sufficiently large, so as not to touch the article to be crystallized anywhere at all. Take soft water, rain water is preferable, and to every quart allow one pound of alum. Make enough to cover the basket entirely. Lee dissolves her alum in a clean brass kettle, and when scalding hot pours it over the wire-basket in the wooden vessel. Let it stand over night, taking care not to shake or move it, and if the directions are followed to the letter, in the morning you will find a beautiful crystal basket. Cool weather is best for such work. Now if you do not prefer white crystal, you can color it any shade you like. Milk-white is beautiful, and easily made by holding the basket, already crystallized, over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor arising precipitates the alumina on the surface. Blue may be obtained by putting into the solution of alum, equal, but small quantities of alum and blue vitriol. If a darker blue is desired—quite a deep blue—add a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. If a beautiful crimson is the choice, add a mixture of madder and cochineal. A fine shade of green is produced by taking equal parts of blue vitriol and alum, with a minute portion of copperas. Black, by taking black ink and thickening it with gum to prevent settling. Yellow is pretty, too, and can be obtained by adding muriate of iron; a deep shade is the result by putting in a little tumeric; purple is very fine in crystal, and is obtained by dissolving a small portion of extract of logwood in the alum-water. Pink may be had by tying some poke-berries in a cloth, and squeezing the juice into the alum-water before heating it. All these coloring matters should be put into the solution of alum-water before heating. If not, it may settle in the bottom of the vessel.

The aniline dyes that we recommended a while ago, will be found of service if one is bent on making something pretty in the way of winter bouquets, and prefers colors. By following these directions one can make a bouquet that would be rare and satisfactory. Gather seed vessels, and the heads of grain and grasses, and small dried flowers. Make an alum solution strong enough to crystallize, divide it into

as many different vessels as you desire colors—jelly-glasses, or old tumblers, or cups will answer—and when made they can be grouped together into a bouquet, which, with green leaves made of wax or green paper varnished, will make a handsome bouquet that neither frost nor neglect to water, will injure as it would living flowers. Or, these colored crystallized flowers and grasses may be clustered together in a crystal basket—a shallow one with a wide handle across it—and the result will be very gratifying indeed. But one of the prettiest things about Lee's house is a branch of artificial coral. We should think from the appearance that it was a little branch of hawthorn with raisin stems tied on, here and there, and the string left in knots with a bit of ends hanging. Wrap the whole with lapping thread. Then melt some beeswax in any shallow vessel and color it with American vermilion, the powder, until the color suits you. Hold the branch down close to the wax, and, with a spoon, dip up and pour over until it is all covered, take it away until cooled, then pour on again and again till the wax covers every part. This will resemble a beautiful branch of coral, and with a little ingenuity can be placed on the wall or in a corner under a bracket, and have the appearance of holding up, or sustaining the bracket. Just a purposeless branch of coral, hanging on the wall, does not look half so pretty as if it seemed to be useful, and was placed for a purpose.

We have told you about Nellie, the little niece of ours—our brother Rube's adopted child. She is old enough now to come over to grandpa's alone—has two gates and two fences in the way, but she is very active and springy, and we trust her to go alone. Until lately she has been afraid of our dog. When she was very small she took his paw to shake hands with him, and he bit her little, thin, blue wrist, and she never trusted afterward. She said: "I was willing to shake hands, but he didn't wish any."

This morning as we sat down to write we heard a soft little patter of feet coming up the walk, and then a rustling of clean, starched coats, and the next instant the dear kitten had sprang into our lap and was kissing us hungrily. Her golden hair was freshly curled, and her sweet little face and neck smelt of Castile-soap, and the bureau-drawers in which lie, lavender-scented, the family, and bed and table-linen. How could we write! We were glad to see the little midge, even if her coming did make our thoughts take wing and fly away.

Now it happened a few days ago that when we made some very nice pickles we sent, in a neighborly way, a dish of them to Nellie's mother, and to Ida. Nellie likes auntie's pickles. She had not been here three minutes to-day, until the shrewd little detective began to hint. She lay close in our arms, clinging like a chimney swallow, when she sighed and put one hand up to her forehead, remarking: "I had the headache once; right here; it did ache, I tell you! Oh, I couldn't eat many of those pickles you sent over. Oh! My head's better now, but I wouldn't ask for a pickle; that wouldn't look well, you know."

I try to be very good to my papa; I give him the biggest bite of everything, and I don't feel a bit provoked after it; I allus 'vide with him." We did not take the hint. She raised up and looking about she planned a new attack from another point.

"Let us have a drink; the water out of grandpa's well is so good, and your pantry is so nice." When she had drank, she looked about her, and said: "What a nice cupboard you have; larger than ours, I guess. Wonder how it looks inside? Seems to me I smell something like pickles!"

We paid no heed to the cunning little hints, we wanted to see how she would ask if let alone. She sat awhile looking out of the window, then she slid her hand down into our pocket and laughed a short, cute, gurgling laugh with a little sniff at the end of it. We do not know what idea was in her head at the time, but presently she drew up her soft, white shoulders, and said: "Auntie, look down my back, something stings and bites like a 'squito or a mouse." We looked, and saw a red dot on her back, and a little brown meadow-cricket chirped and flew past our face. A new thought suggested itself: "I guess the crickets must be hungry," said she, "to bite me that way; but they needn't do it, for I'm just as hungry as they are."

Then we "kissed the place to make it well," and, as if we'd had not an inkling before, we inquired if Nellie wouldn't like some of auntie's good bread and butter, and pickles, to which with a very demure air she assented, adding that their breakfast had been a very early one that morning. After she had eaten she felt at peace with all the world, and her complacency manifested itself in the inquiry, whether or not auntie would like to hear her sing. Of course auntie would. She asked if we preferred something funny or something mournful. Our preference was for the latter. They had lately lost an old cow named Martin, and Nellie could think of nothing more pathetic, and putting the words to the familiar air frequently sung in her Sabbath-school, she began in a clear voice:

"Where is Martin, where is Martin,  
To make up her jewels, precious jewels;  
So she died, so she died,  
Precious Martin, precious Martin;  
Her eyes are shut and she is d-e-a-d.

"And she was the best cow we ever had,  
And her eyes went shut, went s-h-u-t;  
And so she s-uff-er-ed and died—  
She rolled down the hill to the b-r-o-o-k,  
To the b-r-o-o-k.

"And she left her calf, R-o-s-a,  
So we only got two cows to m-i-l-k—  
Precious Martin, precious Martin,  
(Don't cry, auntie; she's better off!)"

Ida was making jam; and after it was done she gave Nellie a teaspoon, rolled up her sleeves, pinned a napkin about her neck, and stood the kettle on the floor beside her. The dear child! I peeped out, and the tableau was charming. There she sat on her

little bare feet, which were doubled under her in that inexplicable way that graceful babies fix their beautiful, lithe little feet and legs; the jam was all about her mouth and cheeks, and she was just saying in a soft, cooing, grandmotherly way: "Oh, this jam is so good for sickness!"

Now any of you mothers or baby-lovers know very well that we couldn't stand this—that we ran out and kissed the precious child, even to the cute little feet crossed so cunningly, with the tiny toes like pinky dots.

When our minister went away to Lowell, Indiana, he left some things up-stairs in his room, and among them is an old fur hat, a good deal the worse of wear. One day, when Nellie was up there looking at the pictures, we put the hat on her head, very gravely, without smiling, even. She took it off gently, and her beautiful blue eyes looked with a questioning expression into our face, and she said, apologetically: "Oh, I don't care about it, auntie—I don't care!"

"Well, put it on, then," we replied, as the big hat fell clear down over her mouth.

She raised it off, and sputtered out: "Oh, I don't care 'bout it; 'deed I don't!"

The dear child was in a quandary; she didn't want to hurt our feelings, and didn't want to wear the hat.

One day she watched her father dressing a squirrel for dinner. She did not ask the name of the little animal, and he neglected to tell her; but at the table she amused them very much by asking for *another piece of the cat*.

On seeing a man whose feet were deformed, she very demurely inquired: "Wonder who that is, papa—that man who's turned 'round?"

Her mother told her once that she must beg pardon of a playmate for an act of rudeness. She hesitated, and stood a good bit, with her little pink finger-tip pressed against her pretty little milk-teeth. Only an instant, though; then catching her breath in a fluttering sigh, she walked up to the child, locked her hands behind her, leaned forward and in a low voice murmured: "Oh, I's so 'shamed! D'y'e hear? I's so 'shamed!"

Nellie begins to spell easy words now, and it is very funny to hear her spell all our family names, from grandpa down to the kitten. Yesterday we asked her to spell some word that she could not, and with a puzzled expression she said: "Let us trade; you spell that, and I'll spell cow or dog."

She said the other day, in speaking of a poor man: "I like him; I always did like Ben Green; he stays in the bosom of his family."

One of our neighbors, Mr. Milligan, lost his fine dwelling-house by fire. The foundation remained, not much damaged; and Nellie stood beside her pa holding to one of his fingers and surveying the ruins. Her thoughts went out in pity toward one of the little children, and she sighed and said: "Poor Dellie Milligan! the lining is all burnt out of her house!"

She wished one day that her cat, Jerry, could talk

and asked her father what was the reason he couldn't. He was busy reading, and without any heed he said, hastily: "Tail's too long."

The next day her mother, trailing about in a wrapper, did not reply to one of Nellie's queries, and the child muttered to herself: "Can't talk—tail's too long!"

Her best wax doll has three names—named for the two girls and myself; her common doll is named Dinah. The former is a good doll; but of the latter she says: "I'm obliged to baste Diner often!"

One incident connected with our little Nellie touches the tenderest place in our heart. Her hair is very fine, and long, and silken, and because she is such a dancing little mischief, it is hard to comb, and brush, and curl. Her yellow curls are the admiration of the neighborhood. While her mother is fixing her hair she is impatient, and can hardly bear the restraint; but if her little hand can lie in her father's, she does not mind the hurt and the annoyance at all. If her hair is tangled unusually, she wants to draw nearer to her papa—wants to sit with her arms about his neck. Then there is no hurt and no complaint.

Let professed Christians who read this observe what the illustration teaches. It is true. If we draw near to our Father in Heaven, the trials and sorrows of this poor life cannot hurt us. If we feel that He is our Friend, every grief is disarmed of its sting, every blow aimed at us falls to the ground.

We have thought of this beautiful simile with tears, and we hope that it has done us good. The little blossom that opened her blue eyes in the June month is our blessing and our riches. Our baby, that,

"When the morning, half in shadow,  
Ran along the hill and meadow,  
And with milk-white fingers parted  
Crimson roses, glowing-hearted;  
Opening over ruins hoary  
Every purple morning-glory,  
And out-shaking from the bushes  
Singing-larks and pleasant thrushes;  
That's the time our little baby  
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,  
Came with eyes like heaven above her—  
Oh, we could not help but love her!"

PIRSEY POTTS.

**FLOWERS AND THE SICK.**—It is supposed that many flowers should be carefully kept away from sick people, that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong fragrant blossoms as lilacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately-scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well-aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonnette or violets, and the subtle cheer which they bring in with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits.

## AMERICA IN THE EAST.

**W**ILLIAM E. BAXTER, a member of the British Parliament, said recently, in a public address delivered in Scotland:

"Wherever I traveled four years ago, in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asiatic and European Turkey, I found that men of all nationalities and creeds, of all opinions on the Eastern question, and other questions as well, emphatically and unanimously gave evidence that the colleges, schools, churches and other institutions conducted in the most business-like manner, with most conspicuous ability, with remarkable freedom from all sectarian or religious narrowness, by American gentlemen, were doing more for the civilization and elevation of the ignorant masses in the East, than any other agency whatever."

One of the educational institutions to which the honorable English statesman referred, is Robert College, at Constantinople, a view of which is given in this number. It was founded in 1860. A large-hearted Christian gentleman of New York, Christopher R. Robert, having a few years before visited Constantinople, and become deeply interested in the missionary work there, especially in its educational aspects, conceived the plan of establishing a high school for the benefit of the youth of various nationalities in that great metropolis. His plan for a high school, in conference and correspondence with the missionaries, grew into plans for the college which now bears his name. Following the leadings of Providence, and the promptings of his own generous heart, he increased his donations to the enterprise from one of thirty thousand dollars to a total of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Miss Olive Risley, the adopted daughter of W. H. Seward, who made one of the party which accompanied that distinguished gentleman in his voyage "around the world," gives the following interesting account of a Fourth of July dinner and reception given to the ex-secretary of state by the president and faculty of Robert College in 1871:

"We repaired this morning, in accordance with an invitation, to Robert College, an American University for the education of Turkish youths, founded by the liberality of Christopher R. Robert, of New York. Twelve years ago the Turkish Government conceded the site, which is the most commanding on the Bosphorus. But Mussulman jealousies caused delay in confirming the concession. A long, and sometimes unpleasant discussion, which occurred on the subject between the two governments, was happily brought to an end during the closing year of Mr. Seward's official term in the department of State. The firman having been issued, two years sufficed for building an edifice adequate to the accommodation of one hundred and fifty students.

"Dr. Hamlin, who has had sole charge of the enterprise, is president, with a faculty of eleven professors, and already there are one hundred and twenty-five students. The fourth of July was chosen by President Hamlin to commemorate the completion of this

important work, with due acknowledgment to the Government of the United States and the Government of Turkey for their favor and patronage. Mr. Seward's arrival at this juncture and Blacque Bey's

students, with United States citizens residing at Constantinople, received Mr. Seward, and, having been severally presented to him on the veranda, attended him in procession to the reception-hall. A dinner,

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.



presence at Constantinople were regarded as fortunate coincidences of the celebration.

"After a long drive by the side of the Bosphorus and over its eminences, we espied the United States flag waving from the college. The president, faculty and

provided by the American residents, was served—the first public entertainment of the kind ever known on the shores of the Bosphorus. And so the ivy-crowned, castellated towers near by, which, in 1453, forty years before the discovery of America, poured forth the



invading army which subverted Christianity in the empire, and established Moslem despotism, in Stamboul, now were witnesses of the celebration of an event which is a sure guarantee of religious as well as political regeneration of society throughout the world. Dr. Hamlin presided at one of the two tables, which was decorated with the Stars and Stripes; while Blacque Bey, by the leave, and with the instruction of the Divan, presided at the other, under a canopy formed by the Crescent flag of the Turkish Empire. The guests were Americans with their families; Turks, of course without theirs; and the body of students, among whom were representatives from every province of the empire, as well as from Persia, Greece and the Islands of the Levant.

"Dr. Hamlin closed a spirited oration with congratulations to Mr. Seward on his arrival at Constantinople, and thanks for the interest in the college which he had manifested. Mr. Seward answered in a manner which seemed to awaken deep sensibility among his own countrymen, while the natives of the East listened with surprise and pleasure to a free exercise of speech for the first time in their lives. Blacque Bey and Mr. Brown followed with speeches which were pleasing and appropriate in their allusions to Mr. Seward, Robert College, and the relations between Turkey and the United States. When the exercises closed, the assembly attended Mr. Seward to his carriage, and parted from him with cheers for himself, for the Union, for the Turkish Empire and for Robert College."

The death of Mr. Robert took place in 1878. By his will an additional large sum was bequeathed to the college.

### LUDICROUS POLITENESS.

**I**NSINCERITY and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities quite unintentionally. A great man, addressing the House of Lords, said: "It is my most painful duty to inform your lordships that it has pleased the Almighty to release the king from his sufferings." This was equivalent to saying that he was sorry the king's sufferings were over.

A maid of honor in France, being asked the hour by her royal mistress, obsequiously replied: "What your majesty pleases;" an answer even less definite than that of the cow-boy, who, after looking up at the town clock, said it was "only half an inch past eight."

A nurse wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby intrusted to her care, said: "Oh, sir, I *flatter myself* the child is going to die."

A nobleman told a visitor that he had been talking to him in a dream. "Pardon me," replied the other, "I really did not hear you."

A lady of rank having had the professional services of a village piper at a little fete which she had given on her estate, received the following ridiculously civil note from him: "Your ladyship's

pardon for my boldness in thus applying for payment would be almost a sufficient compensation for the labor of your humble piper, Patrick Walsh."

Lord Clarendon, in his essay on the decay of respect paid to old age, says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, *except at dinner*. In the present day, the wearing of it at dinner would be thought more disrespectful than at any other time.

George IV, when Prince of Wales, used to return the bows of all persons in the street except beggars. He justified this omission by remarking that to return a beggar's bow without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would seem ostentatious in a prince.

Sir Robert Graham being apprised that he had, by mistake, pronounced sentence of transportation on a criminal who had been found guilty of a capital offense, desired the man to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he said: "Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon*," and then passed on him the awful sentence of death.

A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said: "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied: "I'm very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

While an officer was bowing, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never loses by politeness."

Napoleon's hat having fallen off, a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and presented it to him. "Thank you, *captain*," said the emperor, inadvertently. "In what regiment, sire?" inquired the sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, and forthwith promoted the witty youth to a captaincy.

Notwithstanding the fury with which the battle of Fontenoy was contested, it began with a great show of civility. Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Auteroche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him. "Fire! gentleman of the French guards!" exclaimed the English captain. "No, my lord," replied the French lieutenant; "we never fire first." This reminds us of an anecdote told of Curran, who being called out to give satisfaction to an officer for some imaginary offense, was told by his antagonist to fire first, which he declined, saying: "As you gave the invitation, I beg you will open the ball."

At the battle of Trafalgar, a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck on which he fell, than the wounded man said: "Thank you, Jack: and, please God, I'll do the same for you before the fight's over."

# Religious Reading.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 7.

"Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will be but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow."

**L**IKE a golden plummet, the words flashed through the darkness of my thought, bringing peace to the troubled waters, balm to the wearied spirit. I had forgotten that life and its duties came only in one little day at a time; the future looked so great, its work so wearisome, how could I meet it all?

But now a window had suddenly opened before me. Edward Garrett says: "When we set our windows open that we may watch the distant dawn, one of its first rays enters our own chamber and glorifies it." I saw with clearer vision; I was no longer afraid. The work would come only day by day, and with each new day would come new strength. I had only to fit myself to receive it, only to seek and I should surely find. The heavenly manna came not alone to the wandering tribes of Israel, nor ceased with that olden time. Still it comes each day, fresh and sweet, from the Father-hand, but too often we fail to notice it, too often we refuse the new supply and try to feed our souls with the stale remnants of yesterday's feast; or, in the midst of plenty, we vex and worry ourselves with the fear that some day we shall go out to gather and find none. As if the Father could forget His own! Would He have taught us to pray each day for daily bread if He had not meant we should have it? "Give us this day," not to-morrow or any future day, but "*this day* our daily bread."

Did it ever occur to you, readers, that the reason why some, asking for bread, seem to get but a stone, may be because their prayers are not prefaced with *work*? Why should we ask for spiritual food if we do not the work of the Master? What do you think of the man, strong of limb and arm, who presents himself at your door begging for food, yet refusing the work you offer him? Do you feel it right to grant his prayer under such circumstances? Do you not scorn the unwillingness to gather the manna, by the work of his own hands, he betrays? If he will not earn his food, ought he not to suffer the pangs of hunger? Is it charity to feed those who can feed themselves? God does not set a premium on laziness of any kind, and the soul that does not, by its earnestness, its willingness to work anywhere in the Master's vineyard, prove its heirship, need not complain if sometimes it hungers and finds no food.

Prayer is good, but it must not, cannot, take the place of work. St. James says, "Faith without works availeth nothing;" and I think he meant we should give a very literal interpretation to his words. But let us remember our work must be done in the spirit of Him who sent us, or it, too, "availeth nothing." Suppose the Israelites, instead of going out to gather the manna, had stayed in their tents praying to be fed, would it not have been long ere their wants were supplied? But, no, they gathered it each day according to the day's needs, and were forbidden to gather more.

Here, too, is an important lesson if we will but heed it. In some respects, in its constant, daily need, the soul is not so different from the body. The food

is different, but the need of food is just as great, nay, is greater, and the fault is our own if we find no food for its refreshing.

Not that our prayers are always answered as we would have them, or our surroundings always such as we deem best suited to satisfy our higher needs. Often we are held down by circumstances, hedged in in a way we cannot prevent; but are we not, each of us, in the place assigned us by the loving wisdom of the All-Father? Would He place any of us so far away, or in such adverse circumstances, that we may not still go to Him for daily bread? Is not the fault largely ours if we fail to find it? Cramped and darkened though our life may be, there is yet in it a road that leads to Him. Above all the storms, His voice is calling us. His sunshine can pierce even the darkest cloud. No hedge around us can be too dense or thorny for His angels to break through, unless we make it so by our own willfulness and blindness. Even then they come, though we receive them not. If we try to do our best always, if we are true to our highest thought of right and duty, though our life and the place in which it is lived may be very different from what we would wish to have it, it must still be the best for us, or it would not be, and some day we shall see it so; some day the "crooked places" will be made straight, and all be clear before us. Just now it may be only that

"We see the struggle, we hear the sigh  
Of this sorrowful world of ours;  
But in loving patience God sits on high,  
Because He can see the flowers."

Oh, that we might oftener see the flowers, too! Or, if we cannot see them, that we might still believe they are near, and catch the perfume coming from them day by day! We rob ourselves of so much in this life, we pass so many treasures unheeded by, because we will not see. Because some things are lacking we fain would have, need we give up all? There is always something left to be thankful for—something on which we may rest till the next step in the ladder is revealed. Let us make the most of what is already ours, and more will come by and by. It was to the faithful keeper of a few things more was given, and "The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duties of our present sphere." No one rises to greater things by neglect of present duty, and only those who are true in little things can be true in greater ones. A little duty, a little day, may seem but a trifle, taken singly, but life is made up of these things, and it is only by doing each duty well, by making the most of each day as it comes, that true excellence is attained. In reality, nothing is little—no little words or deeds, no little duties, no little sorrows or joys, no little blessings. Each is a part of something greater, and is great in its connection and importance, great in its influence. When once the ball is set in motion, none can tell when or where it will stop. It rolls on and on, gaining in speed and volume, until it becomes mighty beyond our conception or thought. There are wheels within wheels, circles within circles, and we each add our part to the whole.

How beautiful would be the scene, how sweet the music, were all our lives set in harmony with the divine in nature! Without any painful jarring, without a discordant sound, the notes would swell in



one grand anthem, and angels, catching the sweet strains, would give them back in sweeter melody, till Heaven and earth became one, wedded by the music of love and good-will in happy hearts! When will the glad day come? Afar off it may be, but is it not coming, surely coming, and does not each right effort of ours, each true life lived, each kind word spoken or good deed done, help to bring it nearer? Some day its dawning light will make beautiful the eastern hills, and the waiting earth will rejoice with "exceeding joy." Some day all sad, troubled lives will be led by the side of still waters; but let us not forget how much we each must do ere this can be. "The Father worketh in us" truly, yet each must work out his own salvation, and wait not for another to do what we can best do for ourselves. It is enough that He gives the manna, and the longing for it; do not wait for Him to gather it also, but gather each day according to your need, and take no worrisome thought of the morrow.

"Only one day

To bear the strain  
Of living, and to battle with pain.  
Only one day;

To-morrow's care,  
To-morrow, if it come, itself shall bear."

To-day alone is ours; let us rightly use it.

EARNEST.

## POVERTY NOT A PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

THE poor do not go to Heaven on account of their poverty, but on account of their life. Every one's life follows him, whether he be rich or poor. There is no peculiar mercy for one more than for another. He who lives well is received, and he who lives ill is rejected. Besides, poverty seduces and withdraws man from Heaven as much as wealth. Great numbers among the poor are not contented with their lot, but are eager for many things, and believe riches to be blessings. They are angry, therefore, when they do not receive them, and think evil concerning the Divine Providence. They also envy others the good things which they possess. Besides, they are as ready as the wicked among the rich to defraud others, and to live in sordid pleasures when they have the opportunity. But it is otherwise with the poor who are content with their lot, who are faithful and diligent in their calling, who love labor better than idleness, who act sincerely and honestly, and then at the same time lead a Christian life.—SWEDENBORG.

BEING our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself.

## Mother's Department.

### OUR CHILDREN'S CULTURE.

IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART I.

IF you chanced to stroll through the village of — on a summer evening, your eye would fall on a picturesque and interesting group as you passed by Mrs. L.'s yard in which you would probably see her sitting under the shade of a fine old oak-tree with a group of eager children clustered around her. She is reading aloud a volume, to which they all listen spell-bound, whilst ever and anon over the speaking young faces drift expressions of alternate pleasure, regret, hope, fear and anxiety, according to the turn the story takes. Mrs. L. made a habit of reading aloud to her children regularly every evening, and as she lived in a village, the rumor of these readings went abroad, and they became so popular that her children's playmates frequently attended them, and thus she gradually came to perform a wider use than cultivating the minds of her own children alone. It is indeed generally the case in life that when we begin to perform any use or confer any benefit, it is apt to spread into far wider proportions than we had at first expected.

All the forenoon, the children looked forward to their pleasant afternoon reading with their mother and the equally pleasant discussion that followed the reading. In summer, these readings took place beneath a grand old oak-tree that would have filled a Druid with superstitious veneration, whilst in winter they were held in the bright, comfortable dining-room before a cheery blaze.

I was not surprised to hear through several sources that Mrs. L.'s children were the most cultivated and intelligent in the village, for her wise training was calculated to make them so. Her reading to them and with them was calculated to assist them in forming a fine literary taste, to enhance their pleasure

and interest in literature, and to give them a more intelligent comprehension of it. In the first place, the mere act of her participating in the reading sufficed to give it a zest to her children. In the second place, the book derived so much more point when read with proper emphasis and expression, and appeared so much more coherent than when read aloud by a very young and unskillful reader. In the third place, the book was so much more clearly comprehended and properly appreciated from the discussions of it that followed the reading—discussions in which Mrs. L. encouraged her children to freely express their sentiments and opinions, however crude, and in which, by her wise suggestions, and still more by her questions, she did so much to train their analytical powers, and to improve their taste.

Mrs. L. was wise enough to see that parents do not acquit themselves of their full duty in regard to their children's culture by merely providing them with books, even if these be of the best. This, though an exceedingly important step, is not sufficient. The soil must first be prepared for the reception of the good seed, and after this is sown, the ground still requires constant attention. It must be worked and weeded, kept in a soft, receptive state, and stirred so as to facilitate the seed in germinating and growing.

Look abroad into nature, and you will see this truth inforced and corroborated, and as the analogy between the world of matter and of mind is not a fanciful nor partial one, but is exact and complete, we may form a just idea of mental and spiritual culture by observing the processes of natural husbandry. The husbandman does not rest content with procuring and sowing good seed. This is but a small part of his work compared with the task of getting the soil in order and keeping it so, otherwise the seed will germinate poorly, and yield scantily.

To converse with children about what they read greatly assists the mental seed in germinating. A

loving and intelligent parent may contribute incalculably toward a child's culture by pursuing this plan. It will greatly increase the child's interest in his book, lead him to read more carefully and reflectively, help to cultivate his reasoning powers and critical faculties, and improve his taste. In short, it will give a vitality to the reading which it would never have if pursued alone by the child. The parent should take great care, however, in reading and discussing books with his children not to let his intellect and judgment supersede the action of theirs. His remarks should be suggestive, not dogmatic, and he should carefully refrain from forming judgments and opinions for the children, as his aim should be solely to stimulate their mental activity, not to supersede it by his own. The parent should strive to draw out a genuine, artless expression of the child's opinions and feelings in reference to what he is reading, and he should question him about it in a way that will set him to reflecting on it, if he has not already done so. If it seems to the parent that the child's little views and sentiments are taking a wrong bent, he should gently try to give them another direction, always holding the child's freedom in view, however.

Oral instruction is an admirable avenue of culture. It is both an excellent prelude, and an excellent supplement to the culture to be obtained from books. Long before a child is old enough to read, or even to appreciate reading aloud, its little mind may be stored with many gentle and pleasing ideas and interesting facts by means of oral instruction, conveyed imperceptibly, if the parents be wise and judicious. In this connection I might say much about the admirable kindergarten and object-teaching system, but this would lead me too far from the subject directly in view. In reference to oral instruction, no stronger proof could be adduced of its value than the fact that the ancient Greek philosophers instructed their pupils chiefly in this way.

A pleasant picture rises to mind of Plato, Socrates and other "grand, old masters" discoursing to and with their pupils, and imparting to them by the living voice, with all its expressive inflections, so many noble and quickening thoughts. We cannot be Grecian sages, but any Christian parent of culture and intelligence may richly store the minds of his children by conversing with them, and of all others, this is the best preparation we can give a child for the love and pursuit of literature. It is incalculable how much a child's mind may be cultivated and quickened by oral instruction which may be imparted so graphically and delightfully that the child will be quite unconscious that "the schoolmaster is abroad."

As I write, I recall the image of a loving and

highly-educated mother, who set herself diligently to work to cultivate the minds of her children. She kept this end in view, not only when they were bending over their books, but when they were in the open air, walking amongst flowers and ferns, watching the glories of the sunset, or following the course of a silvery brook that threaded its way through the forest. Every object they came across gave her an opening to suggest some pleasing idea, or to teach them some new and interesting fact—and all this she did so gently, so gradually and with so much tact that her children never found out, until they were mature, how easily and pleasantly they had been led along a flower-covered path of knowledge and culture in their childhood.

While we are training our children to love the beautiful in literature, we should take equal pains in training them to descry and love the beauty all around them, the great, outspread book of nature. This is a source of culture, pure and elevating, inexhaustible, and always accessible. Every source of pure and lasting enjoyment that we encourage our children to love and seek after is an incalculable benefit to them. To love and appreciate nature truly, is cheering, elevating and refining. It helps to render any one independent of circumstances, for whoever loves good books and nature, no matter how circumscribed or untoward his worldly prospects may be, is secure of two companions always accessible, always ready to delight and soothe him with their beauty, and to offer him a source of pure, lasting and rational enjoyment long after artificial pleasures have palled on him. It seems to me that a love of nature should go hand in hand with a love of literature. The two seem to strengthen each other and to blend and intermingle. No descriptive literature can be truly appreciated by any one who is not a genuine lover and close observer of nature. For instance, in the field of poetry, there are myriads of exquisitely-drawn pictures of nature, the force, and beauty, and fidelity of which would be thrown away on any one who did not love and closely observe nature. (I may observe also in parenthesis that he who does not note and study the tints and outlines of nature, will be unable to judge fairly of the merits of landscape painting, or to appreciate its beauties. It seems to me, too, that he who notes and loves the music of nature—the solemn rush of waters, the sighing of the wind through the pine-trees, the joyous notes of birds, will have his hearing and his love quickened for the harmonies of art.)

Let us, therefore, in the training of our children, not narrow them to the culture to be obtained from books alone, but strive to develop in them a love for the beautiful in nature as well as in literature and art.

MARY W. EARLY.

## History and Travel.

### SPAIN.

SPAIN comprises the greater part of the extensive peninsula lying in the south-western part of Europe, bounded on the north by the Bay of Biscay, on the west and south-west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south and east by the Mediterranean Sea, and connected with the mainland by a tract of country traversed by the Pyrenean Mountains, which last form the boundary line between itself and France.

Spain includes an area of about one hundred and ninety-four thousand square miles, and it is nearly seven hundred miles long and five hundred broad.

The country is divided into fourteen provinces, namely: Navarre, noted as the native dominions of Henri IV of France, the hero of the Battle of Ivry; Biscay; the Asturias; Galicia; Aragon, one of whose princesses, Catherine, was the first wife of Henry VIII of England; Catalonia; Leon; Old Castile; New Castile; Estremadura; Valencia; Anda-

lusia, famous for its horses (Andalusia includes Cordova, Seville and Granada); Murcia; and the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean.

The climate is mild in the north and west, where the cork forests grow. In the high table-lands of the

country around Madrid is treeless and barren, though at one time very fertile. The chief minerals are iron, tin, copper, coal and quicksilver. The wild animals are the wolf, bear, wild boar, ibex, and, on the rock of Gibraltar, the Barbary ape, the only European



centre of the country, the extremes of heat and cold are very severe. In the south it is hot and semi-tropical, and oranges, lemons, citrons, grapes, olives, the sugar-cane, figs, dates and cotton, grow freely. Spain suffers in her climate from the loss of her great forests, which have been foolishly cut down; the

monkey. The celebrated Merino sheep are justly noted for their soft and silky fleece.

The principal cities of Spain are Barcelona, exporting nuts and oranges; Alicante, raisins and dried fruits; Gibraltar, held by the English as a fortress; Toledo, famed for sword-blades; Cordova, noted for



leather, but more especially as the birthplace of the renowned philosopher Seneca; and Seville and Granada for ancient Moorish buildings, including the famous Alhambra. Madrid, the capital, is situate near the central part, in the province of New Castile. The largest rivers are the Ebro, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, which, though highly valued by the inhabitants, might be employed to far better advantage under a more favorable system of things.

Like France and England, Spain was once inhabited by a race of people called Celts, and like them, also, it was conquered and made a Roman colony by Julius Cæsar. Five hundred years later, a war-like tribe, called the Visigoths, crossed the Pyrenees into Spain and settled there. Two centuries afterwards, in A. D. 711, the Moors, who were Mohammedans, invaded Southern Spain from Africa, and founded a dominion which lasted seven hundred years. These Moors were both brave and learned people, far advanced in civilization beyond the Goths, and brought to Seville, Toledo and Granada arts and industries that, after a thousand years, still survive there. In A. D. 1492, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moors were finally expelled, and Spain became a Roman Catholic country. In the same year, under the patronage of this queen, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery to America.

Slowly Spain became the richest and most powerful State in Europe. She conquered and held nearly all the West Indies, the greater part of South America and Mexico, besides other settlements in Asia and Africa. She ruled cruelly in the Netherlands and Sicily. One by one she has lost all her conquests except Cuba in the West Indies, the Canary Islands

and the Philippine Islands in Asia. Her government has almost always been despotic, and in the hands of priests and nobles. The Inquisition sent many of her noblest sons to torture and to the stake. Her rulers have feared liberty of thought and speech. Revolutions and civil wars have ensued, which have in turn been repressed with severity and great distress.

Of the present population of Spain, an immense proportion is composed of persons who do very little of importance—for instance, decayed nobility subsisting on the remnants of their ancient grandeur; robbers, smugglers and escaped convicts; corrupt officials employed to look after these latter, but having an understanding with them; monks and nuns inhabiting countless convents; and swarms of beggars fed at their gates. As a natural consequence, the whole land is plunged in poverty. Nevertheless, the Spanish character has many virtues, and when education and religious freedom spread in Spain she will once more be a great and powerful nation.

Among the most famous Spaniards, we may mention Seneca, before alluded to, and his nephew, Lucan, author of "Pharsalia;" the Cid, hero of the national epic; Cervantes, author of that inimitable piece of satire, "Don Quixote;" Lope de Vega and Le Sage, writers of tragedies and romances; and Velasquez and Murillo, great painters.

The present king is Alfonso, a youth of twenty, who has so lately lost his wife, Queen Mercedes, only eighteen years of age. His mother and grandmother, who preceded him upon the Spanish throne, still survive. Perhaps it may not be long before Spain rises again to the front rank of nations.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

#### OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 8.

GIRL readers very frequently write us asking about the literary society of which our family are members. They want to know all about it, what they say and do, and what their performances are, and one little miss, says: "Do please tell us all about them; maybe it would suggest something new for our society in Blooming Grove."

Bless the girls! but we couldn't tell half we want to, not if Mr. Arthur would sit down and fold his hands, and tell Aunt Chatty to talk it out if it took all the space from the first clean, sweet page to the very last. There is no telling what we would do if we had all the room we want. After Flora Anderson's letter of inquiry, we went to the very next public society with sharpened pencil and made a note of a few little things which we thought would interest our girl readers. We are an honorary member of the — society, and are always welcome. Indeed, to confess the truth, we know as much about the plans, and workings, and management of the society as the girls do, for how can we help it. We hear every word the dears say about it; we know who their officers are; what their performances are; when are the evenings of public society; how they plan to put the best productions forward, and all these things that you girl readers understand.

One night not long ago the band went up to the hall and serenaded them. Now the exercises were half over, but the band was invited in, and the monitor opened the book just as though it had not been done at all before, and began calling on the performers. Everything passed off well, and the gentlemen were delighted with the evening's entertainment. The president said the girls had never done so well at any previous meeting.

The evening we attended, the exercises consisted of essays, recitation, review, biographies, paper, fiction, parody, budget-box, lecture and discussion. We thought of you girls, who often say: "Oh, I wish we had something new; this old routine is growing dull! Wonder if other societies get along as we do?" Now, for your sakes, and to encourage you, we laid our hands very earnestly on a lot of the performances, just for you delectation. You must not criticize very closely, for not a girl ever thought of her performance blossoming out into fruit. Kitty Wilson's exercise was a bit of biography. You are all interested in Hannah More; everybody loves her, and this is what Kitty wrote.

#### "HANNAH MORE.

"As my eye ran over familiar names in search of one to choose for biography, the name I reverence—Hannah More—came up before me. One time I said to a friend: 'I am gathering autographs of distinguished people; have you any to give me?' He remembered my request, and on his return to his beautiful home in the sunny South he sent me a letter, and inside of it

was a note, written on coarse yellow paper, only a few lines, in the free, bold hand of that estimable author—that excellent woman—just these words:

“May 11th, 1790. Received of William Codell, twenty pounds on account. Hannah More.”

“And this is one reason why I feel so deep an interest in her. Sometimes I dream, and wonder how looked the face that bent once for an instant over this bit of paper. It must have been a good face, and the eyes were no doubt beautiful. She was born near Bristol, England, in the year 1745. Her father was a village schoolmaster. She began to make verses when she was only old enough to rock the cradle, and sing:

‘By O baby bunting, you papa’s gone a-hunting.’

At an early age, under the idea that she was possessed of dramatic talent, she was introduced to Garrick and Burke, and she began to lay plans for the life of an actress. About this time she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion, and resigned her ambition, retired to the country, and busied herself with the composition of works of a serious and practical cast. She wrote many books—she was the special friend of young women, and some of her best works were written for them. Her poems were very beautiful, and many of them will live through all time. She was happy, and she ripened into a sweet, serene old age, and died at Clifton, September 7th, 1838.

“With feminine curiosity, we have sometimes wondered why Hannah More never married. Women in general do marry, perhaps because it is customary. At any rate she died, mourned and lamented by the world. We are sure this was far better than to have been mourned over by one, a bereft husband, who, mayhap, would have been perplexed, and thinking of himself as untended, uncared for, and wondering, ‘who *will* take the place of Hanner?’”

The close of Kitty’s performance came down upon us so suddenly that we laughed aloud. We had not thought of such a thing.

Lucy Flint had a sketch of a woman of our times that held attention, and gave great pleasure.

#### “HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

“The subject of my sketch was born in the State of Connecticut, in the year 1812. Her mother died when she was not quite four years old. The little girl, Hattie, was very precocious. When she was only five years of age she could repeat over twenty hymns and two long chapters in the Bible. The first school she went to her father did not send her to learn, but wanted her to attend, merely to hear the recitations, and pick up what knowledge her capacity would admit of. She was a wild romp of a girl. Our former pastor, brother Stanley, went to school to her father at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he says Harriet would walk about mornings before the students with her night-cap on. Nearly all women of unusual talent or genius do not seem to understand the fitness and propriety of these little things. There was no harm in it, and for our own part we think student Stanley should have turned his gaze skyward, or should have looked after the bow-knots in his shoe-strings, just at such a time.

“Many of you girls have read her book called ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ It is one of the grandest books ever written by a woman. She never dreamed of the great work she was doing while she sat at the little pine-table in her kitchen writing it. It was a

work of inspiration. She was obeying a power that walked not on earth—she was the voice and the hand of one greater than herself, and blessed was she among women, that she was the chosen one to swing wide open the gate, and to send forth the messenger bearing the good tidings to the broken-down and the oppressed. We are told that she used to look up, and say to her husband: ‘I do hope the book will come to enough to buy me a silk dress; you know I have always wanted one!’

“Why the new book brought enough, so say the knowing ones, to buy her tons of silk gowns. When the first edition was sold, the publishers gave her share of the proceeds—several thousand dollars—into the hands of her husband for him to carry to her. He had seen his wife writing day after day, he had looked up from his desk and away from the pages of his abstruse theology, and seeing her little brown hand skating over the white sheets of paper, gliding with only the rustling sound of the pen and the crisp slips of manuscript, but his wildest dreams had never imagined all of this.

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was Mrs. Stowe’s greatest work; her very soul was in it. It is said that when she read the installments aloud to her little children—the most blessed critics that a literary woman could have—they cried and begged of her to permit Uncle Tom to live. She wept with them. Ah, me! we have all wept together over the one lack, but she said: ‘He *must* die—he needs to die!’ and though thousands of readers submitted to her judgment they did it with hearts touched with a sorrow that no soft words could heal.

“She was poor when she wrote on her rude pine-table in the wilds of Maine. She writes in a pretty library, now, that opens into a conservatory of plants, and vines, and flowers. Her singing-birds warble in gilded cages above her head, beautiful pictures surround her, and good books lie in heaps in her lovely home—the abode of ease and wealth. Long may she live to gladden the hearts of the young and the old with her exquisite stories! Mrs. Stowe belongs to us. She is ours to imitate, ours to love and ours to cherish.”

I was very much pleased with this sketch of Mrs. Stowe, and I hope you girls will take a hint from it, when you see what pleasure and profit comes from a little research among books and papers, and—a quizzing of your minister.

The recitation was “England’s Last Queen,” and it was very well rendered indeed. The review was Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames’ memorial of Alice and Phebe Carey, by one of my best girls. The fiction was very funny, and the parody on Maud Muller delighted us. But why not stop here and answer Flora’s questions in full at another time by giving the parody, fiction, essays and review? Yes, and the budget-box, too. Very well—wait, and we will finish up the entertainment of that pleasant evening, for the benefit of literary societies in little villages or country school-houses. We hope you girls will be pleased to read all about the good times among the Wrinkles and the Dimples, in our cozy home at Millwood.

CHATTY BROOKS.

ALL lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature or “go to seed” injures the plant more than a dozen buds. Cut your flowers then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

## FOR THE "HOME CIRCLE."

**W**ILL the dear sisters of the "Home" give a little spare to a self-invited guest? A weary little teacher from a far-off Western village would greet the dear workers of the "Home," and thank them for the many, very many, words of sweet sympathy and wise counsel, and tell them how in the seven months of the year now growing old she has learned to love them. I would also thank the kind editor for giving us so good a magazine; may he live long and ever prove a beacon-light to guide the wayfarer safely over the shoals of temptation.

I have been the happy recipient of his monthly treasure for only seven months, but I think I shall never do without it again. It is mine to read and mine to lend, and it is "like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth." I highly prize the "Home Circle" with its earnest workers.

Lichen, may I send a few words from my many windows (a teacher's room must needs have many windows), to your one window? I should like to tell you, if I might, how glad I am to know of you, and of the desire to know you personally, and of the wish that I had words to express my appreciation of you and your loving messages. Your words in the July number of the "Home" struck a responsive chord in my heart. Why should the expressions of praise and appreciation be withheld from those who deserve them until the eye they would brighten is glazed, the heart they would cheer has become chilled, and whose burden they might lighten has been laid at the Father's feet? Why should they wait until they stand in the presence of the Master to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Praise honestly merited and cheerfully bestowed injures no one, and who can estimate the good such words have done for poor weary mortals.

If the editor will permit, I should like to tell Pipey how to take ink-stains from bleached or brown linen when acid and ammonia are not convenient. Dip the ink-spots in melted tallow; let them remain awhile; then rub with the hands; afterward wash in soapsuds and hot water—rinse well, and hang in the sun to dry. I have tried this several times with success.

NELLIE.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 43.

**Y**ESTERDAY I left my corner for a drive with a friend in the green woods once more. These drives are among the greatest treats which kind fortune brings me. The first two miles of our way lay through beautiful upland country, dotted all along with little farms of corn and cotton on either side the road. Here would be a hill, covered with a thick grove of oaks and undergrowth; there a shady dell was visible through an opening in the trees, through which, perhaps, a little brook wound its way. Then a gentle rise of ground, and on its summit a rustic log-cabin, with a hop-vine or flower-bean growing around the doorway, and corn and potatoes in the field close by.

After awhile we branched off into a road leading nearer to the river, and soon we were in the heart of the ancient forest. Noble old oaks, elms and cotton-woods, which have stood, how long no man can tell, and upon the gray trunks of many of them the trumpet-vines were clinging in thick masses, hanging their brilliant cups in the richest profusion I ever saw. Here a grape-vine ran riot over a clump of low

trees, and in little rills that wandered through some low spots, birds of bright plumage came down to drink. Sometimes, through an opening in the glade, we would see most beautiful spots for picnics, and once we had to stop for some minutes to admire a perfect arbor made by vines and tall shrubs.

How many scenes of the past each different scene and view brought to mind. In just such a spot we used to gather haws and huckleberries in the fall. On such a hillock grew the dogwood, whose snowy branches we brought home as trophies of the spring. One hill, with great flat rocks upon its summit, looked so much like the one on the old place where we used to live, and where I often went alone with my book to read or write for hours, sitting upon one of those mossy rocks, with the oak branches overhead. Sometimes half a dozen of us, girls and boys together, would go there for an afternoon walk, and eat nuts and have our merry talk. Then, in deep forest glades like these, we held picnics, swinging in the grape-vine branches, watching shining minnows in the tiny streams, crowning each other with garlands of green brier. "Oh, bright and sweet the days that are no more!"

We felt loth to leave the beautiful woods when the lengthening shadows reminded us it was time to return. On reaching home, I found something so pleasant awaiting me. A heavy little box, which had just been brought from the mail, and on being opened was found to contain a collection of geological specimens, rocks, minerals, quartz, curious petrifications, etc. What a feast it was to look over them. Some were so wonderful as well as beautiful. There was the most delicate tracery of something like the veins in moss agate, in dark pencilings on light gray rock. "Nature's photographing," they called it. It looked as if one could rub it out with a finger, yet was substantial as the rock itself. There were tiny shells imbedded in stone, beautiful ferns on dark slate, petrified buds of some kind of water-lily, and many odd things I could not describe. But most wonderful of all was a little flat piece of sandstone, with the perfect impression of an insect resembling a small bee upon its surface. Under a pocket-microscope its eye showed clear and distinctly, and all the little fibrous divisions running through its wings were plainly visible. How did it come there? Is there not a question for the study of profound minds? "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord of hosts! In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

And this was the gift of a friend far away, one whom I had never seen, but whose generous, sympathetic heart prompted her to give me this pleasure, because she knew I was fond of such things.

Is the world full of such hearts, ready to give crumbs of pleasure and "cups of cold water" to suffering ones? I hope so, and think so. Such things bring many a compensation for the hardness of an invalid's lot in some other respects. So many little pleasures and touching acts of kindness I have received, which I never would have known otherwise.

The closing of summer brings Floy home from a trip to Colorado. She is so frail and delicate-looking, that her anxious mother sent her off with an aunt who was going to that most delightful country, and she has returned with fresh roses in her cheeks, and a spring in her step delightful to see, and wonderful things to tell which make me long to visit such a country as she describes. Just fancy being comfortable in thick clothing, and walking as if on air, while here we have been sweltering through the long summer months. Living in sight of the per-



petual snow upon the adjacent mountains, with cool, bracing airs blowing through the valleys, giving strength to enfeebled frames, and a new zest for life to all.

Floy brought stereoscopic views of the grand, wild scenery of that region, which afforded us much enjoyment. Oh, the thought of riding or climbing among those mountain cañons, looking at the wonderful monuments of nature that are spread on every hand! The picture of one place, called Monument Park, filled me with amazement. It is almost incredible to believe that those gigantic columns of rock, found in such symmetrical shapes, are freaks of nature, instead of being made by the hand of man. Floy also brought a collection of curiosities in the way of specimens of fine rock, moss agate, quartz and petrifications, which were very interesting. She drank from a mineral spring, in which the soda-water boiled up equal to a fountain. She visited the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a huge basin, into which the rushing water falls, and rode up Pike's Peak on horseback, along the narrow trail, which in some places was only wide enough for one horse—a dangerous ascent—and when she reached the summit the atmosphere was so light she could not breathe without great pain; but she considered herself repaid by the grandeur of what she saw.

Her descriptions arouse in me an ardent desire to go there for the sake of all it might do for me, as well as the enjoyment of seeing such sights. If I might but walk among those scenes, and breathe that invigorating air, and drink those waters, would it not bring back health and strength faster than they can possibly come here? It is so slow a process now; it takes so much courage and patience to wait for it—knowing all the time, too, that *perhaps* it will never come. Yet we must have courage and patience to meet so many things in life. This is not harder than what many others have to bear. We must learn to "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." Only in this way shall we be able to "run with patience the race that is set before us."

"And like a cheerful traveler take the road,  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,  
'Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God.'"

LICHEN.

### PANSIES.

I WISH the members of our "Home Circle" could have seen our pansy bed. I should like to have sent a great cluster of those flowers into Lichen's room, for I know that from their dear, sweet faces she would read lessons that she would send out to gladden many lonely hearts.

"Pansies for thoughts." And sweet, rare thoughts they bring to me as I watch their faces, that seem almost human in their expression. I look at the pale white and yellow ones—real child-faces they seem to me—and they take me back to childhood days again, and I roam the meadows and gather buttercups and dandelions, and am once more a child. And there come my blue ones and yellow, dashed with purple and crimson—childhood deepened into the fuller experience of riper years. I read hope and expectation on their upturned faces; but there is a touch of pain on the petals where the crimson and violet lie. And next I turn to the deeper and darker tints, and see there "pitiful faces fair"—faces from

which some of the joy of life has gone out, but which have been sweetened and purified by the pain—faces that are still lit up with smiles, and wear on the deep mourning of the violet a rim of gold. Last of all, I stoop and gather my darkest, most velvet of beauties, the violet and black pansies. So sadly I read their life-story of sorrow, and pain, and heart-breaking, of all earthly hopes and joys crushed out; but there is to them the light within that whispers of an inward peace which no sorrow can take away.

These are some of the thoughts my pansies tell me: but, more than that, they are "pansies" *themselves*. We are apt to forget, sometimes, in the infinitude of forms of life, that each tiny flower is a thought of God. No wonder that David exclaimed: "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great also is the sum of them." And down through the years float these lines of Horace Smith:

"Thy voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From lowliest nook."

Can we help reading from these books what God intended us to read—hints of the "better country," where no flower blooms to die, but where immortal life—which we cannot realize here—will be given us, and believe as the poet sings:

"If Thou, in Thy great love for us,  
Dost scatter joy and beauty thus  
O'er this poor earth of ours,  
What nobler glory shall be given  
Hereafter in Thy shining Heaven,  
Set round with golden towers?"

MINNIE CARLTON.

### SEEING THE BEST OF PEOPLE.

I DO believe, auntie, if I were to strike you, you would make some excuse for me!"

"I know what she would say," spake quiet, book-loving, orderly little Willie; "she would say, 'I guess she *didn't mean to hurt me*.'"

We laughed, for we all knew how often auntie had to say that to Willie. For Willie, delicate and sensitive as a girl, often suffered both bodily and mental pain from his rougher brothers and playmates. But his mother used to speak lightly of the matter to him, though I well knew how often the rougher boys were "talked to" in private.

Auntie's eyes twinkled as she replied: "You'd better not try it, Missie!" And then she added, gravely: "You will find, as you grow older, it is always best to judge others kindly. Don't see the *worst* of people. Look only at the good there is in them."

"But suppose there is *no good* in some?" I asked.

"Don't say that, child," she answered. "I have lived longer than you, and I have found more good than bad folks in my life."

"That's only because you make excuses for everybody, mother," broke in Willie, again. "I don't believe there is one bit of good in Dan Tucker."

"Don't say that, my son. Dan has had no home, no kind influences about him. What kind of boys would mine be in his place, I wonder?"

"It's no use talking with you, auntie; you would make us believe everybody angels, if you could."

"Everybody has the making of an angel in him if he will only believe it," auntie said.

"O auntie!" "O mother!" we shouted.

"Yes," stoutly replied auntie, "and you and I must do our part in helping the good work along. Surely we *don't* help by continually looking at the bad there is in them, or by putting the worst motive to them. Run along, children, and remember love hopeth all things."

Those after-dinner talks about Auntie F——'s table, how they helped us to grow better men and women—the quiet, pleasant woman, who seldom went from her own fireside, yet who found time to read, to talk with us and hear all our troubles. How her influence kept us cheerful and brave.

I am older now than Auntie F—— was then, yet I have found her words true. In honest truth, without pride, I say that I believe it is more natural to me now to see the good there is in people than the bad. I believe it is true, too, largely to that good woman's influence over me, when I was just beginning life for myself. For I was then the district "schoolmarm," teaching my first school, impulsive, quick-tempered. I *know now* that the reason I got on so well was owing

to the blessed home influence exerted over me so quietly. I never knew it then, but am thanking God for it *now* every day of my life. Plenty of good-natured gossip went round our table every day, but no unkindness or uncharitableness was allowed.

To-day it hurts me to hear evil of any one. Yea, more when I have met one with whom I am pleased, and another tells me some fault he has, I feel worse toward the informant than to the other. "The *best* of people." Why can't we remember it of them when we *have* to see and know the worst? That *worst* which, maybe, the poor sinner himself mourns over more than we know for.

"Called to be saints," all of us. Are we helping the matter along any when we judge harshly and coldly another? "Called to be saints!" Brave old words that have strengthened me many a day. O sister women, struggling along with household cares, won't the words help you, too? Called to be housewives, mothers; called to bear poverty, sorrow and loss; but, "Called to be saints." VARA.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SONNET.

UPON God's throne there is a seat for me,  
My coming forth from Him hath left a space  
Which none but I can fill. One sacred place  
Is vacant till I come, Father! from Thee  
When I descended here to run my race,  
A void was left in Thy paternal heart,  
Not to be filled while we are kept apart,  
Yea, though a thousand worlds demand Thy care.

Though Heaven's vast host Thy constant blessings  
own,  
Thy quick love flies to meet my feeble prayer;  
As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone  
In endless space; but Thou and I were there,  
And Thou embraced me with a love as wild  
As the young mother bears toward her first-born child.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

### THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in!  
'Tis kind of thee  
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came  
to comfort me;  
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,  
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit  
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows fit;  
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees  
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers; most men  
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,

One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third  
I was his wife,  
And in the spring (it happened so) our children  
entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him  
yet  
In Kennett graveyard, where at monthly meeting  
first we met;  
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should  
be  
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—  
than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one  
long day,  
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called  
away;  
And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet contentment home,  
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days  
that come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know  
If I had heard the Spirit right, that told me I should go;  
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,  
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,  
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"  
My father said, I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,  
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost,  
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a  
hiring priest—  
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one,  
at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old  
as I—  
Would thee believe it, Hannah? Once I felt tempta-  
tion nigh!  
My wedding gown was ashen silk, too simple for my  
taste:  
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the  
waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the  
women's side.  
I did not dare to lift my eyes; I felt more fear than  
pride,  
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and  
then there came  
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the  
same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed  
no sign,  
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in  
mine;  
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his  
for life:  
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee, too, hast been  
a wife.

As home we rode I saw no fields look half so green  
as ours;  
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full  
of flowers;  
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was  
kind—  
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon  
my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner  
spread:  
At our own table we were guests, with father at the  
head,  
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she  
stood up with me,  
And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're  
gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes  
best,  
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His  
rest;  
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I  
see:  
For Benjamin has two in Heaven, and two are left  
with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call, in  
truth,  
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to  
daughter Ruth;  
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young  
people nowadays  
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old  
ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the  
simple tongue,  
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was  
young;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her  
of late,  
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too  
much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with  
grace,  
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely  
face.  
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will  
look within:  
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth; she's anxious I  
should go,  
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I  
know;  
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be  
resigned:  
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing  
mind.  
BAYARD TAYLOR.

### MY MARINER.

O H, he goes away singing,  
Singing over the sea!  
Oh, he comes again, bringing,  
Joy and himself to me!  
Down through the rosemary hollow  
And up the wet beach I ran,  
My heart in a flutter to follow  
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting  
Still in the house at home!  
Give me a mariner, flitting  
And flashing over the foam!  
Give me a voice resounding  
The songs of the breezy main!  
Give me a free heart bounding  
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;  
But never was queen so grand  
As I, while I watch him blowing  
Away from the lazy land.  
I have wedded an ocean rover,  
And with him I own the sea;  
Yet over the waves come over,  
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,  
Blithe on the homeward tide!  
Hark to it, heart; up and after!  
Off to the harbor side;  
Down through the rosemary hollow  
And over the sand-hills, light  
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;  
And ho! for a sail in sight!  
LUCY LARCOM, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,  
Or fancy your life won't tell;  
The work is a work for a' that  
To him that doeth it well.  
Fancy the world a hill, lad;  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;  
There's always room at the top.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### HOW AUNT HETTY MANAGES.

WE call her Aunt Hetty, though her name is Hester, or maybe Esther. She is father's uncle's second wife, and she makes long visits among the relatives, and, as old Betty Martin said of her great glaring bunch of fiery marigolds at the back door, she "pays her way all the time." There is hardly a day in which we do not learn something from the dear soul. The art of economizing that these old Yankee ladies have is most marvelous. You can hardly drive one into a difficulty in which she cannot find a way out of it. And though this article may not quite come under the caption at its head, we will warrant the women readers will be pleased with it, especially those who work with their hands, aided by brain work, or those who sometimes feel the need of more—more—well, Aunt Hetty would call it "gumption."

Well, when we cleaned house in the spring, the carpet in my room, a cheap ingrain, was taken up, and the family all said: "That will never do to use any more; we can take it to make covers for the horses in winter; or it will answer to spread over the potato-barrels to keep the light out. At any rate, it has paid its way well. Three years of very familiar usage is long enough for a piece of cheap carpet."

But auntie put on her glasses, and took up a little nip with her thumb and fingers, and rubbed it, and held it up to the light, and then rubbed it again, and squinted and said: "La suz! Now, gals, I'd make that web o' carpit last three times as long, see 'f I wouldn't neow. There's mighty good pickin' in that engrain, for all the red's run inter the yellow, and the yellow inter the green, and the black's teched all the other colors som'at. But—but, la suz! me an' hubby 'd 'a' run that carpit years an' years arter you'd 'a' gi'n it up as good for nothin', see 'f we wouldn't neow, gals."

So we let Aunt Hetty plan her way, and we want to tell you how she managed.

The carpet would not bear a thorough washing, so we laid it in a tub and poured over it hot water, in which was dissolved a lump of borax and an ounce of sugar of lead. We let it lie awhile, pressing it down, and turning it over occasionally, that the water might penetrate through and through. Then the strips were folded lengthwise, and the carpet put through the wringer, without rubbing or twisting it out of shape. This treatment made it clean.

When dry, it was smoothed out nicely and cut into narrow strips, crosswise, and made into a very nice filling for a new web of narrow stair-carpet. Aunt had the entire management of it. The chain cost but a trifle; the filling hid it entirely when woven well; and we wish we could tell you what that strange, pretty web resembles. Father says it reminds him of a mat of moss after the frost has touched it in October. Cousin Ann says it looks like a rare shawl that her French teacher wore at seminary—a mixture of green, and gray, and gold, with a hint of snow and frost, and the tint of dead leaves, all together blended. It is really rare and pretty. The borax cleaned it, and the sugar of lead kept the colors from fading.

It did us good to see Hester stand with her hands resting on her hips, her head sidewise, looking up

our kitchen stairs so satisfied and so gratified over her own handiwork. We resolved then to tell the women of the HOME about this cute arrangement through Pipeey or Chatty, but that is such a tedious way to get somebody to toot your horn for you, when you can do your own tooting.

We thought our old auntie was wonderful wise, too, the other day. One of our neighbor's girls over the hill was going to a picnic. Her share of the dinner was to be a couple of nice roast chickens. Each girl knew what she was to provide, and the chickens fell to Etta Lewis's share. Her mother told her to catch them off the roost at night, put them in a barrel, and then by rising early the next morning she could very easily get them ready in time. In the night the dog heard the rattling and the whimpering, and, thinking it was rats, he tipped the barrel over and the chickens escaped. The boys had gone to the other farm to work before Etta found out about the chickens, and there was no one to shoot any for her; the dog had gone with the boys, and poor Etta couldn't run one down with her hair all put up in curlers and crimps, and she was sitting on the porch crying when old auntie came round the corner of the house suddenly, her petticoats lifted carefully out of the dew, and her glasses pushed back on her old gray head.

"La suz! dear, what's the matter?" said she, shaking out her skirts.

Etta told her with sobs.

"Never mind, honey," was the consoling answer; "we'll study up something else."

"No," said the poor girl, "there is nothing else: the chickens were to be my share."

"Who furnishes the hot coffee?" said Hester.

"Oh, no one. You know it is such a trouble to have coffee, nobody ever thinks of it."

"Well, you will furnish the coffee, Etta, instead of the two pesky chickens, and it shall be the best thing on the grounds. Just leave that to me," said Aunt Hester, as she smoothed down her apron and began to make plans.

And this was the way she did. We give it for the benefit of others similarly situated; for how many times girls wish they could carry something that would give zest to the repast. Coffee prevents those dreadful spells of headache that are the bane and the dread of these otherwise delightful occasions.

Auntie took the iron tea-kettle and rubbed it off well with a dry rag, while Etta ground the coffee, and, according to directions, put it into a coarse, white flannel bag, allowing it plenty of room. The allowance in making it was this: a heaping tablespoonful of the ground coffee for every pint that was to be made, and one spoonful for the pot. That is the usual allowance in making good coffee. Auntie said they would drink a pint apiece on an average, that is, two cupsful each. The tea-kettle was to be hung on a stout bit of a stick, one end on a stump and the other end on any convenient contrivance that came handy. The coffee to be left in it, in the woolen bag, when boiled, to prevent boiling over and wasting, and to save the clearing of it. Good cold water to be obtained from a brook or spring.

Now they permitted Aunt Hester to have her own way, and Etta obeyed her directions to the very letter. And such coffee! and such praise! You never heard

the like! The girl said afterward she was glad the chickens did get out of the barrel.

The iron tea-kettle was no trouble after it was wrapped up in a heavy brown paper and tucked under the seat in the carriage. The cream was put into a flask, and the sugar in a paper sack, and the teacups, without handles, with a piece of paper between them, were very easily carried.

Coffee made thus in a tea-kettle can be cleared by pouring some out of the spout, returning and adding a teacupful of cold water. That will clear it quite well.

Only yesterday, when we said we needed a new tin basin, auntie piped out: "Why don't you sell them broken taller cakes to the peddlers, and take your pay in notions?"

We replied that we had tried so often to put that tallow in shape for sale, but every time the cakes adhered to the bottom of the kettle and came out broken.

She asked to shape them ready for sale, and she accomplished it nicely by filling the kettle half full of boiling water in with the tallow. When cold, a knife was circled round the edge of the cake, the kettle tipped sidewise on the clean grass, and the shapely cake of tallow came out with the water, nice and hard and yellow, ready to exchange for shiny tin-ware or any "Yankee notions" we chose to purchase. Oh, I wish there were cute, wise, observing, loving aunties like Hetty in all your homes!

ROSELLA RICE.

## RECIPES.

**SAVORY OMELET.**—Take one or more eggs and break them carefully, putting the yolks into one basin and the whites into another; beat them up separately; chop some parsley fine, also some shallot; beat them into the yolks with a little pepper and salt, then add the whites and beat altogether for a minute or two, and pour it into a pan that has previously had some good lard melted in it. While it fries, keep on scraping it into the middle with a fork, and the moment it is set take it off, or a leathery skin will form. It can be served with a gravy if wished, but is usually sent up without any.

**POTATO CROQUETS.**—Boil three or four potatoes, mash them through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon, add one ounce of butter, the yolk of an egg, season with pepper and salt, whip the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir half of it in. Now form

into little balls, dip into an egg beaten up, roll in bread-crumbs. Have ready a pan of fat at boiling-point, put the little balls into a frying-basket, so that they only just touch each other, plunge them into the fat, and let them stay until a golden-brown color (chopped chicken added to the potato makes croquets of chicken), drain and serve hot.

**GREEN CORN PUDDING.**—One quart of milk; three beaten eggs; one dozen ears of corn grated: one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar and a little salt; bake in a covered pudding-dish one hour.

**ROACH POISON.**—Equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder and powdered colocynth, well-mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with these troublesome insects, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge.

**TO WASH WOOLENS.**—Take one tablespoonful of pulverized borax dissolved in hot water, mix in one-half pint soft soap, make a suds of cold water sufficient to cover the blankets, let them stand over night, pound or rub them in the morning, rinse in cold water three or four times, stretch and hang up; they will be as soft and white as new.

## HINTS.

**I**F your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage-meat improves the flavor.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get oil off of any carpet or woollen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease-spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**I**N autumnal fabrics, and their making-up, the fashionable tendency still seems to be in favor of combining two materials. With very few variations, we still see plain goods trimmed with brocades, figured satins and velvets, and Pekins, appearing in vests, revers, collars, cuffs, pockets and facings. One suit usually displays two colors, such as purple and old gold, cream and garnet, black and cardinal, etc. One advantage of such a fancy is that it affords an opportunity for effective remodeling. For early fall days, an appropriate costume may be made of one of the pretty foulard silks, these coming in maroon,

dark blue and cream, sprinkled with small polka dots in a contrasting hue. Or of fine, dark bunting, garnished with dotted satin. Any dressy toilet may be adorned, according to taste, with a profusion of bright loops and bows, pearl or garnet clasps and buckles, and cascades of Torchon or Breton lace.

The panier effect in drapery is with us again in its full force. We have overskirts and polonaises open in front, exceedingly *bouffant* at the back and sides, and very short all around. Garments of this description are usually worn with short, plain skirts. We noticed a quiet, elegant costume, made in this fashion, which we admired very much. The underskirt was of black striped satin, simply finished with a hem,

and the polonaise was of black satin-striped grenadine, having a deep point on each side, a third point in the back, deeper and wider, being made up of large puffs. The stripes in the lower skirt were about a quarter of an inch wide, those in the upper nearly an inch and a half. Belt, cuffs and bows were of plain black satin.

Long overskirts and polonaises, as well as single-trimmed walking-skirts, are also very full in the back, abounding in elaborate drapery. Several new models of the two first-mentioned garments have short fronts—or long ones made so by being laid in deep, horizontal plaits—and long backs. Walking-skirts appear with deep flounces around the bottom, over which is a succession of puffs, sashes, bands and bows, or drapery arranged to simulate an overskirt. These are valuable, not only on account of their convenient adjustment and dressy appearance, but also because they admit of an equitable disposal of weight.

New basques and wraps also display in the back of their skirts this panier effect. One elegant mantilla before us resembles a dolman cut perfectly round, and having short, square-pointed sleeves or wings set in separately from the garment, the lower edge falling parallel to its hem. These pieces are fastened into the two side-back seams plainly to the waist, and then are caught together in plaits over the tournure, and finished with loops and bows of ribbon. This—called the *panier* wrap—is the only one that differs materially from the many varieties of dolman that have been worn the last few seasons.

Cloth coats show a decided disposition to continue the plain, neat appearance of gentlemen's coats. They are fitted tightly, or only half so, but in both cases display no more trimming than the smooth, flat braid and buttons. Long coats are to be retained for the present, but the fancy now is decidedly in favor of short, boyish-looking garments, of the order of the English walking-jacket. Basques, whether meant for indoor or outdoor wear, invariably open to display a contrasting vest.

In hats we have little new, other than slight modifications of styles already worn. One that we notice is a half-bonnet, of which the front resembles a low walking-hat, and the back terminates in a long square, to which are attached the strings. Another displays a round crown and a very flaring brim in front. The favorite materials are Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet, combined with silk, feathers or flowers of the Leghorn tint of yellow, and plain black chip. Light felt is also appearing, to be lined with velvet to match the suit with which it is worn, while the demand for ornaments of jet, gilt, silver and garnet still reigns. Garniture for hats may be regulated largely according to individual taste, but the touches of bright color should appear mainly in the flowers, such as gay poppies, autumn leaves, Jacqueminot roses, etc. Long plumes, of a quiet hue, wreathed round the crown of a hat of which the only other trimming is a facing of velvet, are always in order; and so, too, are wings, heads and breasts of beautiful birds.

## New Publications.

### TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

From the New York National Temperance Society and Publication House, we have "Beer as a Beverage," an address by Rev. G. W. Hughey, A. M., of St. Louis, delivered in reply to the annual address of the president of the "United States Brewers' Association." Mr. Hughey, in referring to the congress of brewers, said:

"This association, with a capital, as stated by our mayor in his address of welcome, of three hundred million dollars invested in its work, and paying an annual revenue of ten million dollars to the Government, is a great power, socially, morally and politically. The question is, Is it a power for good, or is it a power for evil? Such money-power, into whichever scale it is cast, must exert an incalculable influence upon society.

"Our mayor, from his high position as the chief magistrate of our city, in his address of welcome, threw the whole weight of his personal and official influence on the side of beer, declaring that it is 'one of the cheapest and most wholesome beverages known to the use of man.' He says also: 'The breweries furnish a refreshing stimulant at a price so cheap, that it is within the reach of all classes, and this fact enables them to exercise a beneficial influence on popular health and habits.' Such a declaration as this could be honestly made only on the ground of the profoundest ignorance on the part of the man who made it, both as to the physical effects of beer upon those who use it, and the social effects it has upon the community which patronize it."

To let such declarations, coming as they did from the highest civil functionary in the city of St. Louis,

pass without challenge and refutation, would have been little less than criminal on the part of the advocates of temperance. But they were not suffered to pass unchallenged, either by press or pulpit and in the address before us we have an instance of their complete refutation. Beer is neither nutritious nor wholesome, as analysis and living results show, and its use is steadily lowering the standard of health, lessening the brain power and benumbing the moral sense of the people. Let the social and industrial condition of Bavaria stand as a warning against national beer-drinking.

From the same Publication House we have three sixteen-page "Temperance Concert Exercises." They are entitled "The Contrast," "The Fruits Thereof," and "Scripture Characters." Also "One-page Handbill Tracts," from No. 23 to 30, which are sold at one dollar per thousand. The titles of these eight tracts are: "How I Would Paint a Bar-room," "Sentence of Saloon-keepers," "Charles Lamb to Young Men," "Beware of the Bar-room," "Foundation Principles," "John Wesley on the Liquor-Traffic," "Thirty Reasons for the Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquor," "The Difference in Wine."

The Literature Committee of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union have also commenced to issue a series of one-page handbills upon various topics which are prominent in the work of the women. The following, entitled "The Beer Series," have already been published: No. 1. "A Crusade Against Beer," No. 2. "What is Malt Liquor?" No. 3. "What Brewers Think about Beer," No. 4. "What! Deprive a Poor Man of his Beer?"



No. 5. "What Beer Costs." No. 6. "What have You to Show for it?" These are published for the Union by the National Temperance Society at one dollar per thousand, and can be ordered, same as the above publications, of J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

After years of persistent work, the International Sunday-school Convention has yielded to the solicitation of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union for a quarterly lesson in the regular series, and the Sunday-school Lesson Committee of the Union is now regularly preparing "Union Lesson Leaves" for the thirteenth Sunday of every quarter. Specimens and supplies of these Lesson Leaves can be had by addressing Miss Julia Coleman, Chairman of the S. S. Lesson Committee, 298 Eighth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

"The Story of Redeeming Love" and "The Christian's Journey," by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, are sixteen-page "Concert Exercises," issued by the American Temperance Publishing House, 29 Rose Street, New York.

FROM LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Webster as a Master of English Style. By Edwin P. Whipple. One large octavo volume. 772 pages. Price \$3.00. The great speeches and orations of Mr. Webster have been accessible heretofore only in the six-volume edition of his works edited by Edward Everett, the price of which has necessarily limited their circulation. The American public will therefore hail with pleasure the appearance of this collection, in one comparatively cheap, but elegant volume of the masterpieces of oratory which, during a period of over thirty years of our political history, were the

surprise and admiration of Mr. Webster's countryman.

To the younger men of our day, few of whom know anything of Mr. Webster's speeches beyond the extracts found in newspapers and readers, this volume will open a world of profound thought on all the great questions of statesmanship which lie at the basis of our government. Here we have the noble speech on "The Constitution and the Union," delivered in the United States Senate, March 7th, 1850. The oration on "Adams and Jefferson," given in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2d, 1826. "The Reply to Haine," United States Senate, January 26th and 27th, 1830. "The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States," United States Senate, July 11th, 1832. "Reply to Mr. Calhoun," United States Senate, March 2d, 1838; besides nearly fifty other speeches and addresses made between the years 1818 and 1851. "The fact that the subjects are such as not now to excite party criticism, only gives them the more value as noble and permanent specimens of statesmanlike statement, argument and eloquence. In respect to mere diction, the volume commends itself to every young student and professional man as a model of style—clear, terse, strong, bright, inspiring. Every word which Webster uses is thoroughly alive with the forces of his mind and character. However vehemently men may have disagreed with his opinions, nobody ever questioned the fact that he so understood the art of writing English that his place is among the foremost of the prose-writers of the United States."

Mr. Whipple's introductory essay on "Webster as a Master of English Style," is a fine critical analysis of the elements which make his speeches so readable. On the title-page is presented a portrait of Webster as a young man, and facing it a new and admirable engraving of the great statesman as he appeared in his later years. Few books that have recently appeared are more worthy to be read and studied by the young men of nation than this.

## Literary and Personal.

WHEN Longfellow visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, the servants crowded on the stairway and in the lobbies to get a view of him. On the queen asking them, the next day, why this compliment was paid to the poet, she was told they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children; and knowing the lines nearly by heart, they longed to see the man that wrote them.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, having learned that a lecture bureau had circulated a card naming him as a lecturer now dead, has written a note to the *Boston Advertiser*, in which he says: "As to my being dead, I cannot but think this is a mistake. The study of science suggests extreme caution about matters of fact. But, so far as my own observations extend, I find reason to believe that I am alive. My friends also seem to think so. You must not think me dogmatic if—failing stronger evidence than I yet possess to the contrary—I decline to accept, unhesitatingly, the theory that I am no longer living."

M. DE LESSEPS, the Panama ship canal enthusiast, although seventy-three years of age, is proud of his athletic performances. He eats little, drinks less, smokes three cigars a day and is fond of fruit.

ONE of the Russian Grand Dukes is married to a German girl of humble birth. "Society" at Moscow snubbed her. So the other day the Grand Duke caused a hotel where many ladies of "society" were accustomed to sup with their admirers to be surrounded by the police. The ladies were called upon to give their names and their addresses, and then their husbands were sent for to identify them.

HENRY OSBORNE, a quiet citizen of Milwaukee, who died recently from the effects of an accident, disclosed before his death the fact that Osborne was an assumed name, and that he was the Henry Whittemore who some fifteen years ago made world-wide fame as "the fire king." He made and spent a fortune and died poor.

SPEAKING of Newport a letter-writer says: "There is always more than a dash of the literary element in the society of this place. Newport is favorable to literary work, or rest from such work. There is no dreamier nook for a student anywhere than the Redwood library, and the residence here of such men as Higginson, Calvert, and such women as Susan Coolidge, with some score or more of lesser celebrities, gives a literary atmosphere to the place."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the newspapers writes: "Driving to the Saratoga fair grounds, and taking the road to the right, we soon came to the beautiful valley known as the Valley of the Ten Springs. A charming little cottage attracts the attention, and we are told that Miss Smiley, the Quaker preacher, lives there. Quite a steep descent from the rear of the house extends directly to the valley, and this slope is dotted with bright geraniums and foliage plants. The view of the cottage from the opposite side of the valley is even finer than a front view. There is no house near to destroy the effect, and it stands there in its perfect neatness and simple architectural beauty like a natural feature of the landscape. Miss Smiley lives here alone with her servants during the summers, and to gratify the interest of the public she consents to receive a few visitors on Thursdays. The interior of her house is as perfect as the exterior, and has been appropriately called a little bandbox. A short distance from the

cottage is the residence of Mr. Lawrence, the owner of the valley and the springs. Mr. Lawrence gave Miss Smiley her choice of building lots, and she selected this quiet spot, under the shade of two large trees, and from whence one has the finest view of the valley, and woods and hills beyond."

MRS. FLETCHER, the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," looks about twenty, but is said to be twenty-three. She lives in Rome, is very pretty and has a profusion of blonde hair.

CHARLES DICKENS' "Miss Havisham," was, like most of his characters, taken from real life. The original is still living at Ventnor. Her mother broke off a love affair for her, and the then young lady said she would go to bed and never get up again. For twenty years the house has not been swept, the garden has been overgrown, and the lady still lies abed.

## Notes and Comments.

### An American College in Turkey.

ACCOMPANYING an illustration in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE will be found some notice of Robert College, an American institution of learning at Constantinople; also an account of a visit made to the institution by Hon. William H. Seward on the Fourth of July, 18—, while on his voyage "Round the World."

In addition to the facts already given, we have, in the following highly interesting letter to the Secretary of the Navy, from Commander Farquhar of the U. S. ship Quinnebaug, now stationed at Constantinople, a full account of the present condition and prosperity of the college. He says:

"The college was founded sixteen years ago by Mr. Robert, a gentleman of New York, recently deceased. Since then, however, although it has received several gifts from Mr. Robert and other Americans, it has been self-sustaining, and has rapidly increased in popularity and usefulness. Its students number at present about two hundred, with a prospect of increased attendance next year. The President, Dr. Washburne, is a gentleman of broad culture and great executive ability, who, in common with the other members of the faculty, most of whom are Americans, occupies an enviable position among the foreign residents of this community. No distinction of race or religion is recognized as a condition of admission to the college, Mohammedans sharing its benefits equally with Christians of all creeds. The course of instruction is principally in English, but the native language, modern Greek, Armenian, Turkish and Slavic form an important part of the curriculum. Much attention is given to mathematics and sciences, an excellent philosophical laboratory forming one of the most interesting features of the institution. The classics, history and modern European languages are also taught. Thus far the Turks seem to have been behind their neighbors and subjects, the Bulgarians, Slavs and others in availing themselves of the advantages of the institution, but it seems probable that this will not long continue to be the case, as the high character of the college and its officers, and, perhaps, still more, the positions

taken by its graduates, can hardly fail in time to overcome even Mohammedan prejudice—particularly as it is avowedly non-sectarian and makes no attempt to convert its students, aiming rather at the spread of general intelligence than the diffusion of special religious views. The excellent work already accomplished is shown by the fact that ten graduates of the college are among the members of the recently elected Bulgarian Assembly—a fact which points suggestively to the important part which this institution may play in the future of the nations which seem likely to arise in this part of Europe from the breaking up of the Turkish Empire.

"The commencement exercises were of a nature to confirm and increase the pride with which, as Americans, we had already viewed this singular reproduction of American institutions upon a despotic soil. The orations of the graduating class which, with a few exceptions, were in English, would have done no discredit to our colleges at home, which is certainly surprising, when it is remembered that the students enter the college unable to speak a word of our language. The presentation of the diplomas conferring the degree of bachelor of arts upon the graduates was made the occasion of a brief address by the President, who stated that the college had never before been so prosperous as at present, and that its field of usefulness seemed rapidly widening. The only similar institution in this part of the Turkish Empire is one on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus for the education of native women, which is also American in its origin and management. Although somewhat less pretentious than Robert College, it occupies a similar position in public esteem, and in a quiet way is accomplishing a work of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance. The gratification we have felt in the sight of these institutions, founded by American philanthropy, conducted by American genius and diffusing the knowledge of American institutions with the learning those institutions represent in a land so far removed from ours in position and sentiment, I am sure will be shared by yourself, and I am happy to have this opportunity of bringing to your official notice institutions so well deserving of recognition and encouragement."

### The Meretricious in Art.

IN these days of universal love of the truly beautiful, we need to be cautious as to whether our admiration of certain objects is at all well-founded. For the mania for decoration oftentimes shows itself in ways new and strange, if not indeed lacking in propriety.

For instance, we frequently behold gorgeous candles, painted with sprays of roses and lilies. Worse than this, we find them as the foundation of ambitious efforts in scrap-pictures. Now, a moment's thought ought to convince any one that a candle was made to be burned, consequently, unless the result of patient effort is to be destroyed, the candle must be perverted from its legitimate use. We see, also, gas-jets starting from the hearts of flowers—and we all know that flame withers and scorches real blossoms. No distortion of nature can be true art.

A writer in a recent number of the *Art Interchange* calls attention to the objectionable use of the horse-shoe. As an article of honest iron, a symbol of good luck, it was all well enough—but now it appears, in shape, but not solidity, in a bewildering array of light materials—wood, glass, clay, and even paper—at all places and seasons. And the substantial, old-fashioned flat-iron is also wrested from its original signification. Frequently may it be seen, made of wood so light that a breath seemingly would blow it away—an iron, by nature, is heavy. Upon the bottom, which ought to be perfectly smooth unless the article is useless, appears a bunch of flowers, which the fire would shrivel into ashes.

If you would understand and appreciate art, keep in mind here, as well as in other directions, "the fitness of things."

"WOMAN'S WORDS" is doing a good work for woman, encouraging, as it does, her educational, social, political and business advancement. A recent number of this excellent periodical contains a fine sketch of that heroic worker, Miss Emma Abbott, written by Grace Greenwood. It is interesting to learn of at least one *prima donna*, who, faithful to her Christian principles refused to sing in *Traviata*, declaring that she could not take any role in which vice was made attractive. She kept bravely on, in spite of opposition and ridicule, well aware that she was risking all future success, as well as the advantages she had already achieved by her earnest toil. But she has her reward in her present triumph. Published by Mrs. Juan Lewis, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. One dollar per year.

### A Large Factor in Crime.

REFERRING to the increase of crime in this country, and to the various active causes, the *Philadelphia Press* says:

"There is no doubt that the immense sale of alcoholic liquors, their immoderate use, and their poisonously adulterated character, is another fruitful cause of the most savage murders. In the lower class of rum-shops, liquor is sold of such villainous quality that it sets the brain on fire, inflames the passions to fury, and in a few minutes converts a reasonable being into a madman. If the drugged liquors retailed at three cents a glass in such places are analyzed, they will be found to be composed of ingredients which, drank separately and in a pure state, would cause instant death. Sailors and others drinking these fiery liquids, though friends a few minutes before, are converted into implacable enemies, quar-

rel and fight with each other, and in the heat of their passion wound or kill one another on the spot. These cheap liquors are generally sold in unlicensed grogeries, which might all be suppressed if the police did the full measure of their duty. The habitual use of ardent spirits is not safe for any one, rich or poor. It has a tendency to grow into an incurable habit and into immoderate abuse. When this takes place, the whole character of a man becomes changed. He can be no longer depended on in his business, he neglects his private affairs and he loses respect for himself and affection for his wife and children. His life will terminate either in social misery or in crime. The friends of temperance are really the best friends of order, law and morality."

### New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., send us "The Fair Little Maiden," also, "The Silver Cup;" two well made songs, one merry, the other classic. Also, a beautiful sacred song by *Guglielmo*, "The Shadow of the Rock." We find also a Polonaise, one of a set called "Mignon," for little hands and fingers. There is also a charming Transcription by *Dorn*, "The Chorister," and a lively "Hunting Song" for piano by *Foerster*.

From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, we have, "Plant Sweet Flowers on my Grave." And from George D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, "Sleep, my Little One," an evening lullaby, and "Baby's Dimple," a morning song, the words by J. G. Holland. Also, "I'm Coming, my Darling, to Thee," a song and chorus; "Sea-shore Cottage Waltzes," and "A Musical Surprise."

## Publishers' Department.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

MORE reports of cases, showing the great value of the COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT as a curative agent in nearly all forms of chronic diseases, will be found on the fourth cover page of this number of our magazine. In regard to these "Reports of Cases," let us say that Drs. Starkey & Palen have submitted for our examination all the letters from which the published extracts were made, and we can therefore indorse them as true in every particular. There is no longer any doubt as to the remarkable action of this new Treatment, which is rapidly extending in all parts of the country. Many physicians are now using it in cases which had baffled all their previous efforts to cure, and with singular success.

THE DOVER EGG-BEATER, advertised in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, is said to work wonders in the kitchen. Read the advertisement. You may find this article just the thing you want.







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KATHERINE DOUGLASS.—Page 537.

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 11.



BURLEIGH HOUSE FROM THE PARK.

## "BURLEIGH HOUSE BY STAMFORD TOWN."

**M**OST of our readers, probably, are familiar with Tennyson's beautiful ballad of "The Lord of Burleigh." Those who are not will doubtless be glad to meet with it, while those who are will hail it as a choice favorite; so we give it entire:

In her ear he whispers gayly:  
"If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
And I think thou lov'st me well."

She replies, in accents fainter:  
"There is none I love like thee."  
He is but a landscape painter,  
And a village maiden she.

He to lips that fondly falter  
Presses his without reproof,  
Leads her to the village altar,  
And they leave her father's roof.

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"I can make no marriage present,  
Little can I give my wife,  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
But I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going,  
See the lordly castles stand;  
Summer winds about them blowing  
Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well:  
"Let us see these handsome houses  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes, by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lays betwixt his home and hers.

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,

(511)

Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer ;  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where they twain will spend their days.

Oh, but she will love him truly,  
He shall have a cheerful home ;  
She will order all things duly  
When beneath his roof they come.

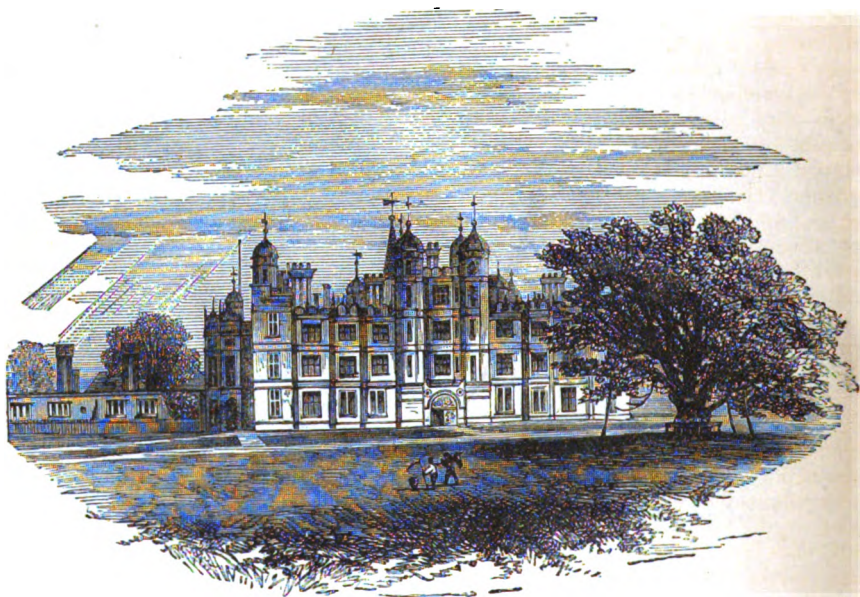
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns,  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns ;

All at once the color flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin ;  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over,  
Pale again as death doth prove ;  
But he clasped her like a lover,  
And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,  
Though at times her spirits sank,  
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
To all duties of her rank.

And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such



WEST VIEW.

Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before ;  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footstep firmer  
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,  
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
Not a lord in all the county  
Is so great a lord as he.

That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplexed her night and morn,  
With the burden of an honor  
Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
As she murmured : "Oh, that he  
Were once more that landscape painter  
Which did win my heart from me."

So she drooped and drooped before him,  
Fading slowly from his side ;  
Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping, late and early,  
Walking up and pacing down,



Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,  
Burleigh House by Stamford town.

And he came to look upon her,  
And he looked at her and said :  
"Bring the dress and put it on her  
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.

Few in America, we believe, are aware that the poem is founded on fact. "Burleigh House by Stamford town" stands to-day in all its olden grandeur, and its present noble owner, who succeeded his father only twelve years ago, is a grandson of the "village maiden" whose story is so sweetly and plaintively told by the Laureate. Her portrait, preserved among the family pictures in the old mansion, cannot fail to interest the visitor. Her name was Sarah Hoggins, and she was the daughter of Thomas Hoggins, of Bolas, Shropshire. She was born in 1773, and died at the early age of twenty-four, leaving four children instead of three, as the singer has given us. Although the Lady Sarah had been her husband's second wife, her son, Brownlow Cecil, Marquis and Earl of Exeter and Baron Burleigh, succeeded his father, Henry Cecil, first marquis, tenth earl and eleventh baron, on the death of the latter in 1804, when the young heir was only nine years of age.

To whatever degree the bard may have used his license, it is certain the modest bride and her family had no idea of the rank of the wooer until after the wedding, and that this brief and romantic marriage was a happy one. When we consider also the ages of the lord and his chosen one, at the time when the latter was advanced to the dignity

"Unto which she was not born,"

Henry thirty-eight, and Sarah nineteen, we have an additional element of interest. And from the many forms in which the story has been used by novelists and poets, we may readily believe all that is said of the young wife's loveliness and sweetness, and that she indeed "grew a noble lady."

Seeing Burleigh itself, we can easily picture "the twain" wandering through

"Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,"

until at last the unsuspecting bride, full of her sweet visions of the "cottage growing nearer,"

"Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before."

Majestic, indeed, is its appearance, both from a distant and a near view, and seen from any standpoint. Passing through the great park, nearly seven miles in circumference, with its woods and temples, its groves and grottoes, the vast extent of green enlivened by the silvery waters of the serpentine lake, until, about a mile within from the entrance, she was led into the Porter's Lodge and the Quadrangle, reaching at length the Corridor and the Great Hall, and thence through the grand chambers in which she



THE QUADRANGLE.

learned her destiny, her eye rested upon comparatively little which the visitor may not see to-day.

The Great Hall, now called Queen Victoria's Hall, as her majesty has several times honored Burleigh with a visit, is a banquetting-room of magnificent size and of matchless beauty, with open-work timber roof, stained-glass windows, richly-carved gallery and royal and other portraits. The roof is of carved oak, and the lower portions of the wall are wainscoted; and at one end is a music gallery, the cornice of the paneling and the gallery being supported on a number of richly-carved spiral Corinthian

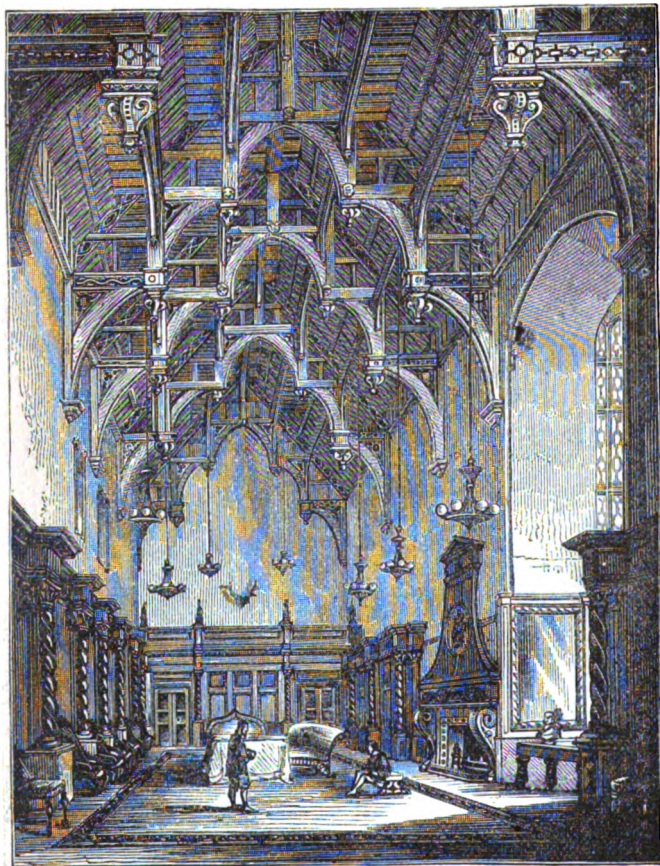
columns. The Ancient Stone Staircase is noted as being part of the original building, erected in 1575. Among the attractions of the Chapel is the seat used by Queen Elizabeth—the same which Queen Victoria occupied when worshipping here. In the Billiard-room, paneled with Norway oak, hangs, among other family likenesses, the portrait of the Countess Sarah. Nearly all the rooms, rendered magnificent by their gorgeous hangings and furniture, are attractive by reason of the fine paintings with which they are adorned—in our day we may find specimens of the works of Rembrandt, Holbein, Van Eyck, Velasquez,

grandchildren; yet such is the fact, Queen Adelaide officiating in that capacity at the christening of Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil, son of the aforementioned Brownlow Cecil, and Queen Victoria at that of Lady Victoria Cecil, Lord Burleigh's youngest daughter. Among the relics preserved in the George Rooms are a pair of white kid gloves and a wreath of chrysanthemums worn by her majesty upon the latter occasion.

Royal visits to Burleigh have occurred not only within the last century. Of late ones, however, we must not omit to mention that of William III, who, upon viewing Burleigh, was ungenerous and little enough to say that it was too gorgeous for a subject. And, though scarce to be recorded with regal acts, Cromwell, when he had captured it, "forgot his rage for destruction, and, charmed with its magnificence, displayed his republican generosity by depositing his own picture (by Walker) among those of its fine collection." Queen Elizabeth's bed-room is still adorned with the rare tapestry and provided with the same furniture as in the days of the great queen herself. It is said that upon one of her visits, the then owner of Burleigh, the famous William Cecil, Lord High Treasurer, was showing to his sovereign the beauties of his abode, when she playfully tapped him on the cheek and exclaimed: "Ay, my money and your taste have made it a mighty pretty place!"

From the story of an humble country girl, we have passed to a slight sketch of the princely home into which her lordly lover brought her. The simple beauty of the former, and the majestic stateliness of the latter, taken together, form fitting factors in the romantic interest excited by the place and its associations.

M. B. H.



THE GREAT HALL.

Titian, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, Carlo Dolce, Domenichino, Albert Durer, Guercino, the Carracci, Guido, Teniers, Rubens, Angelica Kauffmann, Cimabue, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Claude Lorraine, and many others of all ages and climes. But, for splendor, the George Rooms take the palm. These are five apartments on the south side of the mansion, set apart for royalty. They are decorated with allegorical and mythological subjects, and enriched by choice treasures of gold ornaments and jewels.

Little thought the simple-hearted "village maiden" that two queens would stand as sponsors to two of her

ANECDOTE OF ERSKINE — Erskine was one of the most eloquent advocates that ever practiced at the English bar. He was remarkable for his sturdy common sense, and his freedom from common prejudices. But in some matters he was as timid as a child, and unable to control his superstitious fancies. On one occasion he was dining at Lord Romilly's. As they were about to sit down at table, Erskine noticed that there were *thirteen* in the company. He turned pale, and was unwilling to take his seat. Fortunately another guest came in, and as the unlucky number had changed, Erskine recovered his spirits, and was one of the most lively guests at the table.



## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE.

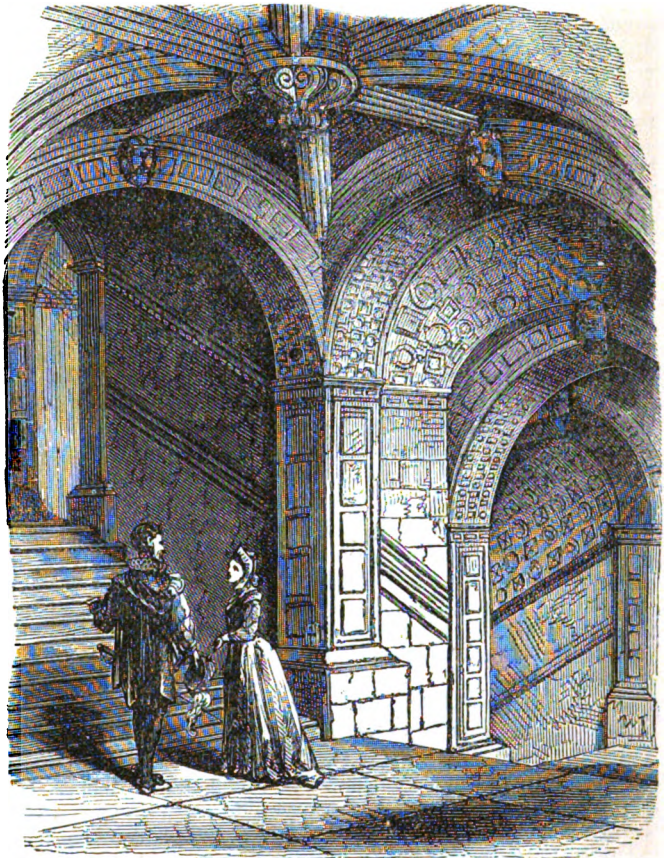
SOME curious superstitions are recorded in a recent volume on the Folk-Lore of West Scotland, by James Napier, who was born and bred among the popular belief of which he writes. The evil-eye was one of the dreaded influences among the ignorant peasants.

"I have quite a vivid remembrance," says Mr. Napier, "of being myself believed to be the unhappy victim of an evil-eye. To remove this influence, I was subjected to the following operation, which was prescribed and superintended by a neighbor 'skilly' in such matters. A sixpence was borrowed from a neighbor, a good fire was kept burning in the grate, the door was locked and I was placed upon a chair in front of the fire. The operator, an old woman, took a tablespoon and filled it with water. With the sixpence she then lifted as much salt as it could carry, and both were put into the water in the spoon. The water was then stirred with the forefinger till the salt was dissolved. Then the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands were bathed with this solution thrice, and after these bathings I was made to taste the solution three times. The operator then drew her wet forefinger across my brow—called *scoring* aboon the breath. The remaining contents of the spoon she then cast right over the fire into the hinder part of the fire, saying as she did so: '*Gude preserve frae a' skailth.*' [Preserve him from all harm.] These were the first words permitted to be spoken during the operation. I was then put in bed; and, in attestation of the efficacy of the charm, recovered.

To my knowledge, this operation has been performed within these forty years, and probably in many outlying country places it is still practiced."

The evil-eye was the more to be dreaded since it was not necessary that the evil-worker should see the child—the only thing indispensable being possession of something which had belonged to the child, as a lock of hair, nail-parings or rags of clothing. The theory was, that if one of these was buried in the earth, as it decayed, so slowly and surely would its former owner die, through some assumed association of part and whole, or *sympathy*. In order to guard against this, all hair and nail-parings were scrupulously burned. Many objected even to have their likeness taken; it was unlucky. Doubtless, some lingering fear suggested the evil use a badly-disposed person might make of it; and Mr. Napier speaks of

having heard of several persons who never had a day's health after being photographed. Among other curious superstitions in the west of Scotland—though not all, as students of folk-lore know, peculiar to that district—respecting children, we are told that when a child was taken from its mother, and carried outside the bed-room for the first time after its birth, it was lucky to take it up-stairs; and if—as we suppose was not uncommonly the case—there were no stairs



THE ANCIENT STAIRCASE. Page 514.

in the house, the child was taken three steps up a ladder—we know an instance of this recently in the west end of Glasgow—or, in case of emergency, the nurse got upon a chair! Again, to prevent children being stolen by the fairies, an open Bible should always be placed near a child.

Regarding the aversion to May marriages, the very pertinent remark has been made, that a strong reason exists in Scotland in the fact that the Scottish removal or "fitting" term occurs in the end of May, and what young woman would like to enter upon her married life unless she could in some measure be assured of her new home? Sixty years ago, the first thing done to prepare the house for the bride was, on the bridal eve, to sprinkle salt on the floor, as a protection against the evil-eye; then the bride's feet were washed, this being, as suggested, in all proba-



bility, a survival of the old Norse custom, which enjoined the maiden friends of the bride to assist at a sort of religious purification. On the eventful day, which was always a Friday, great attention was paid to every incident; for if the bride broke a dish, or the postman forgot to deliver a letter to the bride until he was some way on his journey, and had to return, or some soot came down the chimney, it was a bad omen for the future wedded life. After the knot had been tied and the clergyman had kissed the bride, "the party returned in the following order: first, the two fathers in company together, then the newly-married couple, behind them the best-man and the best-maid, and the others following in couples as they might arrange. There were frequently as many as twenty couples. On coming within a mile or so of the young couple's house, where the mother of the young goodman was waiting, a few of the young men would start on a race home. This race was often keenly contested, and was termed *running the brooze* or *braize*. The one who reached the house first, and announced the happy completion of the wedding, was presented with a bottle of whisky and a glass, with which he returned to meet the marriage procession; and the progress of the procession was generally so arranged that he should meet them before they arrived at the village or town where the young couple were to be resident. He was therefore considered their first foot, and distributed the contents of his bottle among the party, each drinking to the health of the young married pair; and then bottle and glass were thrown away and broken. The whole party then proceeded on their way to the young folks' house. At riding weddings, it was the great ambition of farmers' sons to succeed in winning the *braize*, and they would even borrow racing-horses for the occasion."

When the bride had been lifted over the threshold, and her mother-in-law had broken the cake of bread over her head, she was led to the hearth, and the poker and tongs, and occasionally the broom, presented to her along with the keys of the house. These ceremonies ended, and a substantial supper partaken of, the young people turned to the dance, where, if either bride or bridegroom had elder brothers or sisters unmarried, those neglected ones danced the first reel without their shoes. (Scotch weddings, it must be noted, frequently take place in the evening.)

The rejoicing days over, "the first care," says Mr. Napier, "of the young married wife was still, in my young days, to spin and get woven sufficient linen to make for herself and her husband their *dead-cloes* or shroud. I can well remember the time when, in my father's house, these things were spread out to air before the fire. This was done periodically, and these were days when mirth was banished from the household and everything was done in a solemn mood. The day was kept as a Sabbath."

Among the miscellaneous superstitions of daily life, it was said that if, on seeing the first plow in the season, it was coming *toward* the observer, it was

a lucky sign, and whatever undertaking he was then engaged in would be certain of success; but if the plow was going *from* him, the reverse would be his fate. If luck was desired with any article of dress, it should be worn first at church. If a person in rising from table overturned his chair, he had been speaking untruthfully. If a man spoke aloud to himself, he would die a violent death. If nets were set on the Sabbath, the herring would leave the district (thus, it is said, the herring were driven from Lamlash about two years ago). If a double ear of corn were put over the looking-glass, the house would not be struck by lightning. For long it was customary for farmers to leave a portion of their fields uncropped, dedicated to the evil spirit, and called *good-man's croft*.

### JOHN RANDOLPH.

JOHN RANDOLPH was a rambling, inimitable speaker, who frequently, in a three hours' speech, would not allude to the subject of debate. He would discuss history, biography, poetry; in fact, would ramble over every field except the one that the House of Representatives was then surveying. His harangues, however, were so studded with repartees, sarcastic personalities, and eloquent passages that, despite their length and incoherence, the House generally enjoyed them.

There was a member of Congress from Maine who was so in the habit of calling for the "previous question," that he was nicknamed "Previous Question Cushman." He had often annoyed Mr. Randolph by calling him to order. In one of his long speeches, Mr. Randolph spoke of the mechanical ingenuity of the Germans, as seen in the clocks made by them. In some of these clocks automatic birds would come out and sing, or figures of men would perform curious antics, bow and retire. One clock, he remembered, from which the figure of a man—looking at Mr. Cushman—would frequently pop up, cry out, "Previous question! previous question!" and then pop down again out of sight. The House roared with laughter, and the voice of Mr. Cushman was never again heard calling for the "Previous question."

But there was one man in Congress who would not stand the sarcasm and insult with which Mr. Randolph usually overwhelmed an opponent, and that was David Crocket. Randolph tried his game on the rough Kentuckian one day, much to the amusement of the House. At the close of the session, the two men encountered each other in the lobby, when the old hunter transfixed the slender, nervous descendant of Powhatan with his keen eyes, and pointing his finger at him, said fiercely: "If you do that again, I'll pin your ears back and swallow you whole!" Randolph never gave him an opportunity to execute his threat.

WE are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANDMOTHER! Just look at her! I do declare it makes me fidgety to see her sitting there in her easy chair on the front porch, with her knitting lying idly in her lap, the climbing roses drooping over her head, her silvery locks just stirring in the breeze, and she looking as cool, contented and happy as if there was no such thing as toil and trouble in this world, and I don't suppose there ever was for her, or that she ever had anything to do except to enjoy life. There is hardly a wrinkle in her face, and she was sixty-five last month, but some folks always have such an easy time, while you and I, Kate, just have to drudge from morning till night."

"For shame, Daisy Atherly, how can you talk so! Grandmother is just the dearest, sweetest, most lovable old lady in the world, and her dear old fingers are never idle by any means. Just think of the amount of mending she does besides the knitting for all the family; and she is always wiping dishes, peeling potatoes, shelling peas or doing some little chore about the house that helps so much, and Daisy, I do believe she heard you, there was such a sad look on her face as she got up and went into mother's room just as you had finished speaking."

"I can't help it if she did. I meant *her* no disrespect, I am glad she has an easy time, but, I don't understand why there should be such a contrast in people's lives; some folks seem to inherit all the hardships, and others all the ease and pleasure."

"Why, Daisy, this is so unlike you. What can be the matter? I thought you always looked on the bright side of things. Now if I should flare up and say naughty, petulant things, it would not be so very strange. Mother often says: 'Kate, why can't you be more quiet, like your sister, she never complains, but makes the best of everything.'"

"There, Kate, don't say any more. I am ashamed of myself, but I am all out of sorts this morning, the work was harder than usual, yesterday, and I was up with mother more than half the night. What with the care of the household, the dairy, and mother sick, the burden seems greater than I can bear."

"I know you have the care of everything, and have to work hard besides, but I try to help you all I can, sister."

"You help me ever so much, Kate, and you are a real comfort to me, but it is the first time I ever had the charge for any length of time, and the pressure of work has been greater than usual for a day or two; and I did so much wish to go down to the lake with Frank this afternoon."

"Can't we manage it somehow so that you can go, sister?"

"No, for mother is not as well, and father told me this morning there would be an extra hand or two at work to-day; so I sent Arthur down to the Corners with a note to Frank to say I could not go."

"I am so sorry, for you need the recreation."

"I don't care so much for myself, but Frank will

be so disappointed. This is the third time within two weeks that I have had to excuse myself to him."

That evening, when the work for the day was finished, and mother, tenderly cared for, was resting upon the cool pillows, more comfortable than she had been for weeks, the girls drew their chairs out beside grandmother's on the vine-covered porch. Daisy's good-humor was quite restored, for Frank had called in the afternoon, and she had gone out riding with him for an hour. It was a charming evening. The birds were trilling their evening songs, the air was soft and balmy, and the last rays of the setting sun threw the delicate tracery of twig, and leaf, and blossom upon the wall behind them, the queen of the prairies sifted her blushing petals plentifully down upon their heads, and the perfume of a thousand flowers was wafted in upon the gentle breeze.

For a time they were silent as if each feared to break the witchery of the spell, and then Kate drew her chair nearer to her grandmother's, and said: "Grandma, please tell us something of your early days;" for though the dear old lady had been for over five years an inmate of the house, and had greatly endeared herself by her sweet and lovable qualities to every one of the family, yet it seemed so natural for her to be there, and so as if her life must have always flowed in the same channel, that the girls had never before thought to inquire into the history of her life.

Daisy warmly seconded her sister's request, and grandmother said: "I am nothing loth to indulge your fancy, dearies, though there isn't much to tell. My life was much like that of others in my position." And the old lady stroked lovingly the fair hair of Kate, who had placed herself on a stool at her feet.

"Begin away back to your childhood, grandma, or at least to the time when you were a young girl," Kate said.

Grandma nodded and smiled, and after a moment's pause, went on to say: "My life passed without any unusual incident, till I was nearly fourteen. There were five of us children, three brothers and two sisters. We loved each other, and usually lived in harmony, but we had our little misunderstandings and spats as children generally do. I was the youngest, and, till the time I speak of, we lived in a small village, and enjoyed as good opportunities for schooling as the times afforded. My parents were church-going people and we were taught to pay the strictest regard to the Christian religion.

"My father, seeing his children growing up about him, was actuated with a desire to do something more for them than he was likely to be able to do where he was, so, at the solicitation of my brothers, he sold his house and lot, and his little farm of thirty acres, which, with his industry and thrift, had supported us comfortably, and moved into the wilds of a forest in what was then called the West, but is now in a cultivated portion of Ohio; and my Daisy and Kate have no idea of the privations endured by the early pioneers.

"We had been taught to work, as children in those days always were, and were healthy and strong, and we enjoyed the novelty of our new surroundings, and naturally adapted ourselves to our new-style of living. I fancied that mother felt the change more than the rest of us, but she had strong will-power, and a good constitution, and she never shrank from her part of added labor, nor murmured at privations, nor gave way to fits of homesickness; and in less than a year you would have thought that the current of our lives had always run in the same channel.

"Father built a substantial log-house, and he and my brothers set themselves with hearty good-will to the work of clearing up the land, while my mother, my sisters and myself found ample employment for our willing hands.

"In those days nearly all the cloth worn and used by the family was spun and woven by hand. Flax was raised and manufactured into cloth for bed and table-linen, and much of the summer's wear for both men and women; and we used to think that our copperas and blue checked linen dresses and aprons were really neat and tidy, and we felt a sort of pride at the thought that the whole fabric, from the raw flax to the finished garment, even to the manufacture of the thread we used, was the work of our own hands.

"For winter's use we made warm, woolen sheets, and heavy blankets for the beds, and long webs of flannel, linsey-woolsey, kersey and frilled cloth; and we used to feel quite dressed up when we could make a piece of flannel spun half cross-banded and half open-banded, checked in the warp and filling, and get it colored wine color or London-brown, and pressed at the mill.

"Every woman and girl could card and spin, but it was considered quite a fortune to be possessed of a loom and all the appurtenances for weaving.

"Mother traded a chest of drawers with an old lady who was getting too old to weave, for a loom, and in addition to making our own cloth we did the weaving for the whole neighborhood, and in this way nearly supported the family, while father and the boys cleared the farm. To be sure we never took in any money to speak of, for money was not as plentiful in those days as the same commodity is now; but we used to take provisions from those who had more land cleared than ourselves, and sometimes store pay. I remember how pleased and proud Hattie and I were when mother gave us leave to ride six miles with farmer Birch in his heavy farm wagon to the village store, to trade out an order, with permission to get each of us a print dress, a pair of cotton gloves, and a yard of velvet ribbon to tie our hair. One summer Hattie and I employed all our leisure moments in plaiting fine straw, and then knit stockings for Mrs. Finch to pay her for sewing it into hats for our Sunday wear."

"O grandma, how funny you must have looked in your Sunday suit."

"Yes, dearie, it would seem very odd to you, but

all the girls in the settlement dressed so, and we did not mind it.

"We had no carpets in those days, and the floors of our double log-house were of soft maple, and our wrists and backs used to ache with the constant scrubbing. All the woodwork in the house was white or wood color, of course—and the dressers, tables and chairs had to undergo a thorough scouring once a week, and the weekly washings of white tow and linen trousers and frocks—as the men's over-shirts were called—for three or four men, with all the other washing, was no child's play. Our bluing was a piece of indigo tied up in a rag, our starch was manufactured from the common potato, and our soap from lye, made from wood-ashes and grease.

"Every girl knew how to cook, spin, knit, sew, milk the cows, render out lard and tallow, dip candles, clean house, make sausages, preserves and pickles. Every hour in the long day and evening had its appointed task, and for recreation we used to hunt hens' nests among the logs and brush, go a-berrying, and in the spring, carry maple-sap and boil it into molasses and sugar for family use. It was a laborious life, but I look back to those days when father, mother, brothers and sisters were all together, and all laboring for the general good, as among the happiest of my life. I am the only one that is left of them all."

"How old were you when you were married, grandma."

"I was married on my twenty-first birthday, and new cares and responsibilities were added, and the labor of my life was by no means lessened by this step. My husband was a poor, but temperate and industrious young man, and we loved each other, and the future looked bright and hopeful. I had been preparing bedding, and little articles for our home comfort for a year before our marriage, and these, with the tract of sixty acres of land which my husband had taken up, upon which he had cleared about an acre and built a small log-house, and upon which he had made one small payment, was the sum total of our earthly possessions. And notwithstanding that we both toiled early and late, and for years hardly gave ourselves an hour for relaxation, it required our utmost exertion to make our annual payments, and to make both ends of the year meet.

"In the meantime the children came one after another, till there were six of them; and what with the care of them through all the little ailments that children are subject to, and the labor of contriving and carrying out the ways and means by which they were to be clothed and fed, my hands and mind were fully occupied.

"When little Ruth, my third child, was four years old she had a fall that injured her spine, and for twelve long years rendered her perfectly helpless. Much of the time she was a great sufferer both day and night, but she was so sweet, gentle and patient that it was a pleasure to take care of her. Her father made her a crib with rockers, and I used to rock her by the hour as I was washing, ironing of

sewing. She never grew very much after she was hurt, and I could carry her in my arms from the bed to her crib till the day of her death.

"Sometimes I would look away to the hills just bathed in the first rosy tints of sunlight, and think, Oh, if I had time but once to see the sun rise, and watch it lighten up the world with its glory, I should be too happy. Again I would be possessed with such a longing to run away into the cool, deep woods near by and rest for an hour.

"The children used to bring me handfuls of wild flowers, and I would put them in a cracked tumbler on the old-fashioned jamb, or in the window, or by Ruthie's crib, and be so refreshed by their fragrance, and the sight of them, and so thankful for the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little darlings that brought them, and I would think how desolate and cheerless my life would be without them, and for their sakes I would take new courage.

"Ruthie was very fond of flowers, and one cold winter's day, when she was much worse than usual, a neighbor brought her a half-opened rose from her monthly rose-bush. How her eyes brightened as she took it, and turning to me, she said: 'Mother, how sweet and pretty it is. I want you to pin it on my bosom when you put me in the coffin.' I was startled, for I had not thought of her as soon to leave us, but before nightfall she sweetly breathed her last with the rose tightly clasped in her thin fingers. We placed it upon her bosom, and wept over the little emaciated form as bitter tears as were ever wrung from human hearts. It seemed as if all our light had gone out in darkness, when the sweet, gentle one needed our care no longer.

"This was the first time death had visited us, but it was not the last. The following winter, Robert and Seth, one ten and the other eight years old, died within a week of scarlet fever.

"Years passed, the debt on the farm, by dint of hard labor and rigid economy, was paid off. Clearing and fencing was done, and farm implements and stock were added till it really began to look like living. Another forty-acre lot was bought and partly paid for, when your grandfather was taken sick with a lingering illness which left him a confirmed invalid requiring constant care and attention.

"In the meantime your father and your Aunt Mary had both married, and only your Uncle Charles remained at home. He said he would never leave us, and a good and faithful son he was, so kind to his invalid father and so tender to me. One day he came to me, and said: 'Mother, you have had a hard life of it, but that is past, and your future shall be as easy and bright as two loving children can make it. In one month I am going to bring home my bride, and she has promised to help me lift every burden, from your shoulders.'

"I knew and loved the sweet girl who was so soon to become my daughter, and placing my hand upon his head, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, and gave him a mother's blessing, and he put on his hat and went to a neighbor's near by to assist in raising a

barn. I went to the door and watched him through the gate and down the road, and his merry song floated back to my ears like strains of sweetest music.

"Alas, for human hopes! When I saw him again, he was—dead. A falling stick of timber had crushed out at once his life, and all my brightest hopes. The sweet girl-bride—that should have been—came and put her arms about my neck, and nestled close to my heart, as though beside me she could better bear her bitter grief. His father never rallied from the shock, and in one short week we laid him beside the children.

"Then your father took me home with him, and here I have found the first real rest I have ever known. I thank God every hour of my life for this peaceful, restful haven."

When the story was finished, Kate drew the patient face down to hers and kissed it again and again, and Daisy put her arms about the old lady's neck, and said: "Forgive me, grandma, for the cruel words I said this morning."

"There is nothing to forgive, dearie. No children in all the wide world could have been better and kinder than my Daisy and Katie, the dear boys and their good father and mother." CELIA SANFORD.

## A MEMORY.

THROUGH the daisied meadows,  
O'er the silvery tide,  
Through the leafy woodlands,  
With my bonny bride.

While the bird's songs chorded  
With the water's flow,  
Oft I loved to wander,  
In the long-ago.

Whiter than the daisies  
Was her forehead's snow;  
Redder than the clovers  
Was the cheek's rich glow.

More than bending grasses,  
Every movement's grace;  
Sweeter than all summer  
Was her fairy face.

When the fields are fairest,  
Sparkling shines the stream;  
When the woods are greenest,  
Then my heart doth dream

Of that happy idyl,  
Lived through summer's glow;  
Sweets, and flowers, and chorals,  
In the long-ago.

FANNIE.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Partington, some years ago on the twenty-second of February, as she watched the military pass by, "ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the worst of it is that his mantle-piece don't seem to have fallen on any man now living."

## AN OCEAN RIDE, AND THE NEW ITALY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM OMAHA TO CALIFORNIA."

**A**FTER spending several days in San Francisco, we went aboard the steamer, bound for San Pedro. As we gently floated from the wharf, the motion seemed pleasant and agreeable, and we banished all fears of seasickness. The bright, clear air, the sunny sky and tranquil blue waters, all seemed in harmony, and exerted a soothing influence over the mind. As we watch the rise and fall of the waters how grand we feel. Happy thoughts chase each other through our minds, and every new object seems to suggest a fit theme for a poem—every plash and ripple of the waters inspires some dreamy fancy or wild rhythmic measure, and like an echo to our own thoughts, from a distant state-room, in a pure, sweet voice, comes the melody of that grand old song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Memory struggles with strange vague recollections of some previous existence, when these same thoughts, feelings and privileges were ours. Did you ever in some specially happy moment have an indefinite sense of having enjoyed the same experience in some former life?

But alas! ere we pass the Golden Gate, "beauties of the deep sea," "previous existence," and present pleasures, are alike lost to us, and the beautiful thoughts that filled our minds are ruthlessly cast into oblivion, by a peculiar sensation which likewise hastens our footsteps in the direction of our state-rooms.

O seasickness! Thou cruel disturber of a tranquil mind! Thou relentless destroyer of so much anticipated pleasure! Thy name is a fit synonym for all that is unwelcome, disagreeable or offensive, yet thou followest the young voyager like some dread Nemesis. Though the sea was comparatively calm, we were obliged to keep our state-rooms during most of the voyage, thereby our admiration for Neptune was considerably diminished. From our windows we catch occasional glimpses of "the deep, heaving sea," but we found "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" a motion not conducive to rest. The morning of the third day we landed at San Pedro by means of a wretched little lighter, and went from thence by rail to Los Angeles. As we neared the city, the air seemed redolent of sweet perfume—a tropical fragrance entirely new to us. Having been deprived of the pleasure so long, we resolved to walk from the depot to the hotel, and I must say our first view of the "City of Angels" was rather unfavorable, being principally the Spanish portion.

We pass long rows of ruinous adobe houses, whose sombre walls seem fitted rather for those of a prison than a home, yet peeping from barred windows, we see mischievous little dusky faces, and floating in the air comes the melody of a song in the beautiful Spanish tongue. Ridiculous specimens of the Mexican juvenile gape at us from the narrow alleys, then with headlong haste, and boisterous mirth, scamper behind some convenient building. As we approach

the hotel the buildings become more modern, and we realize that the old Spanish town is rapidly verging into an American city. We rest at our hotel a few days, and then spend whole days driving through and around the city. The balmy air and sunny sky cause us to forget that it is January and not June, and at every turn we are greeted by some new surprise—the luxurious growth of rare plants which we were wont to see prosper only through the most careful hot-house culture. Piazzas are curtained with fuchsias and heliotrope, while the rose-geranium climbs the houseside to mingle its perfume with the honeysuckle and jasmine. Beautiful roses peep at us through fence pickets, superb roses nod at us from their tree-like stems, and exquisite roses beckon to us from the house-tops.

One day, passing near the cemetery, we beheld a party of Celestials wending their way, with roasted pig, to perform the last sad rites over the grave of a deceased brother. We halted to watch the ceremony, but were too distant to catch more than an indistinct sound of their chanting jargon as they slowly moved around the grave. We spend a week in Los Angeles, and then take the train and visit Santa Ana and some of the neighboring villages; we find the former a lively, stirring little city, its citizens enterprising, and business brisk, but the place offers few attractions to pleasure-seekers, except those interested in agriculture. We saw immense specimens of vegetable growth, from the famous Gaspel Swamp, and listened to incredible stories of enormous productions of that fertile section. The soil all through this vicinity is inexhaustibly fertile, and in many places requires no irrigation, and they possess excellent facilities where irrigation is necessary.

We spent some time at Orange, a little place (one can scarcely call it a town) only three miles from Santa Ana. There are a few business places, and around them are nice young orchards, and nestled in the midst of each, perhaps, a modest cottage—an unpretending, rather old-fashioned place, but a very Eden for those who love quiet and retirement. The Sierra De Santa Ana, a low range of mountains over which a lovely verdure is creeping, forms a somewhat circular background to the landscape on the north and east. Beyond them the San Bernardino rise in silent majesty, their lofty summits covered with snow, which lends a profounder gloom to the dark gray beneath. At all times the mountains are grand. Sometimes great billows of fog roll along between the mighty peaks assuming strange fantastic shapes in which an imaginative mind may read wondrous stories of beauty. Swift traveling clouds cast shifting lights and shades along their rugged sides, ever revealing some new object of beauty and interest. At sunset they are magnificent. The sunset light lends a roseate tint from crown to base, transforming the masses of snow into untold dazzling gem—nature's jewels, so conspicuously placed—and casting a soft radiance over the sombre gray, between which and us hangs a purple haze. One never wearies of the picture though daily repeated.

Even this, which seems to be mainly a New England settlement, has its quota of Chinese, who bring with them their native characteristics. One day, while out driving, our driver dropped his whip. The road was too narrow to turn without trouble, and having a wild, restless team, he hesitated to leave the carriage, but a Chinaman opportunely appeared just before us, and he politely requested him to get the whip, confident that it was only a few yards behind us. After repeating the request a dozen times and much gesticulating, John still looked at him with innocent perplexity, and kept saying: "Me no sabe Melican man" (American man). At a hint from a companion, the driver finally said: "John, you get me whip I give you two bits," when his perplexity immediately vanished, and he set off on a sort of trot, and soon returned with the missing whip, grinning broadly at the shining silver—the key to a Chinaman's comprehension. Sitting by our window, one day, we saw a Chinaman plodding along the road. He seemed footsore and weary. A lad on horse-back came up with him, and seemed urging him to ride. Having heard that John detests horse-back riding, and also feeling interested in the kind-hearted (?) youth, we watched and were surprised to see him mount behind the boy; but no sooner was he seated than the pony, previously a seeming quiet, well-conducted beast, commenced the most unhorsely performances—rearing, kicking, plunging and other accomplishments known only to a true broncho. John's face became the picture of terror, with frantic clutch he clung to his companion, his hat blew off and his queue came uncoiled and dangled around the pony's flanks, exciting him to new antics. John seemed ready to fall every moment, but still clung desperately to the boy, uttering the most lugubrious and unearthly yells, until favored by a side-long waltz of the mustang's, he alighted on a pile of weeds and rubbish, and with a look of wounded dignity, and unintelligible mutterings, he proceeded on his weary way. We heard a smothered chuckle from the boy as he rode away, and the perverse little beast immediately assumed a docile appearance.

From Orange we returned to Los Angeles, and from there to Santa Monica, a little city by the sea, only sixteen miles from Los Angeles. This little city is very unassuming, but is charmingly situated. The mighty Pacific forms the foreground, while behind it stretches thousands of acres covered with the most luxurions and beautiful growth of allfillerea. This plain has a gentle slope until it rises in the Sierra Santa Monica Mountains. The town itself is beautifully laid out in wide streets and broad avenues, which are bordered with encalyptus and pepper-trees, giving it from a distance the appearance of a grove. This place depends mostly on *nature* for its attractions, but her hand has been lavish. All tastes may find gratification in various ways (I mean the idle pleasure-seeker and tourist). Fishing and hunting are specially rewarded, and mountains and ocean afford numerous objects of interest to those who love picturesque scenery. When the tide is low, how delight-

ful to wander along the long stretch of white sand in quest of shells, which, contrary to our expectations, are seldom found—in our ignorance of the seaside we had thought they lay in countless masses, waiting to be appropriated, but their scarcity is compensated by our own appreciation of the few we find, and adds excitement to the search. The pebbly beach offers a thousand allurements to our restless feet, and when weary, what shall compare with the delicious sense of rest as we lounge on the clean white sand, and behold the glories of the mighty deep.

Far away where the sea and sky meet we catch the gleam of a white sail against the luminous azure, another and still another appears, and with field-glass we watch them tacking as they labor against the wind. If the atmosphere is clear we can see Santa Barbara Island, forty miles distant, faintly outlined against the sky, looming up from the calm waters like some leviathan of the deep arising from a bath. Farther south, and near the mainland, Santa Catalina is plainly visible, its bold, irregular coast forming a striking contrast to the placid waters; but the most interesting feature of these islands is the overhanging fog, which takes such curious shapes as it floats above them; sometimes it is like smoke from numerous chimneys, and again it floats in unshaped masses, until it reaches some forlorn peak where it assumes the form of towers, and fills up the irregularities of the mountain until it resembles some huge old ruined castle so closely, you are surprised to see it relapse into vapor. Nearer shore we see great, awkward porpoises lazily tumbling along through the heaving billows. Dignified little divers ride so gracefully on the breakers, now and then fearlessly diving beneath them. "There is a heart's delight in the racing billows, the noisy surf and the beautiful dashing spray," and what music shall compare with the grand anthems of the inrolling sea.

A few miles above the little city, the smooth, marble-like evenness of the beach is broken by numerous rocks, which increase until they almost blockade our progress. An immense mass of earth and rocks, which Father Time has thoroughly cemented together, has the appearance of having slipped from its original resting-place, so near the sea that at high tide the waves envelop it in their embrace. Through this rocky barrier is a single passage which bears the euphonious title of Arch Rock. The arch is perfect as if done by art, and gives ample room for the passage of teams. Perhaps at some antique period nature shut out from this charming retreat some savage race until, after due repentance, the capricious dame relented, and with her faithful servants, wind and tide, chiseled the shapely entrance. At full moon we make daily trips to these rocks in search of the marvelous treasures of moss and shells, and curious things from the sea, to be found among them, and clinging to their slimy sides. In our homeward ride we stop beneath the shade of friendly sycamores in the cañon (this cañon is called Old Santa Monica, and is two miles from its more recent namesake), and partake of our picnic-dinner,



or, as time orders, supper, perhaps. Reaching home we carefully place our feathery sea-moss to dry in its native brine, reserving the pressing and floating it until some foggy day prevents our going out. Even this Elysium has some foggy weather—it is said the past year has been unusually so—(all things not exactly pleasant are “*very unusual*” in California.)

The long moonlight evenings we walk along the cliff and alternately admire the ocean and shore. The soft, radiant light as it beams upon the placid bay, reminds one of descriptions of Greece and Italy, and we marvel if the fair moon sheds a clearer, softer light on their classic waters, than on these less celebrated. All things on sea and shore are glorified by the tender light, and regretfully we turn from the wondrous beauty to our needful rest within doors. Our excursions on the beach are scarcely more enjoyed than those we make to the mountains and neighboring cañons, which offer the most charming retreats for picnics among flowering shrub and creeping vine. Climbing up the mountain-sides we find a variety of the rarest and loveliest ferns which lift their delicate fronds among the mossy bowlders. Who shall describe their dainty loveliness? The delicious mountain air instills new life within us, and every pulse thrills with pleasure.

How improper it seems that hunger should intrude among these sylvan beauties, yet truth compels me to state that we are nothing loath when summoned to assist in preparing our woodland repast. That the male members of our party have not been idle, is proved by several brace of quails which are waiting to be broiled. What merry sport we have cooking these quail, and their appearance when brought to the table would not tempt the fastidious appetite, yet how savory they are. Riding home from the mountains against the sea breeze, which is often toward evening so strong as to debar the invalid and those of delicate complexion from venturing out, is to us the most invigorating, enjoyable ride imaginable—every breath of briny air has a health-giving, cheering influence. \* \* \* \* \*

And still we linger by the sea, and have not the desire or the will to leave its genial atmosphere.

H. B.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.—It is related of Bouvart, a French physician, that one morning as he entered the chamber of a certain marquis whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was addressed by his noble patient, thus: “Good-day to you, Mr. Bouvart! I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me.” “I am sure it has,” replied Bouvart, dryly. “The very first expression you used convinced me of it.” “Pray explain yourself,” said the marquis. “Nothing is easier,” was the doctor’s reply. “In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your ‘dearest friend,’ as you began to get better, I was your ‘good Bouvart,’ and now I am ‘Mr. Bouvart.’ Depend upon it you are quite recovered.”

## ALL IN THE SPRING-TIME.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY EMMA WILMOT.

### CHAPTER II.

“BELLE. Darrell has come,” was Harry’s greeting when she reached home, after her visit to Aunt Rachel’s.

“O Harry! And I have invited Nora to dine with us to-morrow!”

“The very thing.”

“Well, I think differently. Why did he come this week? I thought it was next.”

“So his letter said; but for some reason he came to-day.”

“Well, I suppose there is no way out of it now; Nora will have to come to-morrow.”

“Of course she will. She is pretty enough to meet Darrell had he traveled all over two worlds.”

“So she seems to think,” sarcastically.

“Now, Belle, be just. You know there is not a particle of vanity about Nora.”

She deigned no reply to this, but passed to her room, and in an hour was ready to meet Mr. Darrell. He was a man of about thirty, tall and well-built; closely-cut hair, no whiskers, but a full mustache. His manner was elegant but simple, such as always accompanies a liberal education and manly heart.

Soon Miss Hamil came in, and Belle laughingly asked: “So, Betty, you met my cousin and her dog this morning?”

Mr. Darrell seemed amused, but made no comment.

“Yes; who told you?”

“I heard it from Aunt Rachel. I was there, too.”

“I did not know she was a cousin of yours, though; she did not tell me.”

“What a wonder!” she laughingly replied. “Yes, she is a cousin of mine—in the third degree, I believe. Did her dog attempt to devour you?”

“Oh, he barked; but I believe that is a habit among dogs,” she replied, carelessly. “But Carlo and I are good friends now. So are his mistress and I—Miss Nora, I believe; she did not tell me any name but Nora.”

“Just like her—Montgomery.”

“Montgomery!” interrupted Miss Hamil. “What a beautiful name—Nora Montgomery!”

“Do you think so, Mr. Darrell? I never found it particularly attractive,” said Belle.

“I cannot tell, Miss Hammond, until I meet its owner. Names, to me, are so much a part of their possessors, that they are beautiful or hateful just as their owners make them.”

“Then, after you meet Miss Montgomery, forever you will like Nora,” said Miss Hamil. “And now that I come to think of it, her name *does* suit her; I could not imagine it any other than Nora.”

“You must not think strangely of my speaking in the way I did of my cousin just now,” Belle said to Mr. Darrell, quite confidentially, when Harry and Betty walked out upon the porch. “Betty and Harry are quite fond of each other, but Nora is a

mercenary little thing, and has set her heart upon becoming Mrs. Harry Hammond. She is not the person we would select as a wife for him; so mother and I often speak of her faults, as gently as we can, though, to keep him from becoming infatuated."

Belle had studied out this falsehood, and had in it a double motive.

"Miss Hamil's hold upon Harry cannot be very strong then—or rather you cannot have much faith in it."

"Yes, I have," she stammered; "but I do not know to what length Nora would go," she said, and changed the subject quickly.

Belle was a little—just a little, though—afraid of Nora's pretty face; so she wished to prejudice Mr. Darrell against her before he saw it.

"So you have seen our Hazel?" Harry asked of Miss Hamil as they sat at dinner.

"If Hazel is a synonym for Nora, yes," she replied.

"It is a synonym for Nora's own self. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes, I thought her very pretty," said Betty.

"And very conscious of it," put in Belle.

"When did she become so?" asked Harry.

"I will prove it to you. Read that," and she drew a note from her pocket. "She actually sent it to the house this morning by Carlo, while she sat under the trees in the lane. Her vanity would not allow her to wait until she returned herself."

Harry read it, and laughed loudly.

"Just like her! I would recognize the contents of that note in Egypt. Listen, Darrell. This is the best introduction I could give you. It is Nora's self. 'My Devoted Aunt: It has just occurred to me that I would like to know what kind of looking girl I am. Will you send by bearer my hand-glass, well wrapped, that I may be enabled to satisfy my curiosity at once.' Signed, 'Nora.'"

Mr. Darrell joined in the laugh.

"Did she get the glass, Miss Belle?" he asked.

"No, of course Aunt Rachel did not send it to her; so she came to the house herself. She must be a terribly vain girl who cannot do without her mirror between the times of making her toilet."

"Nora hasn't a particle of vanity," said Harry; "but I don't see how she keeps from it, for I cannot be where she is without spending seven out of every ten minutes feasting my eyes on her, to save my life. No man could. Darrell, you shall see her to-morrow and judge for yourself."

"Shall I? But do you know, Harry, there is nothing upon which people's opinion so differ as the beauty of the human face? What you consider divinely fair, I may think quite commonplace."

"But hers is not that kind. There can be no two opinions about it. Even those who dislike Nora acknowledge her beauty."

"You see how matters stand," said Belle to Mr. Darrell, when they were alone. "I hope you will not acknowledge to Harry how pretty you may think her, for she is pretty."

The appointed time for dinner had almost arrived, but Nora had not. Harry was entertaining Betty with some stereoscopic views in the strong light of a window, while Mrs. Hammond, Belle and Mr. Darrell sat conversing.

"Nora not come yet, mother?" asked Belle, as the silver tones of the clock announced the hour. "I cannot see how any one can dread the ordeal of dinner," she continued, "it is such a natural thing." She laughed softly, and looked very graceful, thrown back in an easy chair.

The door opened, and Nora entered. She was dressed—as Nora always did dress—in something every one admired while with her, but could not describe after she had left. Like her name, it was a part of herself, and the most any one ever heard of it was that it was pretty and becoming.

"Nora, you should never keep dinner waiting," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Have I?" she asked, not in the least embarrassed by the rather embarrassing remark, and looking at the clock. "It is one minute past five, and this is three minutes faster than your library clock."

"That's so, mother," said Harry. "Nora is in time."

Mr. Darrell bowed very low as they were introduced, and in Nora's eyes, for one moment, there was a look of surprise, as she recognized the tramp of yesterday; then she turned carelessly to Belle, who was slowly arising.

"Do not disturb yourself on my account, Belle," and passed on to speak to Miss Hamil.

Belle gave Mr. Darrell a look which said, "I told you so;" but she could not interpret the one which he gave in return.

"I looked for you in vain this morning, Miss Hamil. Did you walk in our direction?"

"No. I did not go out at all. Did you?"

"Oh, Hazel goes, rain or shine," interrupted Harry. "Does any kind of weather keep you in, Nora?"

"Yes," she laughed; "windy. But I brave even that if it lasts over two days."

"Why do you go so often, Nora?" asked Belle. "Simply searching for health?"

"No. I would hardly search for what I have in such abundance. And yet, if I look at it in that light, it cannot be pleasure, for I have it also in plenty; so I suppose I go because it is my nature to, and find both health and happiness in doing so."

"Are they to be found anywhere around here, hidden in the rocks and trees, Miss Montgomery?" asked Mr. Darrell. "If so, you should make the secret known to the world, and the way of making them yield up their treasures."

"It is a secret that cannot be imparted," she replied, pleasantly. "Each individual has to learn for himself. The key that unlocks the world and lets out happiness for me, might be useless in the hands of another."

Dinner was announced now, and Mr. Darrell looked in vain for the red face and awkward manner

that Belle had told him about. He noticed that Nora walked with Harry and Miss Hamil to the dining-room rather independently of that young gentleman, he thought, and that she was not in the least disconcerted by the rather long list of courses for an American table.

"Nora, we had quite a treat at dinner yesterday," said Harry.

"Indeed! In the shape of what?"

"A note," he replied, laughing.

"It must have been a valuable one."

"Valuable only to its writer, I think," said Belle.

"Why did you take such trouble to capture it, then, sister mine?" asked Harry, as he handed Nora a paper.

Mr. Darrell, watching her, saw the blood rush to her face, and an angry look dart toward Belle; then she answered simply, returning the note to Harry: "I hope you were all edified."

"Mystified, rather."

"Why, it is plain enough," she answered, the fun and good-nature again making her dark eyes sparkle. "I wanted to see how—how—how my complexion was coming on," she finally said, with a laugh; "but I had no idea any one but Aunt Rachie would see the note."

"Mr. Darrell, are the women of other countries as vain as American woman?" asked Belle, pointedly.

"I find human nature pretty much the same all over the world, Miss Belle," he answered.

"A South Sea Island beauty as vain over her scanty wardrobe as Belle or Nora here over their voluminous ones?" asked Harry.

"Please class me with the South Sea Islander, Harry," said Nora, quickly; "that word voluminous does not suit my wardrobe. Mr. Darrell, did you, in any clime, come across a woman without any vanity?"

"I have not been a very close observer of the fair sex, Miss Montgomery; but I expect there are many such."

"Poor things, I pity them! Nothing to be proud of!"

"Why, Nora!" exclaimed Harry. "What do you mean? I have been boasting that you had none."

"Then you made a wide mistake, for I am vain—at least—"

"What is it?" he asked, as she hesitated. "Out with it!"

"My hair."

"And what is there in that?" he asked, looking at the dark brown locks, that were bronze as the light fell upon them. "What can you find in it to cause vanity? Not its color, surely."

"I do not know, except when I meet old friends of my mother's they always say, 'She has her mother's hair;' and then I think in the whole wide world there can be none so beautiful."

"Nora, do not talk so much," said Belle, in an undertone, as they quitted the table. "Mr. Darrell

hates a talkative woman. He thinks a glib tongue the sign of an empty head."

"Then I shall teach him that all signs fail," she replied, with cool impudence. "Mr. Darrell," she called, stopping in a bay-window that commanded a fine view, "is there anywhere in the world a river so noble as ours?"

"Yes, Miss; in a very insignificant part of our own country, in a wee corner, seemingly cut off from the rest of the world, there flows a river, shorter, but as broad and far more beautiful than the Hudson."

"Then I should like to see it, for I have always considered ours—that is, the Hudson—the grandest in the world. It was not an impossible river you spoke of?" she said, suddenly.

"An impossible one!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Do not mind Nora's questions, Mr. Darrell," said Belle, who all this time had been standing aside, too angry to speak, "she asks the most unheard-of ones."

"An impossible one, Miss Montgomery!" he repeated.

"Oh, I mean a canvas one"

"A picture, do you mean?"

"Of course. The last time I was in New York, they took me to some famous gallery, and there, covering one entire end of the room, was a river, making the most frantic efforts to run up hill. So I thought perhaps your wee river in the wee country was one of these impossible ones."

"No," he laughed, "it is a *bond fide* one—and not a wee one, either."

"Then I hope I shall see it."

She had crossed her hands, and was leaning against the window, the sunlight falling upon her, lighting up the hair and transparent complexion, until Mr. Darrell thought, on canvas or off, he had never seen such a beautiful picture.

"So do I," he said, with more earnestness than the occasion required.

She looked up in surprise.

"But as I do not even know its whereabouts," she continued, "I will have to be contented with this," throwing up the window and passing out.

Mr. Darrell had been watching her so intently, that he was unconscious of Belle's presence until she touched his arm.

"Are you dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, laughing. "Miss Montgomery's conversation about rivers called up a little episode in my life that set me thinking."

### CHAPTER III.

"NOW, Carlo, you are still my best friend, because I never give up old ones for new; but if Miss Hamil is as nice upon acquaintance as she seems now, I should like her for a friend, too."

Nora was standing on the porch watching a figure walking slowly along the road. She was holding Carlo by the collar, and there was great intentness in her eyes (as there always was in her serious moods)

as she watched. Suddenly her whole face beamed with joy.

"Yes, my dog, she is coming for us. You see I was a little uneasy, for it was I who made the offer of friendship, and I did not know whether it would be accepted. But now that she has turned into the lane, we may go meet her; for, had she not wanted us, she would have gone on past. Then we could not have gone to her, for it would never do for people to say that Nora and her dog are intruders."

She tied her hat over the beautiful hair and hastened down the lane.

"Why didn't you come before?" said Miss Hamil. "I stopped under that large oak and waited for you. Didn't you see me?"

"Yes, but I was not sure you were coming for us," the slightest shade of pink coming into her face.

"Us!" exclaimed Miss Hamil.

"Oh, I mean Carlo and me," laughed Nora. "You see he is a very proud dog—in his way—prouder than even Mahomet, for Mahomet, when he found the mountain would not come to him, *did* go to the mountain. But Carlo waits, and would never go, unless, indeed, driven by Aunt Rachie."

"Ah! I understand," laughed Miss Hamil; "you never want to go to 'The Hammonds.'"

"Never!" very emphatically.

"Then I shall come often to you. Can we sit out on the porch?" she continued, as they entered the yard.

"Yes," replied Nora, drawing chairs in the shade of the vines; "but we will not have a chance for a quiet chat, as here come Mr. Darrell and Harry."

"Nora," called the latter from the gate, "may we enter?"

"Certainly. Lift up the latch and walk in, as they say to the children. Which way has fancy been leading you gentlemen this morning?"

"By the noblest river in the world," said Mr. Darrell, laughing.

"Then you acknowledge that your wee one is surpassed, or that the wee corner in which it exists is your imagination? Which?"

"I for a moment forgot my wee river, that is a real one in a real country. To it I still give the palm."

"Well, as I have not seen it, I cannot quarrel with you about it, much as I would like to."

"Are you fond of quarreling, Miss Nora?"

"It is my life. The most healthy exercise I ever engage in, and certainly the most pleasant," she laughed, making a wry face.

"I would hardly credit that if it were said of you."

"No? Credit it now, then, for I have reduced it to a fine art. The pleasure derived from it is unlimited. But don't talk about it, as I cannot engage in it now. Come look at my rockery."

"Is this the one you told me you made yourself?" said Betty.

"Yes; that is, Carlo and I. We hauled the stones from the spring. I pulled the wagon up full, and he took it back empty."

"Nora, I would be ashamed to tell it. Was there no one about the house to do it for you?" said Harry, angrily.

"Yes, an indolent young man, stretched back upon the porch in an easy chair smoking. *He* might have helped me, but for some reason did not. See, this is my wagon," drawing a little four-wheeled vehicle, that would have been the delight of any boy of twelve, from under the porch. "Carlo draws it splendidly empty, and I full; don't I, Harry?"

"I know nothing about it, except that I tried to prevent you hauling those great rocks up that hill."

"There, Harry! I did not intend to tell that you were the indolent young man on the porch; but—Mr. Darrell," suddenly, "did you ever read a book entitled 'The Dignity of Labor?'"

"No, Miss Nora."

"Now Harry does not think there is any dignity in it; but I will lend you the book."

"You can't, you have already loaned it to me," quite snappishly.

"Well, I suppose you will return it sometime. But I did not look very dignified that day, I must confess."

"You looked like a fright," interrupted Harry.

"Not a very dreadful one, then, for you stayed all day watching me; and, Betty, would you believe it, actually he had the impudence to walk out and inspect my work after it was completed."

She had moved toward a gate at the side of the yard as she talked, and was passing out, when Harry stopped her.

"No, Nora, we are not going to look at your spring. Darrell and I must be going."

"Must you, Mr. Darrell? It is not far. Just along this path through the wheat, and over that little hill."

"I see no necessity for our going yet, Harry, and I should like to see the spring. Is it like the river, the most beautiful in the world, Miss Nora?"

"Yes, unless you know of a wee one that outshines it."

"I can recall no very beautiful one; though I think the spring out of which I used to drink, when a boy at school, the dearest one. Clear as crystal, and always cool! We boys used to make cups of our hands, so, for the girls. Ah, such water—such girls! Does your spring surpass it, Miss Montgomery?"

"It certainly has no such memories for me; but look for yourselves. Isn't it beautiful?"

Over the hill and under the trees was a spring, several yards square, with the water bubbling up through the silver sand, and flowing off in a little rivulet over the whitest of stones.

"If you will sit here on the bank, I will bring you some water in one of my cups."

She pulled several leaves from a bush, and was forming one, when Mr. Darrell came to her side.

"No, give me one of my cups," and he fixed her hands together.

"After I have washed them I will."

She dabbled the little white fingers in the rill,

then dipping them into the spring, offered them to him full of water. Harry was now standing by them, and after Mr. Darrell had finished she offered him some in like manner. He refused, and with a little laugh she offered the same to Mr. Darrell.

"I have hopelessly offended you, haven't I, Harry?" she asked.

He made no reply, but slipping Betty's hand through his arm, they walked around the spring and followed the little stream through the wheat.

"We will sit here and wait for them, Mr. Darrell," Nora said; "then you can tell me something more of your spring."

"I think I condensed the entire history of it in those few sentences awhile ago. Would you not rather hear something of the river?"

"Yes, do tell me."

"As I said, it is a most beautiful one, that winds serpent-like through a low country; but at one of its loveliest bends there is a promontory, and upon it stands an old stone house, surrounded by beautiful grounds. It was there that one of the girls lived that used to drink out of my hands at school. I always loved her, from a boy; that is why giving her water in my hands was the most pleasant duty I had to perform the whole day through. Well, one evening, after she was grown and had become too dignified to take it in that way, I was at her house upon this river. It was strawberry season, and we were going to have our tea under the trees down by the spring, with our berries. In a spirit of mischief, I said to her: 'Nora'—her name was Nora—"take a drink from my hands as we used to do when we were children." 'No,' she said, 'you drink from mine.' As I bent my head to the cup she formed, I noticed the glitter of a handsome diamond. 'It is my engagement-ring,' she said, as she saw me start. 'I will give you yours to-night.' I had been engaged to her for several years, and she almost broke my heart; but I have never seen her since that night."

As he ceased speaking, he looked at Nora for the first time, and saw that tears stood in her eyes, while her whole sweet face was full of sympathy.

"Are those tears for me?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, and for her, too."

"Why for her? She is happy."

"Ah! but I know she has spent many miserable hours since."

"You mistake. I hear from her occasionally, and she is always well and happy."

"Then they must be for you," laughing. "I never was in love myself, and cannot understand exactly, but I know while you spoke I was very sorry for somebody. The one that suffered most, whichever that was. Would you come to a 'tea-drinking' of mine, if I had one?"

"With pleasure."

"Then I shall have one next week. Let me see, right here, on this very spot, with strawberry accompaniment—only Nora will be left out."

"You?"

"No; your Nora of the wee river. But Belle will

be here, and Betty and Harry, of course. Come," she said, jumping up, "let us go and invite them at once."

"Wait," he said, putting out his hand to detain her. "Let me tell you—the wee river story (I shall always call it that now) has never been mentioned before, either to or by me."

"I understand and appreciate your confidence. Beside, I am so sorry for you and Nora; for I cannot help thinking that she, too, needs sympathy."

## OCTOBER.

THE maples bold to crimson blush beneath the  
the frost-king's kiss,

The winds of every other land, balm-freighted,  
breathe on this;

The south wind from magnolia groves and bowers of  
jessamine,

The west from woods and prairies vast, his feet are  
tangled in;

The north wind bears the breath of pines upon his  
restless wings,

And spicy hints of far-off isles the roving east wind  
brings.

October! hail, all hail to thee! fair queen of our  
own clime,

Beyond all else the year may boast, thine is the  
golden time;

Thy trailing robe is on the hills, thy footsteps fair  
we see,

A witness of thy kingly touch is every bush and  
tree.

Steadfast and strong the dark-limbed oaks their  
blood-red banners hold,

And side by side with russet beech flame elms of  
palest gold.

The forests set their colors off by hemlocks dark  
between,

The skies a deeper azure take, the fields a paler  
green,

The apple-orchard's mellow breath sweetens the  
dreamy air,

And nature holds a truce with death to make herself  
more fair.

MARJORIE MOORE.

DUTIES.—There are some duties which should be performed to-day, yet they will wait as patients in the ante-room of a physician. The ante-rooms of many souls are filled with duties that have been waiting, one two hours, another a month, a third a year; and one old grave duty, leaning on his crutch, says: "Ah, I have waited forty years for audience, and have not yet found it!" Some duties come at last, like the bailiff with his warrant, or the sheriff with his writ; they will follow you and dog your footsteps until you shall give them audience. There are some duties that can only be done to-day—to-morrow's duties being those of reparation.

## MAY'S STRATAGEM.

"MAY, are you busy this morning?"  
 "No; what do you want me to do?"  
 "Nothing very serious, dear; but I have broken the clasp of my bracelet, and I want you to try to get it mended for me. Any jeweler would do it; but I must have it this evening to wear at Mrs. Dane's."

The speaker is my Cousin Lili. She is trying on her hat before the looking-glass of our pleasant sitting-room. I am on my knees at the side-board cupboard, putting away the butter, and sugar, and marmalade that we have been using for breakfast.

"All right," I reply, gayly, sweeping the crumbs off the one small shelf into my lap. "Hurrah, Lili—here is a tin of oysters! Suppose we have them for breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"You'd better not suggest anything so extravagant to Aunt Mary," says Lili, laughing; "and that reminds me—when is she coming home?"

"This evening, I believe. Fanny is much better, and auntie hopes to be able to leave by the four o'clock train."

"That means she will be here by six at latest. We'd better have some cutlets for tea; don't you think so?"

"Yes; I'll see to them," I answered, locking the cupboard and rising with difficulty to my feet; "and, if I have time, I will go to Piccadilly and get some American tomatoes."

"Good girl!" says Lili, tenderly. "And here is the bracelet. If you were to go to Leigh, he would tell you at once where to take it."

"I shall have no occasion to trouble Leigh," I reply, shaking my linen apron in the fender; "I have seen a working-jeweler's shop not very far away, and I will take it there first."

Lili makes her books and music into one parcel, gathers her long black dress into its fastener, and, kissing me affectionally, hurries away. She is a dear little hard-working governess, also a very fine musician, and, between the two, she earns a very comfortable livelihood. She shares a charming suite of apartments with a widowed aunt, who is very much attached to her, and who, in my opinion, is the very model of chaperons. Mrs. Leslie, or Aunt Mary, as we call her, has been away for some days visiting a sick friend in the country. Lili is engaged to be married to Charlie Dane, the son of a near neighbor of ours at home; and to-night he and Lili are going to a party given in their honor by the uncle who has brought Charlie up. I have been invited too; but, alas, I have no costume gorgeous enough to appear in as Lili's friend, so I do not go!

Charlie is a handsome, clever fellow, and is fast rising in his profession as an architect; but I do not like him, and Lili's devoted love for him has always been a matter of astonishment to me. She is so pure, and good, and lovely; and, if Charlie lives to be a hundred years old, he will never be worthy of her. However, Lili has chosen to marry him, and perhaps there is more good in him than I imagine.

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Having tidied up our small parlor and watered the flowers, I array myself for taking Lili's bracelet to be mended; and, after five minutes' chat with our amiable landlady, in which I inform her of the time of my aunt's arrival, and what we shall want for tea, I let myself out into the warm spring sunlight, and saunter delightedly down the street.

Suddenly some one touches me lightly upon the shoulder, and a voice inquires breathlessly whither I am going. The hand and voice are Charlie's.

I tell him I am going on an errand for Lili, and bid him good-bye at least half a dozen times, while he coolly walks on by my side.

"Don't be angry," he says, trying to get into step with me; "I've nothing particular to do this morning, and I want to have a talk with you. I suppose I can go on Lili's errand, too?"

"No, you cannot," I reply, crossly. "I do not want you with me."

"You never do, May; you avoid me as though I had the plague."

"I do nothing so flattering; I am perfectly indifferent about your movements generally, but this morning I prefer my own company to anybody else's."

"You won't let me accompany you?"

"No; I will not." I have come to a dead stop, but Charlie does not seem to notice it.

"Let me accompany you this once, May, and I'll never bother you again."

"No; you shall not," I cry in a rage. "I don't want you, and I won't have you—there!"

"Indeed," answers Charlie. "But, having made up my mind to keep with you, I don't see how you can prevent me."

"Don't you? Very well then—I will show you;" and, running up the steps of a large house we have just passed, I violently ring the bell, and Charlie is left alone.

Leigh Morton, at whose house I have taken refuge, is my cousin. He is an artist, and very poor, but he is clever, and he works hard; so some day, if health and fortune do not forsake him, he may be rich and famous. It is many weeks since I have been in Leigh's studio, and he may not be at home. My heart throbs so loudly that I think some one must hear its beating, while I wait for an answer to my summons. Then the door opens, I step into the cool, dark hall, and Leigh himself is coming down the grand though dilapidated stairway to meet me.

"Why, what a surprise!" he cries, with a genuine tone of welcome in his voice. "And all alone, too! Come into my room and let us have a nice quiet chat."

Leigh's room is large and bare; there are no rich draperies, or old armor, or antique cabinets to give an air of culture and mystery to the pictures he labors over so faithfully. He is no dilettante, painting for pastime, but a man of intense thought and feeling, who has something to express by his art, and, in following after his highest ideal, he forgets at times the need for wealth and leisure to insure him success for his mighty efforts.



Then, again, his health is very delicate, and he has no one to look after him and see that he does not kill himself by overwork and lack of the commonest comforts of life—no one indeed, but the little Frenchman, M. Rolfe, who shares his studio, and engraves for a living the pictures of more successful men than his friend.

M. Rolfe comes forward and chatters to me in his funny broken English; and then I sit down by Leigh's easel, and tell him about the bracelet. He examines it carefully, and carries it away for a few minutes, then returns with the welcome intelligence that he can get it mended for me by six o'clock.

"I will bring it along myself," he says, kindly, "and pay my respects to Aunt Mary at the same time. And now tell me all about the country, May, and what it was like when you last saw it."

Leigh adores the country, and knows every inch of Glenthorn better than even I do; yet I describe the lanes, and woods, and fields to him as though he had never seen them in his life, and answer all his questions about the people and the place until I think it is time to go.

"Come early, Leigh," I say, at parting. "Aunt Mary will be so glad to see you. Lili and Charlie are going to a party to-night, and we can have such a good talk; and I will play to you, if you like, all your favorite airs from *Faust*."

"Thanks, May; I will come—never fear."

My heart seems overflowing with joy as Leigh takes my hand upon the threshold of the room and escorts me down the stately stairs to open the hall door for me; and, with many injunctions to him to remember the bracelet and to come early, I pass out again into the brilliant light of the streets.

Having nothing particular to do, I decide to go home, get a basket, and invest in various small luxuries from the American store.

"What a shame," I think to myself, "that Leigh should have to work so hard! How pale he looked, how thin he is, and how frightfully he stoops, while Charlie——"

But, with Charlie's name upon my lips, I run against Charlie himself at the corner of the street. He is anxiously examining the contents of a *bric-à-brac* shop-window until I pass him, then he hurries after me.

"May, why are you so unreasonable?" he says, determinedly. "I know you went into Morton's only to escape me; so I have waited for you. I have made up my mind to speak to you alone to-day, therefore you might as well listen quietly."

"I cannot hear a word you say," I shout, as a deafening railway-van thunders along the street. "What do you want to talk to me about that you must see me alone?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No more than Adam," I reply, with forced hilarity. "But, if we are to talk, let us get into some quieter place; I can hardly hear my own voice in this hubbub."

"Shall I call a hansom, and drive to the park?"

"Certainly not, when an omnibus will take us there in five minutes. But I cannot waste my time in the park to-day; I have to go into Piccadilly to get some things for Aunt Mary."

"All right," says Charlie, firmly; "then we will go to Piccadilly; but the park will be delicious this morning. Never mind your errands for once, there's a dear girl. Come with me into the park now, just for ten minutes."

So we go into the park, and walk away from the beaten track, over the green spring grass, in sight of the blue sky and freshly-leaved trees; and so soft and balmy is the gentle breeze that one might well imagine the great expanse of flickering greensward to be a hundred miles from the dust, and noise, and heat of the metropolis.

At last we seat ourselves under a fine old elm, and there I listen to Charlie's story. At first I am too much astonished to say anything; I sit quite still, my eyes fixed upon the dancing sunlight on the waters of the lake, while the carriages flash past like phantoms in a dream, and Charlie's words re-echo themselves dully in my brain. Then suddenly I seem to understand clearly what he is saying, what he means, and great pain and terror succeed the quietness.

He tells me that it is I, and not Lili, whom he loves—that, much as he admires and esteems his betrothed, he has lately lost his heart entirely to me—that he was really in love with Lili in the old days when they were children together, and that afterward, when they were first engaged, he seemed to love her very much; but that was before he saw me; then I came to visit her, and he loved me from the first moment he saw me, and, having struggled against his love for long enough, he had at last determined to make an effort to free himself and win me for his wife.

This is the substance of Charlie's communication—and I am bound to believe it is true, so earnestly and passionately does he speak; he declares that he will confess all to Lili, and trust to her pride and generosity to release him from his engagement to her.

"You are mad," I cry, at last, struggling to speak quietly and calmly—"simply mad! I do not love you, and wouldn't marry you were you free fifty thousand times! Is it to hear this stupid nonsense that you persuaded me to come hither with you to-day? I wish I had never seen you, nor Lili either!"—confusing my meaning in my distress. "How dare you talk so wickedly to me—Lili's friend—who has never done you any harm in her life? If it were not for Lili, I would never speak to you again."

I turn away from Charlie and beat my foot angrily upon the soft, spongy grass. The sunlight dances and shimmers through the leafy boughs under which we sit; a blackbird begins to utter one or two melodious notes from a small plantation just before us. Never, so far as I can trace back, have I given Charlie the slightest ground for belief that I would marry him if he were free. I would not marry him if he were the only man in the world. I should

always have thoroughly disliked him had he not been Lili's lover. Lili loves him—indeed trusts him, honors him; there must then be something good in him, or he could not have gained Lili's love so completely. This is simply a temporary fit of lunacy. He has taken my hand, and I feel that he has put something on one of the fingers. It is a diamond ring; I see the sudden wonderful flashing of the stone's rays; and then Charlie pleads again, pale and trembling with excess of emotion.

"May, darling, do not be angry with me for loving you better than life or honor. I cannot help it. It is my fate. Turn your face to me once more, and tell me that you love me a little. Ah, I know you would listen to me were it not for Lili! I know I could make you love me if you would but let me. My dearest, do not shake your head; I do not believe that you do not love me. And I will never give you up—never, never—I swear it, darling—while you remain free for me to love and win!"

I wrench my hand from Charlie, and the ring drops at his feet.

In my desperation a wild idea flashes into my mind and I avail myself of it unhesitatingly.

"But I am not free," I gasp, hardly knowing what I am saying; "and, if you were so this minute, it could make no difference to me, because I am already engaged."

Charlie steps back some paces, and looks at me critically.

"You are not speaking the truth, May. I don't believe a word of it."

I drop my head on the arm of the seat I am leaning over, and almost cry with anger and vexation. If I were sure Lili would not mourn too much for the loss of her lover, I would defy Charlie and rush home to her at once. But I know Lili could not love any one lightly; and, after all, I have a little faith in Charlie's goodness of heart; and, if I play my part well, he may in the future love Lili better than he has yet done.

"Who is the happy man who has gained your love?" says Charlie, after waiting for me to speak. "Tell me his name, or I will not believe you."

I shake my head, and mentally run over the list of my acquaintances who have at various times paid me some slight attention; but I do not succeed in fixing upon one in particular.

"It is not Leigh, surely?" asks Charlie, in a tone of amazement. "It cannot be Leigh—Leigh Morton; yet there is no one else. May, is it Leigh?"

I nod my head affirmatively, and breathe freely again. Leigh will do, I think to myself, better than any one I could have mentioned, for he is slightly related to me; but my face turns a brilliant crimson as I watch Charlie's chagrin.

"Leigh Morton, a penniless, sickly artist, who will never be able to marry you until you are an old woman—if he can then. O May, it is preposterous! What are your friends about that they do not interfere and prevent such an absurd engagement?"

"Don't abuse my property!" I answer, proudly. "And let us keep this morning's talk a secret from everybody. I shall not betray you; and Lili is still your betrothed, you know. I shall go away to-morrow, and you will soon forget me. Very likely we shall never meet again, especially"—with a great gulp, and feeling very guilty—"if Leigh should go to Italy, as he talks of doing; we might be middle-aged people before we returned to England."

"I don't know about Lili," says Charlie, sadly, "she ought not to marry me without knowing of my love for you."

"Rubbish!" I cry, in alarm. "You don't love me a bit like you do Lili. It is the merest fancy of the hour. Lili has been your sweetheart for years, and is one of the sweetest, truest girls in the world. When I am gone, you will wonder how for one moment you could have been false to her."

"You are very good, May; and I suppose you are right. Heaven knows I would atone to Lili if I could; and perhaps if I told her—"

"You would kill her, Charlie—indeed you would. Lili would never forget it. The whole thing is over and done with. Put it entirely out of your thoughts forever; promise me you will before I go. You must—you shall promise me."

"I will promise you, May," says Charlie, resolutely; "and, what is more, I will be worthy of Lili's love for your sake."

"No, no," I answer, laughingly, "not for my sake, but for her own."

Then, according to my wish, Charlie calls a hansom, and I am driven home alone in a state of mind better imagined than described; for in getting out of one difficulty I have but got into another.

I forgot to tell Charlie that my engagement is a profound secret, and he will, of course, ask Lili about it when he sees her to-night, and Lili will question me, and what shall I say? The more I think of my position the worse it appears; and, as the day wears on, my distress of mind becomes unendurable.

At six o'clock Aunt Mary arrives, and is soon disrobing in her own room; at a quarter-past I make the tea and set the tea-things ready on the table. The cutlets are simmering in the fender, and the tomatoes are boiling in the dish beside them. I have opened the tin of oysters, and lit the little spirit-lamp to warm them when wanted. Our meals are generally taken in a somewhat primitive manner; but they are none the less enjoyable on that account. I rush to the window every few moments, and look anxiously across the square. If Aunt Mary should come down before Leigh arrives, how am I to tell him of the liberty I have taken with his name?

Presently a knock comes at the door. It is Leigh with the bracelet.

My face reddens painfully as I meet him; and, taking the little case from him, in my confusion I lay it down on the top of the oysters, and rush madly into my subject.

"Leigh," I begin, gayly, as though I were repeat-

ing a joke, "what do you think I said for fun this morning, because Charlie Dane was teasing me? I said I was engaged to you, and he believes it's true; and I want you"—in my most coaxing manner—"to pretend that it is so this afternoon."

Leigh looks at me with an intense expression of amusement, and comes closer to me.

"May I, in that case, have the privileges of a lover?" he asks.

"I don't know what they are," I answer, laughing; "but don't do anything more absurd than you can help."

"You see I might have known what was expected of me," he replies, gayly; "for I purchased these for you on my way here. A true-lover's gift, are they not?"

He takes a little bunch of white violets from his pocket, and presents them to me.

"They are delicious, Leigh. I am so much obliged to you. Really, you are too kind."

"Not for our new relationship, darling," says Leigh, grandly.

"Don't call names, if you please," I reply, burning myself with the handle of the teapot; "and remember that we are only playing at being engaged. Here is Lili at last!"

Lili comes in very wearied with her day's work, and Aunt Mary joins us almost directly. We wait some time for Charlie, and then begin our tea. I am nearly wild, thinking Charlie will not come at all; but he arrives when we have half-finished our meal, and complains of having a violent headache. Lili gives him her easy-chair, Aunt Mary finds him her strongest salts and I pour him out my best, last cup of tea. But I hardly speak a word to him; I devote myself entirely to Leigh.

Leigh is not at all like himself to-day; he looks younger, and brighter, and handsomer than I have seen him; and I find myself positively blushing once under the spell of his dark, earnest eyes.

Lili and Charlie depart together for their party; and, having seen them safely driven away from the door, I return to Aunt Mary and Leigh. But the latter meets me in the passage, and suddenly, without a word, takes me in his arms and closes my lips with one long, passionate kiss. I break away from him, angry and indignant, and vanish for the remainder of the evening.

Lili comes back very late, or rather early in the morning, with a splendid ring shining on her hand. She is radiant with love and happiness. She throws herself in her soft, white loveliness by the side of the little bed on which I am lying in my dressing-gown, and wakens me from my first sleep to hear her happy news.

Charlie has made her promise to marry him in a month. They are to go to Rome and Paris. Charlie is so noble, so generous—in fact, Charlie is a hero, and her cup of happiness is filled to the brim, and running over. I sit up in bed and listen dreamily to her excited, eager talk, and then I fall asleep again, remembering only Leigh, his kind eyes, his tender

smile, and the one passionate kiss that had sealed my lips in the door-way.

Two months after this, Lili and Charlie are married, and I am at home again with my mother, and devoting myself to the manifold duties of village school-teaching. It is a very quiet life I lead, and it is rather dull after my exciting visit to town; but Leigh writes to me sometimes, and I rejoice to know of Lili's happiness.

One evening, when I return home after my day's work, I find a stranger in our little parlor, lazily lying at full length upon the old-fashioned sofa, and blowing clouds of tobacco-smoke through our rose-garlanded window. My mother is in the kitchen, with her best Sunday dress on, and the snowiest of tables holds a sumptuous repast ready to be consumed at a moment's notice. Flowers and fruits grace the more substantial dishes, and mother has positively got our occasional maid, Berry, to help her to do honor to our unexpected guest.

"Run, May, and get dressed," she says, tenderly, pushing me out of the kitchen—"never mind who is in the parlor—for you are not fit to be seen."

\* But the stranger in the parlor thinks otherwise; and at the sound of my voice he comes through the door into the kitchen, stooping to avoid knocking his head against the low rafters. It is Leigh Morton.

My dress is a flowered print of the commonest kind, and my straw hat, which has done duty for two summers, cost originally thirteence-half-penny. Picture this costume, embellished with fragments of hay and various bunches of poppies, which the children have adorned me with in our walk home through the hay-fields, and you have me exactly as I stand when Leigh comes in.

But, instead of shaking me quietly by the hand in his usual sober way, he looks at me with eyes overflowing with love and admiration, and puts his arm round me and kisses me.

"Don't be frightened, darling," he says, smiling at my astonishment. "It wouldn't do to keep our engagement a secret any longer, for I could not live without a sight of you again; so I have told the mother all about it; and she is quite willing you should wait for me and be properly engaged, although I expect you'll get a scolding for leaving me to enlighten her upon the subject. Is it not so, mother?"

For a moment only my astonishment keeps me passive and silent; then I turn away from the two smiling, loving faces that are so enjoying my mystification, and rush headlong from the house. "Angry" and "indignant" are mild words to express my state of mind in those first few moments.

Leigh hurries after me, and joins me at the orchard stile.

"It was cruel, ungenerous, unmanly of you," I cry, excitedly, keeping my face well away from him; "you knew from the first that it was only in fun!"

"You must speak for yourself, May," Leigh answers gravely, taking my reluctant hand and holding it fast in his own two large ones. "You were in fun

and I was in earnest; that is the only difference between us; but, before I can be quite sure that you were only in fun, and that you wish me still to think so, turn your face to me so. Was there not a little love left for me, darling, after the fun was a thing of the past?"

For reply I drop my head upon his arm, and his passionate words and tender kisses steal all my heart away.

Forgetful of the meal waiting for us, we remain in happy talk at the mossy foot of an ancient apple-tree; and it is not until my mother comes out into the garden, looking anxiously all around, that I remember exactly what drove me from the house before my toilet was made.

When the twilight falls, Leigh and I pass into the soft, still air of the garden, and live the happiest hours that have ever yet come to us in life. I learn how long he has loved me, how despairingly, how hopelessly, until that sweet spring evening when my playful declaration suddenly gave him the courage and determination to keep me his own forever. The stars come out, and the golden moon shines over the tall elms that whisper lovingly above our little red-roofed cottage. The garden paths are dim and gray, and the lupins stand up in the faint light like sentinels about the fragrant porch door. Beautiful as my home is, and sweet as is my life, they both seem hateful to me when Leigh tells me we must part. For poverty is hard to bear, and success has not yet crowned his efforts, and he is too proud to ask me to share his cares and loneliness.

"Leigh, why don't you let me go back with you now?" I say at last, after a severe struggle to keep my proposition to myself. "It is so wretched to part with you, to live so long, so very long, without you. Leigh, why do you not ask me to come? Why do you let me say all this?"

A sudden splendid light flashes into his dark face, and he holds me fast in his arms.

"May, my darling, would you really come?"

"Try me," I say, thankful that he cannot see my blushes in the moonlight.

"Dearest, the life is very hard, and full of troubles and crosses; but, with you, it would be a paradise to me. Do you really mean that you would come to my rooms—live the life I live? May, speak—my wife, will you come?"

I lift my face, and meet his earnest, thrilling eyes, and answer: "Yes."

I am only a little, simple country girl—poor, indeed, but with a name and reputation among my simple kinsfolk. No one will oppose my wish and determination to share my betrothed's life and labors—my mother, who adores him, least of all.

Before he leaves us this night, everything is settled. M. Rolfe will have to find another studio, and Leigh will save no end of money in models. I shall keep the rooms, cook the dinner, do all the marketing and sit to Leigh for all the pictures he paints.

Mother has proposed that we spend our honeymoon with her; for Leigh needs a long rest in the

fresh, fair country he has been absent from so long; and Leigh has assented joyfully.

And now he has gone back to town to make a few other arrangements, and to work and wait for a month until he returns to me to claim me for his wife.

The month is over at last. I have said farewell to all my school-children, and, upon this last evening, am putting the finishing touches to my sweet white bridal dress. I have made it myself, and have embroidered it with green leaves and snowy violets, in memory of the flowers Leigh first gave to me. And the little house, in its nest of greenery, is bright and beautiful as loving hands can make it. Not a cloud is in the sky. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, for the full, rich summer is over all the land. And that is Leigh's voice in the hall, Leigh's step at the door. I turn with my precious robe in my hands, and am caught and clasped to his heart, half-smothered in the folds of my lovely work.

What memories this bridal-dress will have, for tomorrow is our wedding-day!

## MEDICINE IN THE DARK AGES.

JOHN GADDESSEN, a court physician to Edward I, and author of the "*Rosa Medica*," speaks pompously of his gains and presents. His work is full of medical "secrets," which he entreats his readers not to divulge! He speaks exultingly of his own adroitness in disposing of a worthless receipt to the barber-surgeons, toward whom he entertained a true professional contempt. He enjoyed a lucrative practice at court. He was a perfect courtier; and when a scrofulous complaint did not heal under his treatment, he recommended the patient to apply to the king, that by the touch of royalty he might be effectually cured. He united the practice of surgery with that of physic; and speaks so egotistically of his skill in bone-setting, that one is reminded of the fact that quackery and puffing tarnished the profession in those days as well as now. But with all his anxiety to impress his readers with his learning, he is grossly superstitious, and his treatment of court patients was absurd in the extreme. To cure the smallpox, he caused the whole body of the sufferer to be wrapped in red cloth; this he calls an excellent cure, and affirms that it was in this manner that he treated the son of the noble king of England when he had the smallpox; and "I cured him," he adds, "without leaving any marks."

MEN suffer as well as women from ill-sorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a draught of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to be thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engaging himself to her. Then be not in too great haste to marry; reflect well and earnestly before taking this most important step in life.

## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

## CHAPTER XII.

I DID not see Mrs. Catherwood again for several weeks. Then it was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff. The bridal party had returned, and there was a wedding reception to which I went with my sisters. There had been very little time during these few weeks in which Olive was absent from my thoughts; but a change in the state of my feelings, as well as in the character of my sentiments, had been steadily progressing. She was to me, now, as one removed to a distance, and out of the sphere of my immediate care and protection; and yet, as one in whose happiness I retained the deepest interest, and to secure which I was ready to do and to sacrifice everything in my power.

A feeling of tender regard and concern was coming in place of the old, eager passion, which had not burned itself out, consuming everything, and leaving only dead ashes. The flames had been stifled, while yet the best that was in me remained without the mark of fire upon it. Out of the heat and blinding smoke I was coming, and as my sight grew clearer, I saw everything in new relations. I had moved forward in life—had come into a different state; and all things, from my change of position, were taking on new aspects and new meanings, yet in no case were these so far removed from the old aspects and meanings as not to be influenced by them. My movement was in a gyre, which widened at each return; drawing itself a little away from the old state, yet never so far as to be wholly beyond its influence.

To Olive's wedding I had gone with a kind of desperate reluctance, as a condemned criminal might go for sentence. Had it not been for the appearance of things, I would have absented myself from the reception which was given at the close of the bridal tour; for I did not yet feel strong enough to meet Olive with that self-control which would enable me to hide every sign of the old feeling that was now held under strong repression.

A single glance at Olive, as she stood beside her husband in the midst of congratulating friends, and with light and smiles playing over her beautiful face, told me that she, also, had passed through changes of state, and that she was not now the same Olive I had known. What the new states were, I had not the skill to read from any signs that were visible; but one thing was plain—she had not risen into a happier consciousness of life. The old freedom and spontaneity were gone; and constraint was apparent—at least to me—in every movement of her body and play of her features. As I took her hand, she returned the pressure with a sudden, quick clasp that sent a strange feeling along my nerves, and from the effect of which I did not get wholly free during the entire evening; nor, indeed, in a long time afterward. Forever, as thought recurred to the incident, the

question would come, "What did it mean?" Was it the half-blind catching after a straw by one who felt herself borne helplessly away? Or only the unmeaning response of sensitive and over-strained nerves? I could not tell.

As I turned from Olive, I met the eyes of Mrs. Catherwood. She was standing beside her husband. The contrast between these two struck me with great force. Her face was refined and sensitive; his, hard and cold. In one you saw the confident, proud, strong-willed man of the world—built of tough but coarse material. In the other a woman of delicate physical and mental organization, though with a face usually so calm when at rest as to be almost impassive; but when excited with interest singularly expressive and alive with feeling. I had seen her in company with her husband only a few times, and I noticed now what I had observed before, that she stood a little turned away from him. His bearing was erect and his head thrown back with an air of personal consequence; hers was bent slightly forward, as one not free from an intrusive sense of humiliation.

As I turned and crossed the room, I met the eyes of Mrs. Catherwood, which, after an instant of close scrutiny, brightened. It was not long before she drifted from the side of her husband, and made her way to where I was standing a little out of the crowd, and near an oriel window. Taking my hand and holding it for several moments, she said, with a gentle familiarity that drew me even closer to her than before: "It is ever so long since we have seen each other, Davy. I've been away in B—, and am glad to get back again into quiet Oakland. How have you been?"

I made no reply beyond the steady look which I gave to the eyes that were reading my face all over. She was satisfied with what she saw.

"All will be well in the end, Davy, if we are true to the right," she said, a smile softly touching her lips. "We may have sadly tangled the skein of our lives, or others may have tangled it for us; but every knot may be untied, and every thread brought even and straight again through a wise patience that will not snap even the slenderest fibre. And then, Davy, we may begin anew the work so marred in the first trial, and weave the recovered threads into forms of harmony and beauty."

There was in her voice a something which seemed to my ear like a low, exultant cry of victory; but the sound came from very far off, and no ear, perhaps, would have perceived it but my own.

Her meaning did not come to me so much in thought as in perception. While understanding the true signification of what she had said, I could not have given that signification an intelligent form in language. But, for all this, its power over me was great; and the purpose to be loyal to my convictions of right took a deeper hold upon me than ever.

My mother, who had not seen Mrs. Catherwood since the night of the wedding, joined us before I could get my thoughts into shape for an answer, and

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I was not again alone with her, except for a few moments, during the evening. But not for an instant was the clear sense of her presence removed from me. I felt its power as of a strong, pure soul, drawing me upwards, and inspiring me with manly strength and courage.

I had good opportunity for closely observing Olive and her husband. The character of her bearing toward him first drew my attention; and it was not long before I noted the fact that she never lifted her eyes toward his face unless he addressed her, and never spoke to him except in response to some remark or question. If she were laughing and chatting in a merry way with some of her young friends, and Donald said anything to her that required an answer, I could see half the light go out of her face as she turned to reply. Over and over again this passed under my observation during the evening. Once when I was standing near them, Donald addressed a remark to her without being noticed. He repeated it, but still without gaining her attention. Feeling irritated at her apparent indifference, he lost temper, and spoke rather sharply and in a tone of command. What passed was in an instant of time; but I see it as distinctly now, after many years, as I saw it then. A quick movement of Olive's head and a flash of defiance out of her brilliant eyes—keen and sudden. That was all. When she turned to the friend with whom she was conversing at the moment of interruption, the flash had given place to a sunny smile. After that I saw a hard and cruel expression settle around the mouth of Donald; and though I watched him closely, I did not see him speak to Olive again. Nor did she once address any remark to him, though, in courtesy of the occasion, they were side by side for nearly the whole evening.

And here, for Olive, life had made its true beginning; and what a beginning! Instead of the sweet and loving intercourse which her bright young fancy had pictured, she found herself standing face to face with a foe rather than a friend, and with the gage of battle lifted from the ground! My heart grew faint as thought ran forward into the future; and my soul cried out in pity: "O Olive! Olive! And you must fight it out alone!"

Yes, fight it out alone; for there was no mortal arm that could stretch itself forth to help or defend!

"I never liked Donald; and after what I have seen this evening, I like him less than ever," said my sister Fanny, as we walked home from the party. We were alone.

"What did you see?" I asked.

"Nothing that gave any promise of a happy life for Olive," she replied.

"Nor for Donald either, if you and I saw the same things," I returned. "It is as I supposed it would be. Olive is not going to be his slave. If she is not to come under the rule of love, she will not come under the rule of fear. He may command; but she will not obey."

"Then I pity her," said Fanny, "for Donald has a cruel and overbearing disposition, and will not

hesitate about inflicting any kind of torture that he dare use in his efforts to bend her to his will, should she set herself against him."

"As she cannot help doing, if he tries the role of lord and master. Her womanly self-respect and feeling of equality will make resistance a necessity. I saw how it was with them to-night. The struggle has already begun."

"And she will have the worst of it. Poor Olive!" There was a throb of pity in my sister's voice.

"I trust not," said I.

"How can it be otherwise?" she asked. "He is as hard as iron; and she only a weak and sensitive girl."

"She may be sensitive; but she is not weak," I returned. "And this Donald is already beginning to discover. More than once have I seen her turn a warning, if not a defiant, look upon him."

"Poor Olive, still!" said Fanny. "Come what may of passive submission to the will of a coarse and tyrannical nature, or if active and undying resistance, her life must be either humiliating servitude, or perpetual conflict."

"Better the conflict than the servitude. As her day is so may her strength be." I spoke with feeling.

"No, no, Davy!" replied my sister. "That cannot be well for any woman."

"Is humiliating servitude well?" I demanded. "Is Olive, now that she has become the wife of Donald Payne, any the less a woman than she was before? Has marriage set her beside him as an equal; or under him as a slave? Is she his to love, and cherish; or his for service and to command? Is his will to be her law; or is the law of mutual love and service to bind them together as one? Are not their obligations equal?"

"In the marriage relation," said my sister, "peace is better than war."

"In all relations," I replied, "the right is better than the wrong; and if the right cannot be maintained without conflict, then let there be war instead of a weak submission which hurts both oppressor and oppressed. If wrong is not opposed it gains strength through victory for new aggressions. A tyrannical husband, who has a weak, submissive wife, must grow more and more a tyrant, while she grows more and more a slave."

"Fighting through all the years! O Davy, is it not dreadful?"

"People don't fight for the sake of fighting," I returned. "A man who tries to tyrannize over a woman is usually a mean coward at heart—as I know Donald Payne to be. If he meets with unexpected resistance, or gets a few keen thrusts from finer weapons than he possesses, and against which the coarse scales of his armor give no protection, he will, in most cases, deem it best to retire from the field. For Olive to be happy with Donald is simply impossible; but her state will be more endurable as his equal, though she have to maintain it by a steady assertion of her womanly independence, than it could possibly be as his slave, trampled upon and humiliated."



During the next three or four weeks a number of parties were given to the bride. I was present with my sisters at most of them, and had many opportunities for observing Donald and Olive. The result was far from being satisfactory. I saw in Donald's face, when at rest, a look of moody dissatisfaction; and I noticed, at times, a close, hard shutting of the lips, which gave his mouth a brutal and half-vindictive expression. As for Olive, her spirits were variable; and you had the impression of one who was trying to hide her real self from observation. Not once did I see the old happy light in her eyes. They were flashing and brilliant at times, but I saw in them new and strange things—mysteries which I could not read, and hints at pain and disappointment, and the dread of things to come, which left their shadows with me, cold and vague. By a kind of mutual repulsion, the young husband and wife seemed to stand apart from each other; and when they happened to be together, there was an apparent constraint with both. At the last of the parties which I attended, I did not see a word pass between them during the whole evening.

After this, I did not meet Olive again for two or three months. Donald, who was in business with his father, had furnished a house, and the young couple had gone to live in their own home, at which I did not care to visit. Mrs. Catherwood spent the larger part of her time in Oakland, and often came to see us, passing an entire day sometimes. The oftener my mother and sisters met her the more strongly did she attract them, and the higher grew their admiration of her character.

"I never pass an hour with her," remarked my mother one day, when we were speaking of Mrs. Catherwood, "without thinking of Mr. Fordyce. She has many of his high ideals of life, and often expresses herself in the very language I have heard him use."

"I have observed the same thing," answered my father; "and it has more than once occurred to me that they must have known each other; and, it may be, quite intimately."

I saw my mother turn with a quick movement, and glance at my father. There was a questioning light in her face, as if some new thought had been thrown into her mind.

"We know," added my father, "that, from some cause, Mr. Fordyce has fallen under the displeasure of Mr. Catherwood—a displeasure too intense to have its origin in any mere personal or business relation which may have existed between the two men. And we know, too, that Mr. Fordyce holds Mr. Catherwood in low esteem. One thing is plain, the two men must have been well acquainted with each other."

"It is all coming to me," said my mother. "On no other theory can I harmonize the character and conduct of Mr. Fordyce."

"What is your theory?" asked my father.

"That of an old love affair between the schoolmaster and Mrs. Catherwood, the fire of which is not dead in the heart of either."

My father bent his head, and sat thinking for some time.

"On that theory," he said at length, "I can see light. It is not from the presence of Mr. Catherwood that he has retired. He has nothing to fear from him."

"Nothing; and I have never believed that he had. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. If there is a man living who, out of love, would lay down his very life for another, that man is, I am persuaded, Allan Fordyce. And I have never believed for an instant that, in his strange disappearance, he is seeking to escape from any evil to himself; but, rather, sacrificing himself—laying down, in some way that we do not comprehend, his life for another."

No one answered for a considerable space of time. Had I been free to speak of what I had seen and heard, I could have said much to strengthen my mother's theory of the schoolmaster's disappearance. But the duty of silence, expressed or implied, was resting upon me.

"If it be as you suggest," said my father, breaking the long pause, "what a strange and sorrowful history has been written out and sealed up in these two lives."

"So sorrowful, that one turns away from the thought of it as from a painful tragedy," was replied.

"Two lives wrecked through some fatal error," said my father.

"Storm-beaten and in imminent peril, but not wrecked," answered my mother. "A wrecked life is a soul lost. And this cannot be said of either Mr. Fordyce or Mrs. Catherwood. Whatever may lie far back in their past, whatever of wrong, or mistake, or sin, even—however far the adverse winds of passion may have driven them out of their course, one thing is sure, I think, they are heading for the shore now, and though it may yet be afar off, and night and tempest may still lie between them and the pleasant land for which they are steering, it will be gained at last."

### CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT changes were wrought out in the next two years. Our quiet little town had entered the race for wealth, and was beginning to take on airs of importance. With the men, you saw an erecter bearing, and prompter speech and movement; and with the women, more of social emulation, making itself apparent in a larger devotion to dress and household garniture. The Oakland Mills had been completed and furnished with machinery, and amid the whirl of spindles and the click-clack of looms, over three hundred operatives were at work. The line of the railroad had been changed, and ran down the Oakland side of the river and directly along the edge of our farm.

Andrew Payne was now the great man of the town. Mr. Catherwood having declined a re-election to the presidency of the Oakland Mills Company, Mr.

Payne was chosen in his place. A new bank had been created, of which Payne was the president. He had enlarged his mill property, and placed the management of this valuable interest almost entirely in the hands of his son Donald, who was growing even more rapidly than his father in self-importance. A little back of the town, on a bit of rising land that overlooked a wide reach of country, a large stone mansion could be seen in the course of erection, with the walls up and the roof laid, and workmen pressing it forward to completion. This, when finished, was to be the new palatial residence of Andrew Payne. Its cost was variously estimated, no one putting it down at less than forty thousand dollars. But then the owner had been very fortunate in his investments, some of his purchases of property in Oakland having more than quadrupled in value since the line of the railroad had been changed and the mills set in operation. He had also made investments, it was said, outside of Oakland, under the lead of Mr. Catherwood, which were returning him almost fabulous dividends.

For our family to keep on in the even tenor of its way, amid all this rapid change and growth of new interests, was not an easy thing. There were many temptations to reach after larger returns than came from the dairy-farm and quarry. Now it was this investment, and now that, which came up for consideration, and invited with dazzling promise. But there was always one—our mother—who drew us back from these enticing schemes, and so set before us the value and surety of the good we possessed, and the uncertainty of that upon which we were setting our thoughts and building our castles, that we were content to let well enough alone.

Our income from the quarries was large, at least to us, reaching, by the time the mills were completed, the sum of nearly fifteen thousand dollars. They were still worked, the demand for building-stone being considerable in the town, and at various points along the railroad; and we had the prospect of a good return from this source for, it might be, many years to come. At one time, and soon after our stone-quarries began to give us liberal supplies of money, our dairy-farm was in some danger. Only the necessity that was upon us had reconciled my father to the "milk business," as he called it, and the new and larger source of income upon which we had fallen was made the occasion for opening the dairy-farm question, and considering the propriety of abandoning a pursuit which, in spite of his good sense, he could not help feeling lacked dignity if not respectability. But our wise and prudent mother was equal to the occasion; and, while seeming to yield and concede many things, so directed and determined the concessions that, in the end, instead of abandoning the enterprise by which we had risen from debt and embarrassment into complete independence, we only gave it a new and higher development. Instead of being simply milk-producers, we were now managing and developing a model dairy-farm, and the fame of "Olney," with its choice breed

of cattle and rare products, had become widely known. My father had become interested in the various discussions and reports on dairy-farming which appeared in the agricultural journals, and occasionally contributed, from his own experience and observation, articles which attracted much attention.

We were not, at this time, deriving any income from our model farm; or, it would be correct to say, were spending all, and more than all of our income from this source, on new improvements and appliances by which the products would be increased and the quality made higher. We were grading everything up, and the consequence was that we were getting the very highest prices in the large city markets for all the butter, milk and cream that we could supply. My sisters had ceased to be dairy-maids—or at least so in the sense which had hurt my father's loving pride. But they had each a department for supervision, under our mother's general management, which involved estimates of costs, values of products, returns of sales and final results; the whole involving as complete a system of account-keeping and checks and balances as the business of a well-organized mercantile firm. We knew the exact cost of every pound of butter or gallon of milk that was sent to market, and could tell, at the end of every three months, whether there had been a loss or gain. No guess work, no letting things go at "loose ends," and no toleration of waste or slovenliness were permitted. It kept us all busy, and all on the alert; and, what was more and better, our minds bright, our spirits free and buoyant, and our bodies in good health. We were happy among ourselves, and free from all anxieties about worldly matters.

But there is no life into which some rain does not fall, and no family circle, however closely bound, which is not stricken, or shadowed, or broken. I have referred to the engagement of my youngest sister to Herbert Radcliff. This engagement, in the beginning, met the approval of both families. We all liked Herbert, and while he had some traits of character which we might have wished different, we saw no reason why he would not make a good husband for Rachel. Soon after he became a law student, a certain change, scarcely perceptible in the beginning, began to show itself, but not of a character sufficiently marked to reveal its true quality. He was more mannish in his ways, and more inclined to assert himself. But this was only the natural outgrowth of his new relation to thought and knowledge, and his new contact with men. After awhile, however, something in his personal presence, more than in anything that he did or said, began to affect me unpleasantly. I did not feel the old freedom in his company, nor the old sense of pleasure. Something seemed to draw me back, or to push me away from him. As time went on, this impression grew, until it began to rest on fact and observation. Coarseness of speech, verging sometimes on to indelicacy, and the slang of fast young men, often gave me a shock when we were alone. I was troubled at this.

In just so far, I regarded him as having become unworthy of our pure-minded Rachel.

From this time I observed him even more carefully, and was grieved to note a gradual deterioration. He was beginning to make character rapidly, and to build into it many base elements. Instead of discrimination, according to high standards of right and wrong, and rejecting the false in morals, I saw too plainly, that he was falling in with the common sentiments and feelings of the young men into whose society his student-life had thrown him. And now I began to watch my sister, whenever I saw them together, and with the deepest solicitude, to see if her fine instincts would detect the moral deterioration which I knew to be in progress. That she felt something to be wrong I soon discovered. There was a time when, from their evening partings at the gate, she came tripping lightly back to the house, with a song upon her lips—the sweet echo of a song that was singing in her heart. But the slow step, and silent lips, and half-serious face had come in place of these happy little episodes, and I knew that the shadow of something which her soul felt to be an evil portent had fallen upon her.

Herbert had completed his term of legal preparation and been admitted to the bar; but, thus far, no business of importance had come into his hands. The incidents attendant on the inauguration of his professional life were not auspicious. A supper at the Oakland House, given to his young male companions, at which the wine excesses were disgraceful, did not serve to establish in the view of men who had interests at stake any high degree of confidence in the newly-fledged lawyer—nor, did his subsequent intimacy with these same young men, who made his office a sort of daily exchange, serve to establish any better feeling. With many of the weaknesses of his father, and the same inclination to let himself drift with any current in which he might happen to be thrown, the promise of a successful career was a very doubtful one.

The marriage of his sister to Donald Payne had brought him into near associations with this young man, who was gaining considerable influence over him. Donald's strength of will, prompt action in business matters, and resolute purpose to achieve success without scruple as to the means, were in decided contrast with the leading elements of Herbert's character. But, the foundations of moral integrity were not securely laid, and might be undermined, or swept away.

No time had been fixed for my sister's marriage; and it was a thing regarded as settled, that until her lover was in a condition to support a wife, it could not take place.

One evening, a few months after Herbert had been admitted to the bar, he announced to us a turn in his fortunes. He had been made cashier of the new Oakland Valley Bank, of which Andrew Payne was the president; the first appointed cashier having been removed for alleged incompetency. The salary was two thousand dollars. The news was variously

received. My father congratulated him with some warmth of manner; and then said, gravely: "But I don't see, Herbert, that you are any better qualified for the position of cashier than the gentleman who has been removed; nor, indeed, if the truth must be spoken, as well qualified. How was this thing brought about?"

"Kissing goes by favor, you know," was answered lightly, and in a tone that fell unpleasantly on my ears. "I had a friend at court. Donald suggested the matter at first, and we talked it all over. Then he sounded his father, who wasn't at all favorable when the thing was broached. But Donald kept the matter alive, and when, about a month ago, Mr. Payne and the cashier had a slight misunderstanding about something, the question of his removal and my selection for the place received a more favorable consideration. Mr. Payne sent for me, and after a long interview, said that he was satisfied as to my ability to fill the place; but that I was young and inexperienced in business and in the ways of the world, and for that reason was not, he feared, as well fitted as he could wish for so high and confidential a position as the one to which I aspired. When the matter was brought before the Board of Directors, to-day, there was little or no opposition to the removal of Mr. Gardiner and my appointment in his place. Father is a director, you know; and he and Mr. Payne had private interviews with the other directors before the matter came up for consideration in the board, and so it went through without a hitch. Next week I shall be cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank!"

The last sentence was given in a tone of exultation.

"But," he added, speaking more soberly, "this is in confidence. We are all friends here."

The grave silence that followed this communication, was something unexpected to Herbert. He looked from one to another, in a half-uncertain way, and then said, with a shade of disappointment in his voice: "What's the matter? Why don't you congratulate me?"

"I am not sure," answered my father, who was first to reply, "whether your appointment to this responsible office, under the circumstances you have related, is to be regarded as a cause for congratulation or not. If you hold the position under favor of Mr. Payne, you must do his will in everything, or be removed as Mr. Gardiner has been removed. And"—my father paused for reflection, before saying what was in his thoughts. No one spoke. "And," he went on after some moments had passed, speaking slowly and as one who was weighing his words, "to do the will of Andrew Payne may not always be the best and safest thing. Frankly, Herbert, I do not like this appointment. You are very young for so responsible a place. You know little if anything about financial affairs; and can be nothing and do nothing in your office of cashier, except what the will of Andrew Payne may determine. If you do what he tells you to do, you will keep in his favor; and if not, he will push you aside."

"I'll take all that risk," was answered. "Mr.ayne is hardly fool enough to ask me to do anything that is dishonest or dishonorable, for that would be to put myself in my power, instead of getting power over me."

He was much elated, and said many weak and foolish things during the evening. I had watched Rachel to see how all this affected her. When the first announcement by Herbert of his appointment to the office of cashier was made, she exhibited considerable excitement, and listened eagerly to all that he said. When my father responded, she fixed her eyes upon him with an intent, almost anxious look. Slowly the warm color began dying out of her face, on which I could see questioning doubts and gathering shadows; and before the evening closed, she became absorbed and silent. When Herbert went away, she did not follow him beyond the family circle, as had been her usual custom, but parted from him at the door, and then instead of coming back into the library where we had been sitting, bade us good-night and went to her own room.

(To be continued.)

### KATHERINE DOUGLASS.

OUR opining illustration is commemorative of a heroic deed, which history has not suffered to die, and throws a faint gleam into an almost forgotten time. It is the futile, though devoted attempt of a young and beautiful girl to prevent the assassination of her king.

Few princes have been more amiable and unfortunate than James I, of Scotland. Reared in a boundless scene of violence and confusion, he witnessed his elder brother David perish of starvation, through the devices of his uncle, and his father die of a broken heart. Those who have read the "Fair Maid of Perth" will recall the incidents of that sad story. For nearly nineteen years, he was himself held prisoner in a foreign land, the victim of a heartless violation of international faith. It was here, however, that he received the education in letters and in knightly accomplishments, which certainly elevate him above any of his royal contemporaries, and in this lenient bondage he formed the romantic attachment which secured him a beautiful and devoted wife, and developed the poetic genius which has preserved his memory to our own era. Those who would know this tender love story may find it most delicately told in the essay on a "Royal Poet" in the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving.

His restoration to the throne of Scotland was the beginning of thirteen years of continual strife against internal dissension and outward hostility. His efforts to repress the turbulence and ferocity of his nobles were untiring, and, for the greater part of his reign, successful. To compare him with a character still more brilliant and enduring, he may be called the Alfred of Scotland.

With such a man on such a throne, it is needless to seek for hidden or private reasons for the con-

spiracy that destroyed him. Rapacious kinsmen, daring outlaws, unsparing personal enemies were joined in that final effort against his power and his life. Tradition, which loves to throw the glamour of prophecy around the "sad story of the death of kings," tells us that he was warned by a "weird woman" against taking up his residence at the monastery of the Blackfriars near Perth where he spent his last Christmas in 1436. On the night of his death, they say, the same woman came again and besought admission to his presence, but the king was "busied at chess" and directed return upon the morrow. In the frosty midnight, for it was in February, James was in his queen's apartments preparing for bed. Her ladies were attending, but, besides her own, the names of only two have escaped oblivion; Katherine and Elizabeth Douglass. Of a sudden the clash of arms was heard and the glare of many torches flashed in the court-yard. Treason from within aided violence without. The assassins found easy admission to the monastery, and, even in the queen's chamber, Robert Stewart, a servant and distant kinsman of the king, had so "bursten and bruised the locks that they were of none use." The bar that usually held the door was removed, and when the queen and her ladies gathered about it, to protract the defense, if but for a moment, that the king might possibly find some avenue of escape, Katherine thrust her arm through the wooden staples and steadfastly held her post. A frail hindrance against three hundred infuriate and bloodthirsty men! The sacrifice was in vain. There was no exit from the chamber save the portal that was beset, and the slender limb that secured it was almost instantly shattered. The queen interposing was twice wounded and thrust aside, and her unfortunate lord expired beneath eight and twenty wounds.

Fancy would delight to picture the subsequent career of this brave woman as rich in domestic blessings and graced with royal favor and popular esteem, but the clouds of obscurity have gathered round her fate, and history, consecrating this act of generous daring, never breathes her name again.

### A LOST PEARL.

I DO not know *where* I lost it,  
For it slipped from a broken string,  
And far and away from my sight to-day  
It lies, a neglected thing.

I never dreamed half how precious  
Was my beautiful pearl to me  
Till the grief of its loss, like an aching cross,  
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel! You do not divine it?  
I have lost what I could not lend;  
What I'll mourn while I live, for no art can give  
To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

*Sunday Magazine.*

## MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

"O MA'AM! won't you come round to our house quick?" said a dirty-faced child about ten years old. Her head was frowzy, looking as if it had not seen a comb for weeks; and her soiled clothes were tattered and unsightly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The baby's got a fit, and mother says, please won't you come round. She don't know what to do."

I knew the child and her mother. They lived in a court not far off. So I drew on a shawl and hood, and ran around to see what could be done for the sick baby. The poor little thing lay in its frightened mother's arms, struggling with spasms.

"O ma'am!" cried the woman, "he'll die! he'll die!"

"Of course he will," said I, a little impatiently, "if you sit there doing nothing."

"But, O ma'am! what can I do?" she asked, helplessly.

"Why, get him into a warm bath as quickly as possible," said I. "Every woman who has a baby ought to know enough to do that. Have you any hot water?"

"O dear! no. The fire's all gone out," she answered, beginning to wring her hands in the way peculiar to some people when any sudden trouble comes upon them.

I went hastily into a neighbor's, and found a kettle of water on the fire. It was given cheerfully, and the neighbor went back with me, and assisted to get the poor baby into a hot bath, which soon relaxed and soothed its convulsed frame.

Such a room as that in which I found this woman and her children!—the latter three in number. Dirt and disorder were everywhere. The supper-table was in the middle of the floor, filled with unwashed dishes, and what remained of the evening meal. The floor was partly covered by a filthy rag-carpet, with rents here and there, and ragged fringes at the unbound ends. A woman's soiled dress hung over one of the chairs, the sleeves resting on the floor. A dishcloth, a pair of dirt-colored baby's socks, a comfortable for the neck that looked as if it had been dragged in the gutter, two old hats and a hood, ornamented the wall on one side, while strewn about on the floor and on the shelves were a motley collection of the most incongruous and unsightly things. A more disorderly, filthy and unsightly room for a human habitation can hardly be imagined.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, after the baby's spasms were over.

"He never stays in o' nights," she answered, in a whimpering tone, and with an injured look.

"Where does he go?" I asked.

"To the tavern," she said, with a pulse of anger in her voice.

"Where he finds things clean, orderly and comfortable," I replied, glancing around the room, and then looking steadily at the woman. "I'm not much surprised; indeed, I would be more surprised

to hear that he spent his evenings in a place like this."

"It's good enough for his wife and children," said, rather spitefully, "and it ought to be good enough for him. Why don't he save his money and get us a better home?"

"Rather poor encouragement," I answered, glancing around the room.

The woman's eyes followed mine, and, beginning to comprehend my meaning, she reddened and seemed disconcerted.

"Not much chance, with a sick baby and all that work to do, to keep things right." She spoke in a half-apologetic, half-injured tone of voice.

"There's no excuse for dirt and disorder, Mrs. Reap," said I. "If you gave only ten minutes a day to putting things right, and a little care to keeping them right, there'd be some hope of your husband's staying away from taverns and bad company. As it is, there's none whatever. No man could spend his evenings in a hole like this."

My disgust was strong, and I was in no mood to conceal it, being out of all patience with the woman who was strong and hearty. I had seen her husband a few times, and rather liked his looks, and was satisfied that his wife was more than half to blame for his visits to the tavern.

Mrs. Reap took the sick baby, now sleeping softly, and laid it on a bed in the next room. Then she went bustling about in a half-hungry way, first pushing back the supper-table, and carrying the dishes off into a little outer kitchen; then clearing the chairs and walls from dirty garments and odds and ends of unsightly things, putting the scant furniture and other articles, on floor and shelves, into some kind of order.

"Very much better," said I, approvingly, in a gentler tone of voice; "and it hasn't cost you ten minutes' work. A good half-hour to-morrow morning, with elbow-grease and soap and water, would make such a change in this room that one would hardly know it; and what is more and better, it would heart into your husband, and, maybe, if everything was made tidy and comfortable, keep him home from the tavern to-morrow evening."

A light flashed into the woman's face. This was new thought to her.

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," she answered. "I never looked at it so before. Dick does scold about things badly; and swears awfully sometimes—particularly when he's taken a glass or two. But I've so little heart, you see."

"If a wife don't do her best to make home pleasant, Mrs. Reap," I said, "she can't expect her husband to stay in it any longer than he can help. She should remember that there are saloons at almost every corner and in every block, nicely fitted up, cool and inviting, where he can go and find the comfort she has failed to provide for him at home, and where he meets temptation in its most alluring guise. It's my opinion that one-half the married men who spend their evenings in drinking-houses, would never have

n into the habit of going there if their homes been made as inviting as was in the power of r wives."

"Maybe you're right, ma'am," Mrs. Reap answered, almost humbly, and with self-conviction in tones; "I never thought of it before. Dick used stay at home always when we were first married, things about us looked new and nice; and now I look of it, he first began to go out of evenings after tea was born, and I began to let things drag and out o' sorts. Since then, we kind of run down all while, and he spent more and more of his time at wages at the drinking-houses, until I got so out heart that I didn't care much how we lived. But, please God, I'll try and do better from this night."

"Stick to that, Mrs. Reap, and only good can come of it," I replied. "Your husband has not gone far wrong, I hope. Seeing a change for the better at home, he may take heart again."

On the next evening I went round, under pretence of asking about the sick baby, but really to see if Mrs. Reap had made an effort to carry out her good resolution. The door was opened, in answer to my knock, by Mr. Reap himself. I scarcely knew the room I entered as the one visited on the night before. It had been thoroughly cleaned—even the rag-carpet had been taken up and beaten, and the frayed ends trimmed and bound. All rubbish and unsightly things had been removed, and, to my surprise, I noticed a half-muslin curtain, clean and white, stretched across the window. The supper-table had been cleared off, and there stood on it a nice glass lamp, beside which lay a newspaper that Mr. Reap had been reading when I knocked.

"How is the little one to-night?" I asked.

Mrs. Reap was sitting with her baby on her lap, dressed in a clean, though faded calico wrapper, and with her hair smoothly brushed. I would hardly have known her for the repulsive-looking woman I had visited on the evening before.

"Better, ma'am," she answered. "Indeed, he's most as well as ever. "My husband, ma'am"—introducing Mr. Reap, who bowed with an ease of manner that marked him as one possessing a native refinement.

"You're quite comfortable here," I said, glancing about the room with a pleased air that was no counterfeit.

"Yes, it is cosy and comfortable for a poor man," Reap answered, with genuine satisfaction in his voice. "I threw a look at his wife, who returned it with one of pleased intelligence.

"Will it last?" that was my concerned question on going home. "It shall last" was my emphatic answer, "if help from me will do anything."

And so I made it a duty to drop in upon Mrs. Reap every day or so. I soon saw that she needed just this. The fact that my eyes were upon her, gave the outside pressure that kept her to her good resolution when the tired limbs failed, or her weary mind drooped for lack of energy. Habit is always hard to overcome; and her long negligent habits

made the new, orderly life she was in the effort to live seem very wearisome at times. But I kept to my work, and with the happiest results.

It is not much over a year now, and Mr. Reap and his wife are living in a snug little cottage just out of the city, with everything neat and wholesome around them. Their children go cleanly-dressed to school, and the husband and father finds home so pleasant that he has turned his back entirely on the saloons.

### FRAMED.

I HOLD a frame, and in its magic ring

The shifting pictures come—

This of a girl who never yet hath left

The shelter of her home;

Half-child, half-woman, she is playful, yet

Under a self-protest;

It seems a child's soft hand that puts the dove

Down from the shoulder's rest.

I hold a frame, and in its magic ring

Another porch and door—

How like our old home's—and the roses seem

The ones that bloomed before

That entrance. See, the roses mock child-hands!

A mother's sweet content,

And tenderness, and hope are in the eyes

That toward the child are bent.

I hold a frame, and in its magic ring

A little company

That throng the porch—its roses are all picked;

The women, tenderly,

Had cut them for the patient mother-hands

They crossed in their last rest;

They hid the scars of all her days of toil

With roses she loved best.

I did not lift the golden frame at all,

But saw its golden rim,

And all these pictures came and died away.

Not outwardly and dim

I saw these pictures, but most clear and bright.

O hands with seam and scar,

Mistaken love hath veiled them with soft blooms;

How beautiful they are!

With just the thin thread of worn gold upon

One finger; for the ring—

The wedding-ring upon the restful hands—

To memory doth bring

These simple pictures; but my heart cleaves to

The last, it is most sweet,

A light, born from beyond the light of stars,

Hath made it so complete;

A look whose prophecy we sometimes caught,

As through cloud-rifts a star;

We watched that look of peace gleam in the face,

But cares forecast would mar

It in a moment. Life is constant change,

But the death-angel's kiss

Brought out the soul's sweet peace and Heaven's seal,

It resteth there I wis. ADELAIDE STOUT.



## GRANDMOTHER BROWN.

**I** KNEW her right well: she had beautiful eyes,  
 As mild as the starlight and blue as the skies;  
 Her face was with wrinkles and dimples o'er-  
 spread,  
 And bright shining locks silver'd over her head;  
 She shone not in diamonds or costly array,  
 But dressed in the plain, tidy, old-fashion'd way:  
 Ador'd by the children, belov'd by the town  
 Was this charming old lady, good Grandmother  
 Brown!

Oh, how the world brighten'd wherever she went—  
 An angel of mercy to earth was she sent!  
 She could plead with the wayward, encourage the weak,  
 And dry the hot tear on adversity's cheek;  
 Where sickness was raging, in palace or cot,  
 Her presence was healing, and sorrow forgot;  
 She gave not her blessings for pelf or renown,  
 But her sympathy prompted good Grandmother Brown.

How welcome her coming, to girls and to boys;  
 She shared in our troubles, our pastimes and joys:  
 As we gather'd around her to stray o'er the lawn,  
 She fired our fond hearts like the glow of the dawn;  
 She had ever some marvel, in prose or in verse,  
 With her magical pathos and power to rehearse;  
 Or she sang, with a sweetness and art all her own!—  
 Oh, a wonderful woman was Grandmother Brown!

It seem'd all the flowers grew more bright where she  
 trod,  
 More lovely the landscape and greener the sod;  
 The birds when they saw her around her would  
 throng,

And in their new joy their wild warblings prolong.  
 So gracious her accents they cannot be told—  
 In the pictures of silver the apples of gold!  
 But alas, for things earthly!—her form was struck  
 down!

Death spared not e'en precious old Grandmother  
 Brown!

Ah, how bitter our grief, as the messenger bore  
 To our ears the sad tidings that she was no more!  
 The day of her burial we ne'er shall forget;  
 In the shade of the maples her coffin was set—  
 A plain cherry casket, not made in the mart—  
 That bore no inscription, no gilder's nice art;  
 But how fast fell the tears as we came to look down  
 On the dear, saintly face of good Grandmother  
 Brown!

So placid and lovely she lay there at rest,  
 Her hands gently folded across her meek breast!  
 She seem'd but to sleep; and oh, *would* she not wake  
 For the stricken young hearts that were ready to  
 break?

Should we *never* again hear the sound of her voice?  
 No more in the light of her welcome rejoice?  
 Ah, no!—for the lid was soon softly shut down,  
 And they bore to her grave poor old Grandmother  
 Brown!

Long years have sped on, since we look'd our ~~eyes~~  
 To the noble old lady so loving and true;  
 But how oft it has seem'd she in spirit was nigh  
 To lighten a burden or lessen a sigh:  
 And if beyond earth there are mansions of rest,  
 Where one so unworthy may walk with the blest,  
 It will be to the singer a joy and a crown  
 To greet his lost friend, good old Grandmother Brown.

A. HOMER BENEDICT

## HINTS FOR HOUSE DECORATION.

**H**ARMONY of color and style are the objects  
 to attain in all house decoration, whether costly or  
 simple, and it is of course necessary that the  
 rooms and furniture should look suitable to their pur-  
 pose.

In endeavoring to make a drawing-room bright we  
 should avoid garishness and glitter as carefully as  
 dinginess and gloom. Perhaps the best treatment of  
 walls is that of arranging a dado upon them. Make  
 the wall cream color, for example, but the dado, a  
 portion below the line, we paint maroon or chocolate;  
 on this lower portion a pattern called a dado rail is  
 placed. A cream colored wall contrasts well with a dark  
 blue dado. As the wall should look somewhat neu-  
 tral, the blue should consist of ultramarine, with a  
 little black and a little white added to give a certain  
 amount of neutrality. With a rich and slightly  
 orange-maroon dado a gray-blue wall of middle tint  
 would accord well. Quaintness of effect is given by  
 dados varying in height, in some cases they may be  
 two-thirds the height of the room, and according to  
 circumstances will ordinarily be from eighteen inches  
 to seven feet in height. The more difficult it is to  
 detect proportions in a wall the better, and it should  
 never be divided into equal parts.

The carpet should be dark, but not dull, one of  
 Persian pattern with a border all around looks well.  
 A space should be left between the carpet and the  
 skirting-board, and all the floor uncovered may be  
 stained and polished in the ordinary way.

The best materials for curtains are woolen serge  
 and Bolton sheeting of Pompeian red or bluish gray  
 shades, and with or without patterns on them.  
 Woolen serge is soft looking, inexpensive, and hangs  
 well, but Bolton sheeting is still cheaper, and a good  
 effect at a small cost can be produced by working on  
 curtains made of this material a border in colored  
 crewels. The wood-work of a room should generally  
 be of darker tints than the walls. It is of paramount  
 importance that the doors should be conspicuous.  
 The articles of furniture may be in ebony or  
 walnut, some of each if desired. The tables of dif-  
 ferent sizes and shapes, if possible; none large, but  
 very firm on their legs. Any protruding articles of  
 furniture, such as cabinets, etc., should be arranged  
 at the top and bottom of the room, smaller things at  
 the sides, and the same with the wall decorations, flat  
 ones, such as pictures on the sides, and hanging  
 shelves and brackets top and bottom. To lessen

the appearance of length, small corner cupboards may be introduced.

The pictures desired should be hung in narrow gilt frames with small flat margins of black, and should be water-colors. If the wall be citrine in color, the doors should be dark, low-toned Antwerp blue, or it may be of dark bronze-green, but in the latter case, a line of red should be run around the inside of the architecture. If the wall be blue, a dark orange-green will do well for the door, or an orange-maroon, but a line of red around the door will improve it. A wall of bright turquoise in color will require a floor of Indian red.

These are mere illustrations of numerous harmonious combinations which may be made, but they serve to show what is meant by harmonious decoration. If it is thought necessary to place an ornament on a door-panel, it is better quaint or slightly heraldic in appearance. A monogram may sometimes be applied to a door, but it should not be repeated frequently. In regard to the skirting of a room, it should always be dark, and it would be difficult to find a room where the skirting was light, which would be altogether satisfying to the eye. The skirting may often be black, the greater portion of it varnished, with parts left "dead," however, to obtain the contrast between a bright and dead surface. A few lines of color may be run upon its mouldings, but not to ornament it, for its treatment must be simple to get a retiring, yet bold, effect. If black is not desirable, brown, rich maroon, dull blue or bronze-green may be employed.

Bed-rooms should be so decorated as to be soothing in effect; they are generally at fault in being very light. It is especially necessary in a bed-room that there should be an absence of spots which, indeed, are never found in good decorations. Dining-rooms should have rather dark walls, of grayish blue and maroon dado, while the emblems of the feast may be incorporated with advantage in the decoration of the room.

A smoking-room may be humorously and grotesquely decorated, but the grotesque must always be clever and vigorous.

Of necessity, all decorations will cost time, labor and a comparatively small amount of money, but, as William Morris truly said: "All who care for art must make sacrifices for it, much greater in these days of transition than they would have to do if art were an admitted necessity, and cherished by all men." There are few who, having given thought, time and means to making their homes truly "houses beautiful," do not feel repaid for their exertions, or, at least, consider them anything but profitless.

*Art-Interchange.*

Not all the teaching in the world can do us any good unless we aid it by our own self-discipline. Teaching is simply the dead form of things, the dry letter of the law; while self-discipline is the spirit that gives life to the one and meaning to the other.

## THE DEWDROP AND THE STREAM.

"GOOD-MORNING!" said a little dewdrop that hung on the tip end of a blade of grass, bending with its weight the slender green thing.

"Good-morning!" answered another dewdrop, that sparkled on a neighboring blade of grass.

"What are you going to do with yourself this fine day?" asked the first dewdrop.

"What I did yesterday," lazily answered the second dewdrop.

"That is, go up into the air and float about doing nothing until evening, and then come down to sit all night on a blade of grass," said the first dewdrop. "Now, I am tired of all this. I want to be doing something."

"I wonder what a poor little dewdrop can do?" replied the other.

"One dewdrop isn't of much account in the world," was answered, "but if a great many of us join together, we can do wonderful things. We can make streams, and rivers, and oceans. We can turn mills and float great ships. If we unite, we may become the greatest power in the earth."

"But there are only two of us here," said the second dewdrop.

"Two are stronger than one," replied the other. "So, come, sister dewdrop."

Just then a breeze flew along, and as he shook the blades of grass, he said to the dewdrops: "The sun is coming and will drink you up."

"Shake us off!" cried the first dewdrop. "Let us go down to the earth and make a little stream that shall grow into a mighty river."

Then the breeze grew strong and shook every blade of grass, and every leaf in the field and in the woods, and the ground was wet with a multitude of dewdrops that ran together.

"Get down into the earth!" said the breeze, "or the sun that is rising will drink you up. Hide yourselves from his beams, and to-morrow I will shake the grass and the leaves and send you many more dewdrops. After a while I will bring the rain. Keep close together, and fill the little veins that are in the ground, and when you are strong enough to bear the sun's heat without fainting, you can flow out in springs of water that will cut little channels for themselves, and go singing through the meadows and down the valleys."

Then all the little dewdrops crept into the ground and hid themselves away from the sun. Next morning, as the breeze had promised, it shook off from the grass and leaves myriads of other dewdrops, and they crept down into the earth to join their sisters. Morning after morning came more of them, and at last the promised rain was given.

Now it was that the water began to gather itself into a little vein or stream away below the surface of the ground, and to flow along until it found a place where it could creep out into the air and light and make a spring. And the spring, fed by the dew and

the rain, kept flowing steadily, the water making a stream that went on and on through meadows and valleys.

All around, far and near, the dew and the rain

helped to make up the unfathomable ocean that stretched from continent to continent, gave life to untold millions of living things, and bore upon its bosom the commerce of nations.



went down into the earth, and gathered together in veins that found their way out to the sun and air in bubbling springs. And from these came tiny rills that met and mingled their waters with the stream, making it larger and stronger. How glad the stream was! How it sparkled in the sunshine and played with the breezes that came down to rest upon its bosom, giving voice to its pleasure in low, tender music! On and on it flowed, all the while growing larger and larger. Sometimes it would spread out into a lake, and the sky, and hills, and trees would look down upon it and see themselves as in a mirror; sometimes it would crowd its waters into a narrow channel so deep that the bottom could not be seen, and then it would go leaping and foaming down steep rocky places, wild and free almost as the wind.

So wide did the stream at length become that men had to put bridges across that they might walk over. Still it kept widening and widening, until it became a great river on which ships could sail. And at last it flowed out into the great sea, and was lost in its mighty waters.

And so the tiny dewdrop, that was of so little account in the world as it sat alone on a blade of grass, now, in union with myriads of sister dewdrops,

### THE YOUNG ZITHER PLAYER.

GERMAN artists are especially happy in their delineation of cottage interiors. The quiet simplicity of the scene in the above picture, by L. Vollmar, a German artist, is relieved by the incident depicted. The little bare-footed peasant-lad—destined hereafter, perhaps, to be a noted musician—is playing on that by no means easy instrument, the zither, and is entrancing the ears of his brothers and sisters, but is especially delighting the good house-mother, who looks round with a proud smile which plainly says: "Was there ever such a wonder of a boy?"

Each face is a study, and there is a singular ease and naturalness in the pose of every figure. It is a picture that holds the eye with its pleasing effects, and interests for the tender life-story it tells so effectively. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

If we would be great and worthy, we must make ourselves so; we shall assuredly not drift into nobleness. Only by painful and persistent care can we rise up to our best selves, only by diligent spiritual husbandry eradicate the weeds and cultivate the grain.

## Religious Reading.

### WHAT DO THE ANGELS DO?

FROM a volume entitled "The Angels," by a Bible Student, published in London, we make one or two extracts. The book is in the form of a narrative, which is presented as an allegory. Two characters are introduced, Sophos and Dokeos; and the views of the writer are brought out in the questions and answers which pass between these imaginary personages. It will be seen, in the extracts which we make, that the author's ideas in regard to the next world and our life there are very real and definite. The book opens with the following introduction:

I had been reading the Divine words written in the ninety first Psalm, "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I raised my eyes from the Bible, and fell a-musing. The house was still. All my family had retired to rest, and I was alone in my library. The ticking of the clock made monotonous music, quite in harmony with my slowly-moving thoughts. This was the only sound, and it made me conscious how deep was the silence which otherwise reigned about me. The solemn night had passed its meridian; and, perhaps, I was a little wearied with the pleasant labors of an uninterrupted evening spent at my desk. If I was weary, I had no sense of the fatigue; but felt calmly thoughtful, serenely at my ease. My previous labor of research had been sufficiently rewarded, as my manuscript of notes and extracts showed; and my work had been very agreeable. I had read the Psalm as my latest duty, and I paused at the verse I have quoted, and mused.

"He shall give His angels:"—"He" refers to the Almighty, that is clear: the angels are "His?" "His angels:"—Who and what are these angels? In what relation do they stand to the Almighty? What is their nature? Wherein do they differ from man? Where was their birthplace? When were they created? What is their present state? What are their joys, their hopes? What scope have they for the exercise of their powers? Are they all alike? Are there many of them? Do they increase in number? Whence does the increase come? How is it regulated? How are they arranged and subordinated? How are they employed? In short, what do the angels do? Such were the questions which gently streamed through my mind, and became half-sleepen thoughts.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee:"—Over whom? What charge? For what purpose? How fulfilled? How far can he, over whom charge is given, become conscious of the fact of their attendance and ministration? What are the laws which regulate the reception of such "charges," and their performance? Is it a universal fact—does it apply to all angels and to all men? Is it an abiding fact—will it forever apply to angels and men?

What effect has such ministration on the moral and mental freedom of him concerning whom the charge is given?

"To keep thee in all thy ways:"—How keep? Is this guardianship perpetual, or intermittent? Why, then, are there falls and declinations in state, departures from the right, wanderings into wrong?

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Are the subjects of this ministration infallibly guided, necessarily protected and preserved?

"In their hands they shall bear thee up:"—Is this science or symbolism? What is meant by the "hands" of the angels? How do they "bear" us up?

"Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone:"—What is meant by these symbols? What "foot," and against what "stone?" Why this care? What are its limits?

Once more my mind reverted to the questions:—Who are the subjects of this ministration? Who are its agents? If it be universal in respect of men, what are the evidences of its reality? If not universal, what are the grounds of the selection of certain angels as guardians, and of certain men as the subjects of such guardianship?

Another thought suggested the question—Is there any profit in such inquiries? They may, perhaps, be frivolous; perhaps they are unlawful!

"Ah," I exclaimed, "who shall be my teachers on these points? I want not old traditions, such as those that had birth in Egyptian, Babylonish and Persian imaginations, some of which were preserved in fable by the Jews, and which have been perpetuated and multiplied in the Church. I ask not for superstitious fancies, born of poetic frenzy in the brain of a fasting Mohammed. Oh, that I could gain solid instruction on these themes, the truth of which might seem self-evident in the immutable necessity of things!"

With my elbow on my desk, and my head supported by my hand, I closed my eyes. I must have fallen asleep; for what followed could only have been a kind of dream, in which former remembrances seemed to become embodied, and spoke to me, following out into new and daring channels of speculation the topics they discussed.

In this dream the allegorical personages are presented, and they answer the various questions put to them in regard to the life of angels. Among these questions was this one: "Have the angels employments?" and the following extract gives a portion of the answer:

"The perfection of society on earth," resumed Dokeos, "consists in the endless variety of genius possessed by its various members. Society would certainly not be more perfect if all men possessed the same tastes, aptitudes and idiosyncrasies. In whatever nation the greatest variety of genius is to be found, there the greatest variety of uses are performed, each perfecting the processes by which he works, each continually making new discoveries and inventions, and each becoming increasingly dexterous in administering to the welfare of all. God has provided for such a diversity. He has not made any two souls alike in character or aptitude. By this almost endless diversity of intellectual gifts, He has provided for an equal diversity of service. All this variety of gifts is good; it adds to the completeness of mankind.

"But if this almost endless variety of character, fitting men for a corresponding variety of uses, be a good thing, this good thing will not be obliterated by the transit of the human soul from the natural into the spiritual world. Death does not destroy anything which was in the soul, or which belonged to it; all

that death does is to separate the spirit from its former covering of flesh. Everything that previously pertained to the soul will still be in it—aptitudes, tastes, faculties and the specific character which caused each man to be himself, and different from all others.

"Do you not see, then, that, if this variety of aptitudes is a good thing; if it necessarily implies a corresponding variety of uses; and if this variety of faculties is taken by the souls of men into the spiritual world, it must likewise imply a corresponding variety of uses in that world? Consequently, uses corresponding to those of earth must exist and be possible to the souls of men in the spiritual world. Inasmuch as the number of the spirits of men in the spiritual world is far greater than the number of any nation or generation, seeing that all the spirits of all men who have ever lived are there, the variety of faculties, and of uses indicated in the gift of those faculties, must be beyond calculation greater than those which are visible on earth."

"It is only reasonable to suppose this to be the case," I replied.

"Hence, you may think of the wise and good of earth, who have passed into their eternal homes in the heavens, and ask: 'Will that same angelic use which would absorb and satisfy the whole soul of a Newton equally absorb and satisfy the soul of a Mendelssohn?' Can you conceive of two such minds as Milton and Faraday deriving an equal amount of happiness from the study of the same angelic theme, and pursued in exactly the same manner? Can you think that all who were good among the philosophers of Egypt, the poets and artists of Greece, the legislators of Rome, the mystics of India, the temple-builders of Central America, the mechanics of modern times and the literati of the far-off future, could alike find their fullness of blessedness in the same activity, revolving in the same routine, investigating the same problems, wrought out in the same methods, and by the use of the same calculus? The poets, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, scientists, philosophers, mechanicians and legislators of the earth, have all possessed God-given faculties, fitting them for the performance of their high, and, if rightly regarded, even holy uses among men; death has obliterated nothing of their aptitudes, intellectual tastes and genius; what they had and were as men they have taken with them into the spiritual world; nothing of theirs has perished save the material body, by means of which they lived and wrought in the natural world; their heavenly state, consequently, must furnish to them scope for the orderly exercise of their special characteristics, in which exercise alone they could find their true and individual joy!"

"Such an idea, though if it were admitted, would revolutionize all our notions of Heaven, seems at least reasonable," I remarked.

"Ordinary notions about Heaven sorely need to be revolutionized," rejoined Dokes. "If Heaven were a temple, there must still be diversities of use. Were it a vast church, there must needs be a variety of officials. Were it a feast, difference of place and of service would still be inevitable. Heaven is a perfect state of human society; and its perfection consists in the diversity of the reception by its inhabitants of life, love and intelligence from the Lord; and in the variety of uses which the angels are thus fitted to perform. Life in Heaven is full and complete. Fullness of life, however, must mean ample scope for the exercise of all orderly and God-given faculties; subjects provided for the exercise of all intellectual powers; objects supplied for every orderly

affection; and active uses subserving the general good, in the performance of which each angel may find his fullness of active and conscious joy."

"But this is to say that Heaven is only a more beautiful, orderly and perfect earth!" I remarked. "It is also saying that there is a definite ratio of proportion between our earthly life and our life hereafter."

"And if the earth-life is, in any true sense, a preparation for our Heaven-life, must there not exist such a proportion between the two?" replied Dokes. "The love of the Lord possible to a man on earth is surely a preparation for his fuller love of the Lord in Heaven. The joys which such a love inspires must surely be a preparation, as well as a foretaste, of the joys to be inspired by this love in Heaven. Delight in charity, in beneficence, in ministration and service, are all such foretastes of heavenly delights. The sweet and pure pleasures derived from the contemplation of the beautiful, from new perceptions of truth, from new achievements of art, from new discoveries in science, are surely holy and heavenly; they are the foregleams and foreglimpses on earth of what awaits the soul in fullness in the heavens of God. So the wisdom of earth is kindred in kind though inferior in degree to that which prevails in Heaven. So the music of earth is linked to the music of Heaven by the bonds of an indissoluble affinity. There is no science which has not a heavenward as well as an earthward side. Nothing was ever wrought out into fixed subsistence on earth which did not first exist in the spiritual world that is in man, a conception of his mind, an object of perception and apprehension, though not yet embodied and ultimated as an object of sense."

"Do you object that such ideas are too human, representing that world as bearing too close a resemblance to this? I answer: It cannot be too human, when we remember that the inhabitants of that world are men; that they have taken with them into that world all the mental and emotional characteristics, and all the idiosyncrasies and specialties of taste and genius which they possessed in the natural world. I object to all other representations of Heaven that they are too unhuman; and utterly irrational, because so contrary to everything which we have known and felt as real and individual men. We stand on solid ground only so long as we remember that angels are men; spiritual, exalted, holy, far more perfect than earth's wisest, purest and mightiest, yet still MEN! We reason from an impregnable basis so long as we remember that the earth-life was intended to be a real preparation for life in Heaven. Abolish the fixity and grossness of matter, the restrictions of space and time, the evil affections as well as the sins to which they give rise, the squalor and misery, the penury and filth, the painful drudgery and degrading toil of the earth-life; supply to executive ability a substance as plastic as 'the stuff that dreams are made of,' on which the wills of the angels can operate directly, and almost without manual exertion; exalt a million-fold the charities, amenities and graces of existence; multiply endlessly the love and tenderness, the sweetness and blessedness, the judgment and skill, the insight and dexterity of the inhabitants; make their every purpose holy with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and every scene around them beautiful, because the corresponding outgrowth of their affections and thoughts, and then you can form to yourself a faint and far-off conception of what is meant by life in Heaven!"

"But does not such a conception of Heaven banish the idea of rest?" I asked.



Sophos answered me. "The rest of Heaven surely does not mean the rest of idleness! Spiritual rest is relief from temptation; from the pain and weariness of the struggles of mortality against evil; from the sorrows inseparable from needing to cultivate in the soil of the soul all heavenly graces and charities. The real nature of the curse was not the necessity of working—God is the great Worker! It was the toil of contrariety and constraint, having continually to watch against and to resist the fatal tendency in the soul to revert to the wilderness condition. Before the fall, Adam had 'to keep the garden and dress it;' and the labor only added to his pleasures. The earth mentioned in the curse was man's natural mind, and the briars and thorns were the evils and furies which so speedily overran it. The eradication of these by temptation-conflicts and victory is man's painful duty. In Heaven, however, there shall be rest from the labor of having to resist, overcome and destroy such noxious principles. The angels are relieved from all contrariety, and they are consequently relieved from the danger of falling into evil; they have the unalterable peace of a rest which fadeth not away." "Activity," added Dokeos, "is the sign of life; inactivity is synonymous with death. The affectional

act of loving is delightful; the doing a service to those whom we love is joy-inspiring; to increase in knowledge by active study is blissful; to communicate to another the knowledges we have acquired is blessedness; to work out into ultimate forms the idea with which the soul has been charmed, as well as filled, is to realize, to some slight extent, the joy of *creating*—a joy which in its fullness enters into the perfectness of the Divine happiness. To rest from all activity would be to cease to love, which is the activity of the affections; to cease to think, which is the activity of the intellect; to cease to work, which is the activity of the executive powers. But such a cessation of activity, if total, would be a ceasing to live; for life is the orderly activity of the living form. Such a loveless, thoughtless, actionless state would be torpor, and not Heaven. Angels, consequently, love, think and work. God is the infinite activity, and therefore the infinite joy; all who derive their life from Him can only find their measure of happiness in the full exercise of their finite activities, in the discovery of their most congenial use, and in the doing of it. Heavenly employments, therefore, must occupy angelic faculties; and for angels to cease to be operative would be for them to cease to enjoy."

## Mothers' Department.

### OUR CHILDREN'S CULTURE.

#### IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

IT is of vital importance that we should exercise a very careful discrimination in the choice of books for our children, and stand like a sentinel to turn away every work that cannot give the watchword of purity. There has never been an age when the diffusion of literature was so general, I might well nigh say universal, as at present. The press is sending forth myriads of streams and rills in every direction with a bounteousness unprecedented heretofore. But as everything human has its dross, so has this vast flood of literature, and many of the streams and rills of which I have spoken above are unfortunately muddy and turbid, and fail to reflect an image of Heaven.

Sensationalism, which is the bane of this restless age, has to some extent, crept even into children's literature. Accordingly we find tales and periodicals (especially for boys) which depict daring and interesting pirates and brigands, romantic and high-minded villains, sudden and brilliant streaks of luck (in which good sense, honesty and industry have no agency) and impossible adventures of every kind, all of which are portrayed with a warmth like that of fever and a vividness akin to that of lightning. A child had better be an illiterate boor than store his mind with literature of this sort, which sets before him a perverted standard of manhood, and false, inflated, pernicious ideas of life in general. Tales and periodicals of this kind naturally pave the way for dime novels and other sensational works of fiction, such for instance as the highly-colored and baleful works of "Ouida," one of whose most popular romances is founded on the motto, "A man married is a man marred," and whose other works keep fully up to the standard indicated by this motto. Again, there is Rhoda Broughton whose sparkling wit and

vivacity somewhat veil the coarseness and dubious morality of her works, and there is Miss Braddon and a host of other sensational writers whose works spring forth with the rapidity and rank luxuriance of noisome weeds. From all this baleful school of literature, parents should carefully guard their children. The best preservative against this snare is to be found in prepossessing the mind of the child with the love of pure and high-toned literature, for only by such an internal barrier can the flood of pernicious literature be kept out after the child becomes old enough to go out into the world from beneath the parent's watchful eyes. Then it will avail but little that we have kept the forbidden fruit out of his range up to that time. Besides this negative part, there is a positive work for us to do. Only by leading our child to develop a taste for pure and healthful literature, can we furnish him with an effectual safeguard against the opposite kind. As a general thing, the minds of children and young people are restless and active, and demand to be filled with something. If we do not provide them with wholesome aliment, rest assured they will find some other sort.

The present is "heir of all the ages," and so rich is it with "the spoils of time," in addition to the fresh wealth that is constantly being developed, that we can be at no loss to find abundant mental food for our children in the vast and well-nigh illimitable field of literature stretched out before us. The only difficulty is how to select from such a mass. Children have such different dispositions, and are so variously circumstanced that it is impossible to lay down an invariable rule to be pursued in their culture. The parent will have to study carefully the bent and idiosyncrasies of each particular child before marking out a course of culture for him, and he will have to vary and enlarge this course as circumstances may seem to require. The parent should study both the forte and weak point of the child, and try to adapt the reading to the strengthening of the first,



and the weakening or partial eradication of the latter. For instance, a very flighty and volatile child should be encouraged to become fond of solid reading, whilst one disposed to be gloomy and over-serious should be especially encouraged to read what was cheerful and humorous.

There is, at the present day, much pure and excellent literature designed especially for children, in the shape of periodicals, such, for instance, as "*St. Nicholas*," "*The Chatterbox*," and other admirable magazines for young folks. There are also many stories, histories, books of travel and biography written for children. Miss Muloch, Miss Yonge, Mary Howitt, Hans Christian Andersen and other distinguished writers of this age have not forgotten, amid the glories of their career, to weave many a charming tale for children. Indeed, I think it probable that in the far-off future when Andersen's graver works shall have been forgotten, he will still be known and loved as the author of "*The Ugly Duckling*." But besides the literature intended especially for children, there is a large amount of reading that might be extracted here and there from amongst the graver works of standard authors, and these extracts would benefit children far more than to keep them exclusively on "*literary pap*," as some author calls the milk-and-water literature which some writers (unjust to the capacity of children), have prepared for them. It is true this "*literary pap*" is vastly preferable to sensational literature, but at the same time, it is not well to confine a child too long, nor too closely to this sort of mental diet. There are scenes in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Dombey and Son*," and "*The Pickwick Papers*" which would be readily comprehended and greatly enjoyed if read aloud to any intelligent child from eight to ten years old. Extracts from "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" also would be within the comprehension and appreciation of children of this age. Extracts from the narrative part of McCauley's essays might be read aloud with advantage to children from ten to twelve years of age, for instance, parts of his essays on Frederick the Great or on Lord Clive. There are also some essays by Lamb, and some sketches by Hood and Washington Irving that are fully within the range of an intelligent child's comprehension, and calculated to greatly improve his literary taste. There are likewise short poems scattered among the graver works of the great poets, that are admirably adapted to assist in forming and elevating a child's literary taste. For instance, there are a good many short poems by Wordsworth that are gems of beauty and simplicity. There are Tennyson's "*May Queen*" and "*New Year's Eve*," as well as some scenes from "*Idyls of the King*," that would be fine selections for children. Some scenes from Spenser's "*Faery Queen*" are also well adapted for reading to children who, if they are not able to enter fully into the beauty of such productions at the time, will appreciate judicious selections sufficiently to make them contract a fondness for these works, and return to them in riper years when they can penetrate more deeply into their beauty and significance.

A certain harmonious grouping ought to be observed in the choice of books. A child should, on a small scale (as a mature person should, on a larger one), read, at or near the same time, things that throw light on each other. Suppose, for instance, that your boy is reading a history of Rome. If you select one of McCauley's fine spirited Roman lays, and read it aloud to him, just after he has finished a chapter in his history describing the same event, this will lend it a far greater charm and interest, and help to fix it

in his memory. Or you might extract some portions of Shakespeare's "*Julius Cæsar*," or "*Coriolanus*," or "*Titus Andronicus*," and read them in connection with the same periods of history, whereby these eras would become far more vivid and real to your child, and he would also acquire a disposition to read and study for himself, in maturer years, a writer whose works alone would afford a liberal education to a student. Suppose again your child is reading a history of Charles XII, of Sweden, or some other monarch of that country. It would make Sweden seem far more real and life like to him if you set him to reading, at the same time, some Swedish tales, say, for instance, some of Andersen's lovely stories, which are mostly laid in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, or he might read some of Miss Frederika Bremer's charming tales of Swedish life, "*The Neighbors*," "*The President's Daughter*," "*Home*," "*The H. Family*," etc., or he might read some of the old Norse legends, "*Frithiof's Saga*," for instance, which throws so much light on the old Swedish mythology, legends and ideals, whilst merely considered as a narrative, it would charm his boyish heart with its recitals of the Dragon Ship, Ellida and the Magic Sword, Angurvadel, Brother to the lightning, with the wondrous runes on its hilt that could be read only at the gates of the sun. But it is useless to make further suggestions on this subject, as the kind of grouping we have indicated may be readily done by any cultivated and judicious person, conformably to the age, tastes and capacity of the child to be trained.

Beware of reading things too long and too difficult to a child, as this will tend to give him a distaste for literature. The great point is to encourage a child to love literature. One single sentence that a child receives into his affections and understanding, is worth more than a whole volume read to a listless, uncomprehending child. It is best, on every account, to read only short articles or selections to a child, at first, and the moment you see his attention wandering or flagging, shut the book.

In the culture of a child, there ought to be a judicious mingling (proportioned according to his age, bent and capacity), of the various departments of literature, history, biography, essay, travel, drama, poetry and romance. Many persons have a narrow-minded objection to works of fiction on account of the many pernicious writings to be found in that province of literature; but this is no argument at all against fiction. It only exemplifies the universal law that everything may be abused and perverted, and the more excellent anything is, the more grievous is its perversion. The finer works of modern fiction are genuine studies and analysis of character, different from the romances of former centuries, which consist mostly in glittering surface-pictures, and an imposing array of circumstances. As our children come into their teens, I think it would be well to introduce a sprinkling of good novels into their reading. It would be well, however, for them to read Sir Walter Scott and other writers whose forte is narrative and description, before introducing them to George Eliot and other writers of the modern introspective school whose works are such subtle studies of character. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen are writers to whom we should, by all means, give a corner in the book-case of our young folks. Miss Muloch, too, with her crystalline purity, and her faithful and interesting pictures of life, should be an honored guest, whilst George MacDonald should also have a niche reserved for him.

Not only should we have a plenty of good books

but we should also provide good periodicals for our children, as these fill a place and supply a need to which books are not exactly adapted. They keep up better with the ever-shifting spirit of the age, and give us more general information about what is going on in the world around us, the progress of art, literature, mechanics, etc. This information, too, is conveyed in a brief and readily intelligible form. A periodical holds the same relation in culture that

small coin does in the little business transactions of every-day life, when a large bank-note would be unavailable. A periodical is very often a welcome and instructive visitor when a person has neither time, inclination nor capacity for heavier and more voluminous reading; so by all means, let us have good periodicals, not only for ourselves, but for our children, for there is no more important adjunct to culture.

MARY W. EARLY.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 9.

WE promised to tell the girl-readers more about the literary society at Millwood. Two of the essays were so well read, and we were so well pleased with them, that we secured them to put away in our "strong box," as Tudie calls it. The fanciful caption of one essay was:

#### "THE STARS LOOKED DOWN.

"It was a still night in June. June, queen-month of all the year walked like a priestess garlanded with roses and lilies, and draped in the leaves of the summer. But the regal June was as bleak as the drear December, to a lone watcher who sat at a window in a hospital in the city of Nashville. He was leaning his head on his hands, and looking out upon the doomed city. Soft airs stirred the tops of the stately pines and cedars that grew close to the beautiful building which had been transformed by the fortune of war, from a young ladies' seminary, into a hospital for the sick and wounded.

"The nurse was a dreamer, even though his haggard face was bronzed, and his scant blouse was worn and ragged.

"As the stars looked down upon the restless city whose pulses were never still, the dreamer-nurse, musing on the changes of war, smiled as he seemed to hear the light patter of the feet of merry school-girls on the broad stairs, their ringing laughter in the wide halls, and the sound of glad voices among the shaded walks and avenues.

"But all this was of the past. No more did the clear tones of the brazen bell in the lofty cupola sound throughout the broad and beautiful streets—its tongue was stilled—a ban was upon the city—the avenger's hand was uplifted, and his grasp was upon the sword.

"'Nurse!' called a feeble, quivering voice, and the form at the window was soon beside the low pallet on which lay his charge, a fair boy, almost a child, with clustering rings of curly hair, and eyes of tender blue, and mouth sweet and pitiful as a sad little girl's.

"He was delirious, and throwing his arms about the neck of his nurse, he wailed: 'Oh, I wish I could see them! They cried and didn't want me to go, but I had to do it; they said my country needed me! Poor mother! there's nobody to help her now. They all came with me to camp the day before I started; no, they didn't all come; Jenny couldn't; the poor little thing had no shoes to wear. Oh, dear! I wish I could only see them! I wish I could lay

my head on mother's bosom as I used to do, maybe I'd get well then!' and he moaned piteously, and clung tightly with his hot twitching arms to the neck of his nurse.

"After awhile he started up suddenly, and with staring eyes, cried out: 'Who was that? Do you know, nurse? Maybe it was your mother. Do you think it was your mother?'

The nurse, who was in the prime of his young manhood, bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud.

"The stars looked down upon the summer-crowned earth. Their pure, pale light shone into that lonely room, and the tableau was touching to behold. The worn watcher's frame was shaken with emotion; the tears trickled through his fingers, while between his sobs came the broken words: 'O mother! mother!' He remembered, oh, how vividly! the summer morning in his childhood, on which his young mother was stricken down by the hand of death while yet the roses bloomed on her cheeks, and her eyes shone with the lustre of a youthful beauty.

"The wandering words of the delirious boy had opened a fountain that had been long sealed—had uncovered a wound that could never be healed.

"The mingled light of the waving lamp and the radiant stars shone upon the other figure in the tableau—the soldier-boy dying among strangers, far from home, and friends, and mother. The curls clung to his damp forehead, and the fever-flame glowed upon his cheeks. His only desire was to see the face of his dear mother once more, and she was far away in her poor home on the wide prairies of Illinois. How he begged to see her! Then his words became incoherent—sounds only—with an occasional intermingling of tender plaints and piteous entreaty that she would come to his dying bed. No soothing words of the nurse, nor promises, nor plans, could draw his thoughts from the eager desire to behold the one face that was all in all to him.

"It was the noon of that calm, starry, June night. The air was laden with the odor of rare flowers, that made beautiful the city on the banks of the river. The soldier-boy slumbered; the curtain at the window rustled in the night breeze and the balmy air swept gently across his pillow. Did a voice and a form come to the boy in that soft zephyr, that fragrance-laden wind that kissed the curls on his damp brow? Only this, saw the watcher at the bedside, but the luminous eyes whose light was going out saw more than this. God had heard his piteous cry!

"If we are beset with trials and our way is hedged in on either side—the skies above us brass—the earth beneath us a seeming incrustation, covering fire that waits to consume us, how often at such times, suddenly in the twinkling of an eye, comes a sweet light that removes all barriers and dispels the darkest shadows while we walk in an illuminated pathway.

If we are wronged and our hearts are full of bitter thoughts, if we are weary of life and long to lie down in the quiet bosom of the earth, how often comes to us, suddenly, a sweet peace that fills our hearts with love and good-will, and we seem to walk to the music of bird songs and rippling waters.

"There is nothing strange in this; we have been met by the angels. They meet us daily, though our dimmed eyes behold them not. So, when the dying boy with a cry of joy flung up his arms, and folded them about the neck of the mother-vision that bent above him, the nurse bowed his head reverently, for he sat in a holy place—holier than a sanctuary.

"O mother, I knew you would come! I so longed to see you! O mother, mother!" and the fever-tossed head turned itself in a nestling way, as if it were really pillowed on the beloved breast and in the sheltering arms that were hundreds of miles away in a lonely prairie home.

"And thus he lay, smiling in sweet content, crowned by the one happiness which he so fervently craved. Blessed be the dear Father who sent his angels to minister to the need of the dying child! The stars looked down, and their serene light seemed to illumine that cheerless room. The boy was dead,

"And the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face."

Lottie's essay was called "GRACE GREENWOOD." We were delighted with it. The girls say they think her mother or her aunt helped her to write it. Well, as George used to say, "it belonged to the family," and if it was original that was all that was necessary. It began:

"The first literary woman I learned to love through her books was dear, charming Grace Greenwood. The first I remember of her was of sitting in my baby-chair, leaning forward, eagerly listening to her exquisite little child-stories. I could not read a word; so my mother, in her anxiety to have me acquire a taste for reading, read aloud the little stories suited to my infant capacity. I remember very distinctly and painfully how I used to jump up and say, 'I am so thirsty;' or, 'Maybe our stove smokes;' or, 'I am so warm,' when my eyes were brimming full of tears, and I wanted an excuse to go out doors and straighten my face and wipe my eyes. Dear Grace! how could I restrain my tears over her pathetic appeals—how close my heart to the sweet pathos of her charming stories!

"Her real name is Sara J. Clarke. She was born in the village of Pompey, N. Y., and she is probably about fifty-five years old at this time. Her father was a grandson of President Jonathan Edwards, and her ancestors on the maternal side were of illustrious Pilgrim descent; but with no book of reference at hand, we cannot quite recall the line. Surely there was never a greater romp in childhood than the wild hoyden Grace. Her hat never stayed on her head; she always wore it hanging down her back. She could ride the wildest colt without a saddle, and fearless as a circus-rider. She knew where every bird's nest was; and no matter if it was in the top of a tree, Grace could tell how many eggs were in it, or what degree of apparel the young birds had attained to, and the precise kind of food the mother brought them—worms fat and wriggling, or bugs in shells black and glistening, and not easy of access.

"Of the many books Grace has written, we love none better than her child-books—'Merrie England,' 'Bonnie Scotland,' 'Old Wonder Eyes,' 'History of My Pets' and 'Recollections of My Childhood.' No

little library is complete without them, they are so fresh, and bright, and sparkling, so full of good, healthy, strong, enjoyable fun.

"When Grace was a little girl say seven years old, she used to steal out to the stable and take the wildest horse away off out of sight, and ride on it; sometimes she would ride with her face turned the wrong way, sometimes standing up, and at last the little brown gypsy had reached her highest ambition when she could stand on one foot and ride on the gallop. She was very dark-complexioned, had large, beautiful black eyes, and abundance of jetty elfin locks that spurned the use of comb and brush, and the touch of gentle, loving hands. One time her mother called her a little squaw, and Grace became angry and ran away from home, a distance of a few miles, to an Indian camp, and told them she wanted to be their little girl and live with them. They were a thievish, low set of half-breed Indians, who followed basket-making, and they were immensely diverted at her proposal. She stayed one day, when her parents came for her and took her home. She was glad to go with them.

"When Grace was nineteen years old, her father removed to New Brighton, Pa. There, among the wild, and beautiful, and picturesque scenery, the beauty-loving soul of the enthusiastic young poetess found exquisite companionship. She was enraptured. Day after day she roamed among the hills and loitered on the banks of the river, and feasted her soul on the treasures that nature has so bountifully gathered into this wild spot. There she could enjoy horseback-riding in the fullest freedom.

"An old, stupid, ministerial brother, Watson by name, used to visit at our house—pastoral visits they were—and he had lived at New Brighton at the time dear Grace was in the full flush and flower of her peerless young maidenhood. One day I heard my mother say to him: 'O Brother Watson, wasn't Grace Greenwood a sparkling girl! Didn't you fire up and grow stronger under the magnetism of her lustrous black eyes?'

"I was a little girl, loving Grace dearly, and I listened, eager for the answer. I wanted to hear all I could about her, and I felt the ugliest wrinkles come in my forehead when he replied, with his fat fist stuck up a-kimbo on his solid side: 'Queer, very queer, Grace was! She was such—an—a—romp, that I've known her to ride their wildest critters from mornin' till night. She used to invite me to ride with her; but I never could 'a' stood it; I couldn't 'a' kep' up with her; an' then if I hadn't she 'a' up an' luffed at me like enough. W'y you could 'a' heard her laff as fur as you could 'a' heard a bell ring.' And here the hard-shell brother lowered his voice and said: 'I allus thought that Miss Greenwood hed a notion o' me—wanted me fur to marry her like, as you may say. W'y she'd make just as free as any of my own counsins would! She'd joke me, and tell funny stories, and run rigs on me, and poke fun at me most furiously, she would. Howsunever, I allus kep' an eye on her. I was a leetle suspicious of her. You see her father wasn't no ways forehanded, not rich, and it stood her in hand for to marry a preacher, if she could git him.'

"This revelation was a rare treat for us, and Brother Watson, the dear old 'bused lamb whom 'Miss Greenwood hed wanted fur to marry,' was ever after that an object of interest to us and ours."

This was the essay that we liked best. The other one was so mournful, that it left us heavy-hearted for a long time. It was true, the death of the poor little

**S**oldier boy, to whom his mother seemed to appear at that moment, when the mortal is putting on immortality. We question not the reality of the death-bed vision; it was enough to know that his head seemed to be pillowed on the loving bosom of his mother.

Charming Grace! We always loved the free, wild, joyous girl and woman. There was a frolicsome freedom that went cantering through her child-stories and her sketches which was inimitable original, racy, piquant, spicy, and out of the reach of pen or to-gue of others. She was unapproachable, and all the more lovable and attractive, and we wondered not that the writer of the breezy essay had chosen this theme for her subject.

The other essays were quite as good as the two we selected, but these will show you girl-readers the style of essays in the literary society at Millwood. We are sure you will be pleased with the performances, and regret that we cannot present you with a whole evening's programme, but it takes so long and occupies so much good space. We will, however, devote one more number to this subject. You will want to hear about the rest; and we hope something may be suggested that will aid you in conducting your own literary societies in an instructive and entertaining manner. There is so much good to be derived from these gatherings, that we hope they will be organized in out-of-the-way country school-houses; and to encourage and stimulate your efforts we will tell you of the first one we ever attended, and of the obstacles that were heaped up in our way.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### LEAF-FALL.

**F**OR some reason, we never find any one who is quite sure as to the advent and departure of that glory of the year—the Indian summer. Artists have pictured it, poets have raved of it, but none can tell whence it comes or whither it goes. The mysterious uncertainty that hangs about it, inclines one to believe that this queen of the color carnival holds her court in abeyance to her own most gracious will, and comes and goes through all the months of October and November.

Its first little scarlet flag waved from the top of a sumac weeks ago, heralding the death of impassioned summer. Since then, what superlative days have trailed their splendors along the hillsides. When the woods just burn with their scarlet and amber conflagration, and our children gather bunches of golden rod and wild grapes, while we pluck bouquets of gorgeous-colored leaves and purpling gray mosses or lichens; when a veil of purple mist floats over the mountain, and a haze sails down the valley, this surely is Indian summer.

But six weeks later, after a shivering rain, or possibly a dash of snow, to remind us of the winter-king, we are suddenly startled by visions of a transfigured world. The entire atmosphere seems bathed in limpid gold. Exotic colors have burned to ashen gray, except the sumac's crimson flag. The blue jay caws through the naked woods, and now and then a lone cricket pipes its shrill note in the dying grass, while the squirrels pause in their hide-and-seek scamper, scared by the rustle of nuts falling on their russet beds.

When the setting sun flushes vale and river, and hillside with amethyst and amber, and the tall pines dip their needles in the purple mist at morn; when the golden nebula sails down the valleys, and the spiritual and physical consciousness is pervaded with

coolness and quiet, mingled sweetness and sadness, and the finest pulses within us throb from the touch of these exquisite phases of sight, sound and subtle fragrance, none need tell us that this, too, is Indian summer.

Something that eludes expression belongs to the delicious atmosphere of these days. The morning walk gives a tonicity unequalled. As the days glide by, we revel in color and subtle evanescent skies, intoxicated from drinking with the eyes, but no painful, throbbing head ensues.

What artist's touch is that which masses such contrasts in color, and yet permits not such juxtaposition to offend the most critical eye? Not a shade is misplaced. Harmony is everywhere seen upon the gigantic hanging-gardens. The hickories with their golden brown; the sumacs with their fiery scarfs, changed by distance into blood-red flame; the rose and pink of maples; the yellow of chestnut and poplars mingle strangely with the solemn green of pine and hemlock. If the day perchance is clouded, the intense flame of color produces an effect like sunshine.

Very tender and pathetic are the carpetings of the fallen leaves. We walk over pavements of gold. Oriental splendors lie at our feet. A queen might be proud to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks. One is beset with the childish desire to lie at full length upon them, to heap them high above the form, to bury face, and hands, and feet amongst them, for the sake of their rare, subtle odor, and to listen to the voice of their rustle, which seems to say: "It is not at all sad to die. We have expired in Oriental splendor, and go to nourish the earth awhile, that we may reappear in the glad spring-time."

If we listen with a healthful ear while down on nature's lap, she will not point a lugubrious moral. She will not raise a dolorous cry of

"Melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year!"

Nay, but she will whisper to the enlightened heart that the dying leaf has even yet a work to perform, silently and unseen, to nourish the tree that holds within her bosom the promise of rejuvenated life! Therefore, she drops to the lap of earth with grand dignity.

Let us, then, take heart at nature's knee. She will lull our tired, sick hearts to rest, and peace, and hope in the Diviner Heart! While the miracle of the year goes on, and we watch the ensanguined and magnificent death about us, let us strive if haply we may color the earth and sky with as royal a departure.

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

### PRESERVING SOUVENIRS.

**T**HESE are usually curiosities, and we wish to put them on exhibition to our friends, yet secure them from scars and mutilations caused by too frequent and careless handling. Such necessity has suggested some inventions, ornamental as well as useful, and I give them for the benefit of those in a like situation.

In a trip South several years ago, I collected many interesting specimens and relics, and brought a few from the Centennial. From Gainesville I got shells, alligator-teeth, fish-jaws, bird-skulls, feathers and claws, pine cones, seed-vessels, long moss, and pressed flowers gathered from the lakes and hamaks; and from St. Augustine, collections of coquina, marble,

coral, shells and palmetto, stolen from the most interesting features of this ancient city by the sea; a fine black of coquina from "look-out tower," which, like the Roman sentinel, has guarded for centuries old San Marco from encroachments of the sea; a handful of shells from the Plaza, remaining monument of Spanish rule; the same from the old Moorish burial-ground, with its ancient chapel, its crosses as monuments bearing such singular names, and its mouldering urns and sunken graves; a bit of coquina from the three gray pyramids covering the remains of Major Dade and his one hundred braves, murdered by Osceola's band of savages during the Seminole war; several roses from the famous old tree La Sylphide, fifteen feet high, the same in circumference and fifteen inches round the trunk, owned by Señor Oliveros; pieces of marble and granite forming the floor of the new striped light-house, of which I climbed two hundred and thirty steps to the top, where the immense glass reflector made me look hideous; a peck of shells from Anastasia's coquina beach, where carbonate of lime, like some greedy miser, seizes ocean's treasures, adds them to his pile, and, as years roll on, with tightening grip holds and heaps up a fortune for succeeding generations, for it is here that all the building-material for that wonderful fort, that ancient cathedral, the broad sea-wall, old city gate, and innumerable abodes, were quarried and raised as permanent walls of defense against sea and savage.

The pressed flowers and ferns were glued to pink-tinted paper, varnished and framed with shell frames, made according to directions before given in "Rummaging in the Garret," i. e., fastened on the wood with putty to resemble roses, beginning each rose with small bivalves, whose concaves must be kept cupping in and gradually growing larger as the petals of a rose, the ground to be made of spirals or volutes. A cornice was made of the coarser shells, and draped *à la lambrequin*, with the long moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), and capped with a branch of palmetto.

A block of fresh coquina became the pedestal for a branch of white coral, amongst whose tree-like twigs a bird's nest, with its five sea-beans, looked quite natural and snug enough for use. An irregular pedestal of shells, skulls, petrified bone and fossil remains, was surmounted by a trio of deep shells for receiving water, ferns and mosses; a huge clam-shell rested upon a tripod of round shells, and a pink conch was made to stand alone by resting in a fallen branch of the coral. Thus arranged, they all hold water, and serve as vases for flowers and foliage. A bird's claw acts as a rest for an egg-shell vase, ornamented on the front with an embossed crane, and finished at the top by a gilt band, notched to flare as the mouth of an antique vase.

In some instances I have been forced to bring the two extremes together—the productions of the North and South, or, rather, those secured from the two—and found that, instead of disagreeing, they harmonized, and made quite a natural-looking combination. A beautiful and highly-polished card-receiver was made by putting the hinged part of a pair of bivalvular shells (left a little open) to a two-inch square block of onyx, brought from the Centennial as a specimen of the Mexican onyx mantel, purchased for two thousand five hundred dollars by his Majesty Emperor William of Germany. The greenish wavelets pervading the creamy transparency of both, exactly corresponded, and it makes a unique and delicate curiosity, as well as an improved card-receiver, since the rounding of the shells exposes the

corners of the cards that they may easily be got hold of with the finger and thumb.

The inverted, funnel-shaped seed-vessel of the pond-lily became the pedestal for the section of olive wood from the Holy Land, thus making a miniature candle-stand. An immense pine cone from the "barrens" was the nucleus for a pyramid of butterflies and curious bugs, grasshoppers and other insects. Curious formations of stones were the foundation for the beautiful sea-fan, to which it clings as naturally as if in ocean's briny depths. M. L. SAYERS.

### SOMETIME.

"SOMETIME!" Magic word! What rich promise it holds for many a traveler on life's busy high road.

Sometime! What dreams are built on it for future happiness—what plans laid for great acts to be accomplished, for good to be wrought, for pleasures to be gained, for hopes long cherished to reach fruition.

"Sometime," says the boy, eager with hope and youthful trust in the future, "I will be a grown man, and will do ever so much work in the world. I will help to build towns, perhaps, or make railroads, or write books, or paint pictures. And I will have a house of my own, and plenty of money, and a horse and gun, or a boat to sail in."

"Sometime," says the school-girl, tired of her daily tasks, "I shall have done with lessons, and be a young lady, and have a good time like the grown girls have now, and visit, and go to parties, and do as I please." And visions throng through her brain of long dresses, delightful parties and beaux, trips to the mountains, lakes or seashore; or, if not so ambitious, a quiet summer in the country with some aunt or cousin. The future is a happy Elysium to her, graced with airy castles, and peopled with imaginary beings.

"Sometime," says the young man just starting in business, with hope and courage high, "sometime before long I shall make enough to get a little house, and take 'the dearest girl in the world' to it as my loved and cherished wife. What a sweet little home-nest we will have, and what happiness it will be to have her voice and smile always ready for me when I come to it. How tenderly I will care for her, and guard her from every ill, and how sweetly she will repay me by her love." The manly cheek flushes with pride and affection, and his step has a spring in it which accords with his buoyancy of spirit. Steadily he works, with hope for a stimulus, and a vision before him of happy years crowned with earth's best gifts.

"Sometime," thinks the maiden, as she sits with her glowing cheek resting upon her hand, "he will claim me for his own, and I shall be so happy in making life bright for him." She thinks of her home, of the childhood pleasures she has shared with the loved ones in it; of girlhood's brighter days, the enjoyments she has had with young companions, the little hopes, joys, trials and duties that have hitherto made up her life; of the fond mother whose love and care have been so precious, and whose counsels have guided her steps into womanhood. The thought of her separation from these saddens her. It is giving up a great deal whose value she knows and appreciates for an untried life. Yet, clearer than aught else is the new love—the bliss in store for her; and her willingness to give up all else for it, without any doubts, proves to her that this feeling is deep and true—deep and pure as the life-springs of her being—

and she looks forward to the blissful "sometime" without a shadow of fear.

"Sometime," says the eager, overworked business man, "I shall grow rich, and retire from business, and live an easy life, enjoying the pleasures of home with my family. My sons and daughters shall have everything that heart can wish, and I will be able, by carefully investing it, to leave them plenty of money." So he builds on this dream, while he works his brain and body to the verge of paralysis, often breaking down before his goal is reached.

"Sometime," says the invalid, weary with long suffering and waiting, "I shall be released from the burden of these ills, and take up a new and beautiful existence in the land beyond, where no suffering or sorrow can ever come, but where these useless hands and feet can lead a life of happy usefulness again in doing for others." Her pale face brightens with the blessed prospect, and the thought of it gives her patience through many a trying hour.

"Sometime," says the aged pilgrim on life's road, "I shall be done with this old body, which has become feeble, and refuses longer to obey all my wishes, and shall put on a new one that will last forever. There youth will be renewed, and strength regained, and life will be one long, perfect existence of contentment and happiness."

Ah, this golden sometime! What brightness of Divine light to live in! What blessed rest, after the storms of a troubled world! What meetings of souls that are near akin, though in the flesh wide lands have separated them, or death has kept them long apart! What blest companionship of loved ones, walking beside the living streams, beneath the trees that never fade! What work of beauty and use, and what deeds of love, may there be carried on; for the higher life will bring higher aspirations, capabilities and employments, and who can tell what may be in store for us there? Sometime—ah! sometime we shall go home *and know!*

LICHEN.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 8.

**A**NOTHER door has swung open, and a new light beams across our pathway. A new baby has come to us and to the home childless for ten years. We want to tell you mothers about it. Our brother Rube brought Nellie over the other morning while we were at breakfast, telling us to keep her until afternoon. His voice was low, and his face was haggard and anxious, and he did not wait to take the cup of hot coffee we offered him.

Yes, we were glad to see the little dear—her golden curls heavy with dew—and we cuddled her wet feet in our lap while she ate her breakfast. She promised us that she would "behave" when we went to our room to finish the article for Thursday's paper, if we would let her lie on our bed and rest. We could not refuse. We sat down to write, and she closed her eyes gently. Pretty soon we heard her whispering, and peeping round slyly, we saw her arranging the three pillows in the centre of the bed; her bright hair swinging over her forehead, her sweet panting breath going and coming, and she was saying in a loud whisper: "Grandpa, you can stick yourself in down there at the foot, you can double up and hang your feet overboard well enough if you try; and Lily, you can pack in up at the head on the straw tick; you can curl up like a worm, yes, you can, too; don't tell me that! And auntie, right here is your place, right in the middle. I've made

you a nice bed of these pillows just as soft as I could make it; I know how just the nicest way." Now does any woman presume that we, auntie, the best beloved, could sit with our back to that darling and write, while she puffed, and planned, and plodded on so wearily in her unselfish play? We couldn't stand it, and with a spring we landed on the bed, and caught the little fairy, and we played and tossed pillows, and tumbled about noisily, until the deacon settled our boisterous merriment with a surprised: "Well I do declare!" His reprimands are not severe, not pointed, and yet they imply a great deal.

Ida came up from her home in the village, and when she returned she took Nellie with her. As they walked along together the little thing said in a patronizing way: "I like to go to your house and visit; you don't say, 'keep quiet, Nellie! Come, come, Nellie!' You're not one o' the writin' kind, are you?"

About four in the afternoon we took the child home. We wanted to be present when the revelation came. It is so pleasant to hear the original little thinkers give expression to their thoughts. Sister Maie looked very sweet lying on the white bed, with her beautiful hair tossed back like sheeny, silken floss among the pretty pillows. Nellie walked up and laid one shapely little hand, with a caressing pat on her mother's shoulder, saying: "My dear mamma! did they give you nasty medicine—well, well; do you feel better, dear mamma?" And as she patted the shoulder softly, her hand slid down gently and touched—something. She leaned forward and turned the sheet down, and there lay, a little brother.

"Whose is it? Is it Shambaugh's baby?" she said, eagerly, "or—or—is it ours—tell me mamma, tell me!"

"It is our own; ours to keep; your little brother," was the answer.

Nellie's knees seemed to give way suddenly, and she fell, and sprang to her feet in the twinkling of an eye. She drew it up closer, and pained out in a tender, cooing voice: "You little darling, dear! Here's your Nellie, you blessed little cutie. I wouldn't hurt you for eight cents, dearie; no not for one dollar and a half;" and she twisted her fingers, and her arms flirled like wings. Just then the baby stretched out its little length, and the fingers of one hand caught in the neck of Nellie's dress, and closed tightly. She knew by that sign that the little brother loved her, and was anxious to be near her. Suddenly a painful thought came to the practical little woman-child—the old cow, Martin, was dead, and the supply of milk was cut short in consequence. She looked very sad, and said: "You know we have nothing to feed this baby—Martin is dead—and, O mamma, if you could feed it yourself like other women do, oh, how nice that would be! If you *only* could, mamma!"

The mother's voice was soft and low, she did not even smile, but she looked Nellie fairly in the face, as she said: "Perhaps I could." How the child caught her breath at the bare possibility, her nostrils dilated, the sweet curve of her lips grew more decided, her eyes gleamed and sparkled, and were starry; their very expression asked a momentous question, and the new mother's eyes, in turn, answered it in the affirmative. And little Nellie, stepping softly and slowly, as though she trod on hallowed ground, turned down the counterpane, as one would uncover the face of the dead, and looked modestly on the white bosom of her mother. Her most sanguine hope was realized, and with a cry of exquisite delight, her voice rang out with: "Our



darling baby! Mamma we can keep him! There's two rows of 'em, and one in each row!"

And the little baby, named Sherwood Hastings, has the best blood of the Pottes in his veins—his grandpa's finely cut mouth, his mother's nails, his father's funny feet, his auntie's eyes, his uncle's nose,

and we all love him, and think he is ours—part and parcel of us. And the coming of a baby has gladdened our hearts and our homes, and given us new cause for rejoicing. It is no little thing, after all these years of quietude in which the very moss has almost grown on us. PIFSEY POTTS.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### FAIR AGATHA'S GUEST.

**F**AIR Agatha sat on the great hall stair,  
Weeping her blue eyes dim,  
Because of the words of her stern-brow'd sire—  
Sir Everard, tall and grim.

He had bidden her come to the oaken hall,  
And there, in bright display,  
Were silks, in many a tangled skein,  
From spindles of Cathay.

Said the knight: "I would have a silken cord  
My gay gos-hawk to bind,  
And thou must untangle these knotted threads,  
And, one by one, them wind.

"Or ever the sun, on his westward path,  
Shall light yon burnished shield,  
Thy busy fingers must finish the task,  
For then I ride from field."

She laughingly kissed his bearded lip  
At task so strange and new,  
And he rode away with his huntsmen bold,  
While she to her gay work flew.

Like humming-birds, fluttering in and out,  
Her pretty fingers ran;  
And with snatches of song and olden rhyme  
Gayly the task began.

But soon more mazy the tanglement grew,  
More slowly the time went by,  
The song died away from her ruby lip,  
The laughter from her eye.

From the hawthorn which bordered the castle wall  
She heard the blackbird's song,  
And she wished the wearisome duty o'er,  
Which dragged so slow along.

"'Twas an evil thing to prison me here,  
O cruel father of mine!  
I have men and maidens at my command,  
Yet captive here I pine!"

Then she sat her down on the great hall stair  
To weep her blue eyes dim,  
With bitter complaint of her father dear—  
Sir Everard, tall and grim.

Now, what doth she see by the castle gate?  
A palfrey, white as snow,  
And a lady, whose curls of golden brown  
To her slender waist down flow.

She lighteth down, and she enters the hall,  
And lifts her merry eyes  
Where Agatha sits in sorrowful mood,  
All dumb with sweet surprise.

"What grieveth thee so, O maiden fair?"  
Thus spake the lady bright:  
And Agatha, won by her gentle smile,  
Told all her woeful plight.

Then laughed the lady a silvery laugh:  
"I'll help thee now," quoth she;  
"For diligent fingers make cheerful work,  
And such our task shall be."

So, with smile and song, their lily-white hands  
Each shining thread outdrew,  
Till heaps of ruby, and amber, and gold,  
All straight they lay, and true.

Then up rose the lady and donn'd her scarf,  
And turned to say farewell;  
"Nay, do not go," fair Agatha cried,  
"Until thy name thou tell!"

The lady smiled, but she said: "My name  
I cannot tell to thee;  
Ask thy father when homeward he comes to-day,  
I ween he knoweth me."

"Oh, wait his coming!" fair Agatha cried:  
"Nay, stay and be my guest!"  
And with many a soft and winsome word  
Her loving suit she pressed.

But, smiling, the lady kissed her cheek,  
And still she said her "Nay,"  
Then, mounting again her snow-white steed,  
She swiftly rode away.

Ere the red-cross sun had shivered his lance  
Against the ancient shield,  
Fair Agatha saw, from the castle gate,  
Her father ride from field.

Sir Everard bowed with his nodding plume,  
And kiss'd his mail'd hand,  
And he thought, in his heart, his only child  
Fairest in all the land.

He lighted him down from his coal-black steed,  
And walking at her side:  
"How fareth it then with thy task," quoth he,  
"Since forth I went to ride?"

Then, with eyes downcast and red-rose cheeks,  
Her truthful tale she told;  
And then of the lady with eyes so bright,  
And tresses of dusky gold.

"If thou knowest her well, my father dear,  
Oh, tell me whence she came!  
Why rides she alone on her snow-white steed,  
And what is the lady's name?"

Then the good knight turned, with a grave, fond smile,  
And clasped her dainty hand:  
"Why such wearisome task was thine," he said,  
"Thou couldst not understand.

"'Twas to help thee learn my lesson hard,  
The lady hither came;  
If thou likest well, she shall dwell with thee;  
And PATIENCE is her name!"

MRS. A. W. BROWNE.

## THE MODEL YOUNG LADY.

**E**VERY one calls her remarkably good,  
All of her virtues are well understood,  
Spotless her laces, and smooth is her hair,  
She is propriety's self sitting there  
With her bland smile and her satisfied air.

"Cheerful?" What of it? She smiles when you smile,

Lets you the wearisome moments beguile;  
Takes your red roses and weaves into crowns,  
Lists while the voice of your flattery sounds.  
"Cheerful?" Go prove her with shadows and frowns.

"Loved and loving?" She has a new ring,  
Jeweled and costly, an exquisite thing;  
Far too imposing a token to hide,  
Pledge of her conquest, she wears it with pride,  
Proud to be chosen as luxury's bride.

"Free from quick passion?" Her heart-beats are slow;

How should the half-empty chalice o'erflow?  
Few are the feelings she has to restrain;  
What does she know of the torturing pain  
Of the racked heart, and the agonized brain?

"Pattern for others?" What tempts her to stray?  
Where could she find a more sunshiny way?  
Charging her path were to darken her hours;  
Sinning means thistles, and saintliness flowers;  
Duty leads onward through vineyards and bowers.

Not that I judge her; oh, bitter and stern  
Lessons, in future her spirit may learn!  
Nectar, by keeping, may change into gall;  
Goodness untried is no goodness at all.

Not the frankincense and gold from the mine,  
Not the sweet fragrance of Galilee's wine,  
Not the rich ointment the penitent poured,  
Not the hosanna's triumphant accord—  
Thorn-wreath and cross proved the love of the Lord.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

**D**O you know that you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know that you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man-like you have questioned me—  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul  
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far better thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,  
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did the first,  
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft, young cheek one day;  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep?  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire, with little to pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

**J**UST a little baby, lying in my arms—  
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;

Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair,  
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere,  
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,  
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;  
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe,  
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—  
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;  
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,  
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;  
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,  
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!—  
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;  
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of books,  
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;  
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,  
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar plums;  
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,  
Waking up to study in the morning light;  
Anxious as to ribbons, drest to tie a bow,  
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,  
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;  
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,

Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?  
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek,  
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?  
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego  
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,  
Ripe for a rare unfolding in the upper air;  
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,  
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;  
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—  
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.  
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—  
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON.

## Life and Character.

### THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.\*

"YES, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile: "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs—I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? What kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is me!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dare I sits, and sings, and shouts, and sees Heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husband o' my bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up stairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him brudder since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'"

"Oh," says he, 'Sibby, I's too unworthy; I doesn't desurve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"Phoo," says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de

gov'nness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'nness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!"

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it hain't fatched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelling like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head, and pulls back, and says: 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes strait-way and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de world's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to Heaven, wid all her infirmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night: 'O Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'—'O Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! Your clothes, and your face, and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she.

"Dear soul," says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!"

"Oh," says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' glory to God, and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, O Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garmen, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?" says I.

\* Congregationalist.

" 'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

" 'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?' says I.

" 'Yes,' says she.

" 'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.'

" Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's, and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singin' :

' In my han' no price I bring,  
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

" But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de humiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things, but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

" What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

" Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare o' de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says: 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar now! But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roootin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

" No."

" What! never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

" Oh, yes."

" I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and los' his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

" And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all de time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

" I does, honey. By de help o' de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty ginerall. Why, sometimes when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gi'n me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gi'n me up for los'."

" Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

" Heaps o' ways," she replied, " Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear: 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby'—Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister'—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter! Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at

him, and says, in the words o' Scriptor: 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em: 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most ginerall; and I goes 'bout my work a singin' :

' My Master bruise de sarpint's head,  
And bind him wid a chain;  
Come, brudders, hololujah shout  
Wid all your might and main!  
Hololujah! "

" Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

" No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most ginerall. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn-cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weepsons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I'se had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor, bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey, how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'es Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

" HARLEQUIN TEA-SETS."—The curious practice which has sprung up of late of having sets of china composed of pieces of different patterns and colors, does not come from the fashionable, but from the trade side of the question. A few seasons ago one of the lady-leaders of fashion, while inspecting the stock in a pottery warehouse, was struck by the beauty and artistic effect of a variegated tea-set, and wished to buy it. The shopman explained that what she saw before her was not a tea-set, but only a collection of individual patterns of different sets. All in vain; the lady would have the collection as it stood, and bought it at a fabulous price. Her example spread, and so came into fashion the so-called "harlequin tea-sets," which it is now the right thing for every lady who has any pretensions to *bon ton* to possess.

SWEDISH brides have a custom of letting a shoe slip or a handkerchief fall, in the hope that the bridegroom will, from politeness, stoop to pick it up. If he does, it is believed that it will be his lot to submit—i. e., bend his back—throughout his married life. In Denmark it is still a common saying that a lady who rules her husband has him "under the slipper."

# Scientific, Useful and Curious.

## FAMILIAR BOTANY.

**C**RYPTOGRAMS, you remember, are distinguished from *Phenogams* in having no flowers. The process of fructification is carried on in organs nearly or quite invisible to the naked eye, and which differ widely in the subdivisions of this great order. Ferns, mosses, sea-weeds and fungi are cryptogams—and of these, the only family not beset with immense difficulties in the study thereof, is the one first named. Ferns, you know are noted for their graceful forms and delicate leaves. The foliage part of a fern is called the *frond*. In common language, we would say that a fern produces its seed upon the backs of its fronds—though, as I shall show presently, this is not strictly true. The anatomy and physiology of these seeds, or *spores*, we will leave to expert botanists, contenting ourselves, for the nonce, with observing some of their shapes and positions.

As we ramble through the woods, any day in the year, we are most likely to notice the deep, thick leaves of the evergreen fern, or, as it is sometimes called, Christmas fern. Looking at it closely, you will see that its frond is quite long in proportion to its width, that the leaflets grow semi-alternately along the midrib and have an ear-shaped appendage at the base of each, that the stem is clothed with a sort of a chaff, and that it flourishes alike on dry rocks and moist-wooded hillsides. In mid-summer you will have a chance to observe the fruitage—the seed-dots, originally round and provided with a thin veil, quickly form a thick, confluent mass on the under side of the leaves, turning first yellow, then brown. Try and remember the botanical name, *Aspidium agrostichoides*.

You must not confound this fern with the *Polypodium vulgare*. The two, at first sight, are very similar, as both have coarse leaflets and evergreen fronds. But the latter is much more restricted in locality than the former, and grows mainly upon the rocks, besides, the midrib is not free, as in the *Aspidium* described, but the main leaf seems slashed down alternately until within a short distance of it, leaving, as it were a central margin. The spores, too, are large, round and distinct, like so many brown buttons.

Probably the most beautiful of our native ferns, is the lovely *Asplenium filix femina*, or lady-fern. Though its tall, waving plumes are exceedingly variable, its seeds may always be recognized as growing diagonally, like tiny pockets running out on each side from the midrib. Another *Asplenium*, the ebony spleenwort (*Asplenium ebeneum*), resembles more the evergreen ferns, from its coarse leaflets and spindling form. But, detaching a frond from the crevices of the rocks or stone-walls, which this fern loves best, you will find, in addition to the wiry black stem which gives it the specific name, the diagonal pockets, which stamp it an *Asplenium*. Perhaps, keeping close company with it, you may see the delicate bladder-fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*). This you may know by its slender, pale and irregularly-scalloped leaflets, but especially by its spores, which resemble, under the lens, a tiny bunch of brown berries, from which has been torn off, so that the fragments still hang, a filmy, inflated curtain.

Talking of delicate ferns, we know of none more fully deserving so to be called than the exquisite,

fairly like maiden-hair (*Adiantum pedatum*). In obscure corners of a dense woods a few occasional sprays may be found, though in some localities it is more plentiful. The slender stem, and the beautiful canopy of airy leaves may be easily recognized. In this fern, the seed may be found immediately under the edges of the leaflets rolled inward.

Another fern, exactly the opposite of this one, being stout and coarse, and rising often to the height of six feet or more, produces its fruit in the same way. This is the brake, or bracken (*Pteris aquilina*). Its main stem resembles a high, thick reed, and every separate leaflet a good-sized frond of the lady-fern.

This last often has a neighbor exceedingly similar to itself, being almost as exquisitely graceful in appearance, and far more delicate in texture. A careful comparison, however, will soon show the difference—in the lady-fern, the minute divisions run more to points, in the other, to roundness, so that the former appears more like fringe, the latter, like lace. This is the *Dicksonia punctilobula*. The specific name gives a key to the position of the spores—they are found, in tiny dots, upon the lobules, so that the under side of a frond appears as though punctured with a darning-needle.

The shield-fern (*Aspidium marginale*), might from its locality, size and general appearance, be mistaken at a short distance, for either of the two last considered. But it may easily be seen that it is thick and coarse, in spite of its fine, feathery divisions—in fact, it is almost an evergreen. The spores are small, growing, as the name indicates, near the edge of the frond.

*Aspidium* is a large family. One of its prettiest members is the New York fern (*Aspidium noveboracense*). This is a small, light green fern, growing in moist woodlands, known chiefly, not by its tiny seeds arranged regularly along the midrib, but by its tapering evenly both ways from the middle of the leaf. *Aspidium thelypteris* is a swamp dweller, and is distinguished by having the spores along the edges of the leaflets, these last being placed exactly opposite each other, and by a very long stem, extending down into the water. *Aspidium cristatum*, also found in the bogs, is very like the common Christmas fern, the main difference being that the leaflets are deeply scalloped and mottled with silver.

*Osmunda* is also an extensive family, though we have but three species with us. *Osmunda cinnamomea* or cinnamon-fern, is another sojourner in our swamps. Now we notice for the first time the phenomena of a fern, which, strictly speaking, does not produce fruit on the back of its leaves. We have the spectacle of two kinds of fronds, starting from the same root. In one, the leaflets remain unmodified; in the other, they curl over upon themselves, forming receptacles for the seed, and turn a rich brown. The two, originally similar, are so unlike in appearance as to give to the plant the name of flowering-fern. Clayton's *Osmunda* (*Osmunda interrupta*), seems still more wonderful in its mode of fructification. Sterile and fertile leaflets appear alternately upon the same frond, making it look like a curious succession of little berries and leaves strung together.

The miscalled sensitive-fern (*Onoclea sensibilis*), is

easily recognized by its broad, light green, simply-divided leaves, and its woolly curled fertile frond. What is most remarkable, perhaps, about this, is that the latter hardens like straw, in the fall, so that we may observe in winter, in many damp thickets, a number of black, berry-like bunches, mounted on thick stems, rising above the snow.

The grape-fern (*Botrychium virginicum*), differs from the last genera in having, instead of a separate frond, a distinct prolongation of the main frond, so that the whole seems like a bunch of leaves, above which rises a stem bearing a cluster of tiny grapes. (These, remember, are only modified leaves, curled upon themselves.) The *Botrychium* is an inhabitant of the deep woods.

And another dweller in such places, distinguished by no great eccentricity of structure, is the beautiful beech-fern (*Phegopteris hexagonoptera*). This may be known by its broad, short, finely-divided frond, forming almost a perfect equilateral triangle, at the base of which appear two wings, which run off and above at a totally different angle from the body of the leaf. These I think, are all the ferns that you will be likely to meet with—at any rate, these are the most widely diffused. And when you have learned these thoroughly, you will be well prepared to carry your explorations further. So now I will close my series by saying, success to your botany.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### A NEW OPTICAL DELUSION.

MR. SYLVANUS P. THOMPSON, Professor of Physica at University College, Bristol, England, says the *Scientific American*, presented a very peculiar optical delusion at the last meeting of the Société Française. Upon examining the discovery of Mr. Thompson it will be seen that it consists of two distinct phenomena, verified by the annexed engravings.

The first stroboscopic circle consists of a series of concentric rings about one-twentieth of an inch in width and about the same distance apart, (Fig. 1.) It is not positively necessary to adhere to these di-

Fig. 1.

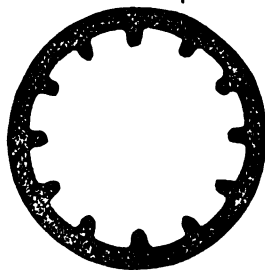


mensions, for the same can be varied in size in proportion to the audience that is to view the experiments. If the illustration is moved by the hand in a small circle without rotating it, or if it is given the same motion that is required to rinse out a pail, the circle will revolve around its centre in the same direction that the drawing moves, and will complete

a revolution as the drawing completes its circular motion.

For the second experiment a black circle is drawn, the interior of which is provided with a certain number of equidistant teeth (Fig. 2). The drawing being moved in the same manner as above described, the toothed circle will also revolve, but in the contrary direction.

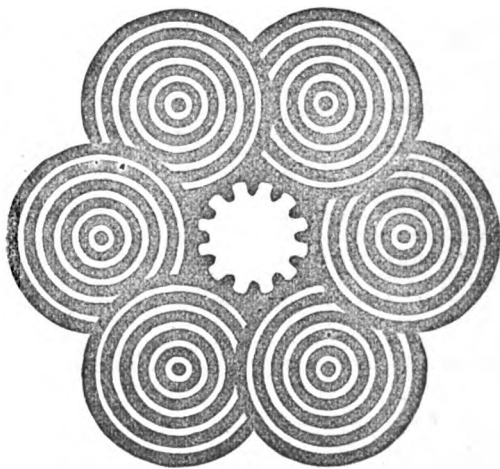
Fig. 2.



The movements are especially interesting and entertaining when the figures are combined as shown in Fig. 3.

The same result is obtained with other concentric curves as well as with circles. By means of a photographic transparency Mr. Thompson was enabled to throw the figure on a screen on a very large scale. The glass plate being moved as before described, caused the figures on the screen to rotate. In this case, also, each circle appeared to rotate around its own centre.

Fig. 3.



No explanation can as yet be given for these curious and interesting facts. Mr. Thompson does not believe the property of the retina to retain images for a certain time can account for this, and we are of the same opinion. Without intending to produce a new theory, Mr. Thompson thinks it best to compare this with some other well-known phenomena, from which a new property may be attributed to the eye.

Brewster and Adams have described phenomena which are equally curious and are analogous to those of Mr. Thompson. They say the eye has the property of "compensation;" that is, if an object or a movement acts upon the eye for a certain time, a sen-



sation complementary to the real action is produced. For instance, if we gaze at the rocks in a cascade and then at the cascade alternately, for a short time, the rocks will appear to move upward; or if we examine a stream below a cascade or waterfall, we will notice that the water flows much faster in the middle than at the sides of the stream. If we look at the mid-

dle and sides alternately the water will seem to flow backward.

These are a few of the phenomena that might be compared with those of Mr. Thompson, and which may arise from a common cause.

*Scientific American.*

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE short, plain skirts now in vogue have necessitated a corresponding change in the length of polonaises. So, among the models presented by *La Mode* is one that closes in the front to the depth of a deep basque, and its skirt portion is shirred up in a graceful drapery of wrinkles at the termination of the closing, while below the plaits it falls apart triangularly to the bottom. The new styles generally are very short and bouffant, often scarce reaching to the knee. The back may or may not be also short—very frequently it shows the older curtain style, forming drapery at least three times the length of the front.

Four styles of out-door wraps prevail—the coat, the dolman, the long cloak and the short jacket. Coats, as we have previously intimated, are plain and neat, imitating closely the styles worn by gentlemen. The dolman, or its various mantilla-like modifications, made of cashmere, *drap d'été*, and similar materials, is now, as always, a favorite model to be worn with quiet, dark fall costumes. The long cloak, either of Scotch plaid woolen goods, or of black silk, fur-lined, is exceedingly convenient to throw over a handsome dress which otherwise would become worn by the continued friction of a close-fitting, out-door garment. The jacket, whether made of light or dark cloth, is always a good stand-by for demi-toilettes, for temporary evening wear, and so forth. If of heavy, serviceable cloth, it may be rendered doubly handsome later in the season, by a border of rich fur.

The new autumn materials still display a lavish abundance of color, though in new shades and in finer stripes. Myrtle, olive, plum, *gen d'arme* blue, mahogany and Panama (which last is a new name for old-gold) are among the fashionable tints. Corresponding trimmings, in velvets, satins, etc., even to buttons, are manufactured. In making-up, the fashion of using contrasting materials in one costume

still prevails, though to a more subdued extent than formerly.

Very little appears in bonnets that is new. Light felt and straw hats are seen, mostly setting back well off the face. In garniture, the touches of color are mainly displayed in the flowers, and bows, and facings, the feathers and strings (if worn) being of subdued shades. The principal styles in real bonnets are of the cottage order—many of them will be of soft, fluffy beaver, which the French call *oursin*. Novel fabrics for trimming are crushed velvet, antique satin, uncut velvet, *epingle* and satin-serge. Crushed velvet is streaked in every direction, as if it had been carelessly gathered up and laid under a hard pressure, which creased it here and there without mercy. Antique satin has a soft, glossy pile, like sheared plush pressed flat and smooth by a heavy, hot roller. *Epingle* is a corded velvet or rep texture in one or two colors. It would be well to remember, in contemplating all this finery, that plain black straw hats for this time of year, and later, black velvet bonnets, never go out of fashion, nor do neat, daintily-made black dresses of silk cashmere, merino and the like. Trimming, of course, may be varied from time to time.

The most striking color in new gloves is Panama (old-gold) which may be worn with any costume. With the gay dresses at present in style, care must be taken to have the gloves subdued rather than bright in shade, as gaudy gloves always give a loud effect to the whole appearance. New belts are called military, and are made of broad strips of white, gray, coffee-colored or red canvas-webbing, and are fastened with narrow leather straps. Some of these have small knapsacks attached, in place of the chatelaine pocket now so much worn. But this style, like all sensational ones, will probably not last long.

A new way of finishing off the hem of a skirt, is to turn about half an inch up over the facing and dispense with the braid.

## New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

A Compendium of the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By Samuel M. Warren. Second and Revised Edition, with a Biographical Introduction by Hon. John Bigelow. pp. 764. Price, \$3.00.

There are two remarkable things connected with Swedenborg and his writings. One is the indifference with which the religious and scientific world have, for more than a hundred years, regarded both the man and his marvelous labors in the cause of

science and religion—labors, the extent, accuracy and profound character of which dwarf by comparison those of any other man.—The other, and less remarkable—if the claim made by Swedenborg that he was chosen by the Lord as the herald of a New Spiritual Dispensation be really true—is the silent but powerful influence which these writings have exerted; an influence that grows more and more potential every day. Says Mr. Bigelow, in his deeply interesting introduction to this Compendium:

"It is more than a century since this illustrious Swede commenced the publication of his theological

writings. They were all written in the Latin tongue, were published at his own expense in very limited editions, and the earlier ones without his name. Most of the copies were presented by him to public libraries, or to personal friends supposed to be interested in the subjects of them. No special effort was made in his lifetime to attract public attention to their contents. The press of the period seems scarcely to have known of their existence. Quietly, but steadily, however, they have gained readers and their doctrines converts, until now his disciples may be found in every Christian land, his works in the language of every civilized people, and his doctrines more or less leavening the pulpit teachings of every Christian sect. This growth and vitality of a comparatively modern system of religious instruction and Biblical interpretation, is in many respects without a precedent. \* \* \* This vitality seems to be the more exceptional and extraordinary from the fact that Swedenborg took no steps looking to the foundation of a sect. To whatever conclusion, therefore, one may come in regard to the soundness of his teachings, it is clear that he belonged to an order of men very rare in the world; who brought extraordinary gifts to the study of the most important problems of human life; that he is a man from whom much may be learned, and to the secret of whose extraordinary influence no one can afford to be indifferent."

He was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, on the 29th of January, 1688, and died in London on the 29th day of March, 1772, having attained the then unusual age of eighty-four years. Up to his forty-third year, he devoted himself to mechanical, scientific and philosophical studies, with the end of discovering the laws of nature, in order that they might be applied to useful service. "Among all the men who rose to eminence in any of the departments of natural science during his time," says Mr. Bigelow, "it would be difficult to name one whose labors in the different departments of applied science it would be more interesting or more profitable to dwell upon. \* \* \* The mere titles of his scientific works (over seventy in number) are enough to appal the modern student by the evidence they furnish of his industry and the range of his explorations. They also show that this man, whom the world has been disposed to regard as the most chimerical of dreamers, was the most practical as well as the most ingenious of philosophers."

About one-half of Swedenborg's scientific and philosophical works have been published. The rest are still in manuscript. He anticipated many of the more recent discoveries which later scientific explorers have either made or borrowed from his writings. "Heat a Mode of Motion," which is the title given to a volume published not long since by a distinguished scientist, are the exact words in which Swedenborg declares the law therein expounded. He anticipated Laplace by more than thirty years in the discovery that the planets and planetary motion are derived from the sun. Nineteen years before Franklin's famous experiments, he had reasoned out the identity of electricity and lightning. The French chemist, Dumas, ascribes to Swedenborg the creation of the modern science of crystallography; while in his *Specimens of Chemistry and Physics* are to be found the germs of the atomic theory afterwards set forth by Dalton. But space will not permit us to go on with this enumeration, which might be largely extended.

At the age of forty-three, Swedenborg abandoned his scientific pursuits, having been, as he solemnly declared, called by the Lord to a new and higher work and office. From that time he wrote on

spiritual and divine subjects alone. His theological writings are contained in about seventy distinct works, many of the less important of which are still in manuscript. About thirty volumes, most of which were printed during his lifetime, are now published.

It is from these theological works that the large "Compendium" now issued by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. has been made. The work is in no sense a condensation, but is made up of extracts from Swedenborg's text, arranged in the order of subjects, and is the best book for one who desires to gain a complete knowledge of Swedenborg's doctrines that can be found. The portrait on steel, which is given as a frontispiece, is one of the finest which has been engraved.

**Madelon Lemoine.** By Mrs. Leith Adams. A very pretty story of English life in a quiet country village, not wanting in dainty descriptions, sweet sentiments or faithful delineations of character, as well as a decided tragic element. It is a book which can scarce fail to please, and though not remarkable for originality, it is just as far removed from improbability.

FROM M. L. HOLBROOK & CO., NEW YORK.

**Vegetarianism the Radical Cure for Intemperance.** By Harriet P. Fowler. A well-presented series of scientific and sensible arguments in favor of the adoption of a diet excluding meat, both by persons who are liable to intemperance and by reformed drunkards. The writer explains how such a course tends to lessen the nervous excitement and intestinal irritation caused by indulgence in stimulants, and so destroys the appetite for drink. By a vegetable diet is not meant strict abstinence from animal food, such as milk, butter, fish, eggs, etc., but only from flesh-meat, the amount of nutriment so lost being made up by an equally nutritious amount of oatmeal, unbolted flour, fruit, vegetables, cream, chocolate, and the like. We think this little book worthy of an extended circulation.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, 58 READE ST., N. Y.

**The Trial of John Barleycorn, alias Strong Drink.** By Rev. F. Beardsall. John Barleycorn is regularly tried in court, with judge, jury and lawyers, and witnesses for the prosecution and the defense. He is given a fair and impartial hearing in the presence of all who choose to listen; but those testifying for the commonwealth are invariably from among its respectable citizens of various degrees of intelligence, while the friends of the accused are mainly tavern-keepers, tipplers, persons more or less interested, or those misled by ignorance, which finally they are brought to confess. Were this little drama enacted as an evening's entertainment in a village hall, we think it would make a far deeper impression than half a dozen set lectures.

FROM THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF NEWARK, N. J.

**A Mother's Story.** By Mrs. A. Elmore. A poem, descriptive of the sufferings of a mother who had lost her son by the demon of drink, and of which it may be said that its deep earnestness of purpose gives it a reason for existence, and perhaps the power to accomplish good. But we think the writer made a mistake in clothing her production in verse; the rhyme takes away much of the real force of the story.

## Notes and Comments.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1880.

#### REDUCED RATES!

With the new year, we shall make an important reduction in the terms of the HOME MAGAZINE, both as to single subscriptions and club rates (as will be seen by our Prospectus for 1880), thus restoring the old popular prices, and bringing it within the reach of a still larger number of persons. We shall, also,

#### INCREASE THE NUMBER OF PAGES,

And add to its value in many ways. For the extent, range and character of its literary matter, for the excellence and variety of its illustrations, and for its peculiar adaptation to the wants, tastes and varied interests of refined American households, we shall make it

#### THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Magazine of its class in the country.

One of the leading attractions for the coming year will be a new serial story by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, entitled,

#### "HER LIFE IN BLOOM, A SEQUEL TO LENOX DARE,"

In which our readers will learn more of the fortunes of the heroine of Miss Townsend's story of this year, in which so many became deeply interested.

Another attraction will be a new story of American life by Miss Emma E. Brewster, author of "ALMA'S CROWN." It is called

#### "BITTIBAT FARM,"

And presents some new phases of American life and character, drawn with remarkable skill and graphic force.

All of the old favorites, and many who are to be new ones, will write for the "HOME" next year, and fill its pages and various Departments with the best and choicest things they can offer. Such a literary feast as will be given at every monthly reunion of subscribers and contributors, will hardly be surpassed. Let none of our old friends be absent; and let each one bring a friend. Every new guest that comes will find a cordial welcome.

Of the general character of our magazine—now so well known and established—we need say nothing. What we have tried to make it, the editor of the

Westchester (Tenn.) *Guardian* declares it to be when, in a recent number of that paper, he says:

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. We laid the HOME MAGAZINE down with the thought: Here is reading matter written expressly to build up and strengthen moral character, to elevate and purify, to do good. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."

#### Wasted Sympathy.

UNDER this head, a correspondent sends us the following:

Now and then we meet with an article running over with sympathy for overworked mothers, and containing a great deal about the cares of a family and the trials of housework. All this may be well enough in its way. But the same strain repeated too often, grows tiresome. The time has come, we think, for saying a little on the other side. One would think from reading, that is, if one did not know better, that the mothers and housekeepers are the only beings in the land who have cares and trials, who are ever tired and worn, and who ever need any pity. If they are in such a wretched condition as some of them would have us believe, why are they so ready to exhort the young ladies of their acquaintance to hasten betimes and do as they do?

Dear women, we do not wish to underrate your difficulties and perplexities in the least, for difficulty and perplexity are necessary conditions of human life everywhere. But, knowing the world and the people in it as we do, we are inclined to believe that of these you have the least of any, and that your complaining over what seems to you exceptional and peculiar to yourselves, comes from your ignorance of things outside. It stands to reason that your cares are the lightest, for your lot itself is the happiest. You yourselves would be the very first to be indignant at any imputation that it is not.

Now let us examine what compensations you have for your troubles. First of all, you have not that most terrible of all burdens, the money-care pressing upon your shoulders. You are sure of bread to eat and a roof over your head, even if you sit down and cross your hands before you. Do you know how many thousands there are throughout our land—even tender, womanly women, with the same loving hearts and noble impulses as you have—who are wearing their precious lives out, haunted as by a demon with the agonizing fear that next week will find them destitute of the barest food and shelter? Talk of your petty cares after that! And even if your children do make a noise, and tear their clothes, and muddy the carpets, are they not yours, your very own forever? And are you not dear to them, and does not the very fact of your being, each one of you, the cen-

tre of a household, prove that, if you are doing all your duty, you are not a wanderer through the great, cold world, alone and unloved in the midst of its hurrying throngs? But there are thousands, whether you know it or not, whose hearts are starving, whose souls are sickening and dying for want of the very affection which you value so lightly, and which to them would be as the bread of Heaven in the desert? Oh, you ought to be glad that you have indeed sticks to burn and tatters to mend, if thereby you can give one grain of comfort to those who are dear to you.

Whatever you have not, you have a home and you have love, and what more can any one want as a foundation for the highest success? Everything else in the world, however good, and beautiful, and desirable in itself, is as nothing compared with these things, and by cherishing the greater, the lesser may come. And if you don't stop complaining, and exert yourself with a will, as though you believed that no work, however hard, (of course, don't overdo the matter), was too much when undertaken as a labor of love, you won't deserve an atom of sympathy. We know there are exceptional cases—one woman may have a bad husband, another, slenderness of means, and another, ill-health, to contend with. But, unless you have brought it directly on yourself, your trouble, whatever it may be, is not the worst in the world. When you have conscientiously tried to do your best, accepting your trials as no more than the ordinary discipline, hunting out all the happiness possible for yourselves and those around you, and *then* have failed—why, then will be time enough to cry out through the press for universal sympathy. Then, we think, you'll deserve it.

### The Grape Cure.

ONE of the finest grape-growing sections of the country is to be found in the neighborhood of Hammondsport on Lake Keuka, in the State of New York. The place is charming for its picturesque lake and mountain scenery, and summer tourists are flocking there in increasing numbers every year. Referring to the "grape-cure," in connection with this region of vineyards, the *Elmira Advertiser*, says:

"Foreign travelers tell us of the grape cures of Germany, and how every year, as the vintage time arrives, the dwellers in the regions where the grape is not grown, come flocking to the cures, remaining during the grape season, going home refreshed and invigorated for the labors of another year. The Fairchild House at Hammondsport, which during the past season has obtained so enviable a reputation, is to be open from the first of September through the fall and winter, to all intents and purposes as a grape cure. There will still be found the fishing, boating, and delightful drives and in addition to these attractions, is that of the grapes. First, during the latter end of August, comes the delicious and delicate Delaware and the succulent, luscious Concord, then in quick succession ripen the other varieties, many of which remain upon the vines until late in the fall, the more durable kinds being preserved in their freshness by a process practiced nowhere except upon Lake Keuka, we believe. We asked a French gentleman of culture, who had spent many years in Germany, for what disease the grape-cure was thought most beneficial. He replied for all, especially those of the liver and stomach, and acting, as it does, upon these organs the body is refreshed, the brain made clear and a healthy tone to the system generally the result.

What can offer a more desirable combination of pleasure and profit during the fall months than the Fairchild House, Lake Keuka, in its gorgeous beauty, boating, fishing, moonlight excursions, sulphur springs, and last, but not least, plenty of grapes? Write to the Fairchild Bros., and find out all about it."

### Autumn Decorations.

LADIES throughout the land know all about crimson maple and sumac leaves, pressed ferns, Florida moss, pine cones and the silky pericarps of the wild clematis. They know of the beautiful wreaths, and bouquets, and wall-ornaments which are generally made about this time of year. But we fancy we hear many of them exclaiming, as we have heard before: "Oh, I'm not going to have any this season. They don't last long, and then they fall and litter up the house."

This, however, is not the experience of all. Many indeed do have their decorations to last throughout the winter, and keep their beauty until late the following spring. But this is not the point we wish to impress.

What if your brilliant spoils from the woods, *should* turn brown and shrivel away within a few weeks? Were they any less beautiful while they lasted because so short-lived? And enduring but the shortest time, did not your spray of deep red oak leaves survive the hardest roses that ever filled your vases? Yet whoever objected to flowers in the house because they did not last long, and because (if allowed to) they would fall and litter up the house?

No, in this sense as perhaps in a higher, you have been misled by the gorgeousness surpassing that of the flowers to which you are most accustomed, and so have expected too much. Because they will pass away so soon, why should you not enjoy autumn's treasures while they do last? Everything or nothing is sometimes a short-sighted policy. Not in vain, we hope, have we plead for a few weeks of autumn decorations.

### Etching on Linen.

A VERY beautiful and artistic way of ornamenting pillow-shams, napkins, towels and so forth, is to draw upon them spirited designs, such as flowers, ferns, birds, grasses, grotesque figures and initials. The more simple the sketch, the more effective it is likely to be, and such decoration affords employment which is at once graceful, interesting and profitable. We subjoin a few hints on the subject.

The day before intending to work, prepare the linen by washing over with a thin preparation of gum. Wash out previously any starch or dressing. In smooth fabrics the design is to be put on *with* the grain, twilled, *across* it. When ready to commence operations, smooth the material over with a warm iron (not a *hot* one), so as to remove all the dampness that the gum may have absorbed. Now comes the real work.

If uncertain of your hand, the sketch may be first outlined with a lead-pencil, or even transferred with tracing-paper. Mistakes, remember, cannot be rectified, so proceed carefully. Use only the best indelible ink, which must be shaken frequently so that every penful will flow easily. Never press the pen into the linen, but keep it on top. For the heavy lines, use an ordinarily fine pen, and for the delicate lines, a small map pen.

When finished, the article should be exposed immediately to the sun, unless the day be damp, in which case it must be put away in a warm, dry place, secure from all moisture. Six hours' exposure to the sun will be sufficient to set the lines, but to give the design its full effect, no less than two or three days will be required. Such a procedure will insure softness and blackness, which will add very much to the art itself.

H.

### Display at Funerals.

MANY efforts are being made to check and avoid the extravagance attendant on funerals. The floral offerings, which in too many cases had become almost shocking in their vulgar display of crowns, wreaths, crosses, broken columns, and all manner of ingenious devices, are going out of fashion. So are the long lines of carriages following the plumed hearse, and filled too often with people whose animated faces and lively conversation showed how little they were affected by the death of the one whose obsequies they were attending. The tendency is toward less and less intrusiveness. Sorrow is too sacred a thing for public exhibition. We note another change in the direction of avoiding display. It is said that in New York it is not now uncommon to have the funeral services in the day preceding the interment. On the day following, the immediate friends accompany the remains to the grave. The custom of putting the whole household in mourning garments is also giving way. Little children dressed in deep black, once so familiar a sight, are rarely to be met with now.

### What it Costs to Smoke.

SOME one, expert in figures, has taken the pains to show what it costs a man to smoke. He bases his computation on a weekly expenditure of one dollar, the amount, twenty-six dollars, being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, compounding the interest at seven per cent. per annum. It sums up at the end of

5 years.....	\$304.96	45 years.....	\$15,680.59
10 years.....	735.15	50 years.....	22,423.98
15 years.....	1,311.97	55 years.....	31,336.19
20 years.....	2,193.94	60 years.....	45,354.11
25 years.....	3,405.37	65 years.....	64,281.41
30 years.....	5,108.56	70 years.....	90,980.22
35 years.....	7,511.08	75 years.....	128,641.54
40 years.....	10,900.07	80 years.....	181,773.12

Rather an imposing array of figures for an old smoker with a very light purse in his pocket to con over when too late to make a fresh start in life. But not to the smoker alone are these figures suggestive. The lesson they teach is for all who habitually spend small sums in useless self-indulgences, which too often impair the health, while they waste the substance.

"KNOWLEDGE is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Each one therefore should not spend his days in gathering materials, and so live and die without a shelter."

"FOR the lack of a fair portion of courage and self-possession quite as many lives are lost as through the threatened calamity. Not holding themselves under control, men lose all power of acting reasonably, and often rush blindly into the danger they seek to avoid."

## Publishers' Department.

### CATARRH OF ELEVEN YEARS STANDING CURED IN THREE MONTHS.

WE knew nothing of the result in this case until the following letter, voluntarily sent, came to hand. The testimonial, coming as it does from a gentleman occupying so high a position in his State, is one of great value.

"State Normal School, River Falls, Wisconsin,  
September 4th, 1879.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Gents: After enduring post-nasal catarrh for eleven years, at times greatly annoyed and sickened by the abundance of the secretions, in the full belief that catarrh is incurable, I procured your *Compound Oxygen*, and after three months' steady application the secretion wholly ceased and has not yet returned, six months having elapsed since I have used the *Oxygen*. I therefore commend your specific to the thousands of sufferers from catarrh, with its attendant ills.

"I shall take pleasure in testifying for the benefit of any inquirer. Respectfully,

W. D. PARKER,

President State Normal School."

The action of "COMPOUND OXYGEN" in catarrhal cases has always been prompt, and we have on record many remarkable cures. Among these is the case of HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY. We give his full letter to Dr. Starkey.

"West Philadelphia, June 6th, 1877.

"DR. G. R. STARKEY, Philadelphia:

"Dear Sir: Just about four years have elapsed since, overcoming a violent prejudice against any treatment that was offered as a specific for a wide range of apparently unrelated diseases, I yielded to the wishes of my friends, and abandoning other medicine, put myself in your charge.

"Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood, in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you, and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas, at intervals, has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared.

"In short, my experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensatory will be complete that does not embrace the administration, by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent, or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other cause, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their systems in healthful vigor.

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain

Your grateful friend,

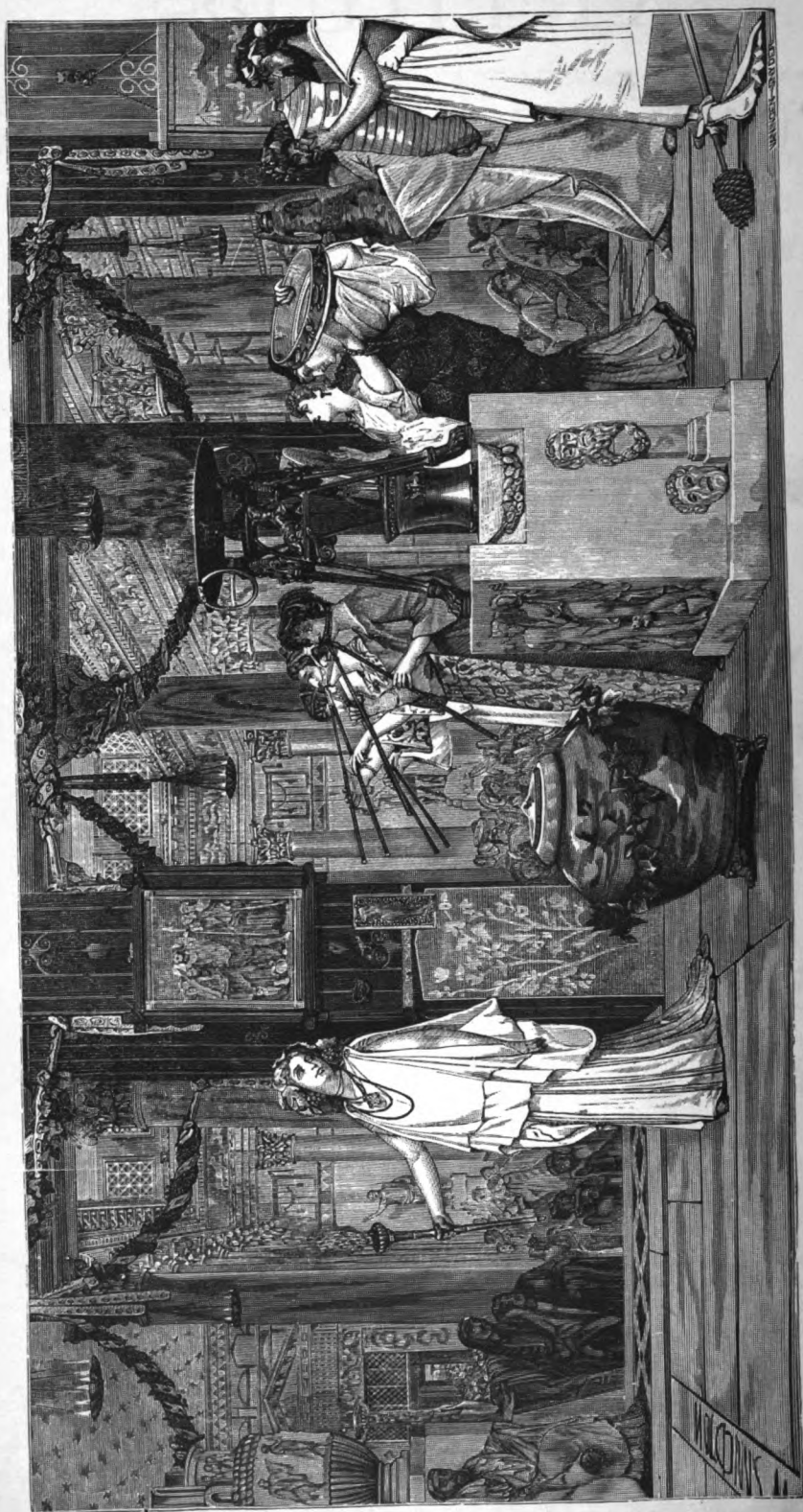
"WILLIAM D. KELLEY."

Our Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, which is sent free, contains a great deal of valuable information for invalids; besides the record of a large number of remarkable cures.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,  
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.







THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL.  
From a Painting by L. Alma Tadema, Exhibited at the Philadelphia International Exposition.—Page 602.

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLVII.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.



## PETER THE GREAT.

**P**ETER THE GREAT, czar of Russia, was the son of Alexis Michaelowitz, and was born May 30th, 1672. On the decease of his half-brother, Feodor, in 1682, Peter was proclaimed czar, in conjunction with John, his eldest brother, who died in 1696, and left him in full possession of the throne. While a youth, he conceived those projects of improvement which have made his name immortal. He entered into the military life, and performed the duties of a common soldier, till, by rising gradually from the ranks to the command of a body of troops, he exhibited the duty of obedience, and the necessity of discipline, in his own example. He visited Holland in 1698, under a disguised name. Here he worked as a common laborer in the dockyard, and then went to England. While thus engaged, the news of an insurrection, excited by the Princess

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Sophia, obliged him to return to Russia, where he severely punished the nobles, and confined his sister in a nunnery. In 1700 he declared war against Charles XII, of Sweden, and though unsuccessful at first, he afterwards gained such advantages as induced him to build a fortress on the Baltic, called after him, Petersburg. In 1709 the czar obtained the victory of Pultowa, after which he conquered Livonia, Ingria, Finland and part of Pomerania. But he had a narrow escape when engaged in a contest with the Turks, who surrounded his army on the banks of the Pruth; from which perilous state he was rescued by the Empress Catherine, who entered into a treaty of peace with the grand vizier. In 1716, the czar and his consort visited Demark and Holland, where he left Catherine while he made a journey to Paris. He died January 28th, 1725, and was succeeded by the czarina Catherine.

A colossal statue was erected to his memory at St. (563)

Petersburg by Catherine II. The huge block of granite which forms its pedestal, and which weighs upwards of fifteen tons, was conveyed from a marsh at a distance of four miles from St. Petersburg, and two from the sea. On approaching near to the rock, the simple inscription fixed on it in bronze letters, "Petro Primo, Catherina Secunda, MDCCLXXXII," meets the eye. The same inscription, in the Russian language, appears on the opposite side. The area is inclosed within a handsome railing placed between granite pillars.

"The idea," says Dr. Granville, "of Falconet, the French architect, commissioned to erect an equestrian statue of the extraordinary man, at whose command a few scattered huts of fishermen were converted into palaces, was to represent the hero as conquering, by enterprise and personal courage, difficulties almost insurmountable. This the artist imagined might be properly represented by placing Peter on a fiery steed, which he is supposed to have taught by skill, management and perseverance, to rush up a steep and precipitous rock, to the very brink of a chasm, over which the animal and the imperial rider pause without fear, and in an attitude of triumph. The horse rears with his fore feet in the air, and seems impatient of restraint, while the sovereign, turned toward the island, surveys with calm and serene countenance his capital rising out of the waters, over which he extends the hand of protection.

"The bold manner in which the group has been made to rest only upon the hind legs of the horse, is not more surprising than the skill with which advantage has been taken of the allegorical figure of the serpent of envy spurned by the horse, to assist in upholding so gigantic a mass. This monument of bronze is said to have been cast at a single jet. The height of the figure of the emperor is eleven feet; that of the horse seventeen feet; the general weight of the metal in the group is equal to thirty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-six pounds.

"I heard a venerable Russian nobleman, who was living at St. Petersburg when this monument was in progress, relate that, as soon as the artist had formed his conception of the design, he communicated it to the empress, together with the impossibility of representing to nature so striking a position of man and animal, without having before his eyes a horse and rider in the attitude he had devised. General Melesino, an officer having the reputation of being the most expert as well as the boldest rider of the day, offered to ride daily one of Count Alexis Orloff's best Arabians to the summit of a steep artificial mound formed for the purpose, accustoming the horse to gallop up to it, and to halt suddenly, with his fore-legs raised, pawing the air over the brink of a precipice. This dangerous experiment was carried into effect by the general for some days, in the presence of several spectators, and of Falconet, who sketched the various movements and parts of the group from day to day, and was thus enabled to produce perhaps the finest, certainly the most correct, statue of the kind in Europe."

Peter's energy, and his stern resolution to improve first himself and then the condition of his country, never ceases to excite unbounded admiration. To his determination is mainly due the fact that since his day Russia has continued to rise more and more from its original barbarism.

We conclude with the following anecdote from the French historian Saint Simon, admirably showing, as it does, the rugged earnestness of the emperor's character:

"The czar had already begun his voyages. He has so justly made a great noise in the world, that I shall be succinct over a prince so great and so well known, and who shall be so, without doubt, to posterity the most remote. He rendered formidable to all Europe, and mixed necessarily in the affairs of all this part of the world, a court which had not been one of them, and belonged to a nation despised and entirely ignored for its barbarity. This prince was in Holland to learn and to practice the construction of vessels. While unknown, following his point, and wishing not to incommode himself with his grandeur or his person, he made all, however, render to him, but in his mode and his fashion.

"He found, secretly chagrined, that England was not ready enough to send him an embassy in this near neighborhood, more especially as, without committing himself, he had a strong desire to ally himself with her for commerce. At length the embassy arrived; he deferred to give it audience, then gave the day and hour, but aboard of a great Dutch vessel that he wished to go and examine. There were two ambassadors who found the place wild; but it was indeed necessary to pass on. But it was much worse when they had arrived on board. The czar sent word to them that he was at the top of the mainmast, and it was there that he would see them. The ambassadors who had not feet marine enough to hazard the rope-ladders, excused themselves from mounting; the czar insisted, and behold the ambassadors greatly troubled by a proposition so strange and so opinionated; at the end, to some brusque responses to their last messages, they felt indeed that it was necessary to leap over this troublesome stick, and they mounted. In this land, so tightened and so strong in the midst of the air, the czar received them with the same majesty as if he had been on his throne; he heard the addresses, responded obligingly for the king and his nation, then amused himself with the fear that was painted on the faces of the ambassadors, and made them feel while laughing that this was the punishment for having arrived before him too tardily."

M. H. B.

THE earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and, as men in a crowd instinctively make way for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere open their ranks to one who urges zealously toward some object lying beyond them.

## MISS SNOW'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas Eve. Without, fitful gusts of wind sent the sleet and rain straight into the faces of the throng, that, despite the weather, wended its way toward the city's great centres of attractions. Within, mirth and fun drowned the noise of the storm, and sparkled in the merry faces bent lovingly over finished and unfinished gifts that were to gladden "somebody's darling" on the morrow.

Through the driving storm and merry throngs, Miss Snow hurriedly bent her way. She was a sober-face, sad-eyed woman, somewhere up in the thirties. She made a precarious living at finishing collars, and cuffs, and ruches, and on this Christmas Eve was hurrying along sad enough at heart, for the shop had closed for the winter, and Miss Snow found herself out of employment. Well, it was hard; and Miss Snow could only sigh as she neared the old tenement where she found shelter, and wish from her heart that Christmas times and business were not so closely connected.

It was a poor enough place—this old tenement. Summer and winter the entrance door stood open, and through the dirty halls ran dirty children, quarreling, crying and singing. Slovenly, hollow-eyed women with sickly babes in their arms stood gossiping in the doorways, while men, rough and unshaven, loitered about; some cursing, some joking and *all* smoking.

But Miss Snow never noticed one of them. As speedily as possible she climbed the rickety stairs and shut her door upon all sights and sounds connected with her neighbors. The room was as tidy as hands could make it. The cooking-stove reflected back the small table, the low bedstead, the little rocker and the high bureau with its old-fashioned brass handles. This bureau was the one aristocratic piece of furniture that Miss Snow possessed—a treasured heir-loom.

For a long time on this Christmas Eve did Miss Snow sit by the shining stove thinking dolefully of her future. She was not a cheery, bright being; few would be, situated and circumstanced as she was; and to-night she was unusually sad. The wind and sleet rattled by, blowing a cold breath through the broken window pane, causing the lonely inmates of the room to shudder and turn her head. The blind was open, and as Miss Snow made an attempt to close it she cast a glance on the street below. Even in the gloom she could see forms coming and going, and merry, youthful voices floated above the storm and penetrated the ears of the sad watcher.

"A gloomy Christmas," she said, half aloud, turning away and resuming her place by the stove, and vainly trying to catch up the broken thread of her reverie. But somehow a thick veil seemed to have dropped down over her plans and hopes for the future. She saw nothing but the past. Pleasant thoughts of happier Christmas times came floating dreamily through her mind, bringing bright remembrances of a time when Christmas Eve was a wel-

come, joyous season. When within the old homestead away up in the New Hampshire hills she, with brothers and sisters, waited and watched for the mythical saint of the night. She could see them still, those merry-faced girls and boys, romping, laughing and teasing, or whispering together of the surprises that awaited the morrow. Ah, if life was only not so hard she might plan and work for the day again. But now there was no one to work for. Of all that merry, happy group, she alone remained, save one. He, the handsomest and dearest once, but alas, a prodigal now. For him, the old homestead had been sacrificed, and the gray hairs of her parents brought in sorrow to the grave. Somewhere on the face of the earth he still roamed an outcast, unless he had been laid to rest in her cold bosom. But to-night Miss Snow remembered not this picture, but another. The bright, joyous, innocent face of her brother rose up before her. She recalled their many rambles over the hillside and meadow until she seemed to sniff the violets and May flowers of her native hills, and hear the voices that had long since ceased their music to earthly ears.

"Yes," she thought, "Christmas comes to the happy as a happy time, but to the miserable only as 'sorrow's crown of sorrow.' If I only had something to give to some one I loved. But what am I to anybody?"

Miss Snow was roused from her reverie by a knock at the door; a timid, half-frightened, little rap it was, which she was about to ignore when it was repeated, and the lonely woman rose and opened the door to the would-be visitor. It was a child, a clean-faced, comfortable-looking little girl, evidently not a resident of the dirty tenement. Miss Snow frowned.

"Well?" said she, in a severe tone.

"I came to see you," said the child, timidly.

"What for?"

"Mamma said I might."

"Humph!" grunted Miss Snow. "You ought to be in bed. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Millie."

"Millie what?"

"Only jest Millie—papa's Millie." And the little intruder edged her way past the stern sentinel at the door, and was looking around the room in childish wonder. Miss Snow stood silent and pale.

Millie! How the name chimed with her reverie. It was her own, and her mother's name. Millicent by baptism, but shortened to Millie for love's sake.

"Where do you live?" asked Miss Snow, coming back into the present, from a throng of old recollections.

"Down-stairs. Papa's sick," said the child, raising her eyes for sympathy to Miss Snow.

What bright, fun-loving eyes they were. Just such eyes as had been haunting her waking dreams a few moments before. Miss Snow felt a sudden impulse to seize the child and kiss her; but instead, she turned her head away, saying: "If your papa is sick maybe your mother wants you. Run home; don't come again. I don't like children."

Slowly the little one obeyed, and Miss Snow closed and locked the door, then sat down by the stove again.

The wind died away, the rain and sleet ceased, the throng without grew thinner, the revelings in the miserable tenement became quiet; still Miss Snow sat there. The midnight bells of Christmas Eve clanged out their merry welcome, but she heard them not. The lonely room had suddenly become filled with forms and faces. Voices of loved ones were in her ears, trusting, loving eyes met her own, warm hands grasped hers. It was Christmas Eve in her soul.

The dark, stormy, December night broke into a morning of dazzling splendor. Ice and snow everywhere; and over all, the sun shed a radiance that kindled the landscape into burnished silver. The old tenement with its eastern front seemed a palace of splendor; the windows a net-work of magic lace that kindly hid the signs of poverty and filth. In one of the rooms, directly below Miss Snow's, a man, pale and emaciated, lay upon a couch before a poor, cheerless fire. A woman bustled busily about the room, stopping now and then to glance at the low bed whereon lay a little child sleeping. She was pure-faced—this woman—though not apparently hopeful nor happy. How could she be, when he lay sick, and poverty gaunt and greedy stood within the threshold; when even the little stockings hung up the night before with mysterious questions and childish faith, hung limp and empty. Oh, it would be so hard to see the bright eyes glance toward them, and turn away in disappointment.

"Poor Millie!" said the woman, "if I only had something for her."

"I've been thinking, Marcia," replied her husband, "and I have got something."

"Oh, have you, Charles?" said the woman, eagerly. But the flash of joy died out of her face as she met his distressed look.

"You are ill, again?" she said.

"No; but it pained my heart to *think* just then," he answered. "Marcia," he continued, "go to the little green box. Open it. In the left-hand corner you will see another box, round and white. Bring it to me." "I *will* do it," he added to himself. "I *will*. O Millie, Millie!"

The small box was brought and opened. Coiled on its velvet cushion lay a necklace of emeralds and pearls.

"Charles!" said the woman, with a gasp and a convulsive grasp of his hand. Then she burst into tears.

"It's all right, Marcia," he said, soothingly. "It's all right. They were Millie's, they belong to Millie now. *She* would be glad I know. It's all right, Marcia. Do you doubt me, my wife?"

"No, no; a thousand times, no!" she cried, "but it was so sudden."

"Drop them in, quick," said he. "She is waking."

Into the little stocking, all darned and patched

but clean and whole, went the necklace, rich enough for a princess. Not a moment too soon, either. A pair of eyes open wide and bright upon the beautiful morning.

"Did Santa Claus come?"

"I think somebody came," replied her father. "Look, Millie; see how God has covered everything with silver, and hung our windows in lace?"

"Pretty, pretty," cried the child, "but did He let Santa Claus stop here?"

"Perhaps so," answered mamma. "Get up and see."

"O mamma," said Millie, glancing at the limp stockings, "they look as if God hadn't let him stop!"

"We'll see," answered her mother, cheerily. "He's such a queer old fellow, that perhaps he has stuffed something away down in the toes."

With a burst of childish laughter, Millie bounded out of bed, and the next moment was handling the necklace with awe and wonder. In silence her father watched her. Saw the little fingers toy with the precious jewels; then a grieved look came into the child's face, and she said, sadly: "I wish it was candy."

Just above their heads Miss Snow was busy preparing her morning's meal. It was scanty enough, but there was an air of neatness in its arrangement that spoke of some innate refinement high above the usual order of things in the old tenement. Miss Snow seemed sadly happy—if I may thus define it—this morning. She was glad of the light and the brightness; glad that the Christmas was bright after all. She wished that she had something to give to somebody. She thought how beautiful must the New Hampshire hills look this morning, bathed in ice and sunshine. Then she thought of the little child that came to her the night before. She wished she had not sent her away. She believed that after all "give" was the key-note to a happy Christmas, and she might have been happier had she but given the little one even a kind word. She resolved to watch for the child and redeem, if possible, her severity of the night before. Some natures, even child-natures, are quick to forget a repulse. Their elasticity, or flow of spirits will throw it off as they throw off restraint, or anger, or sorrow. Little Millie was one of these. Scarcely had her breakfast been eaten, when she begged permission to visit the "woman up-stairs."

"But she said she doesn't like children," urged the mother, to whom Millie had volunteered that much about her visit.

"I guess she'll like me," said the little atom of conceit. "I guess she will if I wear this," pointing to the necklace.

"O Millie, dear!" exclaimed her mother. "You must not wear that in this miserable house. That's to wear when papa gets well again and rich."

"But I may show it to *her*, mayn't I, mamma?" pleaded the child.

After much pleading on the part of the child, and

reasoning on the parents', it was decided that the necklace must not be shown to any one in that miserable place. So little Millie was obliged to make her call without it.

Miss Snow was looking at some faded picture-books when the timid rap sounded on her door. "It's that child, I know," and somehow, anxious as she had been to see her, all her hardness came back as she opened the door.

"He comed," said Millie, edging her way past Miss Snow.

"Who came?"

"Santa Claus. Mamma said maybe he wouldn't stop. But he did; and brung me a pretty thing for my neck; to wear when I get a lady and rich. But he never brung a speck of candy," and the bright eyes took on a shade of sadness.

"Candy isn't good for children," answered Miss Snow. "Here's a picture-book for you. I used to like to look at it when I was a little girl.

The child took the book, and soon became so absorbed in its pages that Miss Snow forgot all about her. After a long time, she looked up and the little one was gone.

"Humph," said Miss Snow. "She's a sly one, that child is. To think of her slipping out like a cat. Left the book, too," as her eyes caught sight of the well-worn relic. "Maybe she didn't understand that she might keep it."

About half an hour afterward, Miss Snow heard the timid tap at her door.

"It's that child again," she said, with a frown in her eyes. "I declare this must be stopped," and she opened the door with a full determination to stop further visiting.

It was little Millie, of course. But she carried something in her hand that made Miss Snow's heart stand still.

"I wanted to show you," said the little one, looking up into Miss Snow's face with bright eagerness. "Papa said I musn't. But I slipt it out."

"Child," said Miss Snow, holding the necklace in one hand and grasping Millie's shoulder with the other. "Child, where did you get this necklace?"

"Out my stockin' this very morning; an' our windows had lace all over 'em, an' something took it off," she continued, thinking of the bright, but short-lived beauty of the morning.

Miss Snow seemed turning first to stone then to fire as she gazed on the precious treasure. Just such a string of precious stones was once given to her. It happened in this way. A carriage was rolling along the old turnpike road one day, long years before. A beautiful little girl leaning carelessly out, lost her balance, and would have fallen beneath the wheel, only Miss Snow, then a child of twelve years, saw her in time to save her. Giving a sudden spring, she caught the horses' bridle and suddenly stopped them, and thus saved the little one from what might have been a disaster. The grateful mother, after inquiring her name, asked her little daughter what she would give the kind girl for her thoughtfulness.

"May I give this?" asked the child, and unclasped the necklace.

The mother smilingly consented, and pressed upon the unwilling girl the beautiful treasure. She kept it laid by for years, it being too costly for a farmer's daughter to wear. Then came the sad, sad days. The loved, but erring brother, from the depth of his misery, applied to the loving sister for aid. She forced the treasure upon him, bidding him convert it into money and fly from justice. Since that time she had never heard of it nor him. But here it was now, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight as beautiful as ever; and in the hands of whom? A beggar's child, for aught she knew. But she *would* know, and that, too, very soon.

"Take me to your father," she said, still clasping the necklace, still holding little Millie by the shoulder.

Gladly the child led the way to the room below.

"Papa," she cried, "here's the lady that I went to see."

"Pardon me, sir," began Miss Snow, "for intruding; but—"

She stopped short. With a little glad cry, she sprang toward the invalid's couch.

"Charlie!"

"Millie! my dearest, my sister!"

Without, the sun shone down on the wintery landscape; merry bells jingled and chimed to the motion of prancing horses, and joy sparkled and shone from thousands of happy faces. But nowhere did such sweet joy, such transcendent peace fill heart and home as within the four walls of the old tenement. The day waned and the long, wintery evening closed around these two, and still they sat hand in hand, heart to heart and soul to soul.

"That crime," he tells her, "committed against my father years ago, was my first and last; and most bitter has been my punishment. The necklace, Millie, saved me. It was my talisman until I met *her*"—meaning his wife. "I never dared to part with it. Though tempted and tried, and even on the very verge of starvation with *them*. And now, it has brought us together never to part again."

"Never to part again, Charlie."

And so the Christmas came and went with its record of joy and sorrow; but carrying no sweeter message to eternity than the story of the reunion beneath the roof of the old tenement.

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

SOME happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

ONLY they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.



## WOMEN'S WAYS.

## AN OPEN WHISPER TO GIRLS.

IT is said that there is no woman in the world, no matter how "plainly favored" she may be, that does not possess at least some *one real* beauty; it may be but a slight feature of that joy which the poet would have us believe lasts forever, but it is a beauty notwithstanding. To those modest girls who are willing to consider and acknowledge themselves as possessed of but one or two of these womanly delights, there are a few things to be whispered which may make them feel satisfied in knowing that even their *few* features may be cultivated and "made the most of," which sentence the girls, at least, will comprehend directly.

To go at the subject, then, regularly, and literally from "top to toe," we will begin with the hair.

If that crowning glory be your *one* beauty, cultivate it by taking the greatest pains and care to have it *always* neatly and becomingly dressed. Whether it be curly or straight, blonde or brune, let *no one* ever see it blowed and unkempt. Brush it vigorously each day to keep it glossy and thick, and study the most becoming style of coiffure for your face. The beauties of a forehead, or its defects, can be displayed or concealed by a skillful arrangement of the hair, and the shape of the face or head marred or made by the aid of this natural adornment and veil.

The eyes are a feature one can do very little toward "cultivating."

"Those are the prettiest all the while  
Which sparkle with a kindly smile."

They may be kept fresh and bright by early rising and plenty of *early* night sleep. The French fashion of dyeing and tinting the lashes and lids is not an improvement to any face. The Germans say: "*In den augen liegt das herz.*" It is well, then, to cultivate a heart full of good thoughts and pure aspirations if one would have beautiful eyes.

The nose is a sensitive feature for handling. Without one bears a truly "hereditarily ugly" nose, one which will strike people at a glance as being "the illustrious nose of the Howards," a girl is to be commiserated who is the unfortunate possessor of an appendage that deviates from the rules of beauty, while a girl born with a delicate, pretty nose can afford to feel very well satisfied with her "one beauty," it is one of the rarest.

The mouth is capable of undergoing wonderful transformation, and may be cultivated to the highest degree. There are the teeth to begin with; if naturally white, even and well-shaped, they redeem any mouth, no matter how large or ill-shaped; and if frail, crooked and bad colored, the dentist and brush will work a magical change. It is surprising to notice how few *young* girls appear to think the care of the teeth an addition to beauty as well as to health.

Riding in a horse-car not long since, a troop of pretty school-girls came tripping in, and in the usual

giggle and chatter which followed, I counted *two* with cleanly, well-kept mouths and teeth. I will not say they had dirty faces, but I do not think the brush had found its way out of the holder in the toilet-table to some of the teeth in some time. And they were all young and healthy, and should have possessed at least the one beauty of kissable mouths.

The lips may be kept smooth and soft by the use of glycerine and rosewater, and pleasant words and happy thoughts carve delicate, pretty curves around the mouth.

Complexion, being a sort of *tout ensemble* which covers the entire features in a glance, is considered an important possession. To be the owner of a naturally fine, clear, fair skin, means perfect health; if one, however, from sickness or disease is pale, or sallow, or rough and "unfair," there are a number of harmless toilet arts which may be used with impunity; and even to a naturally fine skin the addition of a little innocent baby-powder or scented magnesia is neither harmful nor unnecessary; it certainly adds a look of refinement to any face, and it is an affectation of virtue to decry the use of powder as "a harmful vanity."

A fine figure is often admired even more than a beautiful face; it is a beauty not so quickly lost. Time's touches tell more plainly in wrinkled brows, lack lustre eyes and sunken cheeks, than in lean bodies or bent forms. A girl with a good figure has a large "beauty spot." A very tall girl should try not to feel her height awkwardly, proudly rather, as though it was a gift of the gods. "*Divinely* tall, and most divinely fair." A little one at the same time may congratulate herself upon being one who may be termed literally a "dear little girl," "*Zohi Petite*," and all those pretty *little* terms of endearment, and with long trains, high puffs and tall heels, may cultivate a certain height.

A handsome hand and arm are beauties much rarer than one supposes. Among one's circle of friends, how many may be counted as the owners of pretty, pink-tipped, tapering, soft, white fingers, or rounded, smooth, well-shaped arms? A hand may be cultivated into being very nice, however—scrupulous care of the nails, the use of good soaps; but do not toughen or harden the skin; and an exquisite cleanliness will make an ill-shaped hand oftentimes pass for a pretty one.

A pretty foot is a real beauty, and one oftenest remarked by the sterner sex. This is capable of beautiful adornment in these days of embroidered hoisery and dainty *chaussarie*, and one can forgive a girl with this one beauty if her skirts are a trifle shorter than her friends', and she is quicker to see puddles and spiders than they! There is no cultivating an ill-shaped foot; one should content herself with good, *easy* shoes, and long dresses, who cannot show a pretty foot.

All these "women's ways" above mentioned belong to the outside order of beauty; there are a number of others, as literally from "top to toe," which come under the title of *inside* beauties.

First, the head. A celebrated writer, speaking of some noted old-time beauties, says: "They did not elign in consequence of their beauty and grace alone; it was as much their wit and understanding which won them their position." And we know that all be beautiful women of whom we read—Zenobia, Aspasia, Heloise, and later the Pompadour, Madame Recamier and Ninon de l'Enclos—were possessed of intelligence as well as beauty. "Vivacity and intelligence are veils which cover ugliness;" and even a very homely woman may be charming beyond expression. A girl, therefore, who can talk well, with ease and intelligence, and has besides a little fund of humor to draw upon occasionally, may make one quite forget whether her complexion be rosy or sallow, her eyes blue or gray, her mouth little or large. The art of conversation should be thoroughly studied by girls who, without beauty, wish to be noted and admired. The same writer aforementioned says: "A man gains more from the inspiration of a brilliant woman than from all the scholars of forty colleges; and such women shine in society, no matter how plain they may be." But even if a girl does not shine, she may sparkle and light up a dull room with her pleasant, merry talk, well-turned anecdote or amusing conundrum, and such a one will be welcomed and admired because of her head.

Hands, though rough, or red, or bony, may win their way to praise by their pretty needle-work, or the delightful music they may be able to produce. A pair I wot of, large and angular, and neither white nor soft, are pronounced "beautiful" because of the sweet sounds they have the power to command, and they are welcomed and admired whenever they appear. Even pretty hands "show off" better in the weaving in and out of wools, or the sewing of "the long, white seam," than in lying idle in their owner's lap, and a thimble is as becoming an ornament to a tapering finger as a diamond.

And now as to the figure and feet. Says a lady writer of to-day: "Let any girl know how to enter a room gracefully, and comport herself in it, as one accustomed to receive attention, and she will get it."

Cultivate an air of knowing what you are about, an air of quiet, self-possession, *self-assertion*, perhaps; in a modest way add to this the accomplishment of dancing well, and the plainest girl will be as attractive as the prettiest.

Neatness of person is another addition to good looks which a girl should cultivate. There is something pleasantly striking in the appearance of an exquisitely neat lady. A woman should be as fresh as a flower in her adornments. Said a charming French woman once to a young lady friend who hesitated in the pinning on of a yesterday's collar: "When a *collare* is in doubt, *cheriè*, remembare, always *de case—duretie*." And this little caution it is well to recollect when one pauses over a pair of cuffs, tie or the many little *lady-like* appointments of a girl's toilet.

A lady friend laughingly declares that it was her dazzling white petticoats which gained her the best

of husbands. She sang in a village church choir, and coming down the steep steps one Sunday after service, a strange gentleman in the same noticed her exquisitely white ruffles and hosiery; being a fastidious man, it pleased him, and he asked for an introduction, and finding all her tastes as pure, and dainty, and congenial, he lost his heart.

One of the secrets of a French woman's captivating toilets is its perfect freshness. "*Elle est fraîche comme une rose*," they say. A Parisian grisette will as carefully shake, and smooth, and fold away her plain little print dress when she takes it off at night as though it were brocade, and she will look better in it next day than "Miladi" in her rumpled robes of silk and velvet.

And now, having whispered a few hints as how to cultivate good looks, the next best thing is to learn how to retain that evanescent dowry, for, says the old poet,

"Beauty's a slippery good, which decreaseth whilst it is increasing;

While you look in the glass, it waxeth old with time;  
If on the sun, parched with heat;  
If on the wind, blasted with cold;  
A great care to keep it;  
A short space to have it;  
A sudden turn to lose it."

But, says another old truth-teller: "Time has small power over features the mind moulds."

And just here the following anecdote is apropos: One of a party of gentlemen, speaking of a member of their club, wondered why H—— had lost all the beauty for which he was once so famous. "Ah," replied another, "it is because he has never been anything but a beauty; he has never *thought—acted—done*. One must have the mind chiseling away at the features to produce handsome middle-aged men."

And this is as true of women. If one is a beauty, and, content with that title, tries to be no more, she will remain a pretty doll to be admired for awhile, then the delicate lines will become weaker, the dainty color fainter, and the beauty finally vanish and fade away; while a beautiful woman who *thinks*, and acts, and does, encourages her mind to outgrow her face, and in this way has "a sculptor at work keeping the beauty lines in repair, and constantly going over the face, often improving the original design."

"What's female beauty but an air divine,  
Through which the *mind's* all gentle graces shine?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body charms, because the soul is seen."

And so I will conclude my open whisper by begging you to remember that, beside the fastidious care and cultivation of the one outside beauty you may possess, it is rather the culture and improvement of the many *inside* adornments of a woman's head that makes her charming, beautiful and beloved in her woman's ways.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

HAPPINESS is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

## SIVAS.

**S**IVAS is a town in Asia Minor, on the east bank of the river Kizil-Irmak. It is situate one hundred and sixty-five miles south-west from Trebizond, eighty-seven north-east from Kaisariyek, and four hundred and fifty south-east from Constantinople, on the range of mountains and mountain plains stretching from the Anti-Taurus to Armenia. It is the capital of a pashalic which comprehends the whole eastern part of Asia Minor, and which still bears the name of Rum, or Rumeyah, which was applied to the whole Turkish Empire before its expansion. The valley of the Kizil-Irmak, the ancient Halys, here spreads out into a broad and fertile plain. The situation being level, with the exception of only a

itself, and the circumstance of its furnishing supplies to many places, causes its trade to be extensive.

The place was once called Caliya, a name that was changed to Diopolis by Pompey, and subsequently to Sebaste, of which the present name is a corruption. Sivas was the summer residence of the kings of Pontus. It was one of the last possessions of Mithridates, and was captured, with that king's treasure, after a terrible battle on the plain above the city. During the Greek Empire at Constantinople, Sivas was of some account in church history. The first Gregory is said to have been the father of its churches, and Basil and the second Gregory founders of the many monasteries around it. Under the Saracens, the city was ornamented with splendid edi-



THE CITY OF SIVAS, TURKEY.

small circular elevation in the south-west, the whole city is seen to much advantage when approached from the south. It is interspersed with trees, without being buried in them, like most of the towns in these parts. The great number of chimneys seen above the housetops indicate that the winter is severe, and the inhabitants affirm that it is as cold as at Erzerum. The houses are well-built, partly tiled, partly flat-roofed, and intermingled with gardens. There are two old castles and several fine mosques, and these, with the numerous minarets, give a cheerful aspect to the place. The bazaars are extensive and well stocked with goods, including many of British manufactures. The consumption of Sivas

figs, ruins of which still remain. When the Ottoman Empire had its capital at Broosa, Sivas was garrisoned by Armenians; the city was captured by Timour, Bajazit's son slain, and four thousand of the Armenian garrison buried alive (A. D. 1401). As we have intimated, it is the seat of a pasha, as it has always been during the reign of the Sultans. The Armenian Board now has flourishing mission stations at this city and at some neighboring towns and villages.

The present population is about twenty-five thousand, of whom about one-fifth are Armenians and the remainder Moslems, besides the transient European and American residents.

## ALL IN THE SPRING-TIME.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY EMMA WILMOT.

## CHAPTER IV.

NORA was sitting as usual, one morning, under the trees, her hands busy with fine sewing, for her Aunt Rachel had no idea of raising her in utter idleness. Indeed, it would have been hard for Nora to lead a perfectly idle life. There was always something to be done, even if it was nothing more than the building of a rockery. Perhaps it was this that made her life so pure and happy, and the moments that were spent in nothing but pleasure so perfect in their joy.

"I do believe, Carlo, I love you very dearly," she said, seriously, as she laid aside her sewing and put both arms around him. "There is no room for doubts and fears between us, is there, old fellow?"

While she was still talking in her earnest manner, Belle Hammond stood before her. Nora quickly sprang to her feet.

"Why, good-morning, Belle! You startled me. I did not hear you approach."

Could Nora have been annihilated by a look, she would not have lived to tell the tale, for Belle stared at her in perfect rage, then turned and proceeded to the house.

"Come, Carlo," said Nora, with a sigh, "we are in for it again; but the sooner over the better."

She followed Belle at a short distance, and entered the house just after her.

"Aunt Rachel, I want to know if you are aware there is to be a party at your house next week?" asked Belle, when she was sufficiently composed to speak.

Nora's eyes fairly danced with fun, and she gave Carlo's ear a pinch, but made no comment.

"Party!" exclaimed Aunt Rachel, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I want to know if you are aware that the invitations are out for a party here next week?"

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Such is the case, nevertheless."

"Aunt Rachel," said Nora, trying to look serious, "how could you keep it from me?—how could you?"

"And *she* is the one to circulate them," said Belle, pointing in a tragic manner to Nora.

"I!" exclaimed Nora, in well-feigned surprise. "I! Oh, you mistake, I did not know Aunt Rachie was going to give a party."

"No, but you are going to give one—a kind of strawberry festival, I hear."

"Oh!" and Nora laughed heartily. "I am going to give a tea-drinking. Now isn't that a proper name for it, Aunt Rachie? But not here; down at the spring. That's my play-house. But you needn't be so angry about it, Belle, I sent you a most pressing invitation."

"Me! me!" almost screamed Belle. "I attend a tea-drinking in a spring-house!"

"It is not to be in the house, but out under the trees."

"Aunt Rachel," said Belle, turning from Nora, "she actually had the impudence to invite the guests now at 'The Hammonds'—invited *my* guests to this disgraceful party—to drink water and make mud pies, I suppose; for I have no idea she will have anything else for their feast or amusement."

"Wrong again!" laughed Nora. "We shall have a 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' to say nothing of the cups of steaming old Hyson, biscuits, tongues, berries, cake, ices and the et ceteras. Then, if your guests choose to make mud pies, they can have the spring for their pan and sand for their ingredients. Everybody to their liking."

"Aunt Rachel, it is not to be put up with; Nora will either have to learn how to behave, or leave the neighborhood," said Belle, ignoring that young lady's presence.

"Aunt Rachie, will you please inform Belle that I did not command any one, but invited them. They are certainly at liberty to refuse, if they prefer making mud pies at 'The Hammonds,' instead of in my nice, clean spring." And Nora, laughing in her sweet good humor, passed out of the door. She walked up and down the porch for several minutes, her face darkening.

"After all," she said to herself, "what right have I to take this from Belle? I am a woman—not a child, to be taught how to behave. But it will never do for me to go in now that I am getting angry. I have never yet answered her in wrath, and shall not commence now. But the worst of it is that she thinks I am awed by her presence, and afraid to answer. Oh, how I long to tell her that my pride will not let me come down to the Hammond anger."

"Poor child, so alone!" Aunt Rachel said, after Nora had left them. "It never occurred to me that she might want to entertain her friends. She could have had a party had I known she wanted it."

"Her friends? Mine, you mean," said Belle.

"They seem friendly enough with her."

"Yes, because she intrudes herself."

"Oh, that indeed!" said Aunt Rachel, who knew it was useless to argue with Belle, and did not care enough to do so.

"Aunt Rachel, do you intend to correct Nora in this matter? Do teach her propriety."

"Teach her propriety! Nothing could be further from my thoughts. Spoil all her innocent, childish ways? Never! She is too lovely as she is!"

"If you knew how people talked about her—"

"Let them talk," interrupted Aunt Rachel. "She neither lives for nor by people's opinions; and I am glad she cares nothing for it. But why should she? With a conscience as clear as a little child, it is no wonder that she lives in open defiance of the public tongue."

"Then I am to understand that this disgraceful affair is to go on in the spring-house?" asked Belle, taking delight in naming the place.

"In the barn, if Nora chooses."

Belle carefully pulled her skirts close about her, as if she shook the very dust of such impropriety

from her feet, and walked out of the room. Aunt Rachel followed her to the door, and uttered a pleasant good-morning, which was received in utter silence. As she was passing out of the gate, a light hand was laid upon her arm.

"You will come to my little party, Belle? I will dispense with the mud pies, if that can add to the dignity of the occasion. Now do come, it will be very pleasant."

"You can prepare for at least two less than invited. I and one of my guests will be elsewhere," said Belle, drawing herself up to her full height.

"Then you and your guest will be the losers," said Nora, imitating her tone and manner. "Good-morning."

She swept toward the house, and Belle thought—though she never would have acknowledged it—that there was a wonderful amount of dignity in the retreating figure.

"Mr. Darrell, will you drive me to the office?" asked Belle, about two hours before the appointed time for Nora's tea-drinking.

"Yes, certainly," he replied; "it is only a few minutes' drive, and I have plenty of time."

"Do not go so furiously," she said, as they started off in a brisk trot. "I cannot talk; and I wanted to say something confidentially. I have arranged for you to come with me to-day as a kindness to Nora."

"Miss Nora? How can my going with you affect her?"

"Poor child! this is the day of her tea-drinking, as she calls it," very patronizingly, "and I am afraid there is a great disappointment in store for her. Aunt Rachel knew nothing of it until a day or two ago, and she might make it disagreeable for Nora. You being the greatest stranger, of course she would care most for you; so I thought it would be kind in you to stay away. I have given you this excuse—you were out with me, and did not return in time."

"But Miss Nora does not seem like a person to be made uncomfortable. I imagine that even should her aunt try to interfere with her enjoyment, she would only be defeated, and wind up with being as happy as any. Miss Nora's happiness is a contagion. She makes it so!"

"You do not know Aunt Rachel as I do."

"I think Miss Nora seemed willing to risk it."

"Of course! She did not think. She is always getting into scrapes through want of forethought."

In spite of Belle's request not to drive so furiously, the horse was urged to his utmost speed. But when they left the office, there was an errand to be done at Mrs. Weatherby's, and Belle lingered, while Mr. Darrell smothered his anger and quietly submitted.

"Look!" said Betty to Harry as they approached the spring; "isn't it beautiful? Why, she has brought down her air-baskets and birds! And the table there, through the trees! It gives one an appetite to look at it."

"Where did she get all those lovely rustic chairs?" asked Harry, amazed. "Why, it is a regular pic-

nic! And the hammocks, and swings, and the people! Oh, the people! they spoil all. Aunt Rachel, too, I do declare!" he said, springing forward to shake her hand.

"Of course Aunt Rachie!" said Nora, stepping to her side. "She had my biggest invitation. Where is Belle?"

"Why isn't she here? She and Darrell were nowhere to be found when we left. I suppose they are on their way."

"Well, before they arrive, let us wait on these girls. They are my Sunday-school class."

"O Nora, what a bother! How could you?"

"Why, the very easiest in the world, Harry. All you have to do is to help me make them enjoy themselves for an hour; then we will have our picnic—and such a one as it will be! Do you girls wish to swing?" she asked, approaching a group that stood whispering and giggling. "Well, here is a young gentleman just waiting to devote fifteen minutes to that exercise. Come, Mr. Hammond, they are ready."

Harry made a grim face, but in less than five minutes was having fine sport tossing them up among the limbs of the trees. After that he followed Nora to the table, and waited on them in the most agreeable manner; but not without many asides to her.

"Where do they put it?" he asked, as he joined heads with her over a freezer.

"In the very places for which I designed it," was the reply. "Be quick, Harry, and do not stint them."

"Well, of all the hard work I ever performed, I give this the prize," he said, after they had departed. "Nora, do they eat this way every day?"

"Some of them haven't it to eat every day, poor things! You have earned your tea nobly, Harry, and I shall wait upon you myself."

"Until I am satisfied?"

"Yes, until you cry enough."

"Thank you; I shall hold you to that, mind; and I intend to eat till doomsday."

"Harry!"

"Don't be shocked, Nora. By the way, where can Belle and Darrell be?"

"I hope they will not come now until the table is rearranged. See, it is beginning to look lovely again."

"Nora, take Carlo to the house and tie him before Belle comes," Aunt Rachel said to her, as Harry walked off to join Miss Hamil.

"Certainly not, Aunt Rachie; he is to enjoy himself as well as any one else."

"Well, make him behave, then; you know Belle is always fussing."

"Do you know, aunt, that I do not care for the Hammond complaining? In fact, I rather enjoy it; and I know it gives them infinite delight to catch me at some of my tricks, as Belle calls them. No, Carlo must stay, because his presence will give them something pleasant to think about." And with a laugh



hat made the place seem cold when it died away, he went to the house.

"Nora, are Belle and Darrell coming?" called Harry, as she returned down the hill.

But she could not tell him, because she did not know that they still tarried at Mrs. Weatherby's.

## CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Nora, as soon as the dew had vanished, strolled to the spring to gather up the scraps that had been dropped during the festival of yesterday. She was dressed in white, pure white muslin, and looked lovely, nestled down amid the green grass. She suddenly looked up as footsteps approached.

"What are you so busy at this morning, Miss Nora?" asked Mr. Darrell, taking a seat beside her.

"Only trying to restore my favorite spot to its original loveliness. The grass is the only thing that suffered."

"Then your tea-drinking was a success?"

"Perfect! Everybody was happy. That is the climax of success, is it not?"

"The climax of life. No one was disappointed, then? Things appear so different, from different standpoints. Anticipated pleasures are sweet; realized ones have a tinge of bitter. Was your party an exception to the general rule?"

"I deny that there is such a rule, in the first place. But my anticipated party was uncertain, while my realized one is—well, sweet to think on, at least."

"To everybody?"

"To every one here."

"Ah! there comes in my rule, for *my* anticipation of your party was indeed sweet to think on; but my memory of it is only bitter."

"Because your anticipated one was never realized. I will have to have another, just to prove your rule false. Will you come to my next?"

"Yes; I won't be cheated out of it. Why do you not ask for an explanation of my rudeness in not putting in an appearance?"

"I do not wish it."

"But I shall give it."

"You must not. I have invited you to another. Does that look as if I thought it rudeness? Let that be sufficient, and let the explanations go."

"Prove to me that you do not think it rude, by giving me my tea-drinking now."

"But I have no tea."

"A whole spring full of it."

She got up and handed him her hands full of water.

"Throw that away," he said, "and put this on, that I may see it sparkle through the water." He took a ring from his pocket and placed it upon her finger. "Turn it so. Now, when I drink I shall see my ring, sparkle upon *your* finger. Will you give me the water upon that condition?"

Most women's faces would have become red, but

hers turned a deadly white, as she dipped down into the spring and handed him her hands full. He drank it all.

"I am satisfied," he said. "Sometime, let it be very soon, you will give me a cup full, just so, from my spring, by the wee river. Don't you want me to tell you something about my home? I have not seen it for years, but when I do see it, it will be *our* home, Nora. Why, don't you speak? You do not even ask where it is. Don't you want to know?"

"I do not care where it is, but is it really so beautiful?"

"Yes."

"As beautiful as 'The Hammonds'?"

"It is not at all like 'The Hammonds,' but equally as beautiful."

"Not such a mixture, you mean?"

"No," laughing. "Not such a mixture."

"Well I am glad of it;" with a satisfied air, "for while I think 'variety the spice of life;' I prefer *my* variety not quite so variegated."

"What a queer little bird you are, but let us go tell Aunt Rachie now."

It was not many weeks until there was a constant whirl of the sewing-machine, in Aunt Rachel's cottage; and nimble fingers wrought the most beautiful work, but Nora still lived out of doors, and did her share under the trees. Aunt Rachel entreated, then scolded.

"Nora, every piece of work you do will be ruined. Why you allow Carlo to lie down upon it, snuff it and lick it, until it actually smells like him."

Nora only laughed.

"Aunt Rachie, he is very sweet."

Mr. Darrell had now left 'The Hammonds;' Betty had gone, and Harry was traveling, so that Nora was very much alone, but not lonesome; she could never be that. But then she had Mr. Darrell's letters twice a week, and one occasionally from Betty. Belle and her mother never came to the cottage now, for neither could ever forgive Nora for taking Mr. Darrell; but they prophesied all kind of unhappiness for her. Like all prophets of their kind, though, they only wished, and did not believe that what they said would come to pass.

One day, when Belle was at the office, the postmaster said: "Here is a letter for Miss Nora, will you take it?"

"Certainly, give it to me."

At a glance she knew it was from Mr. Darrell. She would not open it, but thought it no dishonor to keep it a few days, just for spite. But the days slipped into a week, and then the letter slipped into the fire. Belle had no intention of doing this when she carried the letter from the office; but when it was once in her possession, she thought the matter over, until she came to believe herself really aggrieved.

"Nora must have talked to him about me, or he would never have fallen in love with her," she thought over and over again, until it became a fact in her mind. Then she considered it no crime to burn the letter, just to worry Nora, not that she really wished



any serious results to follow. When one was destroyed, the way was opened, and a second soon followed. Now it was a most unfortunate thing for Nora that it happened to be those two letters, for they were all-important. Business suddenly called Mr. Darrell to Europe. In the first he wrote, telling her of it and where to write to him; in the second asking her if she had received the first and why she did not answer. When he received no word, he determined to hurry through business and return home as soon as possible; but still he wrote, and still the letters found their way to a fire at 'The Hammonds.'

As day by day passed, and no letter came from him, Nora grew uneasy.

"I do not understand, Aunt Rachie," she would say, "he is so honorable and considerate, that he would never act this way without good cause. He must be sick. I think I shall go see him."

"That would never do, Nora; wait and have patience."

But one day she saw in a paper that his name was registered in Europe. She carried it to her aunt.

"Read that," she said. "What does it mean?"

"Can you stand my telling you what it means?" her aunt asked, after a long time.

"Yes, tell me."

"That he is a villain."

"How?"

"He was only trifling with you, or he would not have gone off in this way. In fact, he has run away from you, Nora. I tell you this at the first, for your own good."

"I cannot understand, but I will never believe anything against him. Never tell me that again."

But time went by, and she did not hear, until September came bright and beautiful. Then, while she was yet in the May-time of life, she grew sick from waiting, and Belle still burned letters that would have made her life all happiness again.

"Aunt Rachie, open the shutters wide, please, and let in the light; then give me my writing material," she said, one morning.

"Why, Nora, you cannot write, child!"

"Yes, I can; see how steady my hand is;" and she held it up, so thin and white, with the blue veins plainly marked beneath the skin!

"Nora, I hate that man!"

"Aunt Rachie!"

"Nora, please let me speak."

"Not against him, Aunt Rachie. Now you hold me up while I write. See there, it is not much." She folded the paper and placed it upon a table by the bed.

"Where shall I send it, Nora?"

"Just let it stay there, please."

"Is it for the doctor?"

"No, it is for—Who should I care to write to, Aunt Rachie, but Mr. Darrell?"

"He will never get it there."

"That is true; he might be too late to take it from this table. Put it in the parlor, please—the best

parlor; it will be safe there, and when he comes give it to him. Wait, let me put 'Present;' you see it will not seem so cold. I have nothing but his name. There take it, and let me rest."

After arranging the pillows carefully about her, Aunt Rachel took the note as Nora directed.

"My Nora, my poor Nora," she murmured, as she passed down the stairs, "he will never get this note because he will never come for it."

When she returned Nora was asleep, and she took her place beside her to watch, as she had watched for so many weary days. The sunlight that had streamed in the windows far enough to reach the bed, and touch to gold the long hair thrown back upon the pillow, gradually withdrew; crept slowly until it reached the sills, then up the house and over, until it glided into the rooms on the other side, leaving Nora's in shadow, and still she slept. The doctor came, looked at her, felt her pulse, gently, shook his head and took up the watch with the aunt, but Nora slumbered on, unconscious.

At last she moved, a smile lighted the features that had before looked stern and old.

"See!" whispered Aunt Rachel.

"Yes; that smile took away the careworn expression of the last few days. She is all right now."

"Doctor?"

"Hush," for Aunt Rachel had forgotten in her great joy, to be careful, and almost screamed. "When she awakens give her some slight nourishment, and keep her quiet. I will return in the morning."

As the doctor uttered the words that gave Aunt Rachel such joy, just below in the parlor, stood one whose grief was boundless.

Mr. Darrell had returned, and heard at the station that Nora was dangerously ill. He hastened to the house—it was as still as death—opened the door stealthily and crept into the darkened hall. The parlor door was ajar; he entered and found upon the table a note addressed to himself. By the faint light he read:

"I believe in you, because I believe in you, and can give no other reason. I know some time you will come to receive my 'God bless you.' But that will not be the last time you will come to me. When you come never to leave, the great wrong that has been done us can make no difference. Until then, good-bye. NORA."

"Dead," he murmured, folding the note and placing it in his pocket. He started for the stairway, but stopped suddenly—"No; when last I saw her, there was life in her heart, and laughter in her eyes. So I would remember her," and he left the house.

In the lane he met Belle.

"Why, Mr. Darrell," she exclaimed, "can it be possible? I had no idea of meeting you. I was just going over to see Nora, but if you are on your way to our house, I will return with you."

"Then you do not know?" he asked, coldly.

When you see her, remember this, she knew, and know, that somehow, it is all your work."

He left her without a word of explanation, but she felt, as he had done, that Nora was dead. Walking slowly to the house, she stood upon the porch for some time, too shocked to enter; but in a few moments Aunt Rachel opened the door.

"O Aunt Rachel," Belle said, "I have just heard about Nora and am so sorry."

"For once, Belle Hammond, thank you for your candor. I supposed you would be sorry," and the door was closed in her face.

Several days later, after Nora was able to sit up in the great arm-chair, by the window, overlooking the fields, stretching away to the river, Aunt Rachel told her of Belle's visit.

"You must have misunderstood, Aunt Rachie."

"She said distinctly she had just heard from you, and was sorry—meaning, of course, she was sorry you were better."

"No, she could never have meant that, Aunt Rachie," she said, suddenly; "is my note still in the parlor?"

"Yes, shall I get it?"

"If you please. You see I thought when I wrote it, that I was going to die. I should like to destroy it now."

"Nora, I cannot find it," her aunt said, upon her return, "although I have looked in every possible place."

"I thought as much, Aunt Rachie—that accounts for Belle's queer remark. She had been into the parlor and read my note and thought I was dead. That is what she was sorry for; I understand now."

"I understand, too. She meant just what she said, only she did not intend to say it. I came upon her suddenly, and it slipped out."

"Please do not be that hard. Belle is not quite a heathen."

"Nora," she said, slowly, then hesitated.

"Go on, Aunt Rachie."

"Do you still hope to see Mr. Darrell?"

"Do I hope it? Why I am looking for him now. I shall always look until he comes, and if he lives, he will."

"Nora, give it up, for your own sake, child. Stop thinking of him from to-day."

"Why, Aunt Rachie, I do not want to be surprised," she laughed—her old, sweet laugh, that her aunt so loved to hear. "I shall always be expecting him, so as to be ready. When he comes I shall meet him as if we had parted yesterday."

Aunt Rachel laughed now. "Yes, you look like it. Why do you know I would be afraid for him to come now, on account of the shock it would be to you? You would faint, I know, and perhaps have another spell of sickness."

"Faint! Why I never did such a thing in my life. But wait, you will see."

So Aunt Rachel waited through the autumn and winter, and Nora laughed and grew healthy, until

spring-time came, when she was all sunshine again. It was in May that Aunt Rachel was sitting alone, sewing. There was a knock at the door and Mr. Darrell walked in. It was no wonder she feared for Nora to meet him, if she judged her by herself, for her hand shook as she extended it, and her voice trembled so that she could hardly be heard.

"I never intended coming here again," he said, when he was seated, "but I felt impelled to do so. The spring would never pass unless I came."

"I am sorry you did," she answered, candidly.

"Why?"

"Because I think Nora is forgetting you."

"You think what?" he asked in surprise.

"I think Nora is forgetting you."

"I understand," he thought; "but can it be possible she has suffered more than I? Her reason has fled, while I am sound in mind and body; and yet, I have suffered too."

"It would be kind in you to stay away," went on Aunt Rachel, "and I think you will understand me, when I ask you to leave now, before she returns to the house."

"Before who returns?"

"Nora."

"Nora who?"

"Ah! I see," thought Aunt Rachel. "He has lost his mind, poor fellow. Perhaps that is the reason he ran away; or maybe he was crazy before he ever met Nora, and when she thought he was in Europe he might only have been in an insane asylum."

"Nora, my niece Nora," Aunt Rachel went on to explain. "She is coming in soon, and I would rather she would not see you, so I will walk to the gate with you."

"It is dreadful for this woman to be here alone in this condition," thought Mr. Darrell.

"Won't you talk about Nora?" he asked, kindly, trying to interest her.

"No, not now. I will go as far as the gate with you. Stop at 'The Hammonds' to-day, and to-morrow go to your friends. Don't you want to see them. Did you run away from them?" she asked, in the tone one assumes to a lost child.

"This is dreadful," he thought.

"Come, sit here beside me. I used to know Nora."

"This is the saddest case I ever saw," thought Aunt Rachel.

"No, you come walk with me," she said, "and to-morrow I will have Nora send you a letter before you leave 'The Hammonds.'"

"I have a letter from her already," coaxingly. "See," and he drew it from his pocket.

"And you think her dead!" she exclaimed, in a changed tone, starting back.

He could not answer, but looked at her in surprise.

"Nora is not dead," she continued, "but living and well. Why did you go away?"

"Living, you say?" he said slowly. "And you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, and I understand now what you have been saying. I thought you demented at first."

"As I did you, and I am not sure—"

"Go on. You would say you are not yet sure I am sane. Step to that window and listen, you will hear her singing. She is down near the spring." She was laughing now, as she thought how ludicrous they must have appeared to each other.

"You have not yet answered my question, as to why you went away," she finally said, "but since I have seen you, I have to come to think with Nora, that you could do so satisfactorily. Go to her and make your peace, but promise one thing, first, not to tell her about our mistaking each other for escaped lunatics. We would never hear the last of it."

"Not tell Nora! Why it would make us ten years younger to hear her laugh."

"No, no. You can afford to keep that from her. She will always find plenty to amuse her. You will not find her changed."

"Well, tell me one thing, and I will promise; why did she never answer my letters?"

"Because she never received them."

"Indeed!" he said, as he left to seek Nora, "I had no idea Miss Belle's work was so well done."

She was leaning back upon the green bank, with one hand through Carlo's collar, as he lay stretched out beside her.

Mr. Darrell wondered how to approach. "I might startle her," he thought. "I wonder if she faints! It might be a terrible shock if I appeared suddenly. I think I shall get Aunt Rachie to come down first and break the news."

A low growl from Carlo.

"Be still, my dog. Don't you know Mr. Darrell?" she said, looking up. "Come sit down; it is not damp. I have a shawl," spreading it out and making room for him.

"Why, Nora, are you not glad to see me?" he asked, surprised at her coolness.

"Would I be glad to see the sun after a year's darkness?" she asked, so seriously, that he knew then how she had suffered.

"Nora, we have so many explanations to make," he commenced.

"Not one," she interrupted.

"You did not receive my letters."

"Don't!" she said, softly. "Let it rest in the past with our sorrow. To-day and the future for rejoicing."

"Do you know what I am going to ask now?"

"I expect," slyly.

"What?"

"To take Aunt Rachie and Carlo to Wee River for life."

"Aunt Rachie and Carlo?"

"Oh, of course, I will go, too," she replied, laughing.

THE END.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

## KATY DID AND KATY DIDN'T.

"SHURE, Miss, and they have the strangest grane boogs hare in the woods. And the tither one of 'em says, says he, 'Katy did!' And the tither one of 'em says, says she, 'Shure, and she didn't.'"

This is Stacia O'Hara's description of the katydids that haunt New Jersey's woods. But it will not answer for my Katy. Though she did haunt the New Jersey woods, picking blossoms and berries each in their season, she was no "grane boog," my Katy wasn't; and she didn't quarrel and wrangle so that all the village rang with her complaints, my Katy didn't.

Katy was a quiet little boarding-school miss, in the last year of her course and her teens. She stood by her window looking out over a yellow, muddy street lined with odd, irregularly-built houses, over green fields and red, plowed lands, to blue hills and the ocean far away. Katy stood there a long time, Katy did, and she didn't see a bit of the landscape, Katy didn't.

Katy held in her hand, with a finger between its leaves, one of the latest, improved introductions to "Greenleaf's Arithmetic." She was working her way through the seminary by teaching in its primary department, while she pursued the higher branches of its academic course; and not being a natural mathematician, she frequently found herself swamped in the deep sea of compound numbers through which she was trying to guide her little fleet. Katy intended to give herself a severe drilling in arithmetic when she left her school-room, book in hand, Katy did. But, truth to say, she did not study a word of it that night, Katy didn't.

The way of it was this. While Katy stood there, gazing into serenest spaces of vacuity, sister Annie, who taught in the same seminary, came and called Katy to supper. After that, Katy had her own lessons to study for the next day, so she let compound numbers pass for that night, and was most ignominiously wrecked in the presence of her whole class on the very next day. Pray of what thought Katy as she stood by the sunset-lighted window? Did she plan her a future of literary toil and undying fame? No, Katy didn't. Did she mourn over her present incompatibility and short-comings? Katy didn't. Did she wonder how she was ever to get a new spring suit and graduating-dress? No, she didn't. Did she then dream and sigh over eloquent eyes and a drooping mustache? Not a bit of it. She thought of just nothing at all—absolutely nothing at all—for nearly an hour, Katy did.

Katy frequently had such spells. She had been taken with them early in the fall, and they had grown worse and worse as winter advanced, till now, in early spring, they were very bad indeed. Sometimes she had spells come on in school—spells when she didn't know whether k-o-r-f or k-a-w-f spelled cough, and she couldn't tell for the life of her whether 6 times 8 was 32 or 27. Not that her thoughts were

anywhere save in her school-room. Not that speaking eyes and a black mustache danced before her mental vision. No, Katy wouldn't for the world have thought of anything but the lesson before her; and she didn't, Katy didn't. She simply thought of nothing at all—just nothing at all—Katy did.

Katy was reciting her lesson in Kames's Criticism. She stood up and looked at the professor very hard, and the professor asked: "In what do we find the highest ideal of beauty?"

Then she looked out of the window, for inspiration, I suppose, and she answered, "Groceries," Katy did, and sat down in great confusion. And after that she didn't answer another question aright, Katy didn't. Poor Katy! And after that she had a very bad spell indeed, Katy did.

What the professor saw out of that window was a very newly-painted green wagon with a red lining and wheels, with one flour-bag and one two-quart oil-can bumping around in its otherwise empty body, and a white-haired lummox of a boy lolling on the seat. What Katy saw was a very different matter. She saw J. L. Schniedecker, Groceries. And the words went careering up and down in her brain in rays of light with fringes of gold, dancing to a sweetly-dreamy tune to which her heart kept time—J. L. Schniedecker, Groceries! J. L. Schniedecker, Groceries! But she didn't see any black mustache and brilliant eyes mixed up with the gold-tangled rainbows, Katy didn't. Only she thought of nothing at all after that, nothing at all, Katy did.

All that night and the next day, soft, white, leathery snowflakes sifted, sifted, sifted against the window-panes and red-painted seminary walls, melted down into the yellow mud, piled upon the naked trees, and slowly, slowly, slowly accumulated on the newly-sprouted grass, on the freshly-plowed fields, on the clay, slippery roads, until it made sleighing—the very last sleighing of the season. Jingle, jangle! jingle, jangle! jingle, jangle, jangle! went the heavy, full-toned sleigh-bells. The sleigh-bells that our fathers and mothers delighted in, and which had not yet been displaced—in that sleepy New Jersey village—by the foolish, tinkling little things of today. Jingle, jangle, jangle, jangle! Up hill and down dale, over the toll-bridge, through the still, pine woods and away to the villages beyond, all that afternoon, under a silent veil of falling snow, sweet bells jangled and wrangled, and sweeter laughter sounded, until, by the time school was out, all the seminary boys and girls were wild to go a-sleighing. The older boys were off at once to find an unengaged sleigh and string of bells; and finally, after a long time, came back with a wood sled, having planks set up against its stakes for sides, and plenty of straw in the bottom to curl down upon. The sled was drawn by two lean horses—uncommonly lean for New Jersey. But as it was their weak condition that had prevented their being hired up to that late hour, nobody grumbled. But sleigh-bells they had none; not a string could be got by money power nor tongue power. Never mind, they did not lack for bells at

the seminary. The dinner-bell, the primary school-bell, the table-bell, were called into requisition, and the twenty girls and boys who piled into that wood sled were good to keep them ringing in chorus for a longer ride than they would be likely to take behind those nags. There were four boys who could not get in who tied their sleds on behind and seated themselves thereon. Then the only one of the professors who deigned to accompany the troop took the primary school-bell, sister Annie and another young lady teacher each a house-bell.

One, two, three! Up, down, so! How famously they chimed! Come, start! Jehu whipped, and flourished, and yelled: "Ye up! Up, you old Turk! Come, git! Git, you beast!"

But the beast and the old Turk didn't *git* worth a cent. Jehu whipped and flourished, and flourished and shouted; the older boys yelled in chorus, and the girls clucked and chirruped. Still the sled did not budge an inch.

Then the one professor and all the lady teachers suddenly fell upon the four small boys sitting innocently on their coasters behind. It was them dragging so that prevented the starting of their sleigh.

"Get up," said they, "and unhitch your sleds!"

The lads got up, but they didn't unhitch their sleds; not they. But Jehu remarked: "Ye'll all have to pile out, I reckon. The runners have cut clean through to the mud, and the critters can't start ye, anyway."

They all piled out except sister Annie and that other young lady teacher, who were afraid of wetting their feet, and the professor who remained to take care of the young ladies; beside, they had to ring the bells, you know. Then the older boys caught hold of the stakes and pushed with all their might, Jehu flourished and shouted, the horses laid themselves out, and away they all went. The small boys bounced down upon their retreating sleds, everybody jumped in helter-skelter, and screamed and laughed, and screamed again, and they all got right end up by the time they reached the street except three of the small boys, who were pitched off their sleds when the team dashed around the corner. As it was all down-hill from here to the toll-bridge, the horses kept on at a good pace. The girls sang, the boys shouted, the bells rang famously.

It had stopped snowing now. The low, slanting sunset rays shone directly in at the door of a small, very small store, with an excessively new signboard, on which one could read even as he run, "J. L. Schniedecker, Groceries." The window was filled up with patent medicine bottles and jars of candy, to that extent it was impossible for even Katy's eyes to detect man, woman or child within; but the door was open, and somebody who was handing a cent's worth of yeast across the counter looked up and bowed and smiled. After that, Katy didn't know a thing, Katy didn't. And she had a very bad spell indeed, Katy did.

No, Katy didn't know a thing, though the little sleds slid under the big sled going down hill, and

shaved the small boys off at the risk of their lives; though there was a quarrel as to who should pay the toll at the foot of the hill, and the big boys threatened to come the next dark night and throw that toll-house into the creek; though they upset in trying to turn around at the end of their three-mile drive; and it being up-hill all the way home, their sweating span had a hard pull of it, so that every one grew hungry, and cold, and croes before they hailed the red-painted seminary walls. The small boys unhitched their sleds and trudged off home by themselves. The girls stopped singing, and snapped the boys for shouting impudent things to the passers-by. The young lady teacher and the professor had so much to do to warm one another's hands, that they forgot all about to ring their bells, and sister Annie couldn't ring three, and everybody else had got tired of it. So Katy good-naturedly took the heaviest one and rung it about once a minute, and sister Annie scolded her all the way home because she didn't keep time. But Katy never knew a thing about all this, Katy didn't. For when they repassed the grocery, just as lamps were being lighted, somebody came back from supper and stopped to nod at them before he unlocked the store door. No one else knew what those eloquent eyes said; but Katy did.

Sister Annie and Katy, and a number of other teachers and pupils, did not board at the seminary, but "bached it" in an unpainted, unfurnished house which stood in the next lot, and which an enterprising Dutchman, who smoked his pipe opposite, had built for that especial purpose. He made a good thing off it, too—off the rent of the rooms and the sale of the pigs that were fattened on the crumbs from his lodgers' tables, without taking into consideration the fact that the Dutchman sold and sawed all their wood, and nobody measured it but himself.

Sister Annie and Katy had just cleared away their very late supper that night, when a lump of frozen snow was thrown against the window of the room which served them for every purpose except sleeping, which was done in a very small nook, whereto Katy was wont to retreat to study before the lamp was lighted, and look off across the village street, and think of nothing whatever. A lump of snow was thrown against the window, and sister Annie opened it. Sister was washing the dishes. She always did everything that could possibly spoil sister Annie's white hands. For she worshiped sister Annie's white hands, Katy did; and I am compelled to say that my Katy did not have small hands herself; no she didn't.

"Girls, don't you want to have a sleigh-ride?" called a cheery voice outside. "I've rigged a packing-box on runners, and I tell you its cozy, with plenty of buffaloes. Just room for three. And don't you hear my bells? Real sleigh-bells! I went down to John Koegler's this morning, before anybody else thought of sleighing, and got his bells. I told him not to let anybody know who had 'em. But he did, and there's been a perfect raid on my store all day. I could have made an hundred dollars if I could

have let them to everybody who wanted 'em, and a his own price. But I wouldn't let them go, not for love nor money. I knew that if they were once out of my hands I should never see 'em back again. Why, Ike Bissell offered me twenty dollars for them this evening. He would hardly take no for an answer. He wanted to take Lute Martin a-sleighing, and she wouldn't go without bells. But I wanted to take my little girl a-sleighing, and she shouldn't go without bells any more than any girl in town. Ike had to take a dinner-bell and ring it with one hand while he drives with the other. Oh, isn't that rich, though!"

By this time the girls had got into their wraps. The window was shut down, the lamp extinguished, and down-stairs ran the two girls, laughing under their breaths lest they should be heard at the seminary and "reported" for being out during study hours.

"It is so late, that no one will know that we are in a packing-box," said sister Annie. And Katy didn't care if they did, no she didn't.

The village was all alive with sleighs that had nearly worn off the last vestige of snow, so they were fain to take to the sidewalk until they got beyond the toll-bridge. Up in the pine woods there was a side-road all unbroken, with plenty of room to turn the sleigh at either end. This road was not half a mile long—not near; but up and down that road the packing-box sped, behind the sleigh-bells that no man heard, save the round-faced man in the moon, for two hours or more, until the snow was all worn off. Then they turned homeward, and dragged slowly and stilly through the now deserted pine woods, and over the bare sidewalk down to the lodging-house. Their gay bells hung heavily around the horse's neck, jangling now and then when the jaded beast flung up his head for a fresh start, and their runners grated drearily over gravel and clay. Sister Annie was terribly mortified and most devoutly thankful that they reached home without encountering a single soul. But Katy, with somebody's arm around her waist, flew on the wings of little Cupids, Katy did, and didn't know until the packing-box stopped that they were, after all, in New Jersey—absolutely, Katy didn't.

Sister Annie said, she never should forget that sleigh-ride, so long as she lived. She did forget it in a year or two, but Katy didn't, Katy never did. Sister Annie said, she never had such a ride in her life, before, and Katy knew she never had. Sister Annie said, she hoped nobody in town would hear of it, and Katy just hoped that Julia Courtelyon would, that Katy did.

But poor Katy could scarcely say her prayers that night for crying. What would it all amount to, anyway? She could never marry James, never. Sister Annie would not permit it. Well, now, what had sister Annie to say about it anyway? Why, everything. If sister Annie did not like him neither would sister Jane, and sister Elizabeth, and brother Christopher, nor her father, nor mother, nor Grand-

mother Montagn, nor—worst of all—Aunt Katherine, for whom she was named. Aunt Katherine was just as aristocratic, and just as worshipful of wealth, and position, and talent as sister Annie was, every bit. And poor James Schniedecker had neither the one nor the other, not wealth, nor position, nor talent, nor name, nor anything but beautiful eyes and a black mustache, and a good heart and a tender conscience, and gentle ways that made every one love him. No, he had absolutely nothing to recommend him when she went home, and he was a Dutchman beside, and—oh, dear!—she was sure she did not love him. No, she could not love him, or she would not be thinking of all those things. If she loved James she would be willing to marry him in spite of sister Annie, and Aunt Katherine, and Grandmother Montagn and all. And if she did not love him, then she ought not to marry him. She wished that she really knew whether she did or not. Katy had heard that one cannot bear to think of the marriage of him she truly loves. But she sighed, and wished that James would marry somebody who was *real good*, and would make him a tender and loving wife. Somebody who was just as opposite to Julia Courtelyon as possible. So by that she was very sure she did not love him. No, not in the least. And if she did not love him, he, of course, could not be the “right one,” and the “right one” would come along by and by, and then, if she was married to James, why, that would be dreadful! Oh! if the “right one” would only come very soon! A man who was so rich, aristocratic and talented that all her family would be proud to welcome him. If he came, she would say, “Yes,” of course; of course she would, since he was the “right one.” Then all this pain, and heartache, and doubt, and anxious questioning would be over. She would be so glad if it only was! Yes, so glad and happy. Oh! very happy, of course, because, being the “right one,” his very presence must make her happy. And James? It might be hard for him. Still he would have no right to think harshly of her. She had never encouraged him, but had always tried to act toward him just as she did toward every other young man. Ah, self-deceiving Katy! Would she have sat two mortal hours with any other man’s arm about her waist. Well, anyway, he might have asked her before anybody else had a chance. He could not expect her to wait for him forever, and it had been long enough that she had endured this terrible suspense. To be sure she hoped in mercy that James would not ask her, for she certainly should not know what to say. She really did not think that she loved him, in fact she was quite sure she did not, for the very reason that she feared so to be alone with him, least he might say, “Will you?” and her treacherous lips would answer, “Yes,” in spite of sister Annie, and Grandmother Montagn, and Aunt Katherine and all the rest. No, Katy didn’t love James Schniedecker one bit—Katy didn’t. But he loved her, did James, she was sure of it. And she went to sleep very happy in the thought, Katy did.

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There was to be a Mite Society Festival, in the Seminary Hall, because that was all the hall of any size and respectability in town. In fact, the Seminary Hall was more than respectable, it was positively aristocratic, and there were people in Shropburgh who never patronized an entertainment held in any other hall in town. Wherefore, the Mite Society, being an eminently respectable body, if not even aristocratic, held its semi-annual festivals in the Seminary Hall. Sister Annie and Katy dressed themselves in garlands of chicken-grape blossoms, so sweet and spicy, that the glen for miles was fragrant with them. It would have been natural to go down the village street to the toll-bridge and so off down the creek-sides, to gather the odorous wild-grape vines. But sister Annie preferred to lead the way across lots a full quarter mile behind a certain grocery store, from the sight of whose proprietor she thought it politic to keep her younger sister.

“Out of sight, out of mind,” said sister Annie.

Dear little Katy was very glad to go that way, because, you know, she did not love James Schniedecker, not a bit, and it was easier for her mind if she did not see him often.

“Absence makes the heart grow stronger,” Katy said. And she hoped it would, Katy did.

There was no gallanting of ladies allowed at the seminary. The girls from the lodging-house went and came all together, like a flock of sheep. Sister Annie and Katy went alone by themselves, very late. Sister Annie was always the last at any place of amusement, it looked so common to be early.

I will tell you what a Mite Society Festival is, or rather what it was in Shropburgh. It was Julia Courtelyon leaning on James Schniedecker’s arm. That was all there was in the hall, positively, except a table with small bouquets upon it, and he was buying one, *for her*. After that he took her off somewhere and got her a plate of strawberries and cream. You see poor James could not help himself, for he boarded at Courtelyon’s Hotel. And so scarce were men in this antiquated New Jersey village (what few there were being all taken up with the seminary teachers), that every eligible coat-sleeve that put up at Julia’s papa’s was expected, nay required, to pay its *devoirs* to papa’s handsome daughter. Katy was not jealous, not the least bit in the world, there was no reason why she should be, since she did not care anything in particular for James Schniedecker, Katy didn’t. Yet she did think it just a little unkind in sister Annie to stand there and talk with the music professor instead of taking him off and leaving James and her alone—when he came at last. Yes, Katy did so.

Sister Annie stood and talked though, and when she went off it was James she took with her, and not the music professor. They went up to the flower-table. So did Katy and Professor Krozmihrack. James bought a beautiful knot of sweet violets, lilies of the valley and such perfect rose-buds as never blow in more ungenerous climes—of course, he could do no less than present them to sister Annie; he did



though, he turned and gave them to Katy, right in the face and eyes of sister Annie. Katy could not admire his courage sufficiently, nor have blushed more beautifully had she been herself a red, red rose. Professor Krozmihrack, who was buying the biggest bouquet on the table, saw the little manoeuvre, laughed and gallantly handed his flowers to sister Annie. Sister Annie accepted them most graciously, and slipping her hand through James Schniedecker's arm, walked away. There was a fortune-wheel, as well as a flower-table at the festival. The professor led Katy there in the course of the evening. James stood by it with Julia Courtelyon. Julia turned the wheel. It spun around and around, and stopped. The wand of the red-coated gypsy maid pointed to a number, and the old crone keeping the wheel shuffled her cards.

"Beware of a slippery tongue and a black mustache," she read, oracularly.

Nicodemus Smallwood, passing by with sister Annie on his arm, laughed.

"Heed the gypsy's warning, Miss Julia," he said. "Beware of a black tongue and a slippery mustache."

Nick did not intend that *lapeus linguas*, I assure you, but it set every one laughing around him, and Julia took sudden offense, choosing to think that they were laughing at her, and at the aptness of the oracle.

"You did that on purpose, you know you did. And I think it an insult!" she exclaimed. "I take it as an intentional insult, to myself and to Mr. Schniedecker." With other more sharp and bitter words, until, feeling that she was betraying herself, she forced a laugh, and turning upon Katy, said, "Here, good gypsy, is another lorn damsel to whom you must give the same warning. I am sure Professor Krozmihrack's mustache is as black, and probably his tongue is as slippery."

The sedate, bald-headed German stared, but Katy knew that Julia did not think she needed any warning against him. Then, to make her meaning clear, Julia leaned from her magnificent height over poor, little Katy, and whispered: "The adder can bite as well as glisten, take care! I fancy you have already felt his teeth."

Katy was bitterly wounded, and yet she wondered how Julia could be so cruel, and raised such innocent, reproachful eyes toward her flushed face, that, mad with jealousy, and doubting that her shaft had struck home, Julia seized James's precious nosegay, and tearing it apart flung it into the crowd to be trampled under careless feet. With that she laughed more loudly than before, and taking James's arm, swept away, with a scornful toss of her haughty head.

"If she loves him, how can she be so unkind?" thought Katy. "She ought to know how to pity me." Her heart overflowing with pity for the proud beauty who loved James so hopelessly.

Schniedecker, who had stood by as grave and quiet as though Julia had been doing and saying nothing unusual, and had beamed serenely upon her as she

led him 'away, turned now and gave Katy such a beautiful smile, such a glorious glance as would have carried her into a heaven of delights before, but now, with Julia's words ringing in her ears, she said within herself—yet knew she wronged him even in saying it—"Yes, he can smile on two as well as on one, and on how many others I wonder? Must I beware of a slippery tongue and a black mustache? Oh, surely, surely, James cannot be an adder! But if he is, he has not bitten me. He is nothing to me, anyway." And at that moment Katy firmly believed it. Katy did.

Every one was laughing at Professor Krozmihrack's fortune, and Katy laughed, too, and said it was very funny. Then she turned the wheel in her turn. It spun around and around, and stopped. The old crone looked at the number, shuffled her cards, and read:

"When heart and reason variance endure  
If reason guide, the heart will rest secure."

"That is true counsel," thought poor, distracted Katy. "I ought to let my reason guide. Yes, of course, I ought." Katy saw that plainly, Katy did. But she didn't care if she ought, Kate didn't.

Nothing happened after that till they were on the way home, and sister Annie was saying: "I can't think how any girl of Julia Courtelyon's standing could have permitted Mr. Schniedecker to take her to a *Mite Society Festival*!! I don't wonder she was angry at her fortune; I should think she would have been *mortified to death*! Still, if she will permit him to escort her to a public entertainment, it shows that she would encourage him in other ways, and she must expect people to remark upon it. She doesn't seem to care, so long as it is a man, who it is! However, she is as much Dutch as he is; that makes a difference. I suppose as long as he boards at her father's she cannot help herself, but is obliged to go with him whenever he asks her. It must be a trying situation for a girl of her social position," etc., etc., etc., till sister Annie was safe beneath the blankets. Sister Annie never talked after she got to bed. Then it was proper to sleep. Katy could not see things as sister Annie did, but she saw her duty plainly. She must resolutely put Mr. Schniedecker out of her thoughts. She must give him up to Julia Courtelyon. She was so glad that she did not love him; that made the giving up a great deal easier. Poor Julia did love him so to distraction, and she didn't, Katy didn't.

Katy knelt that night and thanked God from a full heart, that He had kept her from loving Mr. Schniedecker, so that she could not let her reason guide. She thanked Him for giving her a sister Annie, to keep her at this precarious period of her life when she stood in such dire danger of being carried off by eloquent eyes that shone so far beneath her. Katy did this, and she did not mean to be a hypocrite, either. No, Katy did not.

One Saturday, late in June, James Schniedecker came in and glorified all their little, bare room with his bright presence. He came to tell the sisters that

he found there was no getting on in that stupid, one-horse place. That he had sold out his store and was going into partnership with a photographer, in Red Bank. He used to photograph houses (a new thing, then), and thought he could make more at that than anything else. At least, he liked it better than anything he had ever tried. He was going down to Red Bank to-day, to make final arrangements with the photographer. Wouldn't one of the girls go with him? He only asked for one. Ah! didn't he know that sister Annie would go? Why did he not ask boldly for Katy? She could never, never forgive him that cowardice. For she knew, Katy did, she knew when she saw his flushed cheeks and bright eyes that the decisive moment had come with him, and with her. She knew it, Katy did, just as well then as she does to-day, that when he came back from that ride with sister Annie, it would be to bid her good-bye, forever. Yes, she knew it, Katy did. But, poor child! what could she do? She smiled when sister Annie said, hastily, that she would go, for Katy had lessons to get. She acquiesced in the lessons, and added: "The ironing." For Katy ironed Saturday afternoon. To save sister Annie's white hands, you see. She pulled out sister Annie's bonnet-ribbons, and kissed her good-bye when they two went away together. Yet she did not mean to be a hypocrite, Katy didn't. Did she think, foolish one! that that tender kiss, those fluttering fingers, would touch sister Annie's aristocratic heart. Alas! Katy did not! No, no, Katy did not!

Katy ironed, and aired, and folded away the clothes, chopped the hash and kneaded the biscuits for supper, and then sat down by the window to study her Monday's lessons.

'Tis a very commonplace story I am telling you—just the simplest and most matter-of-fact of stories. But if she had been a queen, apprehending the utter demolition of her kingdom, instead of a New Jersey school-girl waiting for the word that would break her heart, she could not have suffered more. No mother, by her darling's dying bed, ever prayed with bitterer longing for a Heavenly Father's mercy to spare her loved one's life, than Katy longed for sister Annie's clemency to save all that made her life worth living for, and the one could not have been more hopeless in her anxiety than the other. Oh, how Katy suffered! How Katy did!

They came at last; she heard their footsteps on the stairs; the door opened. Twilight had deepened in the little room while heedless Katy sat with an unopened book lying on her knees, and the fire was nearly out. Katy sprang to rekindle it and take her biscuits from the oven. Her back was to the window; they could not see her face, but she could see theirs; and even in that dim light she read the story—read it with burning eyes that had been unwet with tears that day. The question had been asked, and answered. Oh, why did he ask Annie? What right had Annie over her sister's hand—over her sister's life?

How sharply Katy's heart cried out as she wrapped the biscuits in a towel, and asked if they had had a pleasant drive, and if the business was all settled, and when was Mr. Schniedercker going away? Her voice sounded light and clear; she was glad for that. James would never guess how much she had cared for him—how much she cared for him even then.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said. "I have come to bid you good-bye. I shall probably never see you again."

Katy trembled a little when she heard his voice quiver so, but she held out a brave hand, her left hand, for her right was busy stirring the hash.

"Well, good-bye," she said, and was surprised herself to hear the careless ring of her tones.

The shadows were so deep he could not see a great salt tear that splashed into the hash; and if he saw her cheeks burn, he might set that down to the heat of the stove. He held her hand long, and pressed it passionately, but met no response in the quiet, nerveless fingers.

"Good-bye," he said at last.

She lifted her head now, looked him in the face, and nodded gayly. She could not trust herself to speak; but he did not know that, and went out cursing himself for a fool to be led away by a pretty face and a false heart. Yet he had no reason for it. Had he asked Katy instead of sister Annie, he would have found that her heart was as true as her face was fair.

But Katy, loyal Katy, did not betray her own heart even to her lover, Katy didn't. Sister Annie had said that she did not love him, that she would not marry him, and Katy scorned to lay her sister in a falsehood, faithful Katy did.

In truth, Katy's reason told her that sister Annie was right. James was certainly a rolling stone. He would never be rich; he was too easy with his creditors, too generous with his friends. No, he was not made to be a rich man. She would always have to live poor, being his wife, and her people would feel ashamed of her and her children when she went to see them, and that would not be very often, for she could not have money to travel with. Then she would have to work very hard—much beyond her strength—for James could not hire a servant, and she would probably die early, leaving a family of motherless little ones. The prospect was not pleasant, and sister Annie had done right. She saw that it was right, Katy did. And never once complained, Katy didn't.

Sister Annie bore Katy home in triumph from her three years of danger. Safe from fascinating lovers, free of heart and hand. Sister Annie congratulated herself on her skillful generalship, and so did Katy, Katy did. Sister Annie thought she had done well. But so didn't Katy, Katy didn't.

Still, when years had passed, when mother was taken with her last illness, and the elder sisters were married and away to the ends of the earth—all but sister Annie, who was left at home a nervous invalid—when Christopher's wife died, and he came back with his motherless children, when, added to the

rest, father was laid up with rheumatism, over and over again Katy said within herself, "Yes, how right it was, how very right it was, that I never married." For Katy never did. She had offers enough, and she had no desire to live an old maid, nor notion to die a broken-hearted martyr. Only, some way, she could not love anybody else (although she tried to, Katy really did), and she was not one to give a dead heart into any man's keeping. She heard that James was married soon after he went to Red Bank, though not to Julia Courtelyon, and she, more true to him than he had proved to her, was glad to hear it, and hoped he found a good and loving wife. She sighed, too, for Julia Courtelyon, hoping that she would marry and not lead an old maid's life forever. She knew that would be harder for Julia than for her, Katy did.

Yes, she knew it was right; for what could poor father, and sick sister Annie, and Christopher's precious children ever have done if she had married, and probably died out there in New Jersey. She said it was right, and she was glad for it, a hundred times a week, as she dusted, and washed, and scrubbed, and cooked, and sewed, and thanked God she was there to do it all, Katy did. And she never let sister Annie even guess at the cruel destruction she had wrought, Katy didn't.

By and by Aunt Katherine died in the full odor of aristocracy, and left Katy all her property, which she would never have done had Katy married a photographer. Katy moved in society where she could never have entered as James Schniedecker's wife, and was able to furnish luxury and comforts for the loved ones whom otherwise she might have burdened with little mouths to feed and little bodies to clothe. Then she said, more heartily than ever, that sister Annie was right, that she had acted very wisely, and she felt glad—oh, very glad indeed!—that she had not married James Schniedecker, Katy did. Yet, after all—Katy didn't. EMMA E. BREWSTER.

### ENCHANTED.

ON the moonlit lake I lie and float,  
In the golden hush of the summer night.  
And the long, slim length of my silent boat  
Moves like a spectre 'twixt light and light.

And here, where the lilies sway and dip  
In the waters glittering clear and cold,  
I lie and dream how the sirens sip  
From cups of porcelain lined with gold.

And chiming out like a silver bell  
There comes the song that the sirens sing,  
With breath of lotus and asphodel,  
And visions such as the angels bring.

Till, floating on in the waning light  
Of the moonlight paling upon the shore,  
I break the spell of the summer night,  
And the siren sings her song no more.

FAUSTINE.

### TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

OF Olive, and Mrs. Catherwood, and myself, during these two years, a few sentences are all that need be written. As regards Olive, the path of her life was so bent away from mine, that our meetings were only at rare intervals; and then under circumstances that afforded scarcely any chance for personal intercourse. What I saw on these rare occasions did not leave on my mind a pleasant impression. There had settled into her face, when in repose, a look of discontent, and something hard and defiant. When it broke into any play of feeling, the old sweetness did not come back, and I missed the lightness of heart that used to be in her voice. There was an almost chilling reserve in her manner toward me when we did meet, the meaning of which I could not understand. But I remember once, when we happened to encounter each other unexpectedly in a large company, the quick, almost startled expression of surprise that came into her face, and the flush of confusion that followed. I had pushed up rapidly into manhood during those two years, and had grown tall and well-developed. Twice during the evening I met her eyes fixed intently upon me, and saw the same flush of confusion as she turned them hastily away. She was dressed more elegantly than I had ever seen her, and wore two superb diamond ear-rings. Her bearing was proud, verging on to haughtiness, something I had never observed in her before.

As for my own state of feeling, it was still little more than a blind groping after light. My heart, after it had been so beaten down, did not lift itself under the movement of any new passion. No new ideal, to take the place of the old, had been born in my fancy. Olive—the Olive of my boyish love—was still the embodiment of every grace and charm. It mattered not that over the real Olive a shadow had fallen; nor that her beauty had faded in my sight; nor that my pulses had ceased to beat with quicker motions at thought of her—my heart was still as loyal as ever to its first love; to the pure, sweet Olive of my boyish imagination; my Olive lying dead, but beautiful still, in the grave of memory.

It was over a year since Mrs. Catherwood had been in Oakland. After the mills had gone into successful operation, Mr. Catherwood was content to leave their management in the hands of Mr. Payne and the other Oakland directors, while he gave attention to larger and more important interests that were coming forward in new directions. His rooms at the hotel were, in consequence, given up, and Mrs. Catherwood had no longer even a temporary residence among us. For the brief time that she remained in Oakland, she drew to her many hearts. She seemed to me one of the purest and truest of women, but strangely and unhappily wedded. It

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did not appear from anything noticeable in the conduct of Mr. Catherwood, that he was harsh or unkind to his wife; but it was very plain that there was no harmony in the movements of their lives, and that for such a man it was impossible for her to have either respect or love. That she could have consented to become his wife, except under stress of circumstances so great as to paralyze her will, was inconceivable.

The only events that disturbed our lives during the next year or two, were in connection with Rachel. Soon after Herbert Radcliff became cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank, he began to urge my sister to name an early day for their marriage. He was now able, he said, to support a wife, and saw no reason for any longer delay. When Rachel spoke of the next spring, which was seven or eight months in the future, he grew impatient, and named the coming fall.

I was present when, in a family council, made up of my father and mother and oldest sister, Edith, the question of fixing the day of Rachel's marriage was discussed; and it then came out that the feeling against fixing it at all was unanimous. Our estimate of Herbert's character had greatly changed in the past few months. It was not exhibiting the tone and quality that met our approval; and was not, we feared, resting upon the solid foundations of clearly-seen principles of honor and integrity. We did not like the men with whom he was intimately associated, and liked least of all his new relation to Andrew Payne. In this we saw possible disaster and disgrace. That Payne would not hesitate to use the credit and means of the bank in aid of any great enterprise or speculation in which he might be interested, we felt well assured. Indeed, my father had conclusive evidence that this was already being done to a considerable extent. As cashier of the bank, Herbert would be cognizant of most of these transactions, and in some cases so connected with them, officially, as to become criminally responsible, under the law, should loss occur through a misuse of funds.

As we considered this aspect of the case, the danger that threatened the future happiness of our Rachel grew in magnitude, and it was the unanimous conclusion of our family council that it would be unwise, as things now stood, to set any time for the marriage, near or remote. Rachel offered no objection. In her own mind, doubt and fear had been steadily growing as she looked into the future, and it was plain to us all that, in accepting our decision, she had found relief and rest from mental conflict. But of all that was passing in her mind she said little.

On the day following that on which our family council was held, Rachel received a note from Herbert, saying that he would come for her in the afternoon and take her out riding. For an hour before the time at which he was to call, our mother and Rachel were alone. I was standing at the gate which opened upon the road, when Herbert came dashing up at an unusual speed in a new and handsome buggy, which I recognized as one recently pur-

chased by Donald Payne. There was a higher color on his face than usual; and I detected, in the heaviness of his eyes and thickness of utterance when he spoke to me, as he drew up with a sudden jerk upon the reins and leaped to the ground, that he had been drinking. I took no time for debate, but acted upon the impulse and conclusion of the moment. Laying my hand upon him with a firm grasp, I said: "Herbert, you are in no condition to drive a lady out, and I cannot trust you with Rachel! Go home, and don't come here again until you are sober."

The words were spoken, and I could not recall them. I looked for him to turn upon me with angry violence; but, instead of awakening resentment, they had struck him with conviction and shame. His infirm will had given way under the force of my assertion, and he was in my power and passive, so little native strength of character did he possess. He was like a frail bark on a rushing river, and might go blindly over a cataract to swift destruction, or out upon the bosom of a tranquil lake, for all of his own determination that might lie in the issue.

"Don't say that, Davy," he replied, the color burning deeper in his face, and his lips falling weakly apart. "I only took a glass of champagne with Donald, and it got into my head. But it's going off, and I'm all right now. It never served me so before. Rachel won't notice it; and you needn't have the least fear about my driving. The horse is perfectly safe."

At this moment Rachel came out dressed for the ride with Herbert, who turned from me and went quickly forward to meet her. Before I could determine what it would be best to do, he had lifted my sister into the buggy, and was by her side, gathering up the reins. As I moved toward the horse's head to take hold of the bridle, a sharp stroke from Herbert's whip caused the animal to spring forward out of my reach. Beyond this I did not think it wise to go.

I said nothing to my mother or sisters about Herbert's condition. As the dusk of evening began to gather, and Rachel was still absent, I began to feel anxious. I had been standing at the gate for a considerable time, looking up and down the road in the hope of seeing them, when I observed a white figure come suddenly into view against the dark background of trees which crowned the hill over which the road passed. I soon made it out to be that of a woman; and in a moment after, I knew it to be that of Rachel. She was running swiftly. I had reached her before she was half-way down the hill. Her face was white and terror-stricken. She caught hold of me and held me convulsively for some time before she could answer my hurried questions. Then I learned that the horse had taken fright and run away. That both she and Herbert had been thrown from the buggy, and that he was lying insensible, it might be dead, at the place where the accident occurred, half a mile away.

He was not dead, but considerably hurt, and obliged to carry a broken arm in a sling for some weeks afterwards. As for the horse and buggy, they

were not worth so much after the mishap, by one-half, as before.

About the ride and the accident, Rachel had scarcely anything to say, a fact that occasioned more questions and surmises with other members of the family than with myself. Except for a few bruises, she had received no apparent injury; but the shock to her nervous system was considerable, and she kept her room for several days, and for a part of the time her bed. We gathered but little as to her state of mind during this period. After learning the exact nature of Herbert's injuries, she asked no further questions about him. For the first two days she lay very quiet, with shut eyes and lips drawn closely together. Her face was almost colorless, and her lashes were often wet with the tears which they held back from falling over her cheeks.

On the third day after the accident, Herbert came over to see Rachel. She was sitting up, but had not, so far, left her room.

"What shall I say to him?" asked our mother.

"Not yet. I am not strong enough yet," she answered, with signs of agitation.

I was present, and saw the faint color which had been growing on her cheeks die out and leave an ashen pallor.

"You will not see him to-day?" Our mother's voice was low and quiet.

"Not to-day. I am not strong enough."

For what? I felt a meaning deeper than the simple words she had uttered.

"Have you no other message for him, Rachel?"

"None," she answered, closing her eyes, and leaning her head back against the cushions of the chair in which she was sitting.

"Not strong enough to see me!" the young man exclaimed, when Rachel's answer was brought to him, his face blanching. "I did not know that she was hurt."

"There were no external injuries, and we hope no internal ones," said my mother. "But the accident shocked her nerves severely, and she is not yet in a state to bear the excitement of meeting you."

"Has she no word for me? Does she not know how badly I was injured, and what a narrow escape I had?" he replied, his thought turning to himself.

"She knows that your arm was broken, and that both your life and hers were in serious peril; and—and—she knows, I think, the true cause of the accident."

His face, which had become pale, crimsoned swiftly. He dropped his eyes away from my mother's, and stood for a few moments in helpless confusion.

"What do you mean by the true cause, Mrs. Lovel?" he asked, rallying himself, and putting on the air of one about taking the defensive.

"Herbert!" And my mother laid her hand upon him. "Between you and me there must be no concealments and no evasions. I am going to deal with you very plainly." She spoke in her firm, quiet way, but gently and kindly—even tenderly. "There is too much at stake for weakness or hesitation."

Herbert Radcliff fell back into the chair from which he had risen, the color again receding from his face.

"To wreck a life, Herbert," my mother went on, as she drew another chair and sat down in front of him, "is the saddest of all sad things; and I fear that your course is being set in a direction along which great peril lies. You may escape reef and hidden rock, and the swift stroke of sudden storms, but the chances are all against you. Only a few who sail the seas on which you are venturing ever reach a peaceful haven."

My mother paused for Herbert to answer; but she had thrown his mind into too great confusion, and he was not able to get possession of his thoughts.

"Seeing, as we do," she continued, "the almost certain shipwreck to which you are destined if you sail out over the dangerous waters on which you are launching your vessel of life, is it any matter of surprise, think you, Herbert! that we are beginning to question and doubt as to the right of letting you put another life in such awful peril? Even the life of our Rachel!"

The perspiration was now visible in rising beads on Herbert's white forehead.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Lovel," he returned, his voice husky and choking. "What have I done? What have you heard? Who has been lying about me?"

"I have heard no one speak of you in ill-will, or in disparagement, Herbert," my mother said. "You are a general favorite, and deservedly so for your kindly nature. But, in our view, you are beginning to turn in unsafe directions. As I have just said, we see disaster, it may be shame, at the end, and if it is your purpose to go forward in the course you have chosen, then we had better understand each other at once. For, in that case, if it lies within our power to prevent it, Rachel shall never be your wife."

Herbert caught his breath with a gasp.

"And you will break a solemn contract?" he said.

"If the contract is broken, it will be in consequence of a failure on your part to comply with the original and understood conditions," replied my mother. "Any lack of good faith in carrying out the provisions of a contract by one party, releases the other. You will not deny that, I think."

"But how have I made void this contract, Mrs. Lovel? What is the condition with which I have failed to comply?"

"Do you think, Herbert," said my mother, her voice quiet, but impressive, "that if, when you asked us for Rachel, you had been in intimate association with some of the young men who are now your close companions; and had been as free in the use of beer and wine, if not stronger drinks, than you are now; and had held the relation to Andrew Payne that you now hold, we would have given our consent? No! Never! The Herbert Radcliff who claims, to-day, the fulfillment of a contract, is not the same Herbert Radcliff he was when that contract was made, and not as able as then to meet the conditions."

Her calmly uttered sentences seemed to beat him down as with heavy blows. He did not even try to parry them, but remained silent and helpless.

"When can I see Rachel?" he asked, on rising to go away.

My mother did not reply.

"To-morrow?"

"I cannot say. Wait for a little while."

"Wait!" he exclaimed. "O Mrs. Lovell! You do not mean this! You do not mean that I shall not see Rachel again!"

"All the future lies in your own hands, Herbert," was answered. "If you make choice of a way in life that leads through imminent peril, and to almost certain disaster, and persist in going forward along that way, be sure that we shall do all in our power to keep our daughter from being the sharer of your peril."

At the end of a week, Rachel and Herbert met. Both were changed; but the change in Rachel was far more apparent than in her lover. You saw it in the intenser expression of her beautiful eyes; in the closer pressure of her full, round lips, which had always been so ready to break into smiles; and in the paler face, on which a shadow had fallen. Measured by changes of state, she had lived years in the few days which had elapsed since her last meeting with Herbert; and he did not find in her the same woman from whom he had parted scarcely two weeks before. Both felt the wider contrast of character which was revealing itself. Strength and weakness stood side by side; but the weaker was in the place of the stronger, and knew that it was so. The danger lay in the woman-nature, which was strong in Rachel—or, shall I not rather say, the mother-nature, which forgets itself in loving care and sacrificing devotion. She had loved Herbert truly and tenderly; and such a love is not easily turned aside. But Rachel was clear-seeing, and very sensitive to spiritual impression. Almost as quickly as one scents a vile odor did she perceive the outgoing sphere of an evil, gross or sensual life. Even if the change which was gradually creeping over Herbert's face, and the lower tone of sentiment which his speech too often revealed, had not betrayed, in outer signs, the moral deterioration that was in progress, the finer senses of her spirit would have discovered it.

Of what passed between them at this meeting Rachel did not speak. When he went away, she accompanied him to the gate, and stood there talking for nearly half an hour. On coming back into the house, she did not join the family, but went directly to her room.

Our younger sister was never again her old self. It was a strange thing, the silence which crept down upon our household, in which there had been for so many years the music of happy voices—Rachel's the happiest and most bird-like in its sweet abandon of all. We never heard her heart singing through her lips again; nor the echoes of her merry laughter sounding in chamber and hall. Not that she was gloomy in spirit, or sad of countenance. She was

only quiet and absorbed. The merry girl had changed by far too quick a transition into the sober and thoughtful woman. She had passed from a summer sea, on which she had been floating and dreaming, the light winds bearing her whither they would—into a narrow channel of the river of life. Clouds were gathering in the sky. Rapids had come suddenly into view; and there were storm and danger ahead. But, she was not content to drift and take her chances. She had laid her hands upon the oars, and fixed her eyes upon the gathering clouds and hurrying rapids; and if danger were as real as it seemed, she would meet it bravely!

Time wore on. Herbert's visits were still continued, and Rachel still received him as her lover. But the old freedom of intercourse, and the old tender confidences, were gone. He was not rising toward the level from which he had begun to fall, but was sinking slowly, farther and farther away from it, and no one knew this better than Rachel. It was all in vain, that she sought to inspire him with true and manly impulses; to draw him back from the dangerous ways into which his feet were bearing him; there were too many elements of weakness in his character, and every effort failed. Still, she held herself for a long time loyal to love and duty. If she dared not enter with him, as he was, into the holy state of matrimony, affection had by no means died in her heart. He was the one human being dearer than all the rest; and a weight of concern lay upon her all the while like a heavy burden.

## CHAPTER XV.

TO stand still and wait when we are in doubt, is always best. We shall surely come to a right solution of the most difficult life-problems, if we are wisely patient. So we waited. So Rachel waited. But it was plain to most of us, that Herbert was growing cold toward our sister. We knew it by many signs.

The great mansion on the hill stood forth completed, at last. It was the most imposing private residence in the neighborhood; a very palace when compared with the finest of our dwellings. The grounds, which were extensive, had been laid out with considerable taste by a landscape gardener from Boston, and were gorgeous with great beds of coleus and geraniums which, in the early autumn burned and glowed, with their many contrasting colors. Nothing like it had been seen in Oakland before; and all through the preceding summer, on fine afternoons, and especially on Sundays, crowds of people had strolled out to enjoy its beauty; some at a distance, and some by special admission to the grounds.

The furnishing was magnificent—not always in good taste; for there was a superabundance of mirrors, gilding and highly-colored upholstery. But, Mr. Payne had given his *carte-blanche* to a city cabinetmaker, who knowing his man, had leaned rather to the side of show and profusion, than to subdued refinement. The cost, when Mr. Payne received



the bills, gave that gentleman rather an unpleasant surprise. He had set out to build a house, the cost of which should not exceed twenty thousand dollars. Before the edifice was roofed in, the whole of that sum, with nearly five thousand dollars in addition, had been expended. By the time the interior, all finished in fine woods, and richly variegated marbles, and supplied with modern improvements and conveniences of every kind, was completed, and the grounds laid out, as much more had disappeared. Fifty thousand dollars taken from Mr. Payne's available means—or it might be more truly said, out of the means he was making available—was a large sum to withdrawn from speculation, or business, even if there had been a solid fortune behind it—which in truth there was not; at least not solid enough to warrant an expenditure such as he was making.

When the cabinetmaker, who had executed the order for the complete furnishing of the house, including mirrors, curtains and carpets, handed in his bill, no wonder that Andrew Payne turned slightly pale as his eyes glanced hurriedly at the sum total and read the startling array of figures there presented. Twenty thousand dollars!

"Impossible, sir!" he ejaculated, betraying something more than surprise. "You have made some mistake."

"If so," was the cool and quiet answer, "it shall be promptly rectified."

But no mistake was found, and Mr. Payne settled the bill; giving his notes for the greater part of the amount.

And so he had his grand house at last. But more than half of its beauty and desirableness were already gone. If the end were here, if there were to be no farther drain of money in this direction, he might have had a sense of relief. But, now that his palace was builded, this newly-fledged money-prince must inaugurate its completion and habitation by an entertainment, the lavish display of which would strike the public mind, and give the impression that he was a man who counted by hundreds of thousands.

Another *carte-blanche* was given—this time to a celebrated New York caterer. Over three hundred guests were invited, chiefly from amongst a class of men whom he had met in connection with his railroad, bank and stock speculating interests. The leading families in Oakland were, of course, included; ours among the rest. When, with Rachel on my arm, I entered the grand drawing-rooms, already well filled with guests, I was dazzled by the brilliant scene that presented itself. A blaze of light from hundreds of gas-jets was reflected from mirrors and gilded mouldings, and flashed from diamonds and jewels, and filled the air with glittering vibrations. My imagination had never given to a king's palace anything more imposing or gorgeous. A little way within the first of a suite of three elegant drawing-rooms stood Andrew and Mrs. Payne, to receive their guests. The coarse, strong-willed, self-sufficient man bore himself with an easy confidence, as though to

the manor born, and bowed and smiled to each newcomer with the air of one who ranked himself with the best, and could afford to be gracious to all. But you saw at a single glance that Mrs. Payne, a weak, vulgar woman, overdressed in such bad taste as to make every defect of face and person only the more conspicuous, was ill-at-ease under all the disguises she attempted to assume.

A little behind Mr. and Mrs. Payne stood Donald and Olive. I had not seen Olive for several months. She was elegantly attired in a salmon-colored silk dress, trimmed with lace; and wore large diamond ear-rings, and a splendid diamond brooch. A string of pearls was twined amid the folds and braids of her rich, auburn hair. My heart stood still for a moment as I looked into her almost colorless face, once so rich in hue, and into her clear eyes, a little sunken, but as brilliant and beautiful as ever, and then went pulsing on again, but with a quicker and heavier beat. After the first glance into my face, she did not look at me again during the few moments that she talked with Rachel. The old beautiful eyes! So beautiful still; but oh, how changed in expression! Eyes, once so translucent that you could look down through them into her pure and happy heart; but now veiled in mysteries that few if any had the clear insight to read.

Something like a shadow had fallen upon my spirit; the shadow of an invisible presence. I had a feeling as of one clutching after me with a despairing eagerness, and I started, half-turning as I moved away with Rachel, taking, for an instant, the cry which came to my inner ear for an appeal through the outer sense. As we entered the second drawing-room, we saw Herbert Radcliff. He was standing before a showily-dressed girl, with a handsome, but rather bold face, who was sitting on one of the sofas. They were engaged in an animated conversation, and seemed to be quite at home with each other. The contrast between Rachel and this young lady was very marked, both as to person and attire. Rachel's dress was quiet, but in the good taste for which she was noted; that of the other showy, as I have said, and loaded with lace and trimming. She wore besides a great deal of jewelry, the display of which was almost vulgar. She had large, brilliant, black eyes, which she never turned from the face of Herbert for a moment while they talked. I had seen this young lady once or twice before. Her name was Jane Endicott, and her father, who resided in Boston, bore the reputation of being very rich. He was one of the men with whom Andrew Payne came into association soon after his identification with bank and corporation enterprises. Olive had met the daughter in Boston, and given her an invitation to visit Oakland. This was accepted, and two or three visits had already been made. As these were to his sister, Herbert was naturally thrown into familiar intercourse with the young lady; and she set herself to the work of fascinating him—a task which she found in no way difficult, for he was growing away from his old love for Rachel. I felt my sister's hand draw

suddenly upon my arm as we came in sight of Herbert and this young girl, and understanding what it meant I changed a little the direction in which we were moving and passed through to the next room. Almost the first person whom I saw, as we entered, was Mrs. Catherwood. Her husband had fallen into an earnest conversation with another gentleman, and she had dropped his arm, and was standing a little turned away. Her face lit up as she recognized us, and in a moment she was holding each of us by the hand.

Nearly two years had passed since our last meeting. We stood for a little while silently regarding each other. I do not know what of the inner life which we had lived during these years Mrs. Catherwood saw revealed in our faces; but a single glance told me that something had wrought upon her face from within, and given to the pure lineaments a softer and more subdued expression. Amid the golden brown hair, pushed away, as when I first saw her, from the almost snow-white temples, a few silver threads were visible, while out of her fair complexion the old slight tinge of color had faded. The large, soft eyes seemed of a darker blue as I gazed into them, trying to read their new expression and hidden meanings. She was first to speak; and then her countenance lighted up with its old, sweet smiles, and revealed a new and higher beauty than I had ever seen in it before. After a few words to Rachel, she turned and regarded me for a moment or two, noting, as I well understood, the many changes which two years had wrought in my appearance—two years, in which the boy had wholly disappeared and given place to a tall, well-developed young man, with the soft brown beard darkening on his lip and chin.

"Can this be my Davy of old?" she said, something like a shade of regret, if not of disappointment, in her voice.

"Always the same old Davy to you, my dear Mrs. Catherwood!" I returned, as my heart leaped to my voice, where it trembled as it revealed itself. I felt the tears coming into my eyes, and knew that she saw them.

Mrs. Catherwood had many questions to ask about our welfare, and the changes that had taken place since our last meeting. In answer to my inquiries about herself, she had little to say; and I had an impression that, whatever her life had been during these years, she did not care to turn back the leaves of memory, and lay open any of the pages for another to read.

Guest after guest was now arriving in quick succession, and the rooms were soon filled to overflowing by a gayly-attired throng, with its perpetual movement and change, as though it were a great human kaleidoscope. We were soon separated from Mrs. Catherwood, and I did not find myself near her again until we were in the supper-room. Meanwhile, Rachel and I had kept together. Many times, as we circulated in some one of the many currents of this restless mass of humanity, we had a glimpse of Herbert, but did not once encounter him. Two or three

times I saw him moving in a direction that would have brought him and Rachel face to face in a moment or two if he had not himself turned with a suddenness that left the impression that he had seen and wished to avoid her. Wherever and whenever we saw him, his companion was Miss Endicott, and it was evident at a glance that she had him completely in her power—a willing slave.

The great event of the evening was the entertainment in the supper-rooms. The New York caterer had counted profusion, not cost. Such a gorgeous table-service as he had provided; such a bewildering succession of rich viands in every conceivable form that earth, or air, or water could supply; and such an abundance of wine, some of it actually thrown into the air from mimic fountains, I had never seen nor imagined.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed after the supper-rooms were filled almost to suffocation. Rather quiet at first, and with an air of waiting and repression among the guests. Then began the rattle of dishes, the clink of glasses and the popping of corks in quick succession. Voices began to break out, and the ripple of girlish laughter be heard. Louder and more confusing grew the sounds, and more and more eager the movements toward the table. Glasses were emptied and filled in quick succession. Young and old, men and women, entered with an eagerness and an abandon into the work of eating and drinking as though they had been fasting for days. It was not long before the wine began to tell; first on the younger portion of the company, and later on their elders, who were more accustomed to drinking, and had acquired stronger heads.

Rachel and I happened to get on opposite sides of the table from Herbert Radcliff and Miss Endicott, whom he had escorted to the supper-room. The champagne, of which they drank as soon as the bottles began to be uncorked, made a quick change in both of them, he growing noisy in speech, and she answering him in loud, unseemly laughter which drew many eyes upon them.

Not far from where they stood I saw Olive, attended by a young man whom I did not know. He was a stranger in Oakland. His face did not please me. It was handsome, but sensual; and from where I stood I could see him looking at Olive in a way that annoyed me, and set my blood to a quicker motion. Whether she were pleased with him or not, I was unable to determine. But from the manner of his attentions toward her, it was plain that he was trying to make himself as agreeable as possible. Leaving her for a moment, he went to the table, and came back with two glasses of wine, one of which he offered for her acceptance. A little to my surprise, she refused to take it, at which the young man became very urgent in his efforts to induce her to change her mind. But she remained firm, and would not touch the glass.

As I questioned with myself as to the meaning of this, I heard a loud, coarse laugh rising above the

Babel of sounds. It came from the lower end of the room. I knew, when I glanced in the direction from which it came, the form I should see. It was that of Donald Payne. I was looking at Olive when the laugh jarred upon my ears, and saw a swift shade strike across her face. But she did not turn her eyes in the direction from which the sound came; and I noticed that she became less responsive to the almost intrusive attentions of her companion. Once afterwards I saw him offer her wine, but she gave him a quick and decisive refusal, at which he was betrayed into a momentary exhibition of annoyance. This was followed by a more flattering devotion of himself to her service.

"Do you know that young man?" I asked of Mrs. Catherwood, whom I met soon afterwards, indicating at the same time Olive's companion.

"Yes," she said. "His name is Markham."

"Who and what is he?" I inquired.

"As to the who," was answered, "he is the son of a Boston merchant. As to the what, he has the reputation of being a man with him no brother would care to have his sister seen in public, and no true husband his wife."

It required an effort to hold down the sudden impulse that seized me—an impulse which, if obeyed, would have precipitated me between Olive and the young man. But this I had under control in a moment, and asked with as little betrayal of what I felt as was possible, if he were a friend of Donald's.

"I believe," she returned, "that Donald's father and old Mr. Markham, who is also here, have business relations. But whether the two young men are acquainted or not is more than I can say. You see that little woman, with the pale, unhappy face, standing against the window. That is Markham's wife."

"His wife! Then he is married."

I turned to look at the woman she had pointed out, and saw the weary, almost colorless face of a slender girl, who seemed scarcely beyond her teens. It was, as Mrs. Catherwood had said, an unhappy face; and the eyes, spite of all the life and gayety which pervaded the atmosphere, had a dull and dreary expression.

"Yes, he is married," she answered; "and that is his wife, poor child! The pretty plaything of which he has grown tired already."

My eyes turned again toward Olive. I had an instinctive sense of danger. There was a serpent on her path that would sting her to the death if it could but strike her with its poisonous fangs. She was looking toward the young man, and I saw her face, as he talked to her, light-up with interest. Her beautiful eyes were held to his as by a kind of fascination. My blood leaped in quicker pulses. So overmastering grew the impulse to get near to her and interpose a warning, that I soon after left Mrs. Catherwood and Rachel, who had become interested in conversation, and made my way to where I had seen Olive and Mr. Markham. But when I looked for them they were gone, having retired from the supper-room.

The festive spirit was steadily rising, and hilarity had gone far beyond good taste and good breeding. Already more than half of the company, especially the younger portion, was under the influence of too much wine, and shame had departed with the excess. I made my way back to Rachel, whom I found standing in silence by Mrs. Catherwood, an expression of pain and sorrow in her face. I had no need to guess at the cause, for as I looked down the table I saw Herbert, with his face flushed and silly in its drunken expression, holding a glass high in the air, and endeavoring to keep it out of the reach of Miss Endicott, who was catching after it. A noisy, laughing circle had gathered around them.

"Who is that young man?" asked a middle-aged gentleman, with a cold, business face, out of which looked a pair of keen gray eyes.

He was standing near me, and I waited for the answer he would receive.

"With the glass in his hand? Oh, that's the cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank," was returned, and I detected something sinister in the speaker's voice.

"You are not in earnest!" in a tone of doubt, mingled with surprise.

"Yes, he's the cashier—Herbert Radcliff. You've seen his signature on letters and drafts a hundred times."

"And Andrew Payne is president!"

"Yes."

"Humph!"

I heard no more. Rachel was urging me away, and I returned with her to the drawing-rooms.

*(To be continued.)*

## MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

**M**Y first, a flower whose dainty cup  
For me its perfume treasured up,  
And kept its chalice snowy white,  
Pure as angel's pinion bright,  
For me alone.

A bird, whose notes almost divine  
Greeted no other ear than mine,  
Whose ever sweetly pulsing song  
Could to no mortal heart belong,  
Except my own.

My last, a tender halo now  
Shines round the love-encircled brow,  
While sunbeams stray from Paradise  
To rest within those peaceful eyes,  
With light divine.

Oh, stainless as a seraph's prayer,  
Love's fragrant blossoms sweetly fair  
Have kept their chalice snowy-white,  
Untouched by taint of earthly blight,  
Sweet soul of mine.

RUTH ARGYLE.

## A CHRISTMAS WINDOW.

"A PLEASANT surprise, Vincent; it's a girl this time."

After the advent of six boys, a daughter was certainly no unwelcome guest. There came, however, the perplexity of naming her. Ancestral honors in the shape of such cognomens as Richard, Henry, William; Thomas, Edward, Frederick, were handed down from generation to generation quite as a matter of course, and considered good enough for toys. But for a woman-child, for this soft pearl among half a dozen diamonds in the rough, something suggestive of sweetness, desirableness, must assuredly be discovered and appropriated. The mother's mind alternated between the cardinal virtues and the floral kingdom. The father never got beyond the keynote Dr. Teter struck when he announced: "A pleasant surprise, Vincent."

A length he spoke. "Let us call her Pleasant," he said. And Pleasant it was.

She grew up in the valley where she was born, a shy, thoughtful child, with eyes that mirrored the blue and gray and the wood-dove's breast, with hair that caught its lights and shadows under sun-swept willows beside her native streams, and the countenance and manner of one possessed of some secret, which makes life nobler and sweeter, not only for the holder of it, but for all who come within its influence.

Fields of corn and grain interlaced with branches, and threaded with running waters, made up that nest of a valley where the Vincents lived. Brooded over by summer suns or swathed in wintry snows, it was a lovely spot, where people lived, loved and died in an old-fashioned way that was yet new to them every one.

When a very little girl, Pleasant fancied that somewhere along those mountain-ranges shutting her in, stood a ponderous oaken gate, leaf-embowered, and opening on grape-vine hinges into that outside world, concerning whose inhabitants she hardly dared venture a guess. Even in early girlhood she found it difficult to banish this fancy, and dreamed of a time when she would see them unclosed, and would leave her hand's breadth of earth and sky, and go forth in the great universe beyond.

The day came soon enough when the heavy gates opened for our little maid. Not that she heard them creaking on their frozen hinges, toppling the icicles and scaring the snow-birds in the branches. Oh, no, but for all that she got beyond the white mountain wall. Traveled miles and miles, saw strange places and peoples, and—I may as well mention it here and now—was glad enough to get back again.

Ardilla Newbre, eldest daughter of Mrs. Vincent's only sister, had left her city home two years previous for a brief visit to the valley. She was homesick before she arrived, and would not stay long enough to unpack her trunk. She found time, however, to fall in love with Pleasant. Ever since that visit, she and her mother had been sending after the dear girl. Finally, yielding to their persuasions, and influenced

by the fact of Richard's going that way after his wife's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent consented to let her go.

"She and I are the same age," remarked Ardilla to a gentleman under twenty, ostensibly studying law with her father. "Twin cousins, ma says. Pleasant was sixteen the tenth of November, so was I. But she's quite a child yet; and I, oh dear, what with lessons and parties, I begin to feel real old. Pa thinks we look alike. Do you?"

"I—indeed I can't say."

"Can't say? Why, man, you did nothing but stare all the while she was in the room."

Boyce Decker laughed, colored and turned the conversation.

Pleasant Vincent could not have arrived at a gayer season. Mimic groves adorned unlikely places; wreaths of evergreen festooned the streets; holly-berries flashed like jewels in the sun; velvety mosses cushioned steps and pavement. The great city was sounding its note of preparation for Christmas, and every heart responded after its own fashion, even the hearts of those who were strangers to the Christ-child's mission, who had neither part nor lot with the people whom the Father promised should be His.

The year previous, Mr. Newbre had speculated and lost heavily. Pleasant, learning this merely through vague hints and complainings, found herself unable to reconcile their style of living with these facts until it occurred to her that what she saw—with the exception of provision—must have been purchased before their misfortunes.

"I beg you, Aunt Ardilla, not to make any difference for me," she entreated, observing their groaning table. "I'm used only to the plainest sort of living; if you set me down to bread and milk, I shall be thankful."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Newbre. "Just hear her! Why, my pet, if your uncle should see us exercising stricter economy, he'd lose his senses."

Pleasant Vincent did not understand it at all; still, there were so many things she did understand and enjoy, she set her innocent heart to rest. Nay, even sung it to sleep with the cradle-song of a dear secret over which her old-fashioned hair-trunk kept watch and ward.

Anticipating her visit, this little country girl, all the sweet spring, summer and autumnal weather, gathered and pressed field and forest treasures for these relatives, only one of whom she had ever seen.

"I feel too mean," she overheard Augusta say. "I can't give anything outside the family; and as for what I've got for you folks, if we weren't all poverty-stricken together, I'd be ashamed to bring them out."

Pleasant's heart gave a bound as she thought of the delicate ferns, plummy grains, grasses and all the bright things hidden away in her trunk. Great was her disappointment when, under promise of secrecy, Ardilla, Augusta, and even little Sebastian, revealed to her their several purchases.

"This is ma's," said Ardilla, holding up what

seemed to Pleasant's unsophisticated eyes a perfectly regal breakfast-cap. "We can't any of us make these sort of things, and I assure you it costs to buy them."

"We are confined to useful presents this year," pouted Augusta; "and I hate them. This is pa's," exhibiting an elegant cigar-holder.

"I was not able to see any special use in breakfast-caps and cigar-holders," said Pleasant, writing to her mother; "but, being accustomed to these things, they become necessities, I suppose."

After this experience, Pleasant recalled, with something like a pang, the simple gifts she had brought. They would confer no pleasure, she reflected, and, after kissing them—they seemed so a part of the dear old home—resolved to wait her opportunity and burn them at the kitchen fire, or in the heaters below stairs.

"In the ten days that have passed since my arrival, I have not enjoyed anything so much as a visit to Miss Naomi," wrote Pleasant. "That's saying a great deal, mother mine, for your little girl is having a delightful time. Our call on this lady was so different from everything else, and seemed somehow so like a bit of home-life, it took me by the heart, as my dear father says."

Miss Naomi was formerly a nursery-governess in Mr. Newbre's family, and had so engaged the affections of the children, that long after they got beyond her humble attainments, and she had given place to one better qualified to instruct, she kept her hold on their hearts. Somehow she afterward failed in obtaining a similar position, and had gone through very bitter experiences in the effort to earn her own living, as well as assist a feeble sister with four children and a drunken husband. At length came the severest trial of all. Through some carelessness at the place where she worked, Miss Naomi met with an accident which deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. She was now confined to her room in the fourth story of a rickety old tenement, where, with a little spasmodic sort of assistance, she still managed to live, and to help her sister do the same.

"Her manner was so like yours when she opened her Bible, I could have hugged her." So ran Pleasant's letter, concluding her account of their visit. "The girls say she always reads something that fits right into the conversation. They tell me she has religious service in her room every morning between six and seven."

"We helped furnish it," said Ardilla, referring to this same little room on their way home. "But there's considerable needed yet to make the dear woman comfortable."

"I'd like to make the landlord get that leaky roof fixed," said Augusta.

"Yes, and there's other things," replied Ardilla. "She ought to have a curtain for that puttied-up window. It seems to me I'd go crazy with that blank wall staring me in the face. We wanted to get a nice shade, a shoulder-shawl and several other articles for her this Christmas; but, dear oh me, we

can't afford anything. We'll have to leave Miss Naomi out in the cold this year. Here's Monica's girls, come in and get a stew, I'm real chilly."

Our little country girl was no dunce, not to be able to put two and two together. Not to see, if she had thought over the matter, that the money wasted between these girls would have gone far toward supplying that poor woman's wants, had it been appropriated for the purpose. She was busy revolving a little project of her own, which might bring her despised flowers and ferns into requisition, and curtain Miss Naomi's window. The gifts so tenderly prepared, and which were never to be presented, were tastefully arranged on white card-board. Preparatory to exhibiting and explaining her plans regarding them, Pleasant cut every detaining stitch, and sighed softly as the pretty things tumbled into her lap.

"What ever in the world put it into your mind to gather and press such stuff as this?" asked Ardilla, contemptuously.

That cluster of nemophila blossoms, clear as crystal, blue as summer's sky, those pansies with Tyrian dyes undimmed, the burnished gold of buttercups, all Pleasant's lovely gleanings from brook, rock and meadow, were only so many weeds, in those perverted eyes.

"We have them at home," answered Cousin Plex, as they called her, almost stammering in her embarrassment. "A touch here and there about a house is like a picture of summer, all the more charming when the snow lies deep outside. I brought some, thinking I might, perhaps, find use for them here. When you called my attention to Miss Naomi's need of a curtain to hide that opposite wall and cover those puttied panes, I thought of these directly, and how nice it would be to make her a Christmas window. Mother always has one."

Everybody, Boyce Decker especially, wanted to know about Christmas-windows. To insure a larger amount of enjoyment, their arrangement must be a surprise to the occupant of the room, Pleasant said, and proceeded to give the requisite instructions: "Take pressed flowers, ferns, autumn-leaves, or any sort of dried grass that lies tolerably flat, and paste them on the glass. Of course the more tasteful the arrangement the prettier your window."

"Mustn't you put panes of glass over?" interrupted Sebastian.

"We never do," answered Pleasant. "If the mucilage is thick enough, everything sticks as fast as you want it, and, if there is not too much sun, retains its freshness until late in the spring. Then a little soaking, and some rubbing brings everything off, and the window is ready for redecoration another season."

Christmas Eve the Newbrees, Boyce Decker and Pleasant, turned Miss Naomi out of her room, decorated her window, improvised a heavy curtain which she promised should not be raised until next morning, then like sprites and fairies went their happy way.

Lifting that heavy shawl and letting in the light

on Christmas morning what a prospect seemed to open before Miss Naomi's eyes. Every dash of color in that novel piece of mosaic was as bright as when unshine painted it, or when autumnal frost kindled its flame. Under the touch of those rosy flushes stealing up from the unseen east, gold, scarlet, brown, azure, bronze, green, shone translucent as precious tones. Thread-like vein and lace-like veinlet, tender-nerve and exquisite broidery, all the hidden writing on those leafy hearts, started to the surface in the fire of sunrise.

"We can claim the promise, dear, there are two of us," said Miss Naomi to the solitary woman who came to hear the Scripture read.

So, in the enjoyment of the companionship of that One whose coming has made this day blessed forever, this dear woman held her little prayer-meeting all in the crimson, amber and azure glow of those transfigured panes. Other voices mingled in praise and prayer that day, while rainbow-colors from blazoned windows shed lustre on many an earnest face, yet none drew nearer Bethlehem's Babe than did Miss Naomi and her audience of one—two poor women in a plain little room under a broken roof.

The sun never found its way into that small chamber, but, as it rose higher on the outside world that day, glints, hints and dashes of color quivered on the floor and over those solitary figures. A touch of gold shone on Miss Naomi's forehead, a ray of crimson trembled across her listener's hair.

After reading the story of the "Stable and the Star," they turned to that wonderful description of the "Holy City" with its garniture of jasper, sapphire "and all manner of precious stones."

"I can't help thinkin' that's somethin' like it," whispered the woman, pointing to the emblazoned panes.

"Oh, dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect!"

Sang Miss Naomi, lifting her pale, rapt face in that nimbus of gold-colored light:

"E'en now by faith I see thee,  
E'en here thy walls discern;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn."

Pleasant Vincent's humble offerings had found their highest use. After all, not that which ministers to a love of the beautiful merely, or simply adorns the person, but that which reaches and elevates our immortal natures is the best gift. Its price is above rubies.

MADGE CARROL.

WE have to make our choice in life, and to abide by the results of our decision when made. We cannot go on two different ways at once; nor take a deep draught and keep the cup still full; nor spend and save. We can make a loaf of bread or brew a cup of beer at our pleasure; but we cannot make both out of the measure of meal that is enough only for one. "Which shall it be?" is the great question to be asked by each of us.

## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 6.

KENT, THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND."

WE met on a lovely afternoon at Mr. Elmore's, and as the fragrant air came in through open windows from the blooming gardens; and as large glass bowls, full of richly-colored fruits and flowers greeted our eyes on the centre-table, we all exclaimed at the contrast between this and some of our first club-meetings, when every curtain was let down to exclude the cold winds, and every one hastened to the charmed circle of glow and warmth around the blazing wood fires.

"Yet each has been pleasant in its way," said Miss Alice, "it has been a charming winter; and the snow-storms form a fine background from which we can more keenly enjoy all this wealth of sunshine and color."

We all assented enthusiastically, and our reminiscences of the past winter aroused such a lively ripple and stir of talk and laughter that it needed three calls to order from our lady president before we proceeded to business.

"The place which we are to explore this evening," said Mrs. Stacy, "is 'the Garden of England'—Kent, and Miss Austice is chosen to describe to us some of its especial beauties."

"The lover of poetry," I said, "may think of Penhurst and Sidney's 'Arcadia,' but the mercantile mind, or the housekeeper who depends on brewer's yeast for light rolls and white loaves—will think of Kent and its hop-gardens. And it is quite well worth while to visit Kent during the hop season, whether as a student of human nature, a lover of the picturesque, or a buyer of hops."

"The finest of the hop-gardens are most enchantingly situated on the hill-slopes, where through many a flowery arch you catch glimpses of all the changing beauties of a Kentish 'weald,' and the woods on either side shelter you from the chill winds. Far and near you hear the hubbub of cheerful voices; every farm-house, village and hamlet is left empty and deserted; special trains have been bringing down crowds from east London—immoral and vicious, perhaps, unpleasant to come near, but picturesque enough now as from a distance we see them standing in groups about a gypsy-like encampment in some sheltered nook where there is wood, water and sunshine. As for the country people, they are here in crowds; the old grandfather and mother, the stalwart sons and daughters, even the little ones are earning their day's wages at the hop-picking; and the babies laid under the hedges on their mother's shawls, laugh, and crow, and roll to their hearts' delight, pleased at the merry stir and the bright colors of the passing groups, which the sunlight kindles up with exquisite effect. The very scent of the hop-leaves in the air is a pleasure, and the pale faces of the town's people rapidly gain a new tint of healthier color in the warm, fresh atmosphere of the hills.

"The rivers are covered with dark Scotch firs, and



close thickets of spruce, and every rock has its thickly-grown copse. Every seven years there is a regular cutting for wattles, hurdles and hop-poles. The next year 'a flush of prim-roses covers the ground,' and banks of wild flowers, the dainty blue bells, the wind-swept anemones and wild daffodils make an English spring in Kent so beautiful that even its remembrance is 'a joy forever.' The great beeches, purple in the shadows of twilight, and golden-bronze in an autumn noonday, grow to magnificent size here, as do also the elms, while the oaks, a century old, stretch their huge branches far across the hedgerows, throwing broad shadows over green pastures and sloping hill-sides. You feel as if Henry VIII might have rested under them as he rode toward the moated keep and battlements of the Boleyn Castle. As he came southward, and neared the woods of Hever, it is said that his approach was heralded by the ringing bugles sounded from the hills around the home of Anne Boleyn. He, like the other monarchs of the Tudor line, loved pomp and show, and all the glittering insignia of royalty, nor would it have pleased his fancy to woo, like his royal nephew, James V, of Scotland, his lady-love in disguise."

Little Rosamond wished to know all about this, so Miss Alice told her how "the handsome and blithe young king crossed the sea to France, and in the disguise of a simple serving-man saw the fair ladies whom he wished to meet, but was detected by his noble air and beauty. He and the lovely young Magdalene, daughter of Francis I, whom he afterward wedded, conceived an ardent attachment to each other at first sight; and on this same visit he first saw Mary, of Lorraine, his second queen after the early death of his fair young bride."

"Kent contains a royal residence now," remarked Harry Halstead, "and need not depend wholly on the association with a past royalty. Here is a photograph of Dornden, the residence of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne."

The picture represented a lovely landscape with a fine old house of many gabled windows, arches, overgrown with masses of green, and multitudinous chimneys; its only modern feature a smooth, sunshiny lawn, which served as a croquet-ground for several groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

After we had all looked at it, I resumed: "Another specialty of Kent is the *chart*—land that is common property so far as pasture and fuel are concerned, though there are sporting privileges that belong to the lord of the manor. It is somewhat like a Highland moor with the broken and jagged outlines of its firs, its bracken and heather which covers the bare earth with a royal robe of purple, lit with a golden glory. Along the edges of the chart, and under the great oaks in the Kentish marshes, you may find a population like our Western squatters. Here they have little gardens and orchards of apple and plum-trees; their cows and sheep graze on the common their pigs feast in the neighboring beech-woods, and

their bees fill the foxgloves and heather with a busy humming; while in the marsh the hog and geese fatten on the acorns, and neither rent nor purchase-money are asked of their owners, a very fair type of 'squatter sovereignty.' Yet you need only climb a slight ascent to bring you back to the civilization of the old world, innumerable spires of village churches rise heavenward, you see hamlets and farm-houses, villas and towns, 'the white cowls of the hop kilns,' and against the horizon the soft, undulating line of the southern downs."

"These squatters live like the birds of the air, without barn or storehouse—so, of course, they find Kent a paradise," said the doctor. "The birds do, I assure you. The hedgerows are perfect jungles of thorn and hazel, holly and ash, overgrown with briony, wild-roses and honeysuckles that beckon to every passer-by with their blossoming sprays; and in the dark recesses of the hedges thousands of birds build their nests, and as many rabbits and burrowing creatures find safe shelter at their roots. In the spring you see the birds in flocks, of every kind, color and size, darting in and out with straws and bits of wool, chirping, twittering and now and then breaking into some fresh and jubilant song that takes your very soul with delight. In autumn they feed on the 'hips, haws and hollyberries that brighten the leafless twigs or the evergreens with a glow of scarlet and orange.' 'They rush before you,' says an enthusiastic sportsman, 'if you come upon them while shooting down the side of a hedgerow, makes a rustle among the branches like the noise of many breezes.' There are many pheasants and partridges, and in the more retired parishes at night the woods and fields are not without their denizens of the dusky air; the night-hawk sounding his shrill cry in his sixzag flight over the downs, and the great brown owls flitting silently by, intent on their prey. An old barn in some out-lying field will soon become a castle of refuge to the night-owls, the bats and the martins that make their nests under the moss-grown and blackened eaves. The thrush and blackbird will sing here all day long in spring, and if there is a shallow pool near, with sedges and rushes on the edges, the water-hen will raise her brood, delighted at the stillness, swimming with all her little ones fearlessly beyond the shelter of weeds and cover."

"But before you stray off to such quiet nooks, you should have noticed some of the farm-houses, Dr. Kent," said Katherine, "some of them are as old as the reigns of the Tudors, and the roofs are bending, and walls bulging under the weight of years. Great masses of ivy hang heavy from the gables, and surround the clusters of tall chimneys; or moss and lichen stain the walls with their golden and rich hues of age. The huge fire-places with room for an easy chair on each side of the dais in the chimney-place, the quaintly carved oak of staircase and mantle,

'The low, wide windows with their mullions old,  
The pillared porch elaborately embossed,'

All testify to a date very far back in architecture

By the way, the last lines of the description which I have just quoted apply beautifully to such a home,

'From behind the roof

Rose the slim oak and mossy sycamore,  
Blending their diverse foliage with the green  
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
The huge round chimneys, harbor of delight  
For wren and redbreast, where they sit and sing  
Their slender dillies when the trees are bare.'

The barns and yards are fully tenanted by happy household creatures, cows knee deep in yellow straw, innocent, large-eyed calves, flocks of poultry and plump white ducks, and pigeons flying around their nests in the barn gable—together a pleasant scene of quiet content and plenty. The same expression pervades the much finer mansion of the squire with its gardens and sunny terraces where the peacocks display their spreading tails, and the handsome young horses graze in the grassy paddocks. A pleasant walk through the fields leads you to the old church, full of curious sculpture and tracery, blazoned windows and memorial tablets, niches with effigies of the dead, and quaint inscriptions on the flags of the chancel. The chain mail, trunk hose and slashed doublets, the ruffs and pointed stomachers of the memorial figures speak of their antiquity, and we see the English love of animal life and companionship in the representation of the faithful hound resting at his master's feet. Just outside the window the great yews spread their dark foliage, and in the spring 'the tufts of rosy-tinted snow' on the hawthorns fill the church-yard with blossoms and fragrance."

"Blackmore, the English novelist, gives a very pretty description of a cherry-orchard," said Harry. "I think it was located in the valley of the Upper Medway, a few miles above Maidstone, where the orchards and fruit-gardens, the trimmed alleys and bowers of hops, and honeysuckles and deep-hued roses make the land a very garden of delight—at least in the opinion of its people. Gregory, a young man in one of Blackmore's stories, falls to talking one day of his father's cherry-trees in Kent to his companions in London.

"How noble and grand they must be just now," he said; 'one sheet of white as big as the Inner and Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn all put together! The bees and the tortoise-shell butterflies were busy among them. But best of all was the moonlight, when the moon was three days short of full; then was the time for a Londoner to be amazed with happiness! Then, to walk among them, was like walking in a fairy-land, or being lost in a sky of snow before a flake begins to fall. A delicate, soft world of white, an in and out of fancy lace, a feeling of some white witchery, and almost a fright that little-white blossoms should hold such a power and enchantment for one.'"

"How pretty that is!" we all exclaimed. "It makes us quite long to go at once."

"I would like to be there when cherries are ripe," said little Roseamond; at which we all laughed, and some of us agreed with her.

Then Mrs. Kent brought out an old portfolio of engravings, which she told us would illustrate a very celebrated part of Kent at a time of its greatest glory—the old-fashioned watering-place of Tunbridge Wells. The site of the little town of Tunbridge was supposed to resemble that of Jerusalem, and the hills facing each other were called Mount Sion and Mount Ephraim. There are handsome buildings on each, from whose ivy-framed windows one may see the breezy common, profusely-blooming hedges and the brilliant green of the wheat-fields. There is a quiet, shady part of Mount Ephraim appropriately called Mount Pleasant; and another rise brings you to Calverly—perhaps at first called Calvery—whose great elms almost mingle with the strong oaks of Sion.

"Here is a picture of the common," said Mrs. Kent, "wide and sunny, perpetually haunted by the winds, and covered with heath, wild thyme, violets and golden gorse that bloom by the gray stone boulders that you see here and there. Do you see these foreign-looking little cottages covered with creepers and nestled upon the cliffs? They are the dwellings of French refugees who came here after the Revolution. The English Government gave them a pension as well as safe shelter from the storm that darkened their own land. They bear very high-sounding titles—'St. Helena,' 'Gibraltar,' etc., etc. There are beautiful roads all through this part of the country, winding through double rows of hawthorns and under great trees, and every breeze brings you the faint, spicy odors from the pines, or perfumes from banks of dewy flowers."

"There are a great many interesting places, too, to which these lovely roads from Tunbridge lead you," added the doctor. "There is Flever Castle, very square and massive; the ivy-covered arches of old Bayham; Knole House, with its splendid hall, where many a king and queen have feasted; Penhurst, the home of the noble Sidney, whose battlemented walls tell of war and glory, and whose fair fields were the 'Arcadia' of the poet; Eridge, the seat of the Nevilles for more than four hundred years, whose blue lakes, and miles of sunny landscape, and deep, silent, shadowy forest, with troops of stately deer, afford you every variety of view that is picturesque and charming.

"Nor have I at all exhausted the list of interesting localities, for there remain still Dour House, the residence of the family of the Duke of Wellington at the time of the battle of Waterloo. By the way, at a much earlier date, the three Ladies Churchill, the handsome daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, once held their court at old Bayham, not very far off. Then there is the gloomy 'Chancellor House,' the home of the wretched and cruel Judge Jeffries. But there was no place I liked better than the 'Moated House' at Igham, its court-yard sunny and green with regularly-placed urns of flowers and vines, its old gray walls and rustling trees, and the still waters of the ancient moat, forming, as some writer says, 'an idyl set to sweet, monotonous music,' like the

low, melodious whispering of the moaning winds among the sedges and rushes by the waters."

"When did people first begin visiting Tunbridge as a watering-place?" asked George Elmore.

"In the time of James I. Lord North, a dissipated young nobleman, discovered the virtues of the springs. Either the chalybeate water, or the quiet, healthy country life, restored his health wonderfully, for he lived to be eighty-five."

"It seems to have retained its popularity," I remarked, "for Henrietta Maria and Charles II and his queen visited it; and Tunbridge was a favorite resort of Queen Anne. The Duke of Gloucester, her little son, having been hurt by a fall on the badly-constructed walks, she gave a donation to repair them, and was so displeased at this not being done, that she ceased to visit the springs. The inhabitants, to propitiate her majesty, then built the famous 'Pantiles,' an avenue paved with square bricks, or tiles, a walk that echoed afterwards with the footsteps of many celebrated people."

"I suppose Lord Chesterfield and Beau Nash were its most brilliant social celebrities," said Katherine.

"Beau Nash built up its fame, and drew crowds from every direction. 'Richard Nash, Esq.,' as Goldsmith calls him, came here from Bath in a handsome chariot drawn by six dashing gray horses, and accompanied by footmen, outriders, French horns, etc. He threw the splendor of his own social prestige over the simple little town, and soon formed a code of etiquette in accordance with his tastes, to which all visitors, from the highest to the lowest, gradually conformed. Every one was expected to live and move in public, and to contribute something to the general enjoyment. He prohibited absolutely private gambling, and wearing swords and riding-boots in company, and condemned the hauteur and reserve which chilled society among the upper classes. Indeed, this brilliant and bold adventurer conferred a great blessing on his associates by the tact and spirit with which he infused a tone of easy cheerfulness and ready courtesy in the society with which he mingled. A certain author ascribes to him the great social reform which, first spreading through the guests who frequented the watering-places, was from these carried to London, and at last pervaded the whole of England with its lessons of external kindness, and refinement, and adaptation to social pleasures."

"I suppose these prints will show us how a visitor at that time arrived at Tunbridge," said George Elmore.

"Yes; that is the old-fashioned postchaise (see how it is crowded outside as well as inside!) that made the journey from London to Tunbridge in seven hours, if the travelers were not beset by highwaymen, which they were very apt to be in those days. As soon as the coach arrived, the tradesmen, and even doctors with heavy canes and powdered wigs, beset the visitors for custom. The band also gave them a flourishing welcome, and expected a donation in return.

"As early as seven o'clock the next day, all fashionable persons were expected to walk for pleasure, and of course went first to the wide lime-trees that overhang the 'Pantiles,' for here he met every one, and beheld all the celebrities of the day, whether famous for wit or beauty, wealth or rank, or great achievements. After the morning draught had been duly imbibed at the 'Queen's Well,' breakfast was served under the limes, and music, light and gay conversation with one's acquaintances, a stroll, a ride, or an excursion to the places of interest around Tunbridge, occupied the morning. Dinner was served at midday, and every one dispersed to meet again beneath the limes for tea in the open air. Here was a display of handsome costumes and bright faces, an airing of new anecdotes and witty repartees. Then came the card-tables, or the dances, which began at the large assembly-room at six. Of course the stately and graceful minuet was first among the dances, each gentleman being expected to dance twice, with a different partner each time. Then followed the livelier country-dances; but the ball ended by eleven o'clock, and at twelve the whole place was hushed in comparative stillness and repose."

"Beau Nash seems to have been a very sensible ruler of fashion," observed our president, approvingly. "Can any member of our club give us some account of Bath?—for I believe he was the central figure of the gay society there before he came to Kent."

"Bath is a beautiful town," said Mrs. Elmore, "and also renowned for its medical springs. It is in Somersetshire, on the river Avon, one hundred and six miles from London, and is built principally of a beautiful white stone, found very near, and called the Bath stone. It is on rising ground, and the terraces ascend one above the other, and sweep round in a crescent shape. It is called exceedingly like Florence in Italy, and very rarely does one ever reside here, even for a short time, without becoming warmly attached to it. It was resorted to for its waters very early; the Romans built magnificent baths here, which were discovered in 1755, twenty feet below the ground.

"No place could have been more charming than Bath, with its stately yet cordial grace, its old-fashioned balls and entertainments, its daily drives, at the very time when Tunbridge was so frequented. Beau Nash, who died in 1762, was buried at Bath. In Miss Muloch's very quiet but lovely book, 'My Mother and I,' a very accurate and pleasing description is given of the place and its environs and social enjoyments."

"The time is up," said Dr. Kent, glancing regretfully at his watch, "and we must go; but we shall have the pleasure of seeing you all again next Friday. So we will not say adieu, but *au revoir*."

ELLA F. MOSEY.

WHOEVER is master of himself is master of his own fortunes.



"TEMPUS FUGIT."

**T**HIS picture, by an English artist, Thomas Davidson, was exhibited last season at the London Royal Academy. The allegory is easily read. Childhood is supposed to take no note of time, but some interest is evinced in his flight by persons of maturer years, as is shown by the lady setting her watch, while the old laborer, who, scythe in hand, points to the dial, personifies the resistless mower of life whose blade is never idle.

"In childhood's happy, sunny days,  
We take no note of time;  
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Nor when our fervid summer rays  
Remind us of our prime,  
Do we regard our ways;  
Then tolls the evening chime.

"And then Time gravely showeth  
His dial as we pass;  
For well the old man knoweth  
That unerringly he goeth,  
And his keen scythe moweth  
All human flesh as grass."

OLD POEM.



## THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

**T**IS sweet to think, when struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shores of time  
The better years begin.

As down the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me, like a boundless sea,  
The great hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe  
Around the emerald isles.

And in the blue, long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the great "hereafter,"  
A foretime dim and dark,  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering barque.

And in the far-off haven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands her quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE POTTSSES.

**W**E were at Pottsville last fall a year ago, and when Pipey heard that Mary's Cousin Katy was in the neighborhood, she and the deacon sent us word to come over and see them sometime before we went back home. We were in Pottsville and thereabouts for more than two months; had a class in lace-work. We met the whole Potts family at a church festival in the village on Thanksgiving Day, and then we dined with them on Christmas. We were helping one of the women fasten evergreen wreaths about the windows of the old church Thanksgiving Day, when Deacon Potts and Pipey drove up to the gate in a little wagon, with old Humbug poking along as soberly as though the occasion was a very mournful one.

The deacon is a man between seventy-five and eighty, but hale and rather fine-looking. When the sexton hurried out to help them alight, the deacon said: "Thank you, John, we need no help, unless you assist Pipey to get out her luggage;" and the old man laughed, and his blue eyes sparkled kindly.

We watched to see what Pipey had brought for her share. You know she seems to understand how every edible is made. First, John lifted out a very large tin pan, one used in big families for making

bread; another pan of the same size was covered on the top, so as to keep the contents warm and unbroken. Then another large pan was lifted out, both smoking hot, and Pipey, bustling around like a landlady, said in a quick voice that meant business: "Now, John, you and I'll manage 'em. You see I want this great big chicken pot-pie in this large pan to be kept nice and hot until the folks are ready to sit down at the first tables; and I have some baked pork and beans in this other pan, and they must be kept warm, too—not hot, but warm." And then she took a large pitcher out of a basket in front of the seat, and said: "And, Johnny, this is real nice cream gravy to go with the chicken pie; it must be kept hot. And I'll tell you how I've planned. You see while the sermon is going on these things can remain about your stove over there," pointing to a neat little stone-colored cottage across the street from the church. "The baked beans can stand uncovered under your kitchen stove; the pot-pie can remain in your oven with both doors open, and the pitcher of gravy can stand on top of the stove in a kettle of hot water."

"Just so," said John, the clever sexton; and he looked into her face as though he were thinking. "I'm glad to wait upon you; and my service and my stove are at your command."

He seemed to be used to her ways, and fell in with her plans right off, and said: "Now, Miss Potts, you can go right along into the church and hear the whole o' the sermon, and I'll tend to these things and see that they are kept pipin' hot till the folks set down to the tables."

"Thank you, John," she said; "I'll remember you for your kindness."

We had a very nice dinner that day—substantial and abundant. Pipey's chicken pie was delicious, crisp and tender, and seasoned just right, and the sexton had kept it hot. When the big pan was uncovered, the women all marveled and wondered how she had baked it in that pan and got such a nice brown crust on top. The bright pan showed no signs of ever having been in an oven, either.

Pipey explained how she had done it. She made three chicken pies, baked them in three kettles at one time in their large stove oven. A cover of rich paste, a crust, had been laid on the top of each kettle, with two or three slits cut in them for the escape of the steam, and when the pies were baked she lifted off the covers, put the contents of each kettle into the large, new tin pan, and then fitted the three nicely-browned covers on top, and that made the great pie—enough for fifty dinners—look as though it had been made and baked in the pan.

All the members of the church partook of the dinner together, and we never saw a kindlier plan for bringing into harmony and genial good feeling the membership of a large church, which included both town and country.

The Christmas Day in which we dined at the deacon's, we had the pleasure of meeting with a good many of the citizens of Pottsville, and with all the

deacon's family except an absent son and daughter. Dinner was served in that dining-room where Pipesey wrote her "Basket" articles, and where she generally writes during the winters. We looked with interest upon everything in the room—the pictures that adorned the walls; her what-not, piled full of little things which are more interesting to her than to any other person; her basket on the end of the lounge, so full that its lids would not shut; her work-basket, crammed full of letters, and cards, and notes, one department only set apart for sewing; her needles, thimble, thread and a pair of the deacon's mittens with a patch half-sewed on, and a pair of socks with the needles in one heel, were in it.

Among the pictures on the walls we remember one of an old homestead, with the well, and the willow, and the path down to the brook; and another of the "Vale of Avoca," and one of a cute little woolly dog with bright eyes, nosing and peering into a wood-chuck's hole under the root of a tree.

The aquarium that the girls had was a marvel and a study. We remember Pipesey told about it once, and how it was made. It contained nine little creek-fish—sunfish, catfish, silver-sides and chub. It was prettily arranged, and the bottom of it was covered with sand, and shells, and quartz, and specimens and mementos from friends at a distance, and from places they had visited. There were sea-shells from the Bermuda Islands, from the Isthmus of Panama, the Atlantic coast and the Pacific. Quartz, carnelian, agate, beryl, coral and like things from the far East and from the very far West. A little water-turtle of the gray-brown color of mud had his happy home in the aquarium, and ranged wherever he pleased. When he wanted to climb up and take a survey of the domains, his throne was a bit of rare white stone sticking half out of the water—a stone from the old mountain home of Deacon Potts's mother, picked up by one of the girls for a keepsake when they visited the old, old homestead in June. The deacon said likely his mother had cracked hazel-nuts with that stone when she was a little ten-years old child. Ferns and water-mosses grew greenly in this pretty aquarium, and the fishes, magnified by the water and the thick glass, sailed about with silvery sides sparkling in the sunshine, and their antics amused the party not a little on that beautiful Christmas Day.

The house-plants were in good growing condition; one, a wax-plant with great, thick, glossy leaves of dark green, was the admiration of all the women; the hanging-baskets of Maderia-vines trailed from brackets and swung from above the windows, and climbed, as it were, above the doors, framing them in with masses of leaves.

Everything was home-like at the deacon's—not grand nor stylish, but simple, and plain, and comfortable.

The choicest of their books were kept close at hand in the sitting-room in a pretty little book-case standing on the floor in one corner, a present from a kind old man. Pipesey patted the book-case, and told us how she came by it. Long ago, when she was just

out of her teens, she was sitting on the kitchen porch writing one summer day. She was in her bare feet, had her sleeves rolled up, fresh from her work. The bread was rising on the kitchen table at the lower end of the porch, the little ones were making their play-house under the vines that covered the well-curb, and she was busy about her housework, while writing was the employment she picked up, as we women pick up our knitting or the pillow-sham we are embroidering. Pipesey wrote poetry in those days, it seems. While writing thus, she heard a rustling noise, but, thinking it was the children, she did not look up, until a fine, musical, manly voice addressed her with, "Well, sis, doesn't 'the old oaken bucket' here bring up good water? These wild hills should afford the best of pure water, I think."

She rose, blushing like another Maud Muller, and waited upon the stranger. He was a candidate for the office of State Senator, was elected, though Deacon Potts's vote was cast against him, as Pipesey told him frankly it would be; in time he was elected to a higher office, and to-day is a member of the cabinet in Washington.

When he left his native State, he remembered the barefoot country girl whose sturdy brown arms turned the windlass and brought up the bucket cool and dripping from among the ferns and mosses of that wayside well, and when he disposed of his household goods he sent her, by express, his own book-case, in remembrance of the pleasant incident.

So many things there are about Deacon Potts's home which, like Pipesey's book-case, have stories of their own.

There were sixteen of us who sat down to dine that Christmas Day at the deacon's. The dinner was the usual dinner on such occasions—roast turkey, mashed potatoes, plum-pudding, mince and pumpkin-pies, doughnuts and two or three kinds of cake. The deacon sat at one end of the table and Pipesey at the other. Rube and his wife Mattie, a pretty blonde with lovely hair of that rare color, Ida and her husband, next.

Ida is a fair little lady, with large, laughing, gray eyes, good features, fine complexion, and pretty, modest, cheerful, kind ways. Her husband—they all call him by his last name, Wilson—is rather good-looking. He is one of the owners of the foundry in the village at the foot of the hill, below the deacon's house. When Wilson was a student he boarded there, and that was the way he became acquainted with Ida. The whole family like him. Pipesey assured me with a hearty laugh that they would love any one who married into the family, because they "were so clannish," so knit together.

The youngest brother, "Bub" they call him, is a law student in the nearest city. We never met a young man whom we liked any better. He is fine-looking, a trifle modest, and shy, it may be, but he is a very good talker, and well informed, and, as Pipesey said of him, "He is a boy after our own heart."



Lily is the sprightliest one in the family—impulsive, kind-hearted, ready with a joke at all times; a girl who finds life enjoyable, and sees only the bright side of everything. She reads much and well, and is ready in quotation. We remember one quotation she made from Mrs. Browning when we were talking about discontented women—or women who aspired too high. She said something like this:

"Let us be content in work  
To do the thing we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little."

One can easily see that Pipesey has trained these girls after her own fashion; her stamp is upon them; they bear her impress.

After dinner that day we were up-stairs in the library, and the conversation turned on petulant girls. Mrs. Bodkin was telling about a girl—the daughter of her sister or sister-in-law—who wanted a new wrap so badly that she cried for it, and finally was so mad that she just lay in bed and sulked, and wouldn't eat, and in the end her mother got it for her—was just driven to do so.

Pipsey looked at Ida and Lily, and said: "Do you children suppose you would ever have driven me into doing such a thing, even if you had laid there until your bones were as bare as Geneva's?"

They both answered, "No," with a laugh, and an admiring expression on their faces which said, as plainly as words: "You would not be so weak, so unwomanly; nor would we accept of anything that you did not give freely and lovingly."

Pipsey told us that neither of the girls had ever, even in little girlhood, asked for new things in any way, unless it was in this wise: "Now, sometime when you get rich, Pipesey, I'd like to have a blue merino dress; but don't hurry; I just thought it would be so pretty." Never any broader hint, nor unkindness than this.

They are sensible girls, and we don't wonder that the readers of the HOME like them.

That day at dinner one of the men was telling about driving his span of mustangs from Loudonville, a village five miles distant, on the creek road, in twenty-five minutes. This brought out a story or reminiscence from the deacon.

"I ran over that road, those five miles, in the same length of time once," said he. "I was at Loudonville when word was brought me that Sally had been thrown from a horse, and was fatally injured. I said to the physician: 'Get your horse and ride as for your life; I'll run. Maybe I'll get there as soon as you will.' I looked at my watch and started for home, up the level creek road, and reached there in just twenty-five minutes, about four minutes ahead of the doctor. That was a mile in five minutes."

The deacon is a sound old man, and he thinks if his feet were not so tender he could run almost as fast as ever. Old age has come upon him so softly and quietly, that he feels none of its consequent disabilities.

We women had a little fun at Pipesey's expense.

We said: "Show us where you sit when you write those articles for the women; let us see what you look upon that gives you inspiration, and make your stories heartsome and good for all."

At this she leaned over and laughed heartily, and one of the girls patted her on the shoulder, as one pats a dog, and says, "Good fellow."

"Oh, she writes everywhere, just as the mood takes her!" said Lily. "Sometimes she will seem to fall in love with a certain corner, and we will find her ensconced there, maybe writing on her knee, on a music-book, or on a board across the arms of the rocking-chair in front of her. Then the next day she may be found on the portico, with a bonnet on; or out on the north porch writing on a stand; or on the south porch in the shimmering shade of the grape-vine, with the dictionary and a book or two, and her knife and pencils, laid on a newspaper on the rude little table where I cut cabbage, peel potatoes, can fruit, pickle cucumbers and wash the stove ware. Sometimes the wind will be blowing a gale, and all her papers have to be secured with weights. One day I missed her, and I searched in all her haunts; could find tracks, such as finished or half-finished manuscript, but no Pipesey. Afterwhile I went over to the old house for some ~~clothes~~ and there she sat on a box made for a hen's nest, ~~sitting~~ on the end of the saddler's bench, just as happy and cheery as my lady in her boudoir. She has at one time or another made her nest in every room in the house, and she will stick to that ~~new nest~~ ~~loyally~~ for a week or two. One time she took a notion to an old square table, more than fifty years ~~old~~ ~~solid~~, and chipped, and scarred, and she used it one whole summer; kept it, indeed, until it was ~~so full~~ of her letters and papers—choice things which she would not allow us to assort and put into order—that she was crowded away for want of room! And ~~now~~ she is crowded out of one of the bed-rooms by her table being too full; and her desk fairly bulges to lid; and yesterday I saw her writing on the ~~drop~~ of my sewing-machine; so I cut and basted all ~~day~~, and said nothing, for perhaps she may never ~~take~~ to it again."

"When I was at home all the time," said ~~Ida~~, "I cleared up things frequently; but I was ~~careful~~ to remember, so that I could find whatever she could not lay her hands on, because it must be very annoying to such persons to have sacrilegious hands laid on their work."

We did not wonder that day at the deacon's that there was such a firm and beautiful friendship between these three women; they are like a three-fold cord. They need one another.

Mother asked me how Pipesey and the girls were dressed that Christmas Day, and what were the gifts they had given on that occasion.

They did not tell us what the gifts were, but we remember seeing the deacon looking at his—a new knife, and a hat, and a pair of soft shoes, and some kind of a book—a commentary, perhaps.

Pipsey was dressed in black cashmere, trimmed

with shirring and black silk, with full, fine ruching about the neck and wrists; her hair put up in a coil, with nothing false about it, and she wore garnets, a cross and ear-drops.

The girls wore dark cashmere dresses of that pretty shade known now as "dregs of wine;" they were trimmed at the sides and front with silk of the same color, and buttons that sparkled and glimmered in the light like jewels of rare stones. Their hair was worn plain on the forehead; Lily's waved naturally, and looked very abundant, put up in some pretty fashion of her own devising. Ida's was light and fine, and made into a large, loose coil, which set off her shapely brow and white temples beautifully. They both wore jewelry—watches, and rings, and ear-drops—not that they value such things, but they hold above all price the love of the brothers and sisters who gave these keepsakes on birthdays and holidays in the past.

When the Pottses meet this year at the old home,

it will be a happier family reunion than ever before, for Rube will bring his little boy-baby, and Ida will take her wee, wee daughter Kitty. These accessions have made the old deacon grow younger, and Pipey almost girlish, we hear.

Our cousin writes us that the Pottses all say Rube's boy is the sweetest laddie they ever saw; that he has his grandpa's cute, sweet mouth, and full brow, and straight nose, and that he looks every inch a deacon; and that baby, Kitty Wilson, has deep blue, penetrating eyes just like Grandpapa Potts's, and that she turns away and laughs just like the dear old man does for all the world.

We know your readers are so well acquainted with the whole family, that we are quite sure they will be glad to hear of Pipey at home, her surroundings, her family, and this odds-and-ends narrative of that pleasant day we spent so happily there—our Christmas at the Pottses.

KATY CRANE.



"HOW THEIR GRANDFATHER DIED."

THE artist has here given us a characteristic incident of by-gone times, when children brought up amid the clash and dim of arms were early taught—almost as soon as they could speak—the doughty deeds of their ancestors, and imbued with the martial and war-like spirit of the times. An old veteran is telling the heir of the house how the earl, his grandfather, died, and shows him the cleft in the

helmet through which the dread battle-axe crashed, and brought senseless to the ground its wearer. The intensely interested, yet horror-struck look of the boy, as he handles the rusty blade of his ancestor, is admirably depicted, and not less so the eager look of the story-teller fighting his old masters' battles over again, for probably the narrator had himself in his youth been a witness of the event.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

AS I sat, on a Christmas Eve, watching the snow-flakes that softly fell from the gray clouds, I remarked to a friend that it seemed to me as if nature was preparing for the sacred day of our Lord's nativity by spreading a veil of snow over the earth, as a priest spreads a white cloth over the altar preparatory to celebrating the holiest solemnity of worship.

"It reminds me," said my friend, "of Milton's 'Hymn on the Nativity,' in which he says that nature

'Wooes the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;

And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw."

"Did it ever strike you," said I, "what a peculiar beauty and significance there is in the custom of giving Christmas gifts? It originates, I suppose, in the gifts that the three wise men from the East brought to our infant Lord, gold, frankincense and myrrh. Last Christmas Day, I heard a clergyman explain this three-fold offering so beautifully and so rationally. It was, he said, on account of the trinal principle inscribed on all creation, a principle originating in the trinity of Divine Love, Wisdom and Power, and reflected in man's faculties of affection, thought and activity. The offering of three kinds of gifts to our Lord typified, he said, the ascription and consecration to Him of these faculties of affection, thought and action, or in other words, of the moral, intellectual and natural planes of our lives, whilst the star in the east that guided the wise men symbolized a knowledge of the good and true, derived from the Word."

"Truly," said my friend, "the Word of God is 'exceeding broad,' and infinite depths of meaning lie beneath its surface. Spiritually the incident of the magi coming to our Lord under the guidance of a star, and offering gifts to Him is capable of universal and eternal repetition."

"I think it is a beautiful and appropriate custom," said I, "to give gifts to each other on Christmas Day, and still more so to give them to the needy and destitute who can make us no recompense. It is a suitable mode of celebrating the incarnation of Him whose very life it is to give, perpetually and bountifully, and whose gifts are limited only by incapacity or unwillingness to receive on the part of those to whom they are offered."

"There is another Christmas custom," said my friend, "which is very appropriate and significant; I mean the drawing together of families and friends at that season, and the consequent reviving and strengthening of the ties of blood and friendship. What time more suitable for the vivifying of every good and innocent affection?"

"I like, too," said I, "the custom of decorating churches and homes with evergreens at Christmas. It seems to me there is something almost sacred

about cedar. It is so beautiful and fragrant, and the way in which it is mentioned in the Bible shows plainly that it is a symbol of something good and holy, as are also other evergreens, more or less. When I go into a grove of cedars and pines, I feel almost as if I were in a temple. They are as fragrant as if censers were swinging amongst them, and the swell of the wind through the pine-trees is as sweet and solemn as the swell of a church organ."

"Could anything on earth produce in you now," said my friend, "the sense of vague, delightful excitement and expectation you used to feel on Christmas Eve?"

"No," said I, "nothing could possibly reproduce a feeling akin to that. In those days, I lived in wonderland, believing as firmly in the existence of Santa Claus as I did in that of my own father and mother. It is a sad blow to a child when he has to give up this cherished myth. Never can I forget the thrill with which we used to hang up our stockings Christmas Eve, and then grope for them at the first gray streak of dawn. Then it was a great point with us to tip softly over the house, and say 'Christmas gift!' to every one before they could say it to us. We were just as much pleased every time we succeeded in doing this, as if it really secured us a handsome Christmas gift. Christmas-trees were just coming into vogue in Virginia in my early childhood; for the custom of having them did not become general in Virginia till twenty-five or thirty years ago. Indeed, I have heard my mother say that until Miss Martineau, the English writer and traveler, introduced them into this country about forty years ago, the custom of having them was but little known or practiced in any section of the country."

"What merry times we used to have at Christmas, in the days of old Virginia," said my friend, "but now I remark a great difference in the mode of observing this season, in the rural districts, at least, where the changes of every kind produced by the late war are chiefly perceptible, for in the cities I observe but little difference comparatively. In the country, however, the circumstances of persons have become so changed and straightened since the war that the old festivities and hospitalities of Christmas have had to be greatly curtailed. The easy circumstances, the overflowing larder and the large, well-trained corps of family servants that so facilitated the exercise of hospitality in the days of old Virginia are now scarcely more than a memory or a tradition. Before the war, every house in Virginia country neighborhoods, was open during Christmas (as indeed they were at most other seasons), and there was an unceasing round of pleasant re-unions and engagements for the whole week. Friends and relatives met at each others' houses to enjoy a hearty welcome and abundant good cheer. Not only was there a round of old-fashioned, Virginia dinner parties, but there were evening companies for the young folks, when cotillions and the old Virginia reel kept their merry feet flying till long past the witching hour of midnight."

"Christmas was not only a festive time with the white people on Virginia plantations," said I, "but that a merry time it was with negroes! You remember all except absolutely necessary work was suspended during Christmas week, and if any emergency arose that rendered it important to return to work before the season was over, if, for instance, there came a peculiarly desirable spell of weather for striking down tobacco and getting it in order, my father would pay his negro men liberally for any such work they might have occasion to do before Christmas week was out."

"I remember well," said my friend, "how the negroes used to brew persimmon beer, and fatten up 'possums for Christmas, and how they used to make up great, roaring fires, and sit up nearly all night, playing on their banjos, and singing, and dancing. One Christmas, I remember, they wore out the bottom of a good tin-pan, beating an accompaniment on it to the banjo. I never shall forget how we children used to delight in slipping off to the negro quarters and listening to their music."

"I have noticed," said I, "that since their liberation (and especially in the country), they commemorate Christmas only to a small extent and in a different spirit from the merry, light-hearted one of former days. They are a good deal scattered about now, many of them having gone to different cities or public works, so that we are not apt to find a sufficient number of them living close together in the country to admit of an assemblage of them being readily convened. Then again, care and responsibility have made them somewhat graver and more thoughtful, so there are both internal and external changes operating against their indulging in the Christmas frolics they held on Virginia plantations before and during the war, when their feet kept time merrily to the monotonous tinkle of the banjo, when they spread out an abundant board, graced by shoat, 'possum, pot-pie, hominy, persimmon beer and other favorite African refreshments, when the merry, child-like laugh, so hearty and so readily excited amongst them, resounded through 'the quarters' as we used to call the row or rows of cabins built for the negroes, adjacent to the stable, barn and other out-buildings."

"You may remember," said my friend, "that my father died the last year of the war. His death, together with the changes produced by the war, reduced us to great poverty, until we boys grew large enough to fall to work, and until we all learned to accommodate ourselves to the order of things belonging to new Virginia, accepting the fact that old Virginia was henceforth to be only a cherished memory and tradition. The first Christmas Eve after the war was a particularly trying time to my dear mother, bringing before her with peculiar vividness the changes in our lot. My brother and myself went out into the woods and brought back a load of beautiful evergreens and red berries, and we scaled the summit of a gigantic oak to get some boughs of mistle-toe, so that their lovely, little, white, waxen berries might add the crowning ornament to our Christmas

decorations. Mother and sister wove the evergreens and berries into tasteful garlands, which the former told us, with tearful eyes, she feared would constitute all our festivities for Christmas, as her circumstances were so changed as to put it entirely out of her power to give us the pleasures and indulgences she had been accustomed to give us at Christmas. 'I do not know,' added she, 'if I shall even be able to put the simplest gift in your socks.' Cary and myself, kissing away her tears, laughed and assured her we didn't mind it a bit, that we only wanted to hang up our socks for the fun of the thing, and she might put a brickbat in them, if she chose. 'Anyway,' added Cary, who was of a philosophical turn of mind, 'a snow-storm is coming up, and we can have a grand snow-balling, if the times are hard.' 'And besides that,' said I, 'we can catch everybody "Christmas gift."'

"We had only one servant in those days, old Aunt Tamah who had nursed us children, and who refused to leave us when negroes were liberated. After Cary and myself had gone to bed that night in our little room adjoining mother's, though we were still kept awake by the vague excitement that pervades childish hearts on Christmas Eve, we heard the old woman tip in, and say to mother: 'Law, honey, this certainly is different "from old times." 'Pears to me, it hurts me powerfully for Cary and Tazewell not to have their socks filled. Here are some ginger-cakes, and red apples, and sweet 'tatoes I got from Mrs. Allen for carding and spinning her a pound of wool. I want to put 'em in the boys' socks, jus' to keep 'em from feeling down-hearted in the mornin' when they wake up and look in their socks.'

"My mother's voice trembled with emotion as she thanked Aunt Tamah, whose Christmas offerings she put in our socks, together with a neck-tie for each of us made of a scrap of one of her wedding silks, for a mother will not be balked in finding some gift for her loved ones.

"The next morning, mother was much cheered and comforted to observe with what philosophy we supported the want of our usual abundant store of Christmas confectionery and toys. In our secret hearts, we could not entirely stifle a boyish yearning for these things, but we were resolved not to let her see this. We also laughed and told her it didn't make any difference, when she told us that our Christmas feast would have to consist of a little bacon and a few Irish potatoes, as she had nothing else in the house, adding, however, that at all events our 'dinner of herbs' would be seasoned with love. After all, however, we were destined to enjoy not only a feast of affection and good-will, but also of material good cheer, for soon after breakfast, Aunt Tamah's oldest son, our former carriage driver, appeared on the field, laden with booty. He had been on a railroad where he drew large wages, and he had now come back to spend Christmas at his old home, bringing many presents and comforts not only to Aunt Tamah, but to us also. He presented mother with a fine Christmas turkey and other delicacies, whilst he

gladdened our childish hearts with a liberal store of toys and confectionery.

"Since that time, we have passed our Christmas seasons under more prosperous auspices, but I have never passed one of which the recollection touches me so much as this one which was so brightened by the kindness of our humble, but faithful negro friends."

M. W. EARLY.

### "THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL."

**A**MONG the finest and most noticeable of the paintings in the English section of the International Exhibition held at Philadelphia in 1876, was "The Vintage Festival," an engraving of which is given in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. The artist, Lorens Alma Tadema, is a native of Friesland. He resided for many years in Paris, receiving medals in that city and Brussels for the uncommon merit of his works. Since the Franco-Prussian war he has resided in London. Mr. Tadema is one of the most eminent living archeological painters, and his works restore the antique life of Greece, Rome and Egypt with great accuracy of detail. He had no less than six of his most important works in our International Exhibition. They were "The Vintage Festival," "The Mummy" and "Convalescence," in oil; and "The Picture," "The Three Friends" and "History of an Honest Wife," in water color. Gebbie and Barrie's Illustrated Catalogue of the masterpieces of our Exhibition particularly noticing the first of these pictures, says:

"It represents the solemn dedication to Bacchus of the first fruits of the wine-press, selecting only the more elevated and dignified features of the ceremony—those deeply symbolic features connected with the branches and fruits of the vine, the progress of the deity as a conquerer of the East, and his descent into hell, which touched the hearts of the early Christians, so that the Bacchic mystery was admitted as a type of the Christian, and the daughter of the first Christian emperor was buried in a basket entwined with grapes and symbols, carved in enduring porphyry. In Mr. Tadema's exquisite picture we see the sacred procession winding into a Roman temple to offer homage to the planter of the vine. A beautiful priestess, crowned with grapes and holding a torch, advances toward the statue of the god at the left; turning her lovely face to the procession that follows her, she awaits the arrival of the offerings. Three flute girls, with the double pipe bound to the mouth of each, a pair of dancers with tambourines, and a procession bearing wine-jars and grapes, advance along the platform, whose steps are seen covered with ascending worshippers and joyous Romans as far as the eye can reach through the colonnades of the temple. The grace and elegance of the chief priestess are positively enchanting. She forms, as she stands, a white statue of perfect loveliness. \* \* \* The technical qualities of the painting are admirable; the action and character of the figures are completely Roman; the texture of the dif-

ferent marbles is felicitously given, and the silver flood of light and air deluging the temple successful in the extreme.

"We would like to dwell with greater fullness on the works of this artist, both because he reveals and teaches so much, and because a certain austerity and simplicity in his style keep him a little above the comprehension of the vulgar. \* \* \* It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Tadema to turn out in every picture a composition utterly unlike anything that has ever been painted before. The intense devotion of his mind to archeological research is rewarded by the unearthing of quantities of truths so old that they have the air of novelty; the texture and pattern of ancient garments, the ornaments of buildings in mixed transitional periods, the habits of a vanished civilization, are made to flash on the eye like a revelation. Not a shoe, nor a finger-ring, but is of the epoch represented; the monstrous frizzled wigs of the later empresses, the thick plaited ones of Egyptian kings, the tasteless cumber of Pompeian or Roman colonial architecture, are set down remorselessly, with a love of the bizarre that sometimes verges upon caricature. With all his book-learning, his style is generally direct, limpid and transparent to a high degree."

### A SPECIMEN ART-CRITIC.

**T**HE following anecdote of Bacon, the sculptor, is an excellent lesson to would-be critics. Walking one day in Westminster Abbey, he observed a person standing before his principal work, who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and was extremely exuberant in his remarks.

"This monument of Chatham," said he to Mr. Bacon, whom he evidently mistook for an ignorant stranger, "is admirable as a whole, but it has great defects."

"I should be greatly obliged to you," said Bacon, "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me."

"Why here," said the critic, "and there; do you not see?—bad, very bad!" at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence likely to injure the work.

"But," said Bacon, "I should be glad to be acquainted *why* the parts you touch are bad."

He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply, but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence.

"I told Bacon," said the would-be critic, "of this while the monument was forming. I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him."

"What, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said the sculptor.

"Oh, yes," replied the stranger; "I have been intimate with him for many years."

"It is well for you, then," said the artist, taking leave of him, "that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow; for he would not have been pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled."

## Religious Reading.

### ONLY AN "OUTSIDER."

"I'M only an outsider. God doesn't care for me." He spoke with something of complaint and something of bitterness in his voice.

"How do you know that He doesn't care for you?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not a Christian; and that settles the case." There was a slight curl on his lip.

"How does it settle the case?" I inquired.

"He only cares for Christians, you know. All the rest of us are consigned to perdition."

"And you are not a Christian?"

"No, sir!" He spoke with a decided emphasis.

"And therefore regard yourself as under the Divine displeasure and doomed to hell."

"That's what they say. It's rather hard on us; but I suppose there is no help for it, if you Christians are right about the matter."

"Right about what?"

"About every man being an enemy to God, and certain to find his bed in hell, who doesn't accept your plan of salvation and become a Christian after your special formula."

The bitterness had come back into his voice, and I saw a flash of indignant feeling in his eyes. He was an old friend, whom I had met after many years of separation.

"There can be no way of salvation but that opened by the Lord Himself," I replied. "And we have his Word for it that they who attempt to climb heavenward by some other way are thieves and robbers."

"That is, by the way of right-living, and just-dealing, and good deeds to our fellow-men. All these, you Christians tell us, go for nothing—nay, are an offense to God—unless we first accept your plan of salvation, whether we are able to comprehend it or not. We must believe what we can't believe before God will have anything to do with us, or give us the slightest degree of consideration. But, if we will accept your plan, all right! No matter if we do indulge our natural weaknesses and proclivities occasionally, and cheat a little in business, and let the poor and suffering take care of themselves, our faith will be accounted as righteousness."

"And this is the way to become a Christian, as you understand it," I said.

"No, not if my reading of the Bible is right," he answered. "But then I'm only an outsider and an alien, and it's not to be supposed that I can see into Divine mysteries or comprehend the ways of God to man as clearly as the children of the kingdom."

"Then you read the Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you believe it to be the Word of God?"

My friend did not reply for several moments; but I saw that his face was growing more thoughtful and serious. Then he said:

"I was so instructed in my childhood; and the story of Christ's life in the world, so full of loving deeds, and self-sacrifice, and gentle humanities, made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. But I heard, as I grew up, so much about the inflexible justice of God, about his anger and wrath, and about the fierce and terrible punishments which He would hurl down upon the unbelieving and rebellious, that I became shocked and bewildered. I could not

reconcile all this with the Gospel story of God's so loving the world that He sent his only begotten Son into the world that He might save from hell and bring back into eternal life his wandering and disobedient children. I could not reconcile it with the parable of the returning prodigal; nor with that of the lost sheep; nor with anything in the life and sayings of Christ. When I went to church, I heard little or nothing about his plain and simple way of salvation through a life of good deeds in obedience to his Word; but a great deal about Paul's mystery of godliness, which I never could understand; and a great deal about substitution, and being made righteous by faith, which didn't agree at all with what Christ had said about being made righteous through repentance, obedience and the keeping of the Golden Rule. The more I went to church, the more I got mixed up and confused; and so at last I gave up going altogether. The kind of preaching which I heard was robbing me of all respect for God. He was gradually taking shape in my mind as a stern, unforgiving, inflexible judge, punishing without mercy the poor, helpless unbeliever, no matter how blameless his life might be, equally with the most reckless and abandoned sinner. He was assuming to me more and more the attitude of an enemy. It is now over ten years since I was inside of a church; and still that idea of God haunts me like a spectre. I sometimes feel as if I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to be able to think of God as a loving and tender Father, who pitied my infirmities, and had patience with my ignorance. Who would excuse me sometimes when I failed, and who would hold my hand when I stumbled so that I might not fall."

His voice trembled with a sudden movement of feeling.

"He is all that; and more than all that!" I replied, speaking with a quick enthusiasm. "In the infinite love all beneficent possibilities are included. God is love!"

He lifted his head and looked at me earnestly. There was a growing light in his eyes.

"God is no man's enemy; but the true, and loving, and faithful Friend of all—making his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. He is never against us, but always on our side—always trying to lead us out of evil into good, so that He may draw us nearer to Himself, and into the peace and joy which He is ready and earnest to bestow upon every one who will open his heart to receive them."

"Ah, if I could only believe all this! If I could only think of God as a loving, and forgiving, and excusing Father, instead of a stern and exacting Judge!" he said, with an eagerness of manner that gave me a new surprise.

"Does not the Bible tell you that He is all this?" I replied. "'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' 'For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.' 'The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.' 'He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear Him.' 'The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.' 'The Lord taketh my part.' All the Psalms and the prophets are crowded with declarations of his love



and forgiveness, and tender care for the children of men, sinful and disobedient as they were. And when they had strayed so far away from Him that they could not hear his voice calling to them to return that He might heal their diseases and save them from their enemies, did He let them go to destruction? Nay, did He not bow the very heavens in his compassionate love, and come down to them and meet them on the lowest plane of humanity, where He could be tempted in all points as they were; where He could know the sorrow and pain of their great and terrible sickness which had brought them nigh unto death, and be touched with the feeling of their infirmity? And in this coming down to our low estate, how did He show Himself? How did He manifest the 'mighty God, the everlasting Father'? As a stern and exacting Judge, or as a compassionate 'Prince of Peace'? Let his own words answer. 'I came not into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through me might be saved.' 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' 'I am the good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.' 'If a man keep my sayings he shall never see death.' 'He that hath my commandments, he it is that loveth me.' 'If a man love me he will keep my words.' 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Everywhere the Gospels are full of the sweet spirit of love and forgiveness. There is no abstract system of theology, and no ingeniously-worded confession of faith. A single condition covers the whole ground of salvation, and that condition is repentance and obedience. 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

"Yes, yes; all that is plain," he said. "I can understand Christ's way of salvation; but I found Paul's way so obscure and labyrinthine that I soon became lost in its dim intricacies, and was glad to get back into the common daylight of reason."

"Christ's way to Heaven is so plain," I replied, "that the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein; but Paul's is so labyrinthine that none can hope to pass safely through its intricate windings without the help of experienced guides. And what greatly increases the difficulty, is the fact that these guides are far from being agreed as to the gate of entrance which opens to this way, some pointing to one gate and some to another. And they differ quite as much as to the trend of the way after the gate is passed, each telling you, in too many instances, that if you trust to any other guide but him you will be in great danger of finding hell instead of Heaven at the end of your journey! I don't wonder at the confusion of ideas into which you were thrown; and I

am glad of the opportunity to offer you in the Gospels of our Lord a solution of all your difficulties. Take his own presentation of Himself as the true expression of His character. Walk in the way of salvation that He points out, which is simply to keep his precepts in an honest heart. Think of Him as loving you and caring for you; as actually standing at the door of your heart, earnest to come in that He may do you good; as making no conditions, except that you shall keep his words—and they are given in no dark sayings; as meeting you in the feeblest desire to do his will that may stir in your heart; as the Good Shepherd rejoicing over a lost sheep which He has found; as the Father who sees his returning prodigal afar off, and goes hastily forth to meet him."

I paused, and my friend laid his face down into his open palms. As I looked at him, I saw that tears were falling through his fingers. He sat very still for over a minute; then looking up—his face full of light—he grasped my hand, saying: "Ah, my friend, you will never know how much of light, and hope, and comfort you have given me! I can believe in Christ as He presents Himself to me in his own beautiful sayings. I can understand his way of salvation; and by his help I shall endeavor henceforth to walk in that way. Not as in a wilderness, and under the shadow of a great fear; not as in the sight of a jealous God, ever on the alert to find some flaw in my conduct, and quick to hide his face in anger at my shortcomings; but in the light and warmth of a love that is—"

"Full of compassion and gracious," I added, as he paused for words to express what was in his thought, "long suffering and plenteous in mercy and truth."

I met him a few weeks afterward. As he took my hands in both of his, and held them tightly, he said: "A thousand and a thousand thanks, my old friend, for the great deliverance to which you have helped me! In prison, bound, and in a dungeon for lo! these many years, your hand drew back the bolts and swung open the door, and let in the light of Heaven upon my soul. The awful forms of God which had been set in my imagination, inspiring me sometimes with fear, sometimes with a spirit of angry rebellion, and sometimes with a kind of dumb and helpless despair, have all dissolved away in the morning light that is breaking around me, and I see in their stead the pitying and compassionate Saviour, and hear His tender voice calling to me and saying, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he shall sup with me.' 'Son, give me thy heart.' Not a Judge, but a compassionate Father. Not a stern Inspector, but a loving Helper. Again, my friend, a thousand and a thousand thanks for the great deliverance to which you have helped me!"

T. S. A.

## Mother's' Department.

### "THOSE PLAYTHINGS."

"OH! those playthings, those littering playthings; up-stairs and down, on window-ledges, tables and chairs, in every room. Oh! I get so tired of picking them up, and trying to keep my house in order. It is no use, no sooner have I righted up one place than a whole box or basket is overturned in another. I shall be glad enough when the children

have grown up, and gone past the time for playthings."

The poor woman was tired, troubled and probably half sick; I pitied her, but my heart ached more for the children, the dear, restless, impulsive little ones, full of love and affection, ready to throw their arms about you and kiss you after the manner of innocent childhood, for the smallest favor you do for them; willing and waiting to sit by your side for an hour,

f you will only read or tell them a story; dear little ones, they are sadly misunderstood.

O parents! you are too stingy of your time, you have time enough for business and pleasure, but not enough for your family. Let something go undone, never mind some portion of your work, the kitchen floor will do as well, if it is not half so white, so long as that whiteness is gained by sacrificing your children's happiness. Be sure of one thing, whatever comes of it, and no evil can come of it, that a portion of each day goes for the enjoyment of your little ones. Put aside everything, no matter how much the work needs to be done, and be a child with your children. Read to them, tell them stories, play with them, make dresses for dolls, and dress dolls, make kites, hem sails for ships, make blankets for the rocking-horse, make whatever the children want, out of paper or cloth. If you do not know how, a little practice will teach you if you have a will. And there is seldom anything so pretty or so much valued as the articles "mother made." Do not say, as I fear so many mothers do: "There is so much rubbish about now, I'll not be apt to increase it." Mother, do not call the playthings such a name; little hands have held them. What are the children to do? They must play, and if you had devoted more time to them, from their babyhood to the present time, and had been ready to do various little things they have often requested you to do, would there have been so much disorder in your house to-day?

It is better to teach them to keep their playthings gathered up. It can be done, with a little gentle firmness and help, but they must have a place for their playthings. The child values them; and often becomes strongly attached to them. Keep some room for a play-house; if you cannot do that, set apart a portion of some room for that purpose, and make the precious jewels of your home happy. The glad-hearted children, God bless their innocence and purity! I would rather see the house strewn with playthings from cellar to garret, the window-ledge, tables and chairs covered with them, than to see none there. Do not fret about the pencil-marks or scratches on the wall, children will do such things sometimes. Then there is the imprint of little finger-tips on the piano, but never mind. I think I prefer to see them there. At times I have felt that I could almost bend and kiss the tiny impress. Dear, precious, dimpled hands, fill them with playthings; cover them with kisses—the little hands that have marred your furniture, broken your vases, pulled up your plants and done various other bad things, but, mother, look at them, how small they are! Look at the plump, rounded fingers, the delicate palms. They have often smoothed your face and hair, "baby-fashion," they have clung about your neck; they are little, soft, warm hands, and should never feel a smart inflicted by yours. God bless those darling hands! Mother, they are little, so little.

Oh, be more tender, I pray you, more thoughtful of your little home-birds, while they are nestled safe in your sheltering arms! How can you dare to wish them past the age for playthings? Did you ever fall to thinking how quiet the house would be at that time? How trim and perfect everything would stay? There would be several ladies and gentlemen in your parlor, perhaps they would sing a little, or play a few airs on the piano, and their faces would be familiar and much loved. But where is the rough-eyed baby-boy, tugging at your skirts, and clambering up into your lap, disarranging collar and tie, kissing you a hundred times, soiling your cuffs with grimy little fingers, and falling asleep in your arms?

Ah, but he was precious, the tiny trouble-maker you wished so much older. Where is the dainty girl, tossing her crown of flossy curls back from her smooth brow, and hugging a doll in either arm? She made so much work, and said so many disagreeable things, but you may wait in vain for the children's voices when the time for playthings is gone. Listen to them now, shouting and singing; hear that silvery laugh, sweeter than any music. And do not wish a single day ended; you know not what to-morrow may bring. To-morrows have dawned for some mothers, with such utter silence and desolation that their hearts were broken. To-day the children are with you. Take them as God's most perfect gift, God's crown to your womanhood. O mother, take them to your heart with great thankfulness and tenderness; treasure them above all things, excepting the husband's love! Work for them and with them, not forgetting to play with them, and keep the child-heart warm in your own bosom. Be gentle with them, that even the most wayward one shall never remember harshness from a mother. Leave them no recollection of blows and angry words; I cannot associate such things with parental love. How can causing bodily pain help a child to overcome its faults? O mother, such treatment is the foundation of many untruths, and causes the little ones to confide to others what the mother alone should hear. I think it impossible that a child can love a mother better because that mother has punished it, as the most unloving might punish an offender, by angry blows. We all do many things that are wrong, but I think of all the evils a mother does, there is none so great as that of neglecting her family, and punishing the erring one in anger. More loving is necessary; there is no danger of loving too much. God so loved the wicked world that He gave His only begotten Son to save it.

Heaven bless the children, and may the child-heart never grow cold, and the child-love never become seared over by contact with rough natures. Mothers, care of the little nestlings, while they are in your arms, and you will not weep over misled ones by and by; and what I say to mothers I say to father likewise. I have seen fathers who have come to almost curse the day their child was born. But, father, it does not speak well for your care and guidance, how could this trouble have come to you now, if you had lived for your children long ago.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LITTLE FOLK.—It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper if you give way to your own, to tell him to be truthful while you are not strictly so, to inculcate neatness while careless of your own dress; the little folk are keen observers, and will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary instructions—to forbid nothing without reason. It is well to infuse into every child's mind the wholesome principle of self-respect, to teach him that certain things are to be avoided and others cultivated, not because you say so, but because of his own dignity and social position. So should they be taught in their earliest years that certain things are for their good, that gentleness, unselfishness and neatness are not only admirable in themselves and pleasant in their family circle, but that they make their possessor welcome in the outer world, and are excellent capital to begin life upon. Children who are waited upon, their wants anticipated, and all the machinery of their little world carefully oiled are often fretful, exacting and troublesome.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 10.

ONE of the girls in our large family has a very valuable lace barb over a yard in length. It is very beautiful, and she has worn it over two years without soiling it, but she was caught in a driving shower, and forgot her lace, and the result was that she was obliged to wash it. Now none of us knew how to wash point lace, and we wrote to the city to the woman who made it for directions, and we give them for the benefit of others. Of all things, good lace should be handled very carefully if one wishes to preserve it whole, and in good order.

Take a bottle, round and with a smooth surface, and sew a clean, soft cloth over it smoothly and compactly, then wind the lace around the bottle, stitching the edges fast here and there with a fine needle and thread to prevent the lace drawing up, then baste another cloth all over the lace, entirely covering it up; put into warm soap-suds and wash like any other soiled article, even rub on the board if necessary; blue and starch if you want the lace stiff. A great many ladies prefer to have laces look yellow, in this case do not use bluing, but coffee-water. Lay in a warm place to dry; when thoroughly dry remove the outside cloth, unwind the lace after picking out the stitches with great care, and it will be found looking as good as new. It will not be necessary to iron it.

This was one of the ways to wash elegant point lace. The other way did not differ much. Baste the lace to be washed very carefully with fine thread upon two thicknesses of white flannel. Put to soak in a strong white Castile soap-suds in which a teaspoonful of powdered borax has been mixed. Let it soak for a day or two, longer if very much soiled, changing the suds meanwhile two or three times. After this let it lie in clear water for half a day, changing the water twice. Then squeeze—do not wring—the flannel and lace out of this clear water, and when partially dry, place the flannel—lace down—upon three thicknesses of dry flannel, and press with a moderately heated iron, until perfectly dry. Then the lace can be ripped off.

Some of my younger girls are very careless with their clothing. Now I hold that it is a duty to care for one's clothes as well as a satisfaction, and I never cease my injunctions, but give them line upon line, and precept upon precept. But after all, one will learn more in observing the habits of a neat, careful woman, than she can find out in any other manner. We take the Hamilton girls for our example. We see so many little things in the pretty, careful, womanly ways of these charming girls, that if we do hold them up frequently before our girl readers, the mothers will surely commend instead of blame.

Now one can hardly pick up a paper in which she does not read some twaddling stuff about cleaning gloves with milk or kerosene; dyeing them with doubtful compounds; starching print or cambric dresses in sweet milk, and all such things that are absolutely unclean and disgusting. Why what sensible girl would wish to wear a dress stiffened with sweet milk, even if it had not the consequent filthy

odor, and was not rendered into an agreeable roosting place for all the flies about the house? And what pure-minded woman would like to wear old infirm kid gloves that had been renovated and re-renovated with some sort of dubious dyes, put on with a swab or rag, or bit of sponge. Old tinkered-up gloves are not pretty, and the reason is that girls in the first place do not smooth them out properly and lay them away in their glove-boxes with the care that is requisite. But smooth gloves of good quality, well cared for, can be cleaned so that they look as good as new. We have seen this, and we know whereof we write. We watched Esther Hamilton wash hers the other day, and they looked as fresh and glossy as though they had come from the hands of a professional glove-cleaner. She washed them in benzine, and rubbed and squeezed them as freely as though they were the commonest cotton ones. She put them through a fresh benzine wash two or three times, so as to be sure and get all the dirt out of them, and to prevent them drying in streaks, then she wiped off some of the moisture with a clean piece of white flannel, and hung them above the stove to dry. The heat will dissipate all odor sooner than exposure to the air. These girls take just as good care of their shoes as they do their gloves, or wraps, or anything else. When they take them off, not only their gaiters and kids, but their coarser French calf shoes of every day, they do not leave them in the shape of the foot, with the curve of the instep, the dents of the toes, and the little wrinkles about the ankles, but they smooth them out, removing all shape of the foot by stretching out the wrinkles and bending the soles straight. Whenever a button is lacking, it is sewed on immediately, or when taken off at night, at farthest. And if other repairs are needed they are attended to at once, for it is this simple act of neglect that ruins so many otherwise good pairs of shoes, and abbreviates their usefulness. If a heel becomes worn down on one side, it is straightened without delay—if this be neglected a shoe soon takes an ugly and a permanent twist that cannot be rectified by any shoemaker in the land. Esther says it pays to take care of a pair of good shoes, and we are sure she is correct.

Those model girls never put away their hats or dresses without seeing that every speck of dust is brushed off them. Every bow and feather on the hat is lifted up and brushed lightly, and straightened and made fresh and new before they are laid away in their appropriate boxes. Every fold is freshened in their dresses, every crease or wrinkle smoothed out, and by this means their dresses always look new. Their veils, ribbons, shawls, bars and collars are laid in the original folds under a weight sufficient to keep them in place, and prevent any unsightly wrinkles harboring in them. It is the signs of much wearing that gives these little accessories to the toilet, the shabby appearance which they soon acquire. A shawl that has been in wear for nearly nine years Esther has kept just as fresh and new as though the smell of the fancy store was among its folds yet, by merely folding it always in the same exact folds as when it first came to her hands—smoothing it out and placing it under an atlas, or a herbarium, or some book of the kind.

We wish we could tell you the pretty fashion these girls have for wearing their hair; one of them wears

here in a loose tossed-up way that is very charming, with slight waves and crimps at the sides, but put away back off her forehead, so that she looks very bright, and active, and interesting. The other curls hers with those flexible rubber curlers that we recommended to all beauty-loving girls four years ago. The curls are caught back, a handful on each side from the temples, and tied together high up at the back of the head with a bit of bright ribbon. We may be somewhat of an old foggy, perhaps we are, but we have a weakness in favor of seeing a woman's forehead and temples bare; it seems to give her such a brave, bright, sweet expression of countenance; the sign of her womanliness lies like a signet, there, in sight of all who look upon her. Our dear girls humor our whim on this point, and never a "banged head" shows itself among them. They respect us and are worthy of our best love.

On this subject a dear friend writes, a woman who stands high among the brightest lights in our literary galaxy. We commend her truthful words to mothers and daughters:

"There are some points in the dressing of the hair which all women should understand. The present universal fashion of covering the forehead with a fringe of hair, or small curls, is a great wrong to the majority. They may twirl and twine over small delicate, fair countenances, and it is well enough—no matter—but nobler faces want a smooth expanse of forehead, and in the fashionable 'idiot fringe' we lose all the upper lights of the countenance. Dark complexions, too, always require masses of hair lying languidly in grand easy forms, or shining coils; black hair is spoiled by 'frizzing.'

"In order to bring out the intellectuality of any face the hair should be swept back and raised high. The face lights up as the brow uncovers, but care must be taken not to draw the hair too tight and rigid; all that is necessary is to show that exquisite line along the roots where the skin is so soft and fair, and the coloring so fresh and tender even in old age. The covered forehead is of the earth, earthy; all the Delilahs of every age and country affect it, and to prove its effect you have only to take any frail pictured beauty, and in imagination sweep the forehead clear, and turn up the frizzed, fussy mass of curls and crinkles into smooth, tidy coils, and the woman looks reformed."

We saw the Misses Hamilton doing a little job for the minister's wife the other day that was something new to us, and we made a note of it for the girls who may read this article. It may come somewhat out of season, but still in time to save your brown linen dresses and dusters, and make them do another summer's service easily. We all try to make our dark linens last as long as possible without washing, for when they begin to fade and lose their smooth crispness they are no longer desirable. We hope this may reach the girls before they have washed their ulsters and dusters. They took as much as two good armfuls of hay, clean young timothy it was, and packed it down into a brass or copper kettle, and poured over it about as much soft water as would cover it well, and boiled it until the strength was all out of the hay, and the water a greenish color. While the hay was boiling they made some smooth flour starch, and when the hay-water was about the desired color, strained into it the starch and let the two mix thoroughly, then set the kettle off to cool. When it was about tepid, the linen garments were put into it and stirred around, and allowed to soak about fifteen minutes. Then they were washed in this mixture, without any soap. The starch and hay-tea cleaned

the linen, and no rinsing was needed, only that the liquid was divided into two washing waters, and the latter was quite the same as though it were a rinsing. Esther says linen washed this way will always have a look of newness, and the dark tint of the new goods will always remain with it. We don't know, but we venture to suggest that old linen wraps that have lost the greenish hue, and taken a lighter color than the wearer prefers could be restored to a very much more satisfactory tint by this formula.

We observe that when these girls wash any muslin fabric, such as lawns of a blue color, or brown, or slate, they are careful to set the colors first, so as to make them fast. In about a pail full of hot water they dissolve one ounce of sugar of lead, and when the water is slightly warm, put the goods in to soak for a couple of hours, then wring out and hang them up to dry before washing. Then when they are perfectly dry they wash them without a particle of soap, using bran water instead, prepared by mixing a pint of wheat bran to a smooth paste with cold water, then stirring into it a quart or more of boiling water. Let it boil awhile, then strain through a coarse towel and use this water to wash the colored goods in. One rinse water will suffice, and generally no starch will be required. The sugar of lead process fixes the color permanently.

We saw them renovating their winter hats lately. Old brown ones, black and white, straw and leghorn, were made to look just as good as new, though they were all made into black ones. A black hat is serviceable and proper for all occasions and all seasons, and Esther says we may tell the HOME MAGAZINE girls whatever we please about her and her practical acquirements. She used what she called milliner's varnish; put on with a brush and no other stiffening was required. The hats were bright, and glossy, and fresh, and made as good as they were at first. This is a good plan if one has a hat which is becoming, and not quite in any of the prevailing styles. While we desire the welfare of all the girls; are anxious that they improve every opportunity, and work for their temporal and intellectual needs, we hope the mothers will not think we forget their spiritual demands, and ignore the greatest happiness that can come to the immortal souls of those we love. Our thoughts go out daily in behalf of the women of our land; from their lives must come the redemption for which men in these perilous times are sinking into iniquity and ruin, and the song and prayer of our grieving hearts should be the grand words of one inspired: "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

CHATTY BROOKS.

## ODDS AND ENDS FOR BUSY FINGERS.

"A THING of beauty," and how to make it.—Take a glass tumbler, fill two-thirds with water, place a thin bat of cotton wool on the water, sprinkle thickly over the cotton wheat or grass-seed, place another bat of cotton over them, set it on the mantel and watch the work of fairy fingers. In a few days tiny rootlets, like threads of silver, will appear in the water, and soon green leaves or blades will grow upward, several inches above the top of the glass; a simple and beautiful mantel ornament for winter.

A cheap and handsome what-not.—Take three halves of the heads of flour barrels, bore gimlet holes for hanging cords at each corner, and in the centre of the curved side; cut a piece of card-board

so that the straight side will be just the length of the curve of the shelf, to which tack it with small tacks, letting the straight edge project a little above the shelf. Have ready a pot of glue, with acorns, pressed oak or grape leaves, or even leaves cut from thick brown paper will do, but are not so handsome as those from Mother Nature's abundant store. Glue them on according to fancy, with here and there a tendril from the grape-vine. Papaw-seed make beautiful grapes, or China-berries covered with an old kid glove of a dark color. After all is fast, hang in position with a crimson cord; an old wool sock, with a little Aniline, will furnish this, and beautiful crimped tassels also. Two coats of copal varnish will finish. A two-fold good has been obtained. The mind and fingers have rested from the weary routine of every-day work, and you have added a new piece of furniture to brighten your home at a trifling expense. Small brackets for holding a vase of flowers may be constructed the same way; flower-pots ornamented, for holding house-plants. When one gets a pot of glue and bottle of varnish, and goes to work, a thousand and one devices will flash into the mind never dreamed of before, and will add much to the little brown farm-house, or the cozy suburban cottage, where the soul of beauty often dwells without the means to embody it.

AUNT RENA.

## EARNEST TALKS.

No. 8.

**D**ECEMBER! and white snow is drifting over all things. Pure and beautiful it looks; and yet, seeing it to-night, my thoughts grow sad for the old year which, though it began so brightly but a little time ago, is dying now. The winds sob and moan around the house with an almost human sorrow.

What changes this short year has seen! Life and death have been busy around us, and in the notes of the wind-harp we hear the cry of joy and the cry of pain strangely blended. We draw our chairs nearer the fire and list to the tale it tells. How the music changes; yet how sweet it is through all! Now it floats out in glad, triumphant strains, as if coming from joy-filled hearts of angels witnessing some touching, beautiful scene in earth-life—perchance some happy household band gathered in love at the "ingle side," or some picture of repentance and forgiveness—and now it sinks to a low, sad monotone, filled with woe unutterable, telling of breaking hearts and desolate homes. How like an echo of life it seems! First the sunshine, and then the shadow; summer-time beauty and fragrance, and then the chill of winter; young hearts thrilling with the touch of love and hope, and then sobbing in the awful agony of a great sorrow; bridal-wreaths and burial flowers; the little babe, laughing and crowing in innocent glee, and then the man, feeble and bent with age and half-impatient to be gone. Scenes of beauty and goodness, scenes of crime and darkness. Ah, how they all come back as we listen!

Truly an echo of life it seems—a picture of life in music, ever varying, ever changing, like the scenes within the kaleidoscope, yet ever and ever the same. Something of rest there is through all the changing notes, something so softly beautiful. I wonder if angels do not touch the strings and give to them their own sweet melody? I wonder, too, if, were we to set our lives aright, airs from Heaven would not play upon them, and fill the atmosphere around with sweeter music? Are the sounds filling the air in the

strings or in the wind? In both, and in neither. Without the string the air is voiceless; without the air upon it the string has no sound. It is only when the two are rightly combined the result is melody. And it is only when life's forces are rightly combined, only when earth reaches up to Heaven, that a truly good and harmonious life is lived. We cannot grovel in the dust, caring for nothing higher, and have Heaven's light about our pathway. But if we reach upward, trying to live as He lived when He wore His lowly, beautiful garb of manhood, our lives will be in sweet attune with all that is good and beautiful. Then we shall be like the music of the wind-harp, cheering, restful and inspiring to all anear us. However tempest-tossed the true life may be, the rest and peace of God runs through it ever, and love makes the foundation such as no storms can subdue. We may never fully know how the silent influence of each such life tends to lead the lives of others away from self and selfish pursuits, teaching ever of higher, nobler things, and the glorious possibilities beyond.

Nothing is ever lost with God. No effort of ours, however feeble, toward right-living, no earnest, upward-reaching aspiration, but has its influence for good in the great world. Like the pebble tossed in the rippling waters, its circles are ever increasing, ever widening, until they pass far beyond our mortal vision. Neither do we always fail when we seem to. When from our tired hands drops the broken thread, His angels take it up, and weave it in with the mighty cord of love and righteousness, extending, like the ladder Jacob saw, from earth to Heaven. What wondrous surprises must await us in that great day when the secret of each life is made plain! Then it will appear that many things, counted failures here, were our true successes.

We know but little of our own need, but little of what would be best for us, and can see but little of the result of our work here. As our editor says, "We sow by all waters, knowing but little as to the harvest; but the increase is with God, and He will take care of it." Ah, the comfort of that thought! The bliss of knowing He will take care of everything for us, and, here or there, grant us the good we need! We meet many discouragements here, and sometimes it seems very hard to keep right on with our work, knowing not if any be blessed by it; but if the results are all with God, why need we fear?—why grow weary? It will only be for a little time, and then we shall know.

One whose life has known much of pain and sorrow writes me: "If all things are for our good in this life, some of them are very hard to endure, and require an immense amount of patience."

I know it, yet cannot, dare not, give up the dear hope and belief that grew strong through years of suffering. If good be stronger than evil, all must come right in the end, all must be working to that end. God knows and He loves us. Let us be brave a little longer, and keep our trust unshaken, even though it does indeed "require an immense amount of patience" to bear life in some of its phases. Where we cannot know, let us still trust to His goodness, and work with what strength we may.

Let no one think because, in these talks of mine, I have written calmly and cheerily even, I do not feel the bitterness lying underneath the sparkle of life, or that I do not sometimes grow weary and impatient. I am but human, and, though I write much of the life beyond, the life here seems more than I can manage sometimes. Some one has said I have "too much good talk;" and she, perhaps, would like better

to have me tell of my weakness and impatience; but why should I? It is easy enough for us all to be vexed and discontented when things are not to our liking, easy enough to go down hill; the trouble is to go up. If I write much of the joys and blessedness of another life, it is because I would have thoughts of that life help in all things here; because I would have them woven through and through with all we do or bear here—threads of gold which shall help to make the dark ones more beautiful. What can be more cheering to the poor, tired worker—one who sees most of the dark side of life, and walks amid doubts and discouragements, in pain and weakness, as many of us do, seeing but little good resulting from her work—than the dear, familiar thoughts of Heaven, and the rest and rewards awaiting each of us there? Does not the way seem lighter, knowing that sometime the darkness will all be gone? Will not the days pass more happily, and with greater blessing for all, remembering each one brings us

"Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown"

No right thought of that time can unfit us for the work that must come before. If we can once learn to measure our trials by the rest coming by and by—if we can learn to look on things from the heavenly side, and bear our trials as a discipline to fit us for nobler life, how much better it will be for us all. How often we shall walk uprightly where now we stumble and fall! How often find flowers where now are but unsightly weeds!

We should think of God not as a stern Judge, who grasps eagerly at our faults and defects, but as a loving, pitying Father, who "knoweth our frame" and "remembereth we are but dust," and will judge us by the earnest desires of our hearts, by the life we try to live, though sometimes we fail in part because of the weakness of the flesh. Heaven, and the life there, should not be the far-off place, the vague, mystical existence they too often are. Just where Heaven may be, it concerns us not to know at present; but this much we may know—life there will be real and earnest as it is here, but without the pains and hindrances found here. I love to think that, while all that is hard or unlovely here will be gone, that which is brightest and best, most truly a part of the soul-life, will be ours there; and still I trust that

"It may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a happier sphere."

Why should it not be so? However it may be, if we try to live aright here, we "shall be satisfied," for He has promised it. "Sunset" need not fear a "monotonous life" there, or that we "shall all wear wings, and do nothing else but sing." There will be work for us all—work that will not weary nor grow old. I used to cry over the thought of little "palm branches" and endless singing when a child. The gift of song, though much coveted, was never granted me, and what could be done with me in such a Heaven was a weary puzzle. Naturally active and energetic, the thought of having nothing to do through eternity was simply terrible to me. My only comfort was in thinking, perhaps, as I couldn't sing, I could somehow slip out and be forgotten, and never know any more about it.

The recollection of all this makes me eager to do

what I can to dispel all such ideas of the future life, and make it seem natural and beautiful, as He meant it to be. It seems strange that, among a people so intelligent, such ideas should have taken deep root as they did. But a better day is dawning, which all true hearts must give God-speed.

How swiftly the months have fled while I have been writing these little talks! I began them half in fear, but often since my heart has been thrilled by words of appreciation they have awakened. As I said in the beginning, I say still, if any words of mine can help to make better homes or better mothers, I shall thank God with all my heart. Very sweet to me is the assurance I have not written wholly in vain. For every word of encouragement or cheer given, I send a heart-felt thank you. Your words, dear "Avis," were as a warm hand clasping mine in the dark, and often since my thoughts have flown to your far-away home. Though the spring comes but slowly there, is it not more beautiful; and do you not enter into its joys with greater zest for the long waiting? The flowers do not die, though they tarry long away. How different must be the scenes there from what "Lichen" sees in her "sunny South;" yet she, too, almost wearies waiting for the winter to pass. What cheering words she writes from out of the darkness of her great sorrow! Her trials seem doubly hard now, for God has taken the mother she loved so well. Yet she is not without comfort, for well she knows the life of self-sacrifice and Christian devotion her mother lived here has fitted her for a beautiful home "over there."

The night wind has sunk to rest, the fire burns low, and we must say good-night—not good-bye, for still I hope to meet you all another year. What that year may bring, none of us may know, but let us try that it brings to each a larger, truer womanhood, with more earnest consecration to all things good and pure, more steadfast faith in the unchanging love of the Father. Good-night. God be with you every one.

EARNEST.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

JOYOUS bells, sending forth their music on the keen, frosty, morning air. Chimes from the great cathedral, deep-toned bells from the large church-towers, higher-toned ones from the smaller cupolas, from the Court-House and City Hall, and the steamers lying at the wharf—all ringing out merry peals to usher in the glad Christmas morning, the day of days to all the Christian world. Soon the streets begin to fill. Heads of families going for Christmas marketing, worshipers going to early service, children sallying forth with Christmas greetings on their lips.

There is one particular house which a little band of the children enter, and, after a merry welcome from those within, they all repair to a room which has been carefully locked since the day before from curious eyes. There, in the centre of the floor, stands a beautiful Christmas-tree, decorated with tiny flags, golden oranges and rosy-cheeked apples. Strings of snowy pop-corn festoon the boughs, and large and small parcels tied up in bright-colored papers are disposed here and there amid the branches, each holding a gift for some one of the assembled party. Last evening was a busy one for the fond mamma and aunties, arranging all these pretty things for the pleasure of the dear children, who now greet it with exclamations of delight, the boys cutting fantastic capers in their noisy glee. One golden-haired little girl, old beyond her years, with little womanly ways,



glances over it all; then, her blue eyes beaming as she looks upward, and her face shining with silent rapture, she moves slowly backward, with hands clasped, until she reaches the end of the room, where she can gain a perfect view of the object on which her gaze is fixed—a lovely doll, crowning the very top of the tree. All unconscious that she is the loveliest thing there, and that the eyes of all the elder ones are turned upon her, the child stands spell-bound for a minute, perfectly happy in the instinctive belief that the beautiful toy is her own. Then all crowd around the tree, and the work of dismantling is begun, attended with much merriment and many happy exclamations, as one and another becomes the possessor of some long-wished-for gift, until at length the tree is stripped of everything but a part of its decorations.

This is not a picture of to-day presented to my eyes, but one of those painted on memory's canvas, and indelibly impressed on the hearts of all who saw it.

The panorama of years rolls on, and another Christmas Day brings another picture, possessing a still greater charm for me. The day has passed with its usual festivities, and I look in at evening on a cozy little parlor, which has been made beautiful by the work of busy, tasteful hands. Ivy and myrtle are festooned over the pictures on the wall, and trailing from brackets and hanging-baskets. Bunches of evergreens and bright autumn-leaves are disposed of in vases here and there. Near one end of the room a large wreath is suspended from the ceiling, and from its centre a large, white lily-bell hangs. The room is nearly filled with a company of people, young and old, mingling together, and wearing eager, expectant faces. Presently a door opens, and a bridal party enter and take their stand, the two foremost ones under the wedding-bell. A fair girl in fleecy robes, her lovely face half concealed by the gossamer-like veil, leaning on the arm of her tall, handsome bridegroom, and he looking so proud and happy. Behind them are the parents, sister and aunts of the bride, a little group who cluster around, as if loth to give her up. Then the gray-haired minister steps forward and addresses them. She has grown up under his eyes, this sweet young girl whom all love so well. His hand poured the baptismal water on her head years ago, and under his guidance she prepared to take the vows which bound her to the church on earth; and now he gives her to the one with whom she is to walk life's journey, and implores Heaven's blessing on their steps.

The ceremony over, friends gather around with a perfect shower of congratulations and hand-shakings. A happy evening follows, with friends whom both have known and loved through the most of their lives. The bride's cake is cut, and the ring falls into

the hands of an old bachelor, who is a favorite bean among the girls, and who receives no small amount of badinage. Then, when the night train comes speeding in and out again, the young couple are borne away on it, with prayers and good wishes from many hearts following them.

Other Christmas days have come and gone since then, both sad and gay; and, oh! how differently spent in different homes. There are some with whom it is only a time of feasting and frolicking, and its very name is often profaned by the excess to which this is carried. Others give all their thoughts to the children's gifts and pleasures, and forget in the midst of it to impress upon their young minds the true meaning of this happiness, and a true love for the day, or to think much of it themselves. With some, to whose hearts and homes sorrow has once made its entrance at such a time, it is only a sad anniversary, whose coming brings tearful thoughts, and hours given up to gloom and despondency. Yet to many it brings true Christmas joy and appreciation, as the day whose first dawning celebrated the coming of the Saviour, brings once more to their hearts the earnest thankfulness for this greatest of all gifts, the desire to spend some of its hours in His praise and service, and with loving deeds done to the sorrowing or needy, to echo once more the angel's song, "Good-will to men!"

"Good-will to men!" This is the language of the bells—this is the meaning of the day. This is what our Lord meant in coming from His high estate to dwell on earth awhile as the Saviour of mankind. To bring good into their minds and souls, that so they might be enabled to find their way to Him, "in spirit and in truth." Let it be a joyful one even to those whose lives are sad, since He who knows all our lives, and pities us, first came among us on this day that we might thus come nearer to Him.

Christmas Day has long since lost the charm it used to hold for me when a child, and the gayety which still often marked its coming in early girlhood. Nor can I go with others to wreath the holly and the cedar, to "make His temple glorious," or join in the anthems of praise around His altars at this blessed festival. The Christmas bells chime only in my heart. Of the loved ones with whom I used to celebrate the day, all are gone but one. Yet I love to see the children's pleasure, and enjoy the giving and receiving of simple gifts and Christmas good-will; and when sometimes my heart falters, and my thoughts lapse into sadness, I look to that "Star in the East," whose light alone can safely guide us to the heavenly land where those loved ones are gathered waiting for us.

Chime on, Christmas bells! Shine, O Star! till all the nations of the earth shall see Thy light and walk joyfully in it.

LICHEN.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK.

"PUSSY!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay as the block-house he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor, a hopeless wreck.

In blind passion, Herbert took up one of his blocks

and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat and caught her up, saying: "No, no, no! You sha'n't hurt pussy. She didn't mean to do it."

Herbert's passion, which had blazed up with so quick a flame, went out as quickly, and sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands and cried.

"What a baby!" said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. "Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again."

"No, I won't," replied Herbert, and went on crying. Joe looked down upon his book again. Hetty held the cat closely in her arms, and Herbert went on crying in a miserable way.

"What's all the trouble here?" exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

"Pussy just rubbed against Herbert's castle and it fell down," answered Hetty; "but she didn't mean to do it; she didn't know it would fall, did she, papa?"

"Why, no!" said papa. "And is that all the trouble? Herbert!"

The little boy got up from the floor.

"Come;" and papa held out his hands.

Herbert came slowly, his lips pouting, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

"There's a better and a pleasanter way than this, my boy," said papa, "and if you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing instead of crying over your blocks. Shall I show you that way?"

Herbert nodded his little head, swallowed back his sobs and wiped the tears from his eyelashes.

Papa sat down on the floor by the ruined castle, and Herbert sat down beside him, the lost smiles already beginning to play about his lips and to dance in his eyes.

"Don't let pussy come here," he cried, in a warning voice to Hetty as his father began laying out the foundation for a new castle.

"Pussy isn't going to," answered Hetty, hugging the cat closely in her arms.

Soon Herbert was as much interested in castle-building as he had been a little while before, and as he laid block upon block, the pleasant feelings that were coming into his heart flowed out in low music from his lips. He began to sing over his work. All his trouble was gone.

"This is a great deal better than crying, isn't it?" said papa.

"Crying for what?" The little fellow's delight in his work of building a new castle was so great that he had already forgotten his grief of a few minutes before.

"Because pussy knocked your castle over."

"Oh!" A shadow flitted across his face, but was gone in a moment, and he went on building as eagerly as ever.

"I told him not to cry over spilled milk," said Joe, looking down from the sofa.

"I wonder if you didn't cry," retorted Herbert, "when your kite-string broke."

"Losing a kite's another thing," answered Joe, a little dashed at this. "The kite was gone forever, but your blocks were as good as before, and you only had to build again."

"I don't see," spoke up papa, "that crying was of any more use in your case than in Herbert's. Sticks and paper are easily found, and you had only to go to work and make another kite."

Joe looked down at his book and went on reading. By this time the castle was finished.

"It's ever so much nicer than the one pussy knocked down," said Hetty.

And so thought Herbert, who walked around the handsome building and looked at it proudly from all sides.

"If pussy knocks that down, I'll—"

"Build it up again," said papa, finishing the sentence for his little boy:

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"But, papa, she mustn't knock my castles down. I can't have it," spoke out Herbert, knitting his forehead.

"You must watch her, then, and see that she doesn't rub against your buildings and push them over. Little boys, as well as grown-up people, have to be often on guard. If you go into the street, you have to look out for the carriages, so as not to get run over, and you have to keep out of people's way. In the house, if you go heedlessly about, you will be very apt to run against some one. I have seen a careless child dash suddenly into a room just as a servant was about leaving it with a tray of dishes in her hands. A crash of china and loss to her parents followed."

"That was me," piped out Hetty; "wasn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it was, and I hope it will never happen again."

"I guess it won't," said Hetty, with just a little pride at being the heroine of this adventure showing itself in her voice. "But wasn't it a smash-up?"

Papa tried to look very serious, but there were twitches in the corners of his mouth that the children's sharp eyes saw. To keep from laughing right out, he jumped up from the floor and went out of the room, saying as he did so: "I don't want any more of this crying over spilled milk, as Joe says. If your castles get knocked down, go to work and build them up again."

## THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PLANT.

TWO little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to a neighboring town, each carrying on her head a basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of all patience, and said: "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not a bit stronger. I don't understand it."

"Oh," said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so, too?"

"Indeed," said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant! I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root. Its name is *Patience*."

I WISH I could mind mother as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully upon his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

KIND words are the bright flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirits glad than all other blessings the earth can give.

CHILDREN, if you make a promise, keep it. Nothing shows a person's real character more than little things; and even if the breaking of your word would not lead to serious results to others, it will lead to a habit of neglect and carelessness to yourself.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### EVELYN HOPE.

**B**EAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium flower,  
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think:  
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;  
 It was not her time to love; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares,  
 And now was quiet, now astir,  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What, your soul was pure and true;  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
 And just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was taught to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make;  
 And creates the love to reward the love!  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
 That body and soul so pure and gay?  
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red,  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
 Given up myself so many times;  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages and spoiled the climes.  
 Yet one thing, one, in my life's full scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me—  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
 What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!  
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
 There was place and to spare for the frank young  
 smile,  
 And the red young mouth and the hair's  
 young gold.  
 So, hush--I will give you this leaf to keep—  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

**T**HIS is the day that Christ was born!  
 Hark to the music, sweet and wild,  
 That wakens glad hearts and forlorn,  
 To greet the blessed Child!

O silver bells that ring so clear  
 All the wintry morning gray,  
 Rouse up the sleeping world to hear  
 That Christ was born to-day.

Ring till the children start from sleep,  
 Sweet with the dream of joy to be,  
 And clap their little hands, and leap,  
 And shout aloud in glee.

Ring till the sorrowful ones of earth,  
 Whose lives are spent in toil and tears,  
 That leave, alas! no place for mirth  
 In all the dreary years,

Shall hear the tender words He said—  
 "Come unto me all ye that mourn;"  
 And gather strength anew to tread  
 The path His feet have worn.

Ring aloud, ring sweet, O Christmas bells,  
 And tune each waking soul to prayer,  
 The while your joyful pean swells  
 Upon the frosty air.

Through misty dawn and sunshine clear,  
 Ring till the callous hearts of men,  
 Stirred with the thought of Christ so near,  
 Grow warm and soft again.

Ring till the tender impulse turns  
 To pitying thought, to generous deed;  
 Ring till the eager spirit burns  
 To succor all that need!

And while ye ring, with heart and voice,  
 Glory to God let all men say,  
 And every living soul rejoice  
 That Christ was born to-day!

MARY E. BRADLEY in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

### WHAT IS NOBLE?

**W**HAT is noble?—to inherit  
 Wealth, estate and proud degree?  
 There must be some other merit  
 Higher yet than these for me!  
 Something greater far must enter  
 Into life's majestic span,  
 Fitted to create and centre  
 True nobility in man!

What is noble? That which places  
 Truth in its enfranchised will!  
 Leaving steps—like angel traces—  
 That mankind may follow still!  
 E'en though Scorn's malignant glances  
 Prove him poorest of his clan,  
 He's the *Noble* who advances  
 Freedom and the Cause of Man!

CHARLES SWAIN.

# Housekeepers' Department.

## IS ALUM POISONOUS?

**I**TS use in baking-powders condemned by Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*. In a recent issue it says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking-powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although, if continued, it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking-powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking-powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of its members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking-powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking-Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking-powders.

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking-powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking-Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking-Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

"Will not some prominent manufacturer of pure candies follow their example, and expose the secrets of a business that is doing untold mischief to little children?"

## RECIPES.

A CARELESSLY-KEPT coffee-pot will impart a rank flavor to the strongest infusion of the best Java. Wash the coffee-pot thoroughly every day, and twice a week boil borax and water in it for fifteen minutes.

TO MAKE lemon syrup, squeeze two lemons into a dish, not tin, add a pint of water, and boil a few moments. A pound of white sugar should be added to a pint of the juice; boil it again ten minutes, bottle, and your lemonade is made. Two tablespoonfuls of the mixture added to a tumbler of water makes a very healthy and palatable drink.

TO MAKE GOOD MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, warmed with the milk, flour enough to make a batter that will drop rather thickly from a spoon, a teaspoonful of salt, pennyworth of baker's or a teacupful of home-made yeast. When very light, bake in rings on a griddle.

HOT alum-water is the best insect-destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water, and let it boil till it is all dissolved; then apply the solution hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places where any insects are found. Ants, bed-bugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it, while it has no danger of poisoning.

VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.—The ventilation of cupboards is one of those minor matters that are frequently overlooked in the erection of houses, while the want of a thorough draught is apt to make itself unpleasantly apparent to the smell. The remedy of the defect is, however, very simple, says a trade organ. If possible, have perforations made through the back wall of the closet, and a few in the door; when the wall of the closet cannot be perforated, bore holes freely in the door at the top and bottom. To prevent dampness, with the accompanying unpleasantness and injurious effects of mildew in cupboards, a tray of quicklime should be kept, and changed from time to time as the lime becomes slaked. This remedy will also be found useful in safes or muniment-rooms, the damp air of which is often destructive to valuable deeds and other contents.

TO PREPARE CABBAGE.—A nice way to prepare cabbage for immediate use is to cut enough into fine shreds to fill a quart dish; pepper and salt to taste. Sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of sugar. Into two-thirds of a pint of vinegar put a teaspoonful of butter, and let it boil, then pour over the prepared cabbage. Cover tightly and send to the table. Or, prepare the cabbage as above, only take half a pint of cream and add to it three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pour over it. Do not heat the cream. E. G.

## Literary and Personal.

THE daughter of Thomas Cole, the artist, has inherited her father's genius, and paints exquisitely on china. She uses his studio, which still holds its pictures and fittings as in his lifetime.

THE Princess of Wales, although she left Denmark nearly twenty years ago, is still as great a favorite with the Danes as in her girlhood; they always welcome her visits with immense enthusiasm.

STUART ROBSON says that Bret Harte is not lazy, but slow, fastidious, self-critical and frightened. Even when Harte was a reporter on San Francisco newspapers, at hack work, he would labor over a little paragraph for hours. While Harte was writing "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Robson and Barrett had hard work to keep him at his pen, and he would be two or three days fashioning a little speech.

MR. SPURGEON has been giving a statement of his political opinions to a newspaper which declared that he had openly prayed for a rapid change of government. "I pray daily," he says, "that the Lord would change the policy of our nation from that of blustering and invasion to peace and righteousness. If this means a change of government, so let it be; but I do not remember putting it in that form."

MRS. GENERAL FREMONT, since her husband became Governor of Arizona, has organized several classes in history among the grown sons and daughters of poor settlers.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD lives in a quiet home at Wayland, Mass. The house is an old one of only a story and a half, and of Quaker simplicity. She is now in her seventy-eighth year.

MRS. PERKINS says, concerning her distinguished family: "Isn't it discouraging to be known only in connection with somebody else? Now I am hardly ever Mary Beecher Perkins. It is either 'the sister of Henry Ward Beecher,' or 'the daughter of old Lyman Beecher,' or 'the mother-in-law of Edward Everett Hale.'"

WARD H. LAMON, the former law partner and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, says: "From boyhood, Lincoln had a presentiment that he should be President of the United States;" and Mrs. Lincoln, who shared this belief, is reported to have once said: "He's going to be president, and that's the reason I married him, for you know he isn't pretty."

DR. MORITZ BUSCH says that Prince Bismarck one evening complained that his political achievements had given him but little joy or satisfaction. "They did not make any one happy," he continued, "either myself, my family, or any one else; and they made many unhappy. Without me, three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished, and parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not have mourned."

JEAN INGELOW's latest work is "Miss Sarah De Berenger." It will appear in book form toward the end of the year.

KATE FIELD is coming to America, under an engagement to give a serio-comic musical entertainment during the winter.

SOJOURNER TRUTH, now one hundred and four years of age, has been stopping in Chicago for some time. She has lectured there on several occasions.

## Pleasant Readings.

IN the midst of the performance of an extravaganza at a Boston theatre, an old man rises in the parquet and says that he is displeased with his seat, as he is unable to hear well. One of the actors invites him to sit in a chair on the stage, which he does, and finally takes a ludicrous part in the acting. It is not until near the close of the piece, so clever is the imposition, that the audience sees the old man is a member of the company.

THE *Danbury News* says that at a party on Nelson Street, the other evening, the conversation appeared to be dying out, when a bilious man suddenly observed to a young lady on his right: "I don't think they make pills as large as they used." After that the conversation went on again.

THE Rev. Mr. A — was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

A BOSTON wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return, fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard-table all the evening.

THE relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather, according to the *Albany Journal*, is easily discovered. If they are lovers, the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets. But if they are married, it is just the opposite.

A LONDON servant girl is represented by *Judy* as saying: "Hard weather, indeed, sir. I wish the Lord would take the weather in His own hands again instead of trusting it to them Yankee probability men. We might then get something fit to live in."

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine house."

THE ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. No doubt it would live much longer if it didn't smoke so much.

A CAREFUL political economist closely calculates that the women in this country might annually save fourteen million five hundred thousand dollars in ribbons which the men might spend in cigars.

"I'm not in mourning," said a young lady, frankly, to a querist; "but as the widows are getting all the offers nowadays, we poor girls must do something to protect ourselves."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

**T**HE rage for color continues. It appears latest in wraps, cuffs, collars, pockets, revers and facings being often seen of bright cashmere fabrics upon black and dark-colored coats in velvet, cloth and satin. Long wraps are usually seen in the flowing styles, being heavily trimmed with fur, fringe, feathers and rich silk passamenterie; while the close-fitting coats are generally short and plain, copying closely after gentlemen's styles. Some models, however, are slightly varied by being bunched a little in the back to set over the panier. The long garments, generally speaking, are worn with trained dresses in opera or carriage costumes, and the short ones are most used with street or everyday toilets.

Embossed velvet is one of the new fabrics used for handsome coats. When made of this material, they are elaborately and gayly trimmed, with Oriental coloring in cashmere-beaded passamenterie, with plain velvet, with fringe, or with fur. This material, however, like all novel fabrics, cannot be expected to remain in favor long, while, as we know well, good, solid plain velvet always holds its own. Lamb's wool cloth is another new fabric, in which the fleece is on the wrong side.

Fancy figured velvets, many colored cachemire ribbons and a profusion of jet beads are among the novelties in millinery. New bonnets are made of several different fabrics—one for the crown, another for the brim, another for the facing and still another for the strings. Others have crowns made entirely of jet beads, beneath which nothing can be seen by way of a foundation. A novelty in lace is black point d'esprit and insertion in which the points or dots are made of tiny beads. New ribbons are of soft, twilled, lustrous satin known as satin de Lyon or Turc satin;

also of rep, with satin edges; of various fabrics, with feather edges.

The popular shape will be a small variety of the Directoire, and the favorite shades in bonnets will be old gold, pale blue, royal purple and mauve, combined together with other hues in the most unheard-of manner. Marabout and willow feathers will prevail, as well as black feathers tipped with jet—none of which, however, will displace the substantial black ostrich tips and plumes. In hats will be seen the old favorites in black and cream felt with broad brims and low crowns, which may be simply trimmed and adapted to suit any face. Of these, the crowns will be of plain felt, and the brims of soft, fuzzy beaver.

Gloves have added to the number of their buttons all the way up to twelve, and to five dollars a pair in price. For ordinary wear, however, more than three are seldom worn, as they would be mostly concealed by long sleeves. Black kid gloves are considered most stylish with, wonderful caprice! any dress but a black one, being even seen with many buttons, for evening wear. New shades for street gloves are dark ruby olive, invisible browns and grays, and the various wood colors, which last really mean all the browns, from dark seal-brown up to the yellowish tints of old gold. Undressed kids, in serviceable colors are more worn now than ever they were, and are quite as elegant as the more expensive finished kid. Black undressed kid are almost universally worn for mourning.

One of the newest ideas in dressmaking is to have across the back of bouffant overskirts, directly below the belt, a deep succession of French gathers, sometimes as many as seven or eight rows of gauging appearing above the panier, as, indeed, is the case with several styles of costume, notably long, dressy wrappers.

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World,** made by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878. By Luther J. Holden. A very interesting narrative of the doings and sights of this memorable company, noted far and wide as the largest that ever left the United States, and as being under the leadership of Dr. Eben Tourjée, Director of the Boston Conservatory of Music. The book is praiseworthy on account of its graphic descriptions, bringing, as it were, the very scene or object actually before the eyes, as well as imparting much valuable information; though, on account of the party's being divided into sections, much of the bulk of the work is taken up with mere repetitions. As to the literary style, we remark the occasional presence of certain words which are scarce admissible in elegant writing and conversation. Here and there also is a detail which might have been spared. But, as a whole, the work is one that we can highly commend to our readers, feeling sure that it will amply repay a careful perusal. We copy from its pages the following vivid description of the Colosseum at Rome:

"Adjacent to these arches (of Constantine and Titus), is that grandest ruin in all the world, the Flavian Amphitheatre, commonly called the Colosseum, a name it received from the venerable Bede in the eighth century, from its enormous proportions, which make it a Colossus among buildings. It was called the Flavian Amphitheatre from the three emperors of the Flavian family—Vespasian, Titus and Domitian. It was founded by Vespasian about the year 72, on the site of the ornamental lake in Nero's garden. In the year 80, Titus dedicated it with games, which lasted a hundred days, and during which nine thousand wild animals were slain on the arena; and it was completed by Domitian, who added the shields and ornaments which surmounted the cornice. According to the tradition of the church, thirty thousand Jewish prisoners of war were employed in building it; and an inscription discovered in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, now in the crypt of the Church of Sta. Martina, has led to the supposition that the architect was a certain Gudentius, who became a Christian, and himself suffered martyrdom on the arena.

"The Colosseum is the one great central figure in



all imaginations of ancient Rome, and, in fact, one that always rose in fancy's pictures when we wondered if we should ever visit the old city.

"That sturdy, enduring monument of the past, that has witnessed the triumphs and excesses of successive tyrants, echoed to the shouts of Rome's populace in her palmiest days; whose arena has been soaked with the blood of barbarian gladiators and Christian martyrs; whose walls have withstood the assaults of vandal conquerors, the inexorable tooth of time, and, more than all these, the vandal-like assaults of modern Romans themselves! It has been degraded to be a fortress, factory and stone-quarry, and plundered by ancient vandals, who wrenched off its marble sheathing for the metal bolts in the wall, and by modern desecrators, who carried away its solid blocks of stone to build four palaces. Despite all the injury wrought by ancient spoiler and modern plunderer, it is still impressive from the symmetry and grandeur of its proportions, while the interior arrangements, which can be plainly traced, for the accommodations of more than eighty thousand spectators, were so perfect as to elicit to-day the admiration of modern architects. The shape of the Colosseum, a grand ellipse, is familiar to all. Between the arches are, or were, columns throughout the whole circumference, and each successive ring or tier of arches and columns was of a different order of architecture; the lowest, Doric; the next, Ionic; the third, Corinthian; and the fourth of the Attic style. The whole structure covered about six acres. Its height is about one hundred and sixty feet. The space occupied by the arena is two hundred and eighty-seven feet long by one hundred and seventy, seven in width; and to accomplish its circumference you must walk one third of a mile. No one who is at all familiar with the bloody scenes enacted on this spot, so famous in the world's history, can stand here for the first time without a thrill of emotion. Imagination at once recreates the vast circle, and tier on tier of galleries rise above the visitor; great swelling waves of spectators, all with their eyes of eager anticipation. You can almost imagine you hear the hum and murmur of the vast throng in the marble balconies that ring in the bloody battle-ground; the muffled growl of the wild beasts between their iron gratings in the lower wall of the arena, becoming more distinct in the hush of expectation that succeeds, as the spectators lean forward in breathless interest when the gladiators cautiously approach each other to cross weapons in deadly combat.

"Do not suppose that only two or three gladiators or half a dozen wild beasts were let loose at once in the amphitheatre. Had this been all, a far smaller space would have sufficed. This vast area was the result of a bloody appetite that grew upon what it fed, and a thousand savage beasts a day have fallen within its dreadful circle; gladiators by hundreds at a time have closed in deadly contest with each other, and piled the ground with scores of slaughtered combatants. Elephants fought with lions, tigers with bears, bulls with leopards; and ostriches, stags, boars, giraffes, and even cranes and pigmies, were brought into the arena. Here Hadrian celebrated his birthday by the slaughter of a hundred lions and as many lionesses, beside eight hundred other wild beasts; and the arena was so arranged, as has been recorded, and since proved by recent excavations, that it could be flooded with water, and the spectators treated to a representation of a sea-fight, the combatants being gladiators in galleys that met upon the water and engaged in deadly contest. The Emperor Probus had, about A. D. 280, a grand wild-beast slaughter

here, and at another time he had in the ring six hundred gladiators and seven hundred wild beasts.

"At length Constantine, in 330, made a law prohibiting gladiatorial combats; but the people were too fond of the bloody spectacle to give it up. Seventy years after, however, when Christianity was four centuries old, and the brutal gladiatorial combat was in full progress, a Christian monk leaped from the podium into the arena, and rushing amid the combatants, entreated them with prayers to separate. Enraged at the interruption, the Prætor Alybius bade the gladiators kill the intruder, and the monk Telemachus paid the penalty of his life for the noble endeavor; but it was a successful one, for the Emperor Honorius abolished gladiatorial combats from that time; and Telemachus, who was hewn down by the gladiators, marked with his death the day of the last gladiatorial combat in the Flavian Amphitheatre."

**A Tight Squeeze.** By "Staats." This is an amusing and interesting account of how a gentleman, on a wager of ten thousand dollars, undertook to go from New York to New Orleans in three weeks without money, as a tramp. The glimpses which it gives us as to how tramps live are graphic and entertaining; but some incidents, such as the hanging episode and the wreck of the Mississippi, sound highly improbable. There is a terrific love story, an unlikely will and a high-colored conclusion. Still, something had to be devised to give the hero sufficient detentions to make him arrive at his destination late enough to lose his wager by thirty minutes. It is evident, however, that, had he been aware of the difference in time between the two cities, he would have won; and had the book only given the details of his journey and arrival, it would have had quite enough in it to make it a successful story.

**Mr. Phillip's Goneness.** By James M. Bailey, "The Danbury News Man." A semi-humorous book, which begins very well, but after continuing satisfactorily for awhile, it seems, as it were, to fall to pieces, and collapse in an uncertain, unforeseen, disappointing conclusion. It contains some good hits, however—notably, at machine prayer-meetings, neglected home missions, and the difference in devotion before and after marriage. The character of Mr. Phillips is well drawn; he does not approve of drinking liquor, yet constantly acts against his own approbation; and just as constantly meets the one woman of his heart, but is "gone" before he can say what he wishes, until finally he is captured by a sly widow, and so is "gone" indeed. Framed in a better book, he might find some chance of being better known and appreciated.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**The Boys' and Girls' Treasury.** A Collection of Pictures and Stories for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert. With 138 Illustrations. Price \$1.25. We have here the fourth annual volume, of which "The Prattler," "The Budget," and "The Playmate" were the predecessors. In beauty of typography and illustration, and in the choice character of their literary matter, these volumes may be regarded as among the best, if not the very best, which have appeared. "The Boys' and Girls' Treasury" now before us, is in everything fully up to the standard of the preceding volumes, and in many respects their superior. It is indeed a "treasury" of

good things for the juveniles. In selecting holiday looks for the children, set this one down first on your list, and he or she who gets it will be the fortunate one.

**The Picture Alphabet.** By Cousin Daisy. Containing Large Letters, with a full-page Picture to each Letter. Especially adapted to very young children. Large 4to. Boards, with elegant chromo side. 56 pages. Price 75 cents. The handsomest Picture Alphabet we have ever seen. It is sure to have a large sale, for no one with a little prattler whom he loves can look at it without buying it.

**In the Schillingcourt.** From the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. A very fine novel, of which we can speak in high praise. The descriptions, the incidents and the characters, separately so true, form altogether one enchanting whole. It is among the few books which, on taking up, cannot be laid down again until finished.

FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER & SONS, NEW YORK.

**Friar Anselmo and Other Poems.** By Julia C. R. Dorr. For clear insight, delicacy of perception, womanly tenderness and an exquisitely chastened imagination, Mrs. Dorr rises, in this volume of poems, above her sister-singers. In a rarely skilled use of words, and in rhythmic purity, she is scarcely equaled in this country or England, and certainly not excelled. And still there is no artistic coldness, but a heart-beat in every line. From the first page to the last of this dainty volume, there is not a stanza which the true lover of poetry would like to see omitted. We make two selections.

#### "MY LOVERS.

"I have four noble lovers,  
Young and gallant, blithe and gay,  
And in all the land no maiden  
Hath a goodlier troupe than they!  
And never a princess, guarded  
By knights of high degree,  
Knew sweeter, purer homage  
Than my lovers pay to me!

"One of my noble lovers  
Is a self-poised, thoughtful man,  
Gravely gay, serenely earnest,  
Strong to do, and bold to plan!  
And one is sweet and sunny,  
Pure as crystal, true as steel,  
With a soul responding ever  
When the truth makes high appeal!

"Another of my lovers,  
Bright and debonair is he,  
Brave and ardent, strong and tender,  
And the flower of courtesie!  
Last of all, an eager student,  
Upon lofty aims intent;  
Manly force and gentle sweetness  
In his nature rarely blent!

"But when of noble lovers  
All alike are dear and true,  
And her heart to choose refuses,  
Pray what can a woman do?  
Ah, my sons! for this I bless ye,  
Even as myself am blest,  
For I know not which is dearest,  
And I care not which is best."

#### "MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday! 'How many years ago?  
Twenty or thirty?' Don't ask me!  
'Forty or fifty?' How can I tell?  
I do not remember my birth, you see!

"It is hearsay evidence—nothing more!  
Once on a time, the legends say,  
A girl was born—and that girl was I.  
How can I vouch for the truth, I pray?

"I know I am here, but when I came  
Let some one wiser than I am tell!  
Did this sweet flower you plucked for me  
Know when its bud began to swell?

"How old am I? You ought to know  
Without any telling of mine, my dear!  
For when I came to this happy earth  
Were you not waiting for me here?

"A dark-eyed boy on the northern hills,  
Chasing the hours with flying feet,  
Did you not know your wife was born,  
By a subtle prescience, faint yet sweet?

"Did never a breath from the south land come,  
With sunshine laden and rare perfume,  
To lift your hair with a soft caress,  
And waken your heart to richer bloom?

"Not one? O mystery strange as life!  
To think that we who are now so dear  
Were once in our dreams so far apart,  
Nor cared if the other were far or near!

"But, how old am I? You must tell.  
Just as old as I seem to you!  
Nor shall I a day older be  
While life remaineth and love is true!"

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY  
AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, 58 READE ST., N. Y.

**His Honor the Mayor.** By Helen E. Chapman. Decidedly one of the best temperance stories we have met with for a long time. It shows how terrible must be the price which a man pays for worldly honors when purchased at the expense of his principles; as also the immense power of whisky rings over the politics of the country, as well as the absolute helplessness of good, true women in the matter. A man of respectable standing is put into office by rum, and it works entire ruin to his family and distress to the city. On finishing the perusal of the book, one cannot help exclaiming: "Let our people and rulers take warning!"

**The Medical Profession and Alcohol.** By Benjamin W. Richardson, M. D., President of the British Medical Temperance Society. This is a scientific plea for total abstinence of great power. It embodies also a very earnest appeal to members of the medical profession to join in the pending vitally important warfare against alcoholic beverages.

**Handbook of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.** By Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer. This is a little book of which every temperance worker should have a copy. It tells plainly just what to do—how to reach the people, organize a society, conduct a meeting, interest the children, attack popular prejudices, and altogether is a valuable ally against crude, careless operations that rather hinder than help the cause. We commend it to all.

## Notes and Comments.

WE close volume XLVII of the HOME MAGAZINE with one of the most attractive issues of the year, and shall open the new volume with a number exceptionally rich in every department. Most of our favorite writers will be represented in this initial number, which will give a foretaste of the choice and choicer things to come. By reference to our Prospectus for 1880 it will be seen that hereafter the price of our magazine will be \$2.00 a year, with a corresponding reduction in the club-rates.

### The Children at Christmas.

DON'T forget the little ones at Christmas. Think of the Christmases that came and went when you were a child, and of the pleasures or disappointments which they brought. The child-heart is the same in all generations; and it does not take much to bathe it in tears or in sunshine. Let Christmas morning, of all mornings in the year, come to the children in sunshine. Don't remember against them their faults and disobediences; nor punish with empty, or worse than empty stockings, the naughty and disobedient. It may do more harm than good. The following plea for the little ones at Christmas, was published in a Buffalo paper a year ago. It is so pertinent, so beautifully expressed, and so much better than anything we can write, that we transfer it to our pages:

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It is strange that any one will close the hand, when it takes so little to make the child happy. Only a little fine gold of kindness thrown cheerfully down; only a few loving glances and the little heart will leap for joy. There is not a parent in the land but can make a merry Christmas for the children. How easily they are satisfied! It is such a pity to let the season pass—the blessed season, when every wish of the heart is met by a few inexpensive love gifts. The years come soon enough when we have no pleasure in them. The costliest gifts will now fail to give the joy that sprung in our hearts as we received the smallest Christmas present in the long ago.

What glorious visions grew and faded in our heart as we lay, too happy for sleep, in those Christmas Eves of our childhood! Long before morning there was a trailing of white night robes on the stair; how softly our bare feet stole through the dark toward the chimney where the stockings hung in a row. Then we carried our treasures back to the warm nest, where wise little heads were "put together" on the same pillow to guess out the contents of the mysterious depths! Such a fumbling of tiny white fingers; such whispered consultations, and such wild bright dreams of the glory that should be revealed at day-break! Have we grown cold, and selfish, and unchildlike? Then make a Christmas for the little ones, and see if it will not thaw the crust of selfishness and care.

No matter how poor you are, love has "wonderful expedients." Rosy-cheeked apples are within your means, and for a few shillings you can marshal a whole regiment of beautiful candy toys. Mother love is deft and quick to make gifts if you cannot

buy them. Do not measure things from your own standpoint. Of course you know the real value of painted toys, tin soldiers and colored picture-books, but the dear little eyes are not keen-visioned as yet to pierce beyond surface paint, and it is well for them that they are not.

How wistfully those eyes watch your hand. Let it hold a good gift. Do not make it a useful, nor a religious one, but just such a one as will meet the desire of that little heart. Buy that "supple jack," or that "monkey on a pole," for your boy, who will break them to pieces to see what is "inside" the next day. Let the girl with her dreaming, longing eyes, have the fairy-book if she so desires. There is a witchery about such things that possession alone can satisfy.

Let us again urge that Christmas gifts be not merely useful, nor deeply pious ones. Oh, the sharp, cruel disappointment of that heart that for a whole year has been looking forward to Christmas, if the love gift is an unacceptable one. I know of one pair of eyes that wept great bitter tears over a volume of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," placed in the tiny hands on Christmas morning—tears that no earthly disappointment could now draw from the hidden fountains. How could the little heart appreciate "Rest," that had not yet had time to grow weary? We had two leaves of "Mother Goose"—crumpled, soiled leaves that we had picked up somewhere—and as we conned the mysterious lore the wish grew to own the book, and in the sweet trust of childhood we confidently believed "Santa Claus" would bring one. The inventive genius of a child turned even the dismal looking volume to the best account. How busily we worked cutting out the quaint, precious pictures from "Mother Goose" to illuminate the somber pages. "Baxter, illustrated," almost reconciled us, till we were tried and sentenced to dire punishment for this "new" outcropping of "original sin." A very imp of mischief, no doubt, we seemed; but our older self turns tenderly and pityingly to the little child of long ago, as if it were a separate existence, and in its name we plead with the reader to be tender, and loving, and—foolish. Do not fear that those hands you fill with toys on Christmas morning will not gain strength in time to put away "childish things."

### The Servant Question.

THERE is, perhaps, no source of annoyance and discomfort in American families greater than that caused by the incompetence and bad discipline of servant girls. Some of the prominent housekeepers of Chicago, in connection with the leading employment agencies of that city, are, it is said, about attempting some reform. These contemplate a scale of wages by which service will be paid according to efficiency and skill.

The new reform contemplates also payment by the month instead of the week, a stipulation to be given that each party is to give the other at least a week's warning in case of a desired change. The contract and the wage account will be kept in a little blank-book. Then, when the employee leaves, the employer is to give her a recommendation, provided she has rendered suitable service, that will point out her specific excellences, and not be as vague, general and

utterly worthless as the average recommendation now is. The employee takes the book, with this record of her service, and it becomes a passport to another place. The reform system will shut down on the vicious and dangerous practice of furnishing servants with night-keys, and will require them to be housed and in bed at reasonable hours. Another requirement will be that a girl shall remain in her place until another supplies it or forfeit at least a week's wages in case she refuses and leaves. If these reforms can be carried out they will go far to lessen the annoyances which are now suffered by the average city housekeeper.

### Words of Encouragement.

**I**T is always pleasant to receive words of encouragement and approval; to know that our efforts in any direction are recognized and appreciated at something like the value we are striving to give them. This satisfaction we are having in a large measure. Letters come to us from new and from old subscribers in all sections of the country, in which the writers speak of the great pleasure and profit they have found in the HOME MAGAZINE.

"With delight," says a subscriber, who dropped from our circle a few years ago, but came back recently, "I welcome the HOME MAGAZINE as an old friend. I find it has improved much in these years, though I used to think it as good as it could be. I meet many new faces, but they are all earnest, friendly ones, and I already feel acquainted. I am much interested in the development of the story, 'Tender and True.' It seems to me worthy of careful, earnest reading.

"I wonder now that I have done without the magazine so long. I hope never to be without it again. I thank you for giving us a magazine which holds up a high standard of life, and lifts one up to new and earnest endeavor toward the right."

Another writes:

"Although we have taken your magazine for only a few months, I am deeply interested in it; it is so thoroughly home-like and good. No one can read it without being better for doing so."

A new subscriber, who had not until recently known the character and quality of the HOME MAGAZINE, says in a recent letter:

"I have been reading some of the numbers of your magazine, and am delighted with it. It fills a want in the household that I have long felt the need of; and I am sure in this I only express the sentiments of wives and mothers all over our land. I have not hitherto taken your magazine, but you may set me down as a regular subscriber after this."

A club-getter, in forwarding her list of subscribers, says:

"I cannot send off my order without expressing briefly my gratitude for such a blessing as your magazine is to us and to hundreds of women in our fair land. \* \* \* May you be spared many, many years to send your book on its mission of 'doing good.'"

We could fill pages with approving sentences like these if the space could be afforded.

A LADY who carried a gold watch was in a house in Glascock County, Ga., when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although several jewelers have examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it cannot be made to move. It is so magnetized that no part of it can ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works. The lady was not at all injured.

## HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1880.

### REDUCED RATES!

With the new year, we shall make an important reduction in the terms of the HOME MAGAZINE, both as to single subscriptions and club rates (as will be seen by our Prospectus for 1880), thus restoring the old popular prices, and bringing it within the reach of a still larger number of persons. We shall, also,

### INCREASE THE NUMBER OF PAGES,

And add to its value in many ways. For the extent, range and character of its literary matter, for the excellence and variety of its illustrations, and for its peculiar adaptation to the wants, tastes and varied interests of refined American households, we shall make it

### THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Magazine of its class in the country.

One of the leading attractions for the coming year will be a new serial story by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, entitled,

### "HER LIFE IN BLOOM, A SEQUEL TO LENOX DARE."

In which our readers will learn more of the fortunes of the heroine of Miss Townsend's story of this year, in which so many became deeply interested.

Another attraction will be a new story of American life by Miss Emma E. Brewster, author of "ALMA'S CROWN." It is called

### "BITTIBAT FARM,"

And presents some new phases of American life and character, drawn with remarkable skill and graphic force.

All of the old favorites, and many who are to be new ones, will write for the "HOME" next year, and fill its pages and various Departments with the best and choicest things they can offer. Such a literary feast as will be given at every monthly reunion of subscribers and contributors, will hardly be surpassed. Let none of our old friends be absent; and let each one bring a friend. Every new guest that comes will find a cordial welcome.

Of the general character of our magazine—now so well known and established—we need say nothing. What we have tried to make it, the editor of the Westchester (Tenn.) *Guardian* declares it to be when, in a recent number of that paper, he says:

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. We laid the HOME MAGAZINE down with the thought: Here is reading matter written expressly to build up and strengthen moral character, to elevate and purify, to do good. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."

## Publishers' Department.

### COMPOUND OXYGEN IN PARALYSIS AND ITS ATTENDANT COMPLICATIONS.

As a curative agent, "Compound Oxygen" has already been subjected to the severest tests known to the medical profession; and this not in a few exceptional cases, but in a wide range of chronic diseases, some of which included complications that involved almost every vital organ in the whole body. Take for example the following case of a clergyman in Fulton, New York. Unless there had been in Compound Oxygen an active principle competent to remove obstructions in the more interior organism, where life flows in, and to revitalize the sluggish forces of nature, no result of so remarkable a character could possibly have taken place in this exceptionally severe test of its virtue. The extracts given below are from letters written by the wife of the clergyman referred to, and tell their own story. The first extract is taken from a letter dated May 23d, 1879, written a few weeks after the patient commenced the Oxygen Treatment.

"Within the last seven years my husband has had two shocks of Paralysis; each time from being overheated. He soon recovered the use of his limbs, but not his strength. That has been less and less until he would often faint with little exertion. Last winter I discovered by accident that his pulse was quick; as fast as I could count—but not attended with heat, as his hands were always cold, and he was often chilly, and his breath was nearly twice to my once. It seemed like an infant's breath, short and soft. In short his body seemed a burden to him.

"That was how the Treatment found him.

"Changes that I have marked. His constipation cured; or he has had no occasion to use pills since the Treatment. His breathing is nearly right, as well as his pulse. He is not so utterly prostrated as he was; and does not require so much effort to rise from his seat. I am encouraged to hope that he will regain his strength."

A month later the writer says, after stating that the improvement at first reported had remained permanent:

"His hands, which were so bloodless and cold, are now red, and the veins stand out, showing a renewed circulation. His shoulders, which were bowed at an angle of forty-five degrees, now are erect and perpendicular; his breath, which has been offensive for years, is much better. My reasonings are, if Oxygen can make these changes, will it not restore to strength in time?"

October 15th, 1879, after nearly four months, we have this further report:

"My husband continues to improve. About the last of July his left leg which had a paralytic limp straightened out so that now he steps evenly on both legs. The partially paralyzed condition of the right hand and the left side of his face, which were affected by the last shock that weakened his tongue on the left side so as to prevent in a measure his utterance, has also disappeared. The right eye, which has been turned out and had an unnatural look, is nearly righted; and he often forgets his cane when he goes out.

"His shoulders which were bowed are perfectly upright, and it was interesting to mark the progress of the work. Soon after he commenced the Treatment his lungs commenced to open by what I may call popping out. I would notice that there was about half a thimbleful of phlegm popped into his

throat without an effort on his part to raise or cough. This occurred so often that it could but be noticed. It continued until his shoulders were straight. I have not noticed it for some time, so that I am sure it was the opening of the lungs."

The results here recorded are no more remarkable than those which have followed the administration of Compound Oxygen in hundreds of cases which are on record at our office. The steady accumulation of evidence in regard to its wonderful vitalizing and curative power is now so great that the most incredulous and skeptical have only to examine it to have their doubts removed. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free. Address, DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHILDREN CRY for PITCHER'S CASTORIA, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like CASTORIA because it gives health to the Child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use CASTORIA because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S "Bread Preparation" is commended to housekeepers as unsurpassed for making superior light bread, biscuit, cakes and pastry. When so many baking-powders, and yeast preparations fail to give satisfaction, it is a matter of importance to be able to get an article that may always be depended upon. Horsford's Bread Preparation is that very desirable article.

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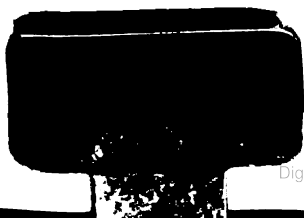
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